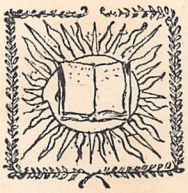
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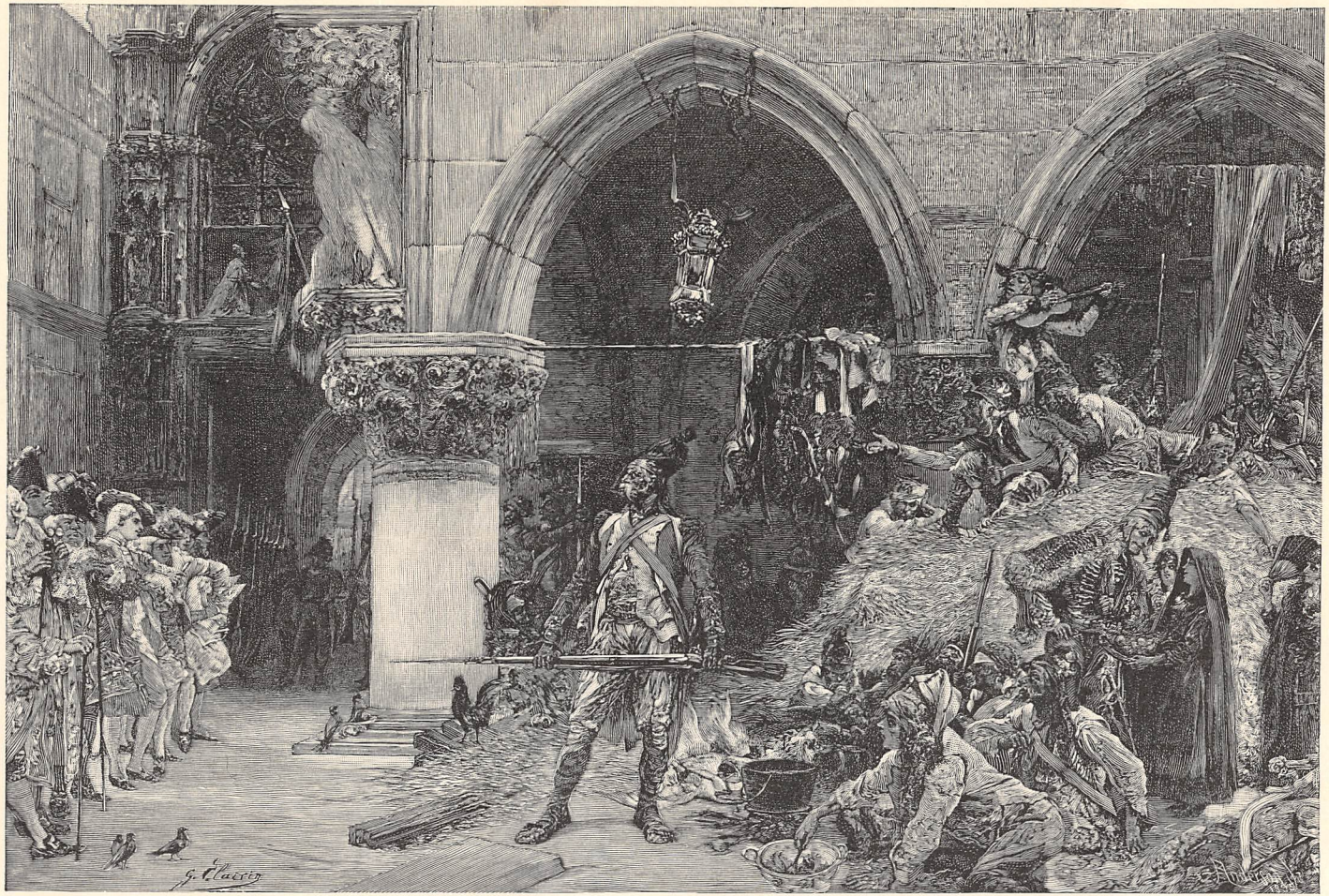
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THE FRENCH BEFORE THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.

(SEE "LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.")

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. L. MAY, 1895. NO. 1.

THE PRINCESS SONIA.

BY JULIA MAGRUDER,

Author of "Across the Chasm," "The Child Amy," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

I.

MARTHA KEENE had been at work for several months in Étienne's atelier, in the Latin Quarter of Paris, and although her appearance would have led one to believe her frail in health, she had never missed a working-day, and always occupied a good position well in view of the model, because she always came among the earliest to secure it. Her work was far from brilliant, and Étienne had noticed her very little at first. If he did so more of late, it was her ability to stick which had won her this favor. So many students had come and gone, rousing his hopes only to disappoint them, that it had got to be rather a comfort to the little old man to be sure of one earnest worker always in her place; and while he could not say that her work was good, it was certainly not bad.

Recently he had told Martha this several times. "Not bad" was about the highest praise that most of Étienne's pupils got from him; and when the young American girl heard it applied to her work, she experienced what was perhaps one of the most thrilling sensations of her life.

It was followed by another thrilling sensation; for, as she looked up from the canvas which the master had thus commended, she met the beautiful eyes of the princess, turned upon her with a congratulatory smile.

It was almost too much for Martha. Her heart thumped so that her breathing became rapid and a little difficult. Instead of answering the princess's smile, a frown contracted her forehead; for she was afraid that she was going to lose her self-control, and she needed a stern effort not to do so. Martha had a heart which was made for worshiping. Étienne and the princess were two of the people that she worshiped, and there was a third.

When Étienne had passed on, after smudging one part of her drawing with his thumb until it was a dirty blur, and scratching another part with ruthless streaks of soft charcoal, she remembered that she had received his first words of encouragement rather coldly, and had made the same sort of return for the princess's smile. This plunged her from a state of delight into one of wretchedness. She looked toward the master with some hope of making amends; but he was absorbed in his next criticism, and it was only too evident that her chance was gone. Then she glanced at the princess, to receive the same impression from that quarter. The beautiful young woman on whom her eyes rested had stepped back from her easel, and with her head turned sidewise, and her eyelids drawn up, was looking at her picture. She held a brush in one hand, with the fingers delicately poised, and in the other her palette, laid with brilliant dabs of color. Her lips were pursed critically, and her whole attitude and

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expression showed such absorption in her work that Martha felt it would be absurd to imagine that she or her behavior could have any part in that beautiful lady's consciousness.

As usual, when Martha allowed herself to look at the princess, she forgot everything else. She had long ago had to make it a rule to place her easel so that she would be turned away from her enchantress while she was working; otherwise she could see and think only of her. At the present moment she was completely fascinated by the tall, strong figure, so firmly poised, with one foot advanced, and her body thrown backward from the slender waist, where a belt of old silver confined the folds of her red silk shirt-waist above the sweep of her skirt of dark green serge. This was her ordinary working-rig; and as she wore no apron, as most of the other students did, it was more or less streaked with paint. Martha herself wore her calico apron religiously, and was always neatly clothed beneath it; but she would have protested utterly against seeing her neighbor in an apron. It would have looked so unprincesslike! She was very tall and straight, this princess, and "Serene Highness" seemed to Martha to be written on every inch of her.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"A LITTLE AMERICAN CHATTERBOX."

There was not much sociability among the students in the atelier. They came from many different countries, and spoke many different tongues; and they were such a mixture of aristocrats and plebeians, some were so afraid of patronizing and others of being patronized, that the conditions generally were such as were opposed to much mixing. Talking was forbidden during work-hours, except the little absolutely necessary whispering; and in the intermission at noon the princess always went away for lunch, and sometimes did not return. Martha, too, went to her mother's apartment for the midday meal, though nothing ever prevented her from returning. Some of the students had chums, with whom they chatted glibly in the cloak-room; but as a rule, these intimacies had been formed outside.

Martha Keene was a girl who would never have made the first advance toward an acquaintance with any one; for, although she had passed her twentieth year, she was incorrigibly shy. This reserve of manner was so evident that it discouraged advances from others. She knew this, and regretted it, but could not help it.

It had pleased Martha very much when, on a single occasion, this wall of isolation which she had built around herself had been broken through by a little American chatterbox, who had rattled away to her for ten minutes one day as she was waiting for her carriage in the cloak-room. This had been soon after her entrance at Étienne's, and her voluble countrywoman had vanished from the horizon the next day; but in that one talk she had got almost all the knowledge of the atelier which she possessed.

Her informant had told her that the students were not supposed to inquire about one another at all, the ideal of the atelier being a place where high and low alike could lay aside their disabilities and get the benefits of the common workshop. She added that there had been several personages of importance studying there since she herself had been a student, but that she had always heard of it from the outside, and they had generally left before she had identified them. "I spotted the princess, though," she had said. "As soon as I heard that there was a Russian princess studying here, I picked her out.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN . . . HAD STEPPED BACK FROM HER EASEL."

Do you know which one she is?" Martha had answered, "The lady in the red blouse"—a guess at once confirmed. "Is n't she stunning?" her companion had gone on; "I 'm dying to speak to her! If she were not a princess, I 'd have done it long ago. I can't go the Russian; but no doubt she speaks every language. Russians always do." At this point of the conversation the lady herself had come into the cloak-room. A neat French maid who was in waiting had come forward, and held out her lady's wrap, a magnificent sable thing, in which the beautiful creature had quickly infolded herself, and left the room, the two girls meanwhile making a tremendous effort to cover their breathless interest by an air of unconsciousness.

Ever since that day — indeed, even before it — Martha had been a silent worshiper at the shrine of the princess. She had a passionate love of beauty, and her heart, for all her grave and shy exterior, was packed as full of romance as it could hold. The discovery that this beautiful being was a princess — and a Russian princess, of all others — was meet food for this appetite for the romantic; and she dreamed by the hour about this young woman's life, and wondered what it had been and was to be. She knew she could not be many years older than herself, and she wondered, with burning interest, whether she was or was not married. Sometimes she would hold to one opinion for days, and then something — a mere turn of expression, perhaps — would convert her to the opposite one. She wanted her to be unmarried, so that she might be free to construct from her imagination a beautiful future for her; and yet she dreaded to find out that she was married. There was certainly a look about the princess which contradicted Martha's ideal of her as the possessor of a fair, unwritten life-page. Martha had watched her hands to see if she wore a wedding-ring; but those extraordinarily beautiful hands were either loaded down with jeweled gauds of antique workmanship or else quite ringless. Still, many married women were careless about wearing their wedding-rings, a thing which Martha herself could not comprehend; but she felt that this wonderful creature was removed as far as possible from her in both actuality and ideals.

Martha had heard the sound of the princess's voice only once or twice, and on those occasions she had spoken French with what seemed to the American girl an absolutely perfect accent. Once she had been near enough to hear a little talk between the princess and Étienne, as he was criticizing the former's work with rather more humanness, Martha thought, than he showed to the students generally; and once or twice when the princess had been placed near the model's little retiring-room, Martha had had the joy of hearing her divinity give the summons, in the usual atelier jargon, "C'est l'heure!" It seemed to the girl a most lovable act of condescension on the part of her Serene Highness.

One day (it was the day after Étienne had told her that her drawing was "not bad," and the princess had smiled at her) Martha was working away, when she became aware that an easel was being pushed into the unoccupied space at her right hand. She had known that some one would soon take possession of this place, and she did not even look round to see who it was. Her whole attention was bent on making Étienne see that his encouragement had yielded good fruit, even though she had made no verbal acknowledgment of it. She went on drawing, with intense concentration, until, weary at last, she put down her charcoal, and stood resting her arms, with her hands on her hips. As she finished her scrutiny of her work, and looked round, she started to discover that it was the princess who was seated at the easel next her own, and was looking full at her. As Martha, confused and delighted, encountered that gaze, the beautiful lady's lips parted in a friendly smile, and she whispered gently, "Bon jour."

Martha crimsoned with pleasure as she returned the greeting, and then both fell to work again. The princess was painting, laying on her color in a broad and daring style that almost frightened her neighbor. Martha watched her furtively while she crumbled her bread, and pretended to be erasing and touching up certain points in her picture. It was a bewildering delight to her to stand so close to the princess and see her at work, and she was agreeably aware that the princess was also aware of her, and perhaps even pleased at their being together.

When the time came for the model to rest, and the quiet of the room was a little relieved by the whispered talk that sprang up among the students as they waited, Martha felt that the princess had inclined toward her a little, and was looking at her work. She put down as childish the impulse that rushed up in her to cover the picture from light, or to say how bad she knew it was, and she stood very still and very much embarrassed until the princess said again in that exquisite utterance of French subtleties:

"C'est bien difficile, n'est-ce pas?"

Martha answered her somehow — she never knew what.

When the model came back, and they began to work again, she felt that she had become part of a wonderful experience. She had

never seen the princess talking to any one else, and, amazing and undeserved as the tribute was, she could not be mistaken in thinking that the lovely lady wished to know her, and perhaps to allow her the dear privilege of such intercourse as their atelier life permitted. She never expected it to go beyond that; but that was far more than anything she had imagined.

Across one corner of her canvas Martha's name was scrawled in full, and she knew that the princess must have seen it. She looked to see if there was any signature upon the princess's picture, and, as if interpreting her thought, her neighbor, with a brilliant smile, dipped her brush in vermilion, and wrote in a bold, strong hand the word "Sonia." This name (which Martha did not know to be the Russian abbreviation of Sophia) seemed to the girl very odd and beautiful, and peculiarly appropriate to its possessor.

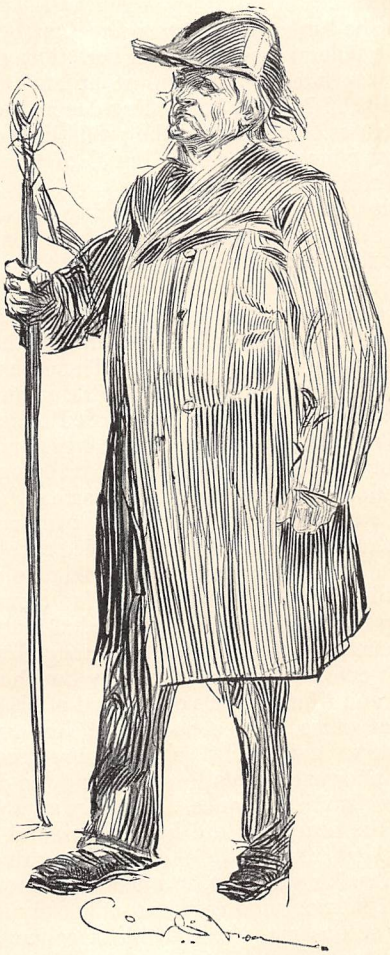
II.

MARTHA said nothing to her mother and sisters of her encounter with the princess. She had a way of locking very close in her heart her most personal and sacred feelings, and all that related to the princess was sacred to her now. During her earlier years she had so often been laughed at for an enthusiast that she had learned to keep back what she felt most strongly; and for that very reason, perhaps, the intensity of her feelings grew greater as she grew older. The enthusiasm of her life was for her only brother, whom she worshiped with a blind idolatry of the extent of which even he was unaware. There had been one or two other divinities in her horizon, always second to Harold; but at this period of her life she was suffering from a sense of disappointment in these as, one after the other, they had come short of her ardent expectations. She was now, therefore, in the exact state of mind to take on a new object of worship. This the princess had become.

It was not surprising that Martha's ideal had been so repeatedly unrealized, for it was a difficult one. She had suffered acutely from her former disappointments, and had even resolved never to pin her faith and hope on another woman. But the princess was not to be resisted. Martha felt that even if her goddess never spoke to her again, she was worthy of all adoration.

As the young girl drove through the streets of Paris in the early morning of the day following her brief interview with the princess, her heart was very happy.

In appearance Martha was small and rather plain, and no one would have noticed her, perhaps, but for the concentration of expression on her face as she looked out of the carriage window on her way to her atelier in the Latin Quarter. The people abroad at that hour were not of a class to pay much attention to such a look on a girl's face. The little army of street-cleaners, occupying their brief hour with busy



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"A TALL OLD MAN."

industry to produce the beautiful effect of gay cleanliness which the world enjoyed later in the day, had no time to notice Martha, and she was as unaware of them. Even the ice on the figures in the fountains of the Place de la Concorde, which she generally admired in passing, she did not so much as see to-day. The "cold sea-maidens" wore an unusually beautiful veil of mist, made by the freezing spray, and Martha might have got an impression for some future picture if she had studied it with the early sunlight on it.

But she was thinking only of the princess as she drove along and crossed the bridge and

entered old Paris. Here, too, all was familiar, for Martha had taken this drive daily for months, and there was nothing to disturb her preoccupation until she reached the Invalides, where her hero-worshiping soul never failed to offer a passing tribute of awe to the ashes of Napoleon.

As she turned into a cross street farther on, a little funeral procession met her. This sight, too, was familiar; but no wont and usage could keep Martha from being deeply moved as often as she witnessed the pitiful little ceremonial which attends the burial of the very poor in Paris.

It is usually in the early morning that these funerals occur, as there seems to be a demand upon the poor to give up to the more prosperous even the space in the streets which they, with their dead, lay claim to for so short a time. This was a child's funeral, or, rather, it was the funeral of two children. There was neither hearse nor carriage. Each little coffin was borne upon a wretched bier carried by rough and shabby men, who appeared cross and reluctant in their miserable, faded trappings of mourning. Looking carefully, Martha discovered that there was a separate family of mourners to each little bier; and as the whole procession was under the command of a tall old man, who held his shoulders very erect, as if to atone for a limp in one leg, she comprehended that this bedizened old undertaker, with the ragged crape on his cocked hat and the dirty bunches of black and white ribbons on the end of his long staff of office, had consolidated his duties, probably at a slight and very welcome discount to his poor patrons, and was burying the dead of two families at once. Directly after him came the bearers of the light coffin, and just behind it were five little children, four girls and a boy, walking abreast, and dressed in mourning. This mourning consisted of hastily fashioned aprons made of dull black calico, and so carelessly fitted that the many-colored undergarments of the children showed plainly at every opening. The children were regular little steps, the boy being the youngest; and cold as it was, they were all bareheaded. Each carried a sprig of yellow bloom, which resembled, if indeed it was not, the mustard-flower. This they held very stiffly and correctly in their right hands, and they walked with an air of the utmost decorum. Behind them came their father and mother, the former looking more apathetic than sad, and the latter carrying with some complacency the dignity of a dingy and draggled crape veil, in frank contrast to a blue-and-green plaid dress. She was taller than her husband, and leaned awkwardly upon his arm, keeping no time whatever to his shuffling gait. Then came the other coffin and the second group of mourners, who were evidently not so fashionable as the first; for they made no effort at mourning, and walked after their little dead one with nothing like a flower, and in their common working-clothes.

While Martha's carriage was passing this procession, she saw on the other side of them, going in the same direction with her, a smart turnout in which a gentleman was driving, with a groom behind. The horses shone like satin, and their harness jingled and glittered in the morning sunshine. The gentleman and his servant were dressed with a brilliant effect of care and detail. The former was smoking a cigarette, and had a scarlet flower in his coat.

As the little funeral procession passed this carriage, the young swell who was driving bared his head, with its smoothly parted blond hair, remaining uncovered until the procession had passed, his servant imitating his act. This little tribute of homage to death which the French take pains to perform always touched and pleased Martha. She thought of the absurdity of this man's uncovering his head to that pauper baby alive; but the mystery of death imparted to it a majesty which the equal mystery of life could not. This child was a partaker of the knowledge of the unknown, into which Napoleon, lying near by, had also entered, and was, with him, divided from the merely mortal.

Martha thought of this as she watched the showy carriage, which had relaxed its speed for a moment, whirling rapidly away toward the outskirts of the city. She wondered where that handsome, prosperous-looking, well-bred man was going at this early hour. Probably to fight a duel, she thought, in her romantic way. Perhaps in a few hours' time he might be as dead as the poor little baby; and perhaps there was some one who loved and adored him as she did Harold.

These were the ideas which filled her mind as she reached the atelier, there to learn that there was a disappointment about the model, who had failed to come.

She was about to take off her wraps and go to work on some drawings from casts when an exquisite voice behind her said suddenly, "Pardon, mademoiselle," and she turned to meet the gaze of the princess fixed upon her with a smile of lovely friendliness.

"What are you going to do?" she said in that faultless French which Martha had already admired.

For a moment the girl was quite overcome at such unexpected graciousness. Then she managed to say in her own faulty though perfectly fluent French, that she had thought she would go on and do what she could without a model.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"THE PRINCESS WAS VERY TALL."

"It is so dull, after having that glorious Antonio to pose for one," said the princess. "I am not in the humor, and my carriage is gone. Yours, perhaps, is gone also. Do you feel like drawing to-day? Or do you, perhaps, feel more like calling a cab, and taking a drive with me? I should like it. Will you go?"

Martha crimsoned with pleasure as she accepted the invitation. There was no mistaking her delight at the suggestion.

"You are very good to go," said the other, "especially as you know nothing of me, I suppose."

"I know only that you are the princess — the Russian princess," said Martha.

Her companion frowned slightly, and, Martha thought, looked a little annoyed. She reflected that she ought not, perhaps, to have told her that her secret had been discovered.

The little frown soon passed, however, and the princess smiled genially as she said:

"I am living incognito in Paris to study painting, and I do not go into the world. When I am not working I am often bored, and I frequently long for companionship. You make me very grateful by giving me yours this morning."

The princess was very tall — so tall that when Martha walked at her side she had to turn her face upward to speak to her. They walked along in the most natural companionship until they reached a cab-stand near by, and Martha thought her divinity more worshipful than ever as she stood wrapped in her long cloak, with a large, black-plumed hat crowning her beautiful head, and said some words of gentle pity about the poor old, weak-kneed cab-horses drawn up in a line.

When they had entered a cab, and were seated side by side, the princess said abruptly:

"If you had not heard something of me, I should have told you nothing. Why should we ask questions about each other? We meet to-day, art students in a Paris atelier, and we shall part to-morrow. What have we to do with formalities? Of you I know that you are a young American studying painting here, and I think, in a way, sympathetic to me. I am content to know that, and no more, of you. Do you feel the same about me?"

Martha replied eagerly in the affirmative, and in five minutes the two had come to a perfect understanding. The girl felt her awe at being in "the presence" gradually fading away as this winning young woman sat and talked with her on a footing of friendly equality. It was toward the close of the drive that the princess said:

"There are one or two things that it will be necessary for you to know — that is, if you like me well enough to come to see me, as I hope you do. I am living in the Rue Presbourg, and when you come to see me, you are to ask for the apartment of the Princess Mannernorff. You will come, will you not?"

"Oh, if you will only let me, it will be my greatest happiness!" said Martha. "I can't understand what has made you so good to me!"

"Simply, I like you. It is n't hard to understand. I 've noticed you a long time, and I 've liked you more and more. I like your manner; I like your face; I like your devotion to your work; and I like your work."

"My work! My scratching and smudging, you mean! Oh, how *can* you notice it or care for it when you look at yours? Every one must see that Étienne knows you are his best pupil. He does not speak to any one as he does to you, and you must know as well as I that it is not because you are a princess."

"Yes, of course; I know that perfectly well. But I fancy that Étienne, in his little critical heart, feels that he has n't got out of me what he looked for at first. At least, I have that idea; and you see I have studied enough, compared with you, to be a great deal further ahead of you than I am. I have digged and delved for that treasure more than you realize. I hope to do something tolerable some day; but I 'm not as confident about it as I used to be, and I fear Étienne is not, either. Oh, I *wish* I could!"

She said this with such fervor, and followed it by such a wistful sigh, that Martha, who had not yet taken in the idea that the princess might not be the all-fortunate creature she imagined, felt a sudden protest against the idea of her wishing for anything vainly.

"Surely you will!" she said. "I can't imagine your wanting anything very much without getting it."

The princess laughed, throwing up her chin, and looking at Martha with an indulgent smile.

"You can't?" she exclaimed. "Well, if you take the trouble to continue my acquaintance, you will find that I 've missed pretty much everything in life that I very greatly wanted. It is sad, but true."

Martha did not answer, but she looked as if she would like to speak out something that was on her mind; and her companion saw this, and said:

"What is it? Speak! I give you full permission."

"It was nothing," said Martha, rather confusedly. "I was wondering about you — as, of course, I can't help doing. I don't want to be told things, however. I would far rather imagine how they are."

"Very, very sensible. I see that I shall like you more and more. There are a few things, however, which it will be well for you to know.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"'IT WILL BE QUITE SAFE, I SEE.'"

For instance," — she paused, with a slight look of reluctance, and then went on rapidly, — " no doubt you wonder whether I am married."

Martha's eyes confirmed her.

A cloud seemed to have settled with surprising suddenness upon the face of the princess. She looked fixedly at the passing prospect outside the window as, after a moment of difficult silence, she said almost brusquely:

" I am a widow." Then she turned and looked at Martha. " You will understand, for the future," she went on more naturally, " my wish for silence on this subject. I am living temporarily in Paris with my aunt. I used to know French society well; but I am out of it now, and I don't regret it. Painting is the only thing I really care for — that, and music, and some books; some, but not many. Books give such false ideas of life. I think it was what I read in books that led me to expect so much. I was not to be convinced but that all the happiness I imagined was quite possible; and when it would not come to me, I thought there was a force in me which could compel it. As a rule, I 've given that idea up; but there are times even yet when it rises and conquers me. I know it is very foolish, and that experience cures one of such feelings, but I 'm not altogether cured yet, in spite of hard and repeated blows."

Martha had listened with intense interest, and now, as her companion paused, she felt that she ought to volunteer, on her part, some sort of sketch of herself and her surroundings.

" I don't care to tell you anything about myself," she said, " because it 's so uninteresting. My father has been dead a great many years; mama is delicate; and we live in Paris, so that I may study painting and the younger girls may have lessons. We go to America for the summers. My brother is the eldest of us, and he lives there. The younger girls are pretty, and mama wishes them to go out and to be admired. She used also to wish this for me, but she saw how I hated it, and how little chance of success I had, so she lets me alone now, particularly since I got Harold to speak to her."

" Are you sure that she would not disapprove of your friendship with me, knowing of me only the little that you are able to tell her? "

" Yes; I 'm certain of it. She would n't mind. She knows I never get into mischief. I feel perfectly free to do as I choose about this, and I don't mean to mention you to any one — not because there would be any objection, but because you are too sacred to me, and if you let me really be your friend, I can't share that knowledge and possession with any one."

Martha was determined to say this, but she did not accomplish it without a good deal of hesitation and embarrassment. Her companion looked at her with a sort of wondering scrutiny.

" Where do you get that earnest, concentrated nature, I wonder — so different from mine! " she said. " Does it go with the American character? Your words are very foolish, child; but it is so long since any one has held me sacred that I am ridiculously touched by it."

There was something that looked like rising tears in the beautiful eyes of the princess; but a gay little laugh soon banished the shadow from both her face and her voice. Suddenly she sat upright, and said:

" Suppose you come home with me now! I want you to learn the ways of the place, so that you may come and go as you please. Will you come with me there to-day? "

Martha agreed at once, and with evident satisfaction the princess leaned out of the window, and gave the address to the cabman.

III.

MARTHA felt herself in a dream of delight as she descended from the cab, and, following the princess into the courtyard of a large apartment-house in the Rue Presbourg, mounted the stairs at her side.

Their ring was answered by a foreign-looking man-servant, to whom the princess spoke in a tongue which Martha recognized as Russian, but of which she understood not a word. She saw, however, that it related to herself; for the servant, who wore a curious and elaborate livery, looked at her, and bowed low.

" I have been telling him," explained the princess, " that whenever you come you are to be brought at once to my private sitting-room, whether I am at home to other people or not. If it should chance that I cannot see you, — an unlikely thing, for I generally do what I want, and I shall always want to see you, — my maid can bring you word there. You see, I am not going to take any risk of having you turned away from my door."

The antechamber into which they had been admitted was charmingly furnished, not at all in the French style; and there was something in the whole environment of the princess which commended itself strongly to Martha's artistic taste. Everything that she saw, as she passed along, deepened this impression. She followed her companion in excited silence through the antechamber, and into the large and sunny salon, where two persons were sitting.

One was a little old lady with very white hair, elaborately arranged under a queer-looking lace cap fastened with jeweled pins; the other was a dark and severely dressed woman, who Martha at once saw was a sort of companion or maid. As the princess approached, this woman

rose and courtesied. The old lady looked up, with some surprise in her placid face, and immediately laid down her embroidery, and took up a silver ear-trumpet, holding out her other hand to the princess.

The latter bent, and kissed the proffered fingers lightly, and then, raising her voice a little, uttered several sentences in Russian into the trumpet, at the same time indicating Martha in a way that made her understand that this was an introduction. The girl also bent, and kissed the hand now extended to her, and then the princess led her away.

"My poor aunt is so deaf," she said, "that it is almost impossible to talk to her, and I could not go into any long explanation about you. She never interferes with me, however, and no questions will be asked. Come now to my own room."

Martha, following her companion, found herself in a small boudoir opening into a bedroom. The door of the latter was open, and the two apartments gave an impression which she told herself she could best describe by the word "lovable." The musical instruments stood open. The lounges and chairs seemed to have taken the shapes of their occupants. Flowers that looked as if they had been willingly plucked were all about in vases. Well-worn volumes and drawing-books were scattered about, and some of the princess's atelier studies were placed against the walls on the floor. Martha, who could hardly believe in her good fortune in having received even the smallest notice from the princess, was yet more bewildered and delighted when the latter crossed the little boudoir, and led her into the bedroom.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"'AH, I HAVE MADE A MISTAKE, I SEE.'

Here the French maid whom Martha had seen at the atelier sat sewing. She stood up, evidently surprised. As she courtesied, and came forward to take her lady's wraps, the latter hastily threw her cloak to her, and then, striking her hands together with a quick little clap, said:

"Va-t'en, Félicie!"

The maid smiled. She and her mistress evidently understood each other well. Deftly gathering up her work, she left the room, and Martha found herself alone with her divinity, in the

privacy of her own bedroom. She felt quite foolishly happy. Perhaps the princess saw it, for she said, with her bewildering smile:

"You like it, do you not? You need n't explain. I see you do, just as I saw that you liked me, without your saying a word. I am so glad."

"*Like* you!" said Martha, protestingly. "Oh!"

Then the princess came and stood in front of the young girl, and put her arms around her neck, clasping her long hands at the back, and looking down at her.

"It will be quite safe, I see," she said, still smiling, "for me to make my confession to you, and own that I was drawn to you in quite an extraordinary way. I really did not mean to go so fast, however; and if I had stopped to think, I should probably not have proposed to you to take this drive with me. But for once I am glad that I did not stop to think. My impetuosity is generally my bane in everything. This time I feel that it has brought me a blessing. I can prove to you that it is not my habit to go out to strangers in this way by the fact that I am so friendless. I have no intimate friend in Paris, though I know scores of people here. If I like you, and want to see more of you, and you have the same feeling toward me, why should we not indulge ourselves? Very well! So we will!" and she bent, and kissed Martha on the cheek.

The girl's heart quivered with joy; but she could find no words in which to express it, so she was quite silent. She felt herself very stupid as she let the princess take off her wraps and hat, and lead her to a seat.

"Now," said the lovely lady, "as I am one of those people who must be comfortable before they can be happy, I am going to put on a loose gown. No excuses necessary, I know."

She disappeared for a moment, and came back in an exquisite garment of pale-blue silk with borderings of dark fur. She had seemed to Martha very splendid and beautiful before, but now she was so winning, so sweet, so adorable, that the young girl felt her whole heart glow with delight as, with a long-drawn sigh of ease, the princess threw herself on the lounge at her side.

"Now," she said, as her hand closed on Martha's, "talk to me."

Poor Martha! What could she say? Her gratefulness for this unexpected confidence and friendliness moved her almost to tears, but she was silent.

"Talk to me, Martha," said the princess, coaxingly. "I may call you that, may I not?"

She called it "Mart'a," with her pretty foreign utterance; and Martha thought her homely name had suddenly become adorable. But she could not even tell this to the princess. How dull and stupid she was! Her consent must have shown itself in her eyes, however, for the princess went on:

"I can't call you Martha unless you call me by my name, too. Will you? I have a fancy to hear you say it now. Will you call me by my little Russian name — Sonia?"

It was evident that the girl's silence did not offend her. She must have understood its basis, for she said, with an encouraging smile:

"Say it. Say 'Sonia.'"

"Oh, you are too good to me!" exclaimed Martha. "You spoke of knowing that I liked you. I don't *like* you — I *love* you! I don't *love* you — I *adore* you! O *Sonia!*" and the girl actually slipped from the low chair to her knees, beside the lounge.

The princess jumped to her feet, and with strong hands lifted Martha to hers; then, holding both the girl's hands, and stretching her arms apart to their full length, as their two faces were drawn together thus, she kissed Martha with affectionate warmth.

"What a dear thing you are!" she said. "How good it is to see some one who can really feel! How tired one gets of the *fin-de-siècle* spirit in both women and men! Bless you, my Martha! You have come to be a great joy in my life. I feel that we are going to be friends for always — do you?"

"Oh, if you will let me! If you will only not be disappointed in me! I am afraid to speak, afraid to breathe almost, for fear that you will find out that I am only a poor, commonplace little creature, in whom your goodness has made you see something which does not exist. Oh, I *pray* I may not disappoint you! And yet how can I dare to hope it?"

"Listen, Martha," said the princess in a matter-of-fact tone, as she drew the other down to a seat beside her on the lounge; "let us take each other quite simply, and not promise anything. We will just agree to be perfectly natural with each other — just to be ourselves. If you continue to like me, and I you, it is all right. If not, we shall have broken no pledges and done each other no wrong. Now, with that basis to go upon, we can both feel natural and satisfied. Only don't cover up your real self to me, for you may be concealing just what I love, and pretending what I hate. It is because you are different from others that I have been so drawn to you. Now don't try to be like other people, and ruin everything."

"Oh, I feel I can be myself with you. I feel I can tell you everything that is in my heart, and talk of things that I have never been able to speak of to others. How beautiful it is! How strange that such a relationship between two women can come about here in Paris in this age of the world!"

"It could not if we were Parisians; but both of us being foreign to this atmosphere, it can. I love your being an American. I felt sure you were even before I asked Étienne."

"And did he tell you? I have always understood that he never answered questions about his students."

"So have I; but I asked him all the same,



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"'ALICE HAS A FINE VOICE.'"

and he told me who you were. I had quite fancied you before, and after that I fancied you still more, as I love the ideal of the American — a creature newer from Nature's hands, and nearer to her heart than we of the Old World; and, fortunately or otherwise, I have known too few of your people either to confirm or contradict this idea. So now I think I shall go on liking you. And how is it with you? Do you think you will not be disappointed in me?"

Her beautiful lips widened in a smile of broad amusement that made her eyes twinkle. Martha looked at her with a speechless adoration which she could not have been so dense as to misunderstand.

"How delightful!" said the princess. "It has been so long since I have permitted myself the luxury of a friend that my appetite for it is all the keener."

She had thrown herself back on the lounge, and as Martha sat down by her, the princess again took her hand, saying as she did so:

"Now I will tell you two things about myself at the outset of our acquaintance: one is that I love to ask questions; the other is that I hate to be questioned. Will you remember these facts, and will you be as frank with me if I do what you don't like? I am very nearly certain that we shall fit together admirably, for the reason that I know you have no vulgar curiosity about me or my affairs. You have sense enough to be convinced by one look at my aunt, if there were nothing else, that I am respectable. Now I am pretty confident that you have an impulse to talk out freely to me, and to answer any questions that I may choose to put — all the more so because your general habit is one of strict reserve."

The princess kept her eyes on her companion's face while she was talking, and she could tell by its expression that she had interpreted her correctly. She said so, with a little laugh of contentment, and then added:

"Tell me about yourself first of all."

Martha's countenance fell.

"Ah, I have made a mistake, I see," said the princess. "We have not come to that yet; but we will come to it — you and I. Some of these days you will find yourself telling me all those close-locked secrets of your heart; and yet even they, I fancy, will relate more to others than to yourself. So be it! I can wait. Tell me now about your people — your family here in Paris."

"Well," began Martha, "there are mama and we four girls — Alice, Marian, Florence, and I. Alice is very handsome, and poor mama has had to shift over to her and to the younger girls, who also bid fair to be charming, all the hopes which she once centered in me. I have been struggled with for years, and finally let alone. Mama agrees to my working at my painting because she has made up her mind that unless I amount to something in that I shall never amount to anything at all; but I don't think she has much hope of me. She is not far from beautiful herself, and is accustomed to being admired, and it took her a long time to accept my indifference to it. However, it 's quite accepted now; and I even think that, with three other girls to be taken into society, she finds a certain relief in leaving me out of it. The other girls are studying music and languages. Alice has a fine voice."

"And your father is dead, is he not? Did you not say you had a brother?"

Martha's face grew quite white with the concentration of mind which this thought produced.

"Yes; I have a brother," she said.

"Forgive me," said the princess, with swift sympathy. "There is evidently some reason

why it pains you to speak of your brother. Forget that I asked you."

The blood rushed to Martha's face as it occurred to her that her companion might misunderstand her reluctance to speak on this subject.

"It 's not that I am not proud of him that it is hard for me to speak," she said; "it 's expressly because I am. I made up my mind long ago not to talk about Harold. I found I must not, because I could not speak of him with any freedom without saying things that people would think that no merely mortal man deserved. I have worshiped him all my life, and, as I 'm rather ashamed to own, I 've had a great many other idols which turned out to be made of clay. This one, however, has never proved for an instant unworthy of my adoration."

The princess smiled.

"One would like to get a look at him," she said. "An absolutely faultless being must be interesting to look at."

"Don't laugh at me!" cried Martha. "If it were any one but you I could not bear it; but I know you would say or do nothing that could hurt me really. I don't wish you to understand that I think Harold faultless. He is not. But to one who understands him as I do, his very faults are a part of his greatness. They all have their seat in something noble, and to see how he fights to conquer them is a thing that thrills me. He is now off in America hard at work. He has done some quite extraordinary things in electricity, and is absorbed in his career. When I am a little older, and mama gives me up as a hopeless job for society, I am to go and live with Harold, and keep house for him. That is my dream and his."

"Sooner or later, dear child, you will have to wake from that dream. I do not find it as unlikely as you seem to that you will marry; and even if you should not, your brother probably will."

The princess was smiling, but her smile faded at the look of tragic pain in her companion's face. She could see that the young girl had been touched in her heart's tenderest place.

"No," she said, with that frown of sadness unrelaxed; "he will never marry."

"Forgive me again, dear Martha," said the princess. "Your brother has had some disappointment, about which your heart is as sensitive as his own. I see that, and you need tell me no more. It is good that he has you to comprehend and sympathize with him. It is good that you have each other. If you gave your heart and life to a husband as wholly as you have given them to your brother, he would probably break the heart and wreck the life, and even the right to dream would be taken



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON

"'IN THE AMERICAN COLONY.'

from you. Living with this brother, whom you love and worship so, whether he deserves it or not, you may have many a sweet and joy-giving dream which no reality would equal. I wish I could make you see how fortunate you are."

"I care very little for my own happiness," said Martha, too absorbed to realize that she was saying anything that called for comment. "All that I care for is to give Harold a little comfort and calm. He can never be happy again."

"He tells you so, dear child, and no doubt he believes it. *I* tell you it will pass. Men do not grieve perpetually for women. I know them better than you do."

"You do not know this man. If you imagine that he is like any other man in the world, you are wrong. He could not get over this sorrow and be the man that he is. It is simply a thing impossible to him. Not that he shows it. It has been two years since it happened, and

no doubt every one except myself thinks he has recovered. I dare say he wants to have it so, and he 's generally cheerful and bright. Even to me he never says a word, but I think he knows that I understand. At all events, he knows that, though it is the desire of my life to go and live with him, I would never do him the wrong to suppose that I could make him happy."

"He has, then, it would seem, the same ardent temperament as yours. Dear me! how odd it would be to see a man like that in this generation! Was this woman very cruel to him that you resent it so?"

"Resent it!" said Martha, dropping her companion's hand, to clasp her own hands together. "Even to you I can't talk about that. I should either cry like a fool or rage like a fury. I know very little about what happened, except that she has utterly ruined Harold's life, and cut him off from everything that makes life sweet."

"You allow yourself to suffer too much for him, perhaps," the princess said. "I am not going to antagonize you at the outset by saying all that I might say to you on this subject, but believe me, my little *ingénue*, I could give you points about men. I will not do it now, however, and I will even show my willingness to spare you by changing the subject. Tell me about Alice. Is she really so handsome? Does she go into society? Where could one see her?"

"Yes; she goes out a good deal—in the American colony, principally. I don't think there is any doubt that she 's handsome."

"Then I 'm all the more unfortunate in having no acquaintance in the American colony. Does she look like you?"

"No; the fact is—" Martha blushed, and was in evident confusion, as she went on—"the fact is, I 'm considered like Harold. Not really, you know, because no one can deny that he 's magnificent; but there 's said to be a sort of family likeness."

"Well, I can believe that, my dear, without absolute insult to your brother. Is Alice much admired?"

"Yes, a good deal; but she 's engaged now, and so she is not noticed as much as she was."

"Oh, she 's engaged, is she? And when is she to be married?"

"The day is not fixed, but it will be before long. The trousseau is being bought now. Her fiancé is an Italian officer of very good family, though not much fortune. Still, Alice is happy, and mama is satisfied, and Harold has given his consent. He is coming over to the wedding. Oh, if you could see him—and he could see you!"

"His seeing me is wholly unnecessary; but the other part might be accomplished. It would be a good idea to give me a card to the wedding if it takes place in a church. Then I could see all your people without their seeing me, and probably disapproving of our intimacy and breaking it up—or else putting it on a footing that would have no comfort in it."

"How *could* they disapprove?" said Martha, deeply hurt. "How could they be anything but honored that I should be noticed at all by a great princess like you?"

"Oh, there 's no greatness about this princess, child," said the other, laughing. "Don't expect to see me going around with a throne to sit on, in either a literal or a figurative sense. To you I am only Sonia—a fact which you seem to have forgotten, by the way. I wish you 'd call me Sonia, and stop thinking about the princess. With your American ideas it, no doubt, seems much more important than it is. Are you going to tell your people about me really or not?"

"No," said Martha; "I would n't for the world. It may be selfish, but I want you all to myself."

This was perfectly true; but at the same time, ignore it as she might, there was a lurking feeling in Martha's heart that the princess was right in imagining that if her mother knew of the friendship that had sprung up between the two students at Étienne's, she might insist upon investigating the princess—an indignity which Martha felt that she could never endure.

The princess herself seemed pleased at Martha's evident wish to monopolize her; and the two parted at last with the confidence and affection of old friends.

(To be continued.)

Julia Magruder.

TEMPTATION.

I COME to try man's weakness or his strength,
Yet honor need not droop nor virtue fall:
I wait on God; and so may rise at length,
The whitest, strongest angel of them all.

Edith Willis Linn.

THE CLOSE OF LINCOLN'S CAREER.

BY NOAH BROOKS,

Author of "Abraham Lincoln: A Biography for Young People," "American Statesmen," etc.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE WAR DRAMA — THE GREAT TRAGEDY — THE DOOM OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE WAR DRAMA.

IN the latter part of the month of March, 1865, Washington saw many signs of a collapse of the rebellion. The Confederate army appeared to be badly demoralized, and deserters, who arrived constantly in large numbers, reported that men from Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and the Carolinas could not be expected to have any heart in a fight which then seemed only for the defense of Virginia, while their own States were overrun by the armies of the Union. During the month of March more than 3000 deserters were received at Washington, and great numbers were quartered at Fort Monroe, Annapolis, and other points nearer the lines, where they were put to work in the quartermaster's department or in the naval service. One curiosity of the times was a Confederate regimental band which had deserted in a body with its instruments, and was allowed to march through the streets of the national capital playing Union airs. This was one of the oddest signs of the final break-up. People recalled a story, told by Hooker, that when the Union army scaled and occupied Lookout Mountain, a rebel sentry on duty on the crest of one of the most difficult precipices saw our men pile up in solid masses over steeps which had been thought inaccessible, and was so surprised that he forgot to run, but stood with feet rooted to the spot, watching the Union force climbing up, and streaming past him, and driving the enemy far to the rear, until he was left alone, a statue of amazement. Recovering himself at last, he threw down his musket, stripped off his rebel-gray jacket, stood on them both, and, looking far off to the sunny South, stretched out as a map below him, said, "How are you, Southern Confederacy?"

But, notwithstanding such indications of a collapse of the rebellion, at this very time many Northern Union newspapers, led by Horace Greeley and others of his stamp, were demanding that appeals should be made to the Southern people "to stop the flow of blood and the waste of treasure," and that some message should be sent to the Southerners "so terse that it will surely be circulated, and so lucid that it cannot be misconstrued or perverted," by way of an invitation to cease fighting. Curiously enough, the nearer the time came for a final surrender, the more fervid was the demand for negotiation and appeal from the unreasonable radicals in the ranks of Northern Unionists. But all this was soon to end; and while a small party was asking, "Why not negotiate?" the downfall came.

The army of Grant had been enveloping Petersburg on March 28 and 29, and about ten o'clock on the morning of April 3 word was received in Washington from President Lincoln at City Point that that city had been evacuated, and that our army was pushing into it, sweeping around it, and pursuing the flying squadrons of Lee. At a quarter to eleven in that forenoon came a despatch to the War Department from General Weitzel, dated at Richmond, announcing the fall of the Confederate capital. It was not many minutes before the news spread like wildfire through Washington, and the intelligence, at first doubted, was speedily made positive by the circulation of thousands of newspaper "extras" containing the news in bulletins issued from the War Department. In a moment of time the city was ablaze with an excitement the like of which was never seen before, and everybody who had a piece of bunting spread it to the breeze; and from one end of Pennsylvania Avenue to the other the air seemed to burn with the bright hues of the flag. The sky was shaken by a grand salute of 800 guns, fired by order of the Secretary of War — 300 for Petersburg and 500 for Richmond. Almost by magic the streets were crowded with hosts of people, talking, laughing, hurrahing, and shouting in the fullness of their joy. Men embraced one another, "treated" one another, made up old quarrels, renewed old friendships, marched through the streets arm in arm, singing and chatting in that happy sort of abandon which characterizes people when under the influence of a great and universal happiness. The atmosphere was full of the intoxication of joy. The departments of the Government and many stores and private offices were closed for the day, and hosts of hard-worked clerks had their full share of the general holiday. Bands of music, apparently without any special direction or

formal call, paraded the streets, and boomed and blared from every public place, until the air was resonant with the expression of the popular jubilation in all the national airs, not forgetting "Dixie," which, it will be remembered, President Lincoln afterward declared to be among the spoils of war.

The American habit of speech-making was never before so conspicuously exemplified. Wherever any man was found who could make a speech, or who thought he could make a speech, there a speech was made; and a great many who had never before made one found themselves thrust upon a crowd of enthusiastic sovereigns who demanded of them something by way of jubilant oratory. One of the best of these offhand addresses extorted by the enthusiastic crowds was that of Secretary Stanton, who was called upon at the War Department by an eager multitude clamorous for more details and for a speech. The great War Secretary, for once in his life so overcome by emotion that he could not speak continuously, said this:

"Friends and fellow-citizens: In this great hour of triumph my heart, as well as yours, is penetrated with gratitude to Almighty God for his deliverance of the nation. Our thanks are due to the President, to the army and navy, to the great commanders by sea and land, to the gallant officers and men who have periled their lives upon the battle-field, and drenched the soil with their blood. Henceforth all commiseration and aid should be given to the wounded, the maimed, and the suffering, who bear the marks of their great sacrifices in the mighty struggle. Let us humbly offer up our thanks to divine Providence for his care over us, and beseech him to guide and govern us in our duties hereafter, as he has carried us forward to victory; to teach us how to be humble in the midst of triumph, how to be just in the hour of victory, and to help us secure the foundations of this republic, soaked as they have been in blood, so that it shall live for ever and ever. Let us not forget the laboring millions in other lands, who in this struggle have given us their sympathies, their aid, and their prayers; and let us bid them rejoice with us in our great triumph. Then, having done this, let us trust the future to him who will guide us as heretofore, according to his own good will." Nearly every line of this address was punctuated with applause.

The Secretary then read Grant's despatch, announcing the capture of Richmond, and the fact that the city was on fire, upon which the Secretary asked the crowd what they would reply to Grant. Some cried, "Let her burn!" others, "Burn it! burn it!" but one voice shouted, "Hold Richmond for the Northern mudsills!" which sally was received with considerable laughter. Mr. Stanton introduced to the crowd Willie Kettles, a bright Vermont boy about fourteen years old, an operator in the telegraph-room of the War Office, who had been the fortunate recipient of the important despatch announcing the capture of Richmond. Of course the crowd wanted a speech from the lad, who discreetly held his tongue, and bowed with modesty. Secretary Seward, who happened to be at the War Department to hear the news, was espied and called out, and he made a little address in which he said that he had always been in favor of a change in the cabinet, particularly in the War Department, and that recent events proved that he was right. "Why," said he, "I started to go to 'the front' the other day, and when I got to City Point they told me it was at Hatcher's Run, and when I got there I was told it was not there but somewhere else, and when I get back I am told by the Secretary that it is at Petersburg; but before I can realize that, I am told again that it is at Richmond, and west of that. Now I leave you to judge what I ought to think of such a Secretary of War as this." The crowds continually circulated through the city, and from a building near the War Department Senator Nye of Nevada and Preston King of New York spoke, and at Willard's Hotel General Butler, Green Clay Smith of Kentucky, and Vice-President Johnson responded to the eager and uproarious demand. The day of jubilee did not end with the day, but rejoicing and cheering were prolonged far into the night. Many illuminated their houses, and bands were still playing, and leading men and public officials were serenaded all over the city. There are always hosts of people who drown their joys effectually in the flowing bowl, and Washington on April 3 was full of those. Thousands besieged the drinking-saloons, champagne popped everywhere, and a more liquorish crowd was never seen in Washington than on that night. Many and many a man of years of habitual sobriety seemed to think it a patriotic duty to "get full" on that eventful night, and not only so, but to advertise the fact of fullness as widely as possible. I saw one big, sedate Vermonter, chief of an executive bureau, standing on the corner of F and Fourteenth streets, with owlish gravity giving away fifty-cent "shin-plasters" (fractional currency) to every colored person who came past him, brokenly saying with each gift, "Babylon has fallen!"

On the night of April 4, in pursuance of a recommendation by the Secretary of State, the city was generally illuminated. All the public buildings and a great proportion of private residences and business houses were alight with fireworks and illuminations of every de-

scription. The War Department was gorgeously decorated with a mass of flags, the windows were filled with lights, and a huge transparency of patriotic devices crowned the portico. The same was true of the Navy Department, the Winder building (occupied by the Government), the White House, and the State and Treasury buildings. Secretary Seward was the author of a much-admired motto over the portico of the State Department, which read: "At home Union is order, and Union is peace. Abroad Union is strength, and strength is peace." Over another entrance of the building was: "Peace and good will to all nations, but no entangling alliances and no foreign intervention." The Treasury had over its chief entrance a huge transparency which was a tolerable imitation of a ten-dollar, interest-bearing United States note, with a mammoth facsimile of Treasurer Spinner's signature in all its unique ugliness. The Treasury motto was: "U. S. Greenbacks and U. S. Grant. Grant gives the greenbacks a metallic ring."

With that wonderful adaptability which is characteristic of the American people, Richmond was no sooner in our hands than all the machinery of war, transportation, and subsistence began to tend thither, and orders were at once carried out to rebuild railroads, equip steamboat lines, and put up piers and bridges, so that in a few days Washington was in regular communication with Richmond, and that city was used as a base of supplies against whatever of rebellion might be left in arms. The Orange and Alexandria route to Richmond was at once reëstablished, although for the time being the line of transportation was from Washington via Acquia Creek and Fredericksburg. Steamers were at once despatched from Washington to Richmond with hospital supplies, and a United States mail agent took possession of the Richmond post-office; and while Washington was celebrating the downfall of the rebel capital, the General Post-office received its first regular mail from the captured city. Governor Peirpoint, who, as Senator Sumner picturesquely said, had been carrying the State government of loyal Virginia in his trousers pocket for several years, announced that the peripatetic ark of the government finally rested in its proper seat; and so the "Common Council of Alexandria," as Sumner had contemptuously styled the loyal legislature of Virginia, was once more holding sittings in Richmond.

But greater things were yet to come. Most people were sleeping soundly in their beds when, at daylight on the rainy morning of April 10, 1865, a great boom startled the misty air of Washington, shaking the very earth, and breaking the windows of houses about Lafayette Square, and moving the inhabitants of that aristocratic locality to say once more that they would be glad when Union victories were done with, or should be celebrated elsewhere. Boom! boom! went the guns, until five hundred were fired. A few people got up in the chill twilight of the morning, and raced about in the mud to learn what the good news might be, while others formed a procession and resumed their parades,—no dampness, no fatigue, being sufficient to depress their ardor. But many placidly lay abed, well knowing that only one military event could cause all this mighty pother in the air of Washington; and if their nap in the gray dawn was disturbed with dreams of guns and of terms of armies surrendered to Grant by Lee, they awoke later to read of these in the daily papers; for this was Secretary Stanton's way of telling the people that the Army of Northern Virginia had at last laid down its arms, and that peace had come again.

But the great news had really reached Washington the night before (Palm Sunday), and a few newspaper men and others of late habits, who were up through the darkness and the dampness of those memorable hours, had sent the glad tidings all over the Union from Maine to California, and had then unbent themselves in a private and exclusive jollification. When the capital was broad awake, and had taken in the full value of the news, the fever-heat that had fired the city on the day after the fall of Richmond did not return. Popular feeling had culminated then, and after that great event there was nothing that could surprise us, not even if "Jeff" Davis himself had come to Washington to surrender. The streets were shockingly muddy, but were all alive with people singing and cheering, carrying flags, and saluting everybody, hungering and thirsting for speeches. General Butler was called out, among others, and he made a speech full of surprising liberality and generosity toward the enemy. The departments gave another holiday to their clerks; so did many business firms; and the Treasury employees assembled in the great corridor of their building and sang "Old Hundredth" with thrilling, even tear-compelling effect. Then they marched in a body across the grounds to the White House, where the President was at breakfast, and serenaded him with "The Star-Spangled Banner."

As the forenoon wore on, an impromptu procession came up from the navy-yard, dragging six boat-howitzers, which were fired through the streets as they rolled on. This crowd, reinforced by the hurrahing legions along the route, speedily swelled to enormous proportions, and filled the whole area in front of the White House, where guns were fired and bands played

while the multitude waited for a speech. The young hope of the house of Lincoln—"Tad"—made his appearance at the well-known window from which the President always spoke, and was received with great shouts of applause, whereupon he waved a captured rebel flag, to the uproarious delight of the sovereign people below. When Lincoln came to the window shortly after, the scene before him was one of the wildest confusion. It seemed impossible for men adequately to express their feelings. They fairly yelled with delight, threw up their hats again and again, or threw up one another's hats, and screamed like mad. From the windows of the White House the surface of that crowd looked like an agitated sea of hats, faces, and arms. Quiet being restored, the President briefly congratulated the people on the occasion which called out such unrestrained enthusiasm, and said that as arrangements were being made for a more formal celebration, he would defer his remarks until that occasion; "for," said he, "I shall have nothing to say then if it is all dribbled out of me now." He said that as the good old tune of "Dixie" had been captured on the 9th of April, he had submitted the question of its ownership to the Attorney-General, who had decided that that tune was now our lawful property; and he asked that the band should play it, which was done with a will, "Yankee Doodle" following. Then the President proposed three cheers for General Grant and the officers and men under him, then three cheers for the navy, all of which were given heartily, the President leading off, waving his hand; and the laughing, joyous crowd dispersed.

The special celebration to which Lincoln referred was that of the 11th of April, when, in answer to the customary serenade, the President made a long and formal speech. All of the government buildings were again illuminated, and the people, almost with unanimity, followed the example. The night was misty, and the exhibition was a splendid one. The reflection of the illuminated dome of the Capitol on the moist air was remarked as being especially fine; it was seen many miles away. Arlington House, across the river, the old home of Lee, was brilliantly lighted, and rockets and colored lights blazed on the lawn, where ex-slaves by the thousand sang "The Year of Jubilee."

The notable feature of the evening, of course, was the President's speech, delivered to an immense throng of people, who, with bands, banners, and loud huzzas, poured into the semicircular avenue in front of the Executive Mansion. After repeated calls, loud and enthusiastic, the President appeared at the window, which was a signal for a great outburst. There was something terrible in the enthusiasm with which the beloved Chief Magistrate was received. Cheers upon cheers, wave after wave of applause, rolled up, the President patiently standing quiet until it was all over. The speech was longer than most people had expected, and of a different character. It was chiefly devoted to a discussion of the policy of reconstruction which had been outlined by him in previous public documents. It began with the words, now classic, "We meet this evening, not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart. The evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond, and the surrender of the principal insurgent army, give hope of a righteous and speedy peace, whose joyous expression cannot be restrained. In the midst of this, however, he from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten. A call for a national thanksgiving is being prepared, and will be duly promulgated. Nor must those whose harder part gave us the cause of rejoicing be overlooked. Their honors must not be parceled out with others. I myself was near the front, and had the high pleasure of transmitting much of the good news to you, but no part of the honor for plan or execution is mine. To General Grant, his skilful officers and brave men, all belongs. The gallant navy stood ready, but was not in reach to take active part."

While the crowd was assembling in front of the house, and before the President went up-stairs to the window from which he was to speak, I was with him, and noticed that his speech was written out, and that he carried a roll of manuscript in his hand. He explained that this was a precaution to prevent a repetition of the criticisms which had sometimes been made by fastidious persons upon his off-hand addresses. Senator Sumner, it may be remembered, had objected to the President's using on a former occasion the expression, "The rebels turned tail and ran," as being undignified from the lips of the President of the United States. Lincoln recalled that criticism with a smile. From a point of concealment behind the window drapery I held a light while he read, dropping the pages of his written speech one by one upon the floor as he finished them. Little Tad, who found the crowd no longer responsive to his antics, had now sought the chief point of attraction, and scrambled around on the floor, importuning his father to give him "another," as he collected the sheets of paper fluttering from the President's hand. Outside was a vast sea of faces, illuminated by the lights that burned in the festal array of the White House, and stretching far out into the misty darkness. It was a silent, intent, and perhaps surprised multitude. Within stood the tall, gaunt figure of the President, deeply thoughtful, intent upon the elucidation of the policy which should be

pursued toward the South. That this was not the sort of speech which the multitude had expected is tolerably certain. In the hour of his triumph as the patriotic Chief Magistrate of a great people, Lincoln appeared to think only of the great problem then pressing upon the Government — a problem which would demand the highest statesmanship, the greatest wisdom, and the firmest generosity.

I have said that some of Lincoln's more fastidious critics had objected to certain of his offhand phrases, which readily took with the multitude, and which more graphically conveyed his meaning than those commonly used by the scholars. Against advice, he had, in a formal message to Congress, adhered to the use of the phrase "sugar-coated pill." He argued that the time would probably never come when the American people would not understand what a sugar-coated pill was; and on this historic occasion he used another favorite figure of his when he said, "Concede that the new government of Louisiana is only to what it should be as the egg is to the fowl, we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than smashing it." But it turned out that Senator Sumner, for one, was no better pleased with this metaphor than he had been with others on previous occasions; for in a letter to Dr. Lieber of Philadelphia, next day, he wrote: "The President's speech, and other things, augur confusion and uncertainty in the future, with hot controversy. Alas! alas!" And still later in that year, Sumner said: "The eggs of crocodiles can produce only crocodiles, and it is not easy to see how eggs laid by military power can be hatched into an American State."

Years have passed since then, and the grave has long since closed over the President and the senators who opposed his policy and his judgment. Posterity has vindicated the wisdom of Lincoln, and has dealt charitably with the errors of those who in their day lacked that charity which is now entreated of mankind for them. That they meant well, that they were patriotic, that they were sincere, no man can doubt; but as we turn our thoughts backward to that April night when the great President made his last public speech to a silent and wondering crowd, we may well regard his figure with veneration and reverence, aware now, if we were not then, that he builded better than they knew. In the general jubilation of that hour, however, there was very little criticism of the President's last public speech. It was felt, perhaps, that the man who had brought us safe through the great trial of our strength and patience, himself strong and patient, might well be trusted with the adjustment of terms of reunion. Reunion was then the foremost thought in the minds of men. Slavery was dead, peace had returned, and henceforth the grateful task of reuniting the long-estranged brotherhood of the States was ours. Is it any wonder that men fairly cried with joy when this happy consummation rose in their minds?

But even while we stood under the light of a new day, joyful as a people, triumphant as citizens, there was preparing for us a portentous and inconceivable disaster.

THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

THE afternoon and evening of April 14, 1865, were cold, raw, and gusty. Dark clouds enveloped the capital, and the air was chilly with occasional showers. Late in the afternoon I filled an appointment by calling on the President at the White House, and was told by him that he "had had a notion" of sending for me to go to the theater that evening with him and Mrs. Lincoln; but he added that Mrs. Lincoln had already made up a party to take the place of General and Mrs. Grant, who had somewhat unexpectedly left the city for Burlington, New Jersey. The party was originally planned for the purpose of taking General and Mrs. Grant to see "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theater, and when Grant had decided to leave Washington, he (the President) had "felt inclined to give up the whole thing"; but as it had been announced in the morning papers that this distinguished party would go to the theater that night, Mrs. Lincoln had rather insisted that they ought to go, in order that the expectant public should not be wholly disappointed. On my way home I met Schuyler Colfax, who was about leaving for California, and who tarried with me on the sidewalk a little while, talking about the trip, and the people whom I knew in San Francisco and Sacramento whom he wished to meet. Mr. Lincoln had often talked with me about the possibilities of his eventually taking up his residence in California after his term of office should be over. He thought, he said, that that country would afford better opportunities for his two boys than any of the older States; and when he heard that Colfax was going to California, he was greatly interested in his trip, and said that he hoped that Colfax would bring him back a good report of what his keen and practised observation would note in the country which he (Colfax) was about to see for the first time.

The evening being inclement, I stayed within doors to nurse a violent cold with which I was afflicted; and my room-mate McA—— and I whiled away the time chatting and playing cards. About half-past ten our attention was attracted to the frequent galloping of

cavalry or the mounted patrol past the house which we occupied on New York Avenue, near the State Department building. After a while quiet was restored, and we retired to our sleeping-room in the rear part of the house. As I turned down the gas, I said to my room-mate: "Will, I have guessed the cause of the clatter outside to-night. You know Wade Hampton has disappeared with his cavalry somewhere in the mountains of Virginia. Now, my theory of the racket is that he has raided Washington, and has pounced down upon the President, and has attempted to carry him off." Of course this was said jocosely and without the slightest thought that the President was in any way in danger; and my friend, in a similar spirit, banteringly replied, "What good will that do the rebs unless they carry off Andy Johnson also?" The next morning I was awakened in the early dawn by a loud and hurried knocking on my chamber door, and the voice of Mr. Gardner, the landlord, crying, "Wake, wake, Mr. Brooks! I have dreadful news." I slipped out, turned the key of the door, and Mr. Gardner came in, pale, trembling, and woebegone, like him who "drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night," and told his awful story. At that time it was believed that the President, Mr. Seward, Vice-President Johnson, and other members of the Government, had been killed; and this was the burden of the tale that was told to us. I sank back into my bed, cold and shivering with horror, and for a time it seemed as though the end of all things had come. I was aroused by the loud weeping of my comrade, who had not left his bed in another part of the room.

When we had sufficiently collected ourselves to dress and go out of doors in the bleak and cheerless April morning, we found in the streets an extraordinary spectacle. They were suddenly crowded with people—men, women, and children thronging the pavements and darkening the thoroughfares. It seemed as if everybody was in tears. Pale faces, streaming eyes, with now and again an angry, frowning countenance, were on every side. Men and women who were strangers accosted one another with distressed looks and tearful inquiries for the welfare of the President and Mr. Seward's family. The President still lived, but at half-past seven o'clock in the morning the tolling of the bells announced to the lamenting people that he had ceased to breathe. His great and loving heart was still. The last official bulletin from the War Department stated that he died at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock on the morning of April 15.

Instantly flags were raised at half-mast all over the city, the bells tolled solemnly, and with incredible swiftness Washington went into deep, universal mourning. All stores, government departments, and private offices were closed, and everywhere, on the most pretentious residences and on the humblest hovels, were the black badges of grief. Nature seemed to sympathize in the general lamentation, and tears of rain fell from the moist and somber sky. The wind sighed mournfully through streets crowded with sad-faced people, and broad folds of funeral drapery flapped heavily in the wind over the decorations of the day before. Wandering aimlessly up F street toward Ford's Theater, we met a tragical procession. It was headed by a group of army officers walking bareheaded, and behind them, carried tenderly by a company of soldiers, was the bier of the dead President, covered with the flag of the Union, and accompanied by an escort of soldiers who had been on duty at the house where Lincoln died. As the little cortège passed down the street to the White House, every head was uncovered, and the profound silence which prevailed was broken only by sobs and by the sound of the measured tread of those who bore the martyred President back to the home which he had so lately quitted full of life, hope, and courage.

On the night of the 17th the remains of Lincoln were laid in the casket prepared for their reception, and were taken from the large guest-chamber of the house to the famous East Room, where so many brilliant receptions and so many important public events had been witnessed; and there they lay in state until the day of the funeral (April 19). The great room was draped with crape and black cloth, relieved only here and there by white flowers and green leaves. The catafalque upon which the casket lay was about fifteen feet high, and consisted of an elevated platform resting on a dais and covered with a domed canopy of black cloth which was supported by four pillars, and was lined beneath with fluted white silk. In those days the custom of sending floral tributes on funereal occasions was little known, but the funeral of Lincoln was remarkable for the unusual abundance and beauty of the devices in flowers that were sent by individuals and public bodies. From the time the body had been made ready for burial until the last services in the house, it was watched night and day by a guard of honor, the members of which were one major-general, one brigadier-general, two field officers, and four line officers of the army and four of the navy. Before the public were admitted to view the face of the dead, the scene in the darkened room—a sort of *chapelle ardente*—was most impressive. At the head and foot and on each side of the casket of their dead chief stood the motionless figures of his armed warriors.

When the funeral exercises took place, the

floor of the East Room had been transformed into something like an amphitheater by the erection of an inclined platform, broken into steps, and filling all but the entrance side of the apartment and the area about the catafalque. This platform was covered with black cloth, and upon it stood the various persons designated as participants in the ceremonies, no seats being provided. In the northwest corner were the pall-bearers — senators Lafayette S. Foster of Connecticut, E. D. Morgan of New York, Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, Richard Yates of Illinois, Benjamin F. Wade of Ohio, and John Conness of California; representatives Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts, A. H. Coffroth of Pennsylvania, Green Clay Smith of Kentucky, Schuyler Colfax of Indiana, E. B. Washburne of Illinois, and H. G. Worthington of Nevada; Lieutenant-General Grant, Major-General Halleck, and Brevet Brigadier General Nichols; Vice-Admiral Farragut, Rear-Admiral Shubrick, and Colonel Zeilin, of the Marine Corps; civilians O. H. Browning, George Ashmun, Thomas Corwin, and Simon Cameron. The New York Chamber of Commerce was represented by its officers, and the New York Associated Merchants by Simeon Draper, Moses Grinnell, John Jacob Astor, Jonathan Sturges, and Hiram Walbridge. Next to them, at the extreme southern end of the room, were the governors of the States; and on the east side of the coffin, which lay north and south, and opposite the main entrance of the East Room, stood Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. He was supported on each side by his faithful friend Preston King and ex-Vice-President Hamlin. Behind these were Chief Justice Chase and his associates on the Supreme Bench, and near them were the members of the cabinet and their wives, all of whom were in deep mourning. On the right of the cabinet officers, at the northern end of the room, were the diplomatic corps, whose brilliant court costumes gleamed in strange contrast with the somber monotony of the rest of the spectacle. The members of the Senate and House of Representatives were disposed about the room and adjoining apartments, and at the foot of the catafalque was a little semicircle of chairs for the family and friends. Robert T. Lincoln, son of the President, was the only one of the family present, Mrs. Lincoln being unable to leave her room, where she remained with "Tad." General Grant, separated from the others, sat alone at the head of the catafalque, and during the solemn services was often moved to tears. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. Dr. Gurley, pastor of the President, who preached the funeral sermon; the Rev. Dr. Hall, of the Epiphany Episcopal Church; the Rev. Dr. Gray, who was chaplain of the Senate; and Bishop Simpson, who was an intimate friend of Lincoln. A singular omission, whether intentional or not I do not know, was that no music of any sort was mingled with the exercises.

The sight of the funeral pageant will probably never be forgotten by those who saw it. Long before the services in the White House were over, the streets were blocked by crowds of people thronging to see the procession, which moved from the house precisely at two o'clock, amid the tolling of bells and the booming of minute-guns from three batteries that had been brought into the city, and from each of the many forts about Washington. The day was cloudless, and the sun shone brilliantly upon cavalry, infantry, artillery, marines, associations, and societies, with draped banners, and accompanied in their slow march by mournful dirges from numerous military bands. The Ninth and Tenth Regiments of Veteran Reserves headed the column; next came a battalion of marines in gorgeous uniforms; then the Sixteenth New York and the Eighth Illinois Cavalry Regiments; then eight pieces of United States light artillery in all the pomp and panoply peculiar to that branch of the service; next several mounted major-generals and brigadiers, accompanied by their staffs; then army and naval officers on foot by the hundred, more mounted officers, and pall-bearers in carriages; then the funeral car, a large structure canopied and covered with black cloth, somewhat like the catafalque which had been erected in the White House. The casket rested on a high platform eight or ten feet above the level of the street. As it passed many shed tears, and all heads were uncovered. The car was guarded by a detachment of the First West Virginia Artillery, on foot, and the company of cavalry known as the President's body-guard, also on foot; then came the carriages for the family, and then the President, the cabinet, the diplomatic corps, both houses of Congress, and others.

One noticeable feature of the procession was the appearance of the colored societies which brought up the rear, humbly, as was their wont; but just before the procession began to move, the Twenty-Second United States Colored Infantry (organized in Pennsylvania), landed from Petersburg, marched up to a position on the avenue, and when the head of the column came up, played a dirge, and headed the procession to the Capitol. The coffin was taken from the funeral car and placed on a catafalque within the rotunda of the Capitol, which had been darkened and draped in mourning. When the lying in state at the Capitol was over, the funeral procession from Washington to Springfield, Illinois, began, the cortège passing over

the same route which was taken by Abraham Lincoln when he left his home for the national capital to assume the great office which he laid down only with his life.

It would be superfluous now to dwell on the incidents of that historic and most lamentable procession, or to recall to the minds of the present and passing generation the impressiveness of the wonderful popular demonstration of grief that stretched from the seaboard to the heart of Illinois. History has recorded how thousands of the plain people whom Lincoln loved came out from their homes to stand bareheaded and reverent as the funeral train swept by, while bells were tolled and the westward progress through the night was marked by camp-fires built along the course by which the great emancipator was borne at last to his dreamless rest.

THE DOOM OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

THE court-room in which were tried in May, 1865, the eight conspirators arraigned for being concerned in the plot against the lives of the heads of the Government, was a place of fascinating and perhaps morbid interest. The trial was arranged to be secret, but it was finally opened to those who could procure passes from the president of the court. The room in which the trial was held is a part of the great United States Arsenal establishment, attached to which is the penitentiary in which the conspirators were confined. It is on the banks of the Potomac, in the suburbs of the city. Entering an old-fashioned brick building, one was shown into a large, bare room on the ground floor, where sat a couple of staff-officers receiving the credentials of those who applied for admission; they sent these up to the court, where an officer inspected them, and returned them, if satisfactory, with the desired card of admission. A narrow flight of stairs brought the visitor to a small chamber in the second story, where a knot of orderlies were lounging about, and an officer inspected one's pass; after another flight of stairs, another inspection of the pass permitted one to enter the court-room, which was in the third story. It was an apartment about twenty-five feet wide and thirty feet long, the entrance being at the end opposite the penitentiary. Looking up the room, one saw that it was divided lengthwise into two parts, the portion on the right being occupied by the court, sitting around a long, green-covered table, General Hunter at one end, and Judge-Advocate-General Holt with his assistants at the other. The part of the room which was not occupied by the court was railed off, and was taken up with a few seats for reporters and spectators generally, who were crowded confusedly about, and rested as best they could against the bare, whitewashed walls of the room. At the farther end of the apartment was a wooden railing, behind which, on a narrow, raised platform, sat the accused men, all in a solemn row, with an armed soldier sitting between every two persons. At the left-hand corner behind them was a heavy iron door opening into the corridor along which were the cells of the prisoners. Each one of the accused was manacled hand and foot, and sat grimly against the wall, facing the court and the witnesses, the witness-stand being a raised box in the center of the room.

On the left, in the line of prisoners, sat Mrs. Surratt, deeply veiled, with her face turned to the wall, slowly and constantly fanning herself, and never raising her head except when ordered to show her countenance for the purpose of identification by witnesses. She was a dark-looking, fleshy, placid, and matronly woman, apparently about forty-five years of age. She was accused of being privy to the plot, assisting both before and after the assassination, and secreting in her house the arms and other implements to be used in carrying out the conspiracy.

Next the guard who sat by Mrs. Surratt's side was Herold, a small, dark fellow, about twenty-five years old, with a low, receding forehead, scanty black hair and whiskers, a stooping figure, protruding teeth, and a vulgar face. This man was Booth's intimate companion, and left him only when he was burned out in the Maryland barn.

Next was Payne, the assassin detailed for the murder of Seward. He sat bolt upright against the wall, looming up like a young giant above all the others. Payne's face would defy the ordinary physiognomist. It certainly appeared to be a good face. His coarse, black hair was brushed well off his low, broad forehead; his eyes were dark gray, unusually large and liquid. His brawny, muscular chest, which was covered only by a dark, close-fitting "sweater," was that of an athlete. He was apparently not much over twenty-four years old, and his face, figure, and bearing bespoke him the powerful, resolute creature that he proved to be. It was curious to see the quick flash of intelligence that involuntarily shot from his eyes when the knife with which he had done the bloody work at Seward's house was identified by the man who found it in the street near the house in the gray dawn of the morning after that dreadful night. The knife was a heavy, horn-handled implement, with a double edge at the point, and a blade about ten inches long, thick at the back, but evidently ground carefully to a fine point. This knife was subsequently given to Robinson, the faithful nurse who saved the life of Seward, and who was afterward made a paymaster in the army of the United States.

Next in order sat Atzerot, who had been assigned, it was believed, to the murder of Vice-President Johnson, but whose heart failed him when the time came to strike the blow. This fellow might safely challenge the rest of the party as the completest personification of a low and cunning scoundrel. He was small and sinewy, with long, dark-brown hair, dark-blue and unsteady eyes, a receding, narrow chin and forehead, and a generally villainous countenance. It was observed that when any ludicrous incident disturbed the gravity of the court, as sometimes happened, Atzerot was the only man who never smiled, although the others, Payne especially, would often grin in sympathy with the auditors.

O'Laughlin, who was supposed to have been set apart for the murder of Stanton or Grant, had the appearance of the traditional stage villain. He had a high, broad forehead, a mass of tangled black hair, a heavy black mustache and chin-whiskers, and his face was blackened by a rough, unshaven beard. His large eyes, black and wild, were never still, but appeared to take in everything within the room, scanning each new arrival at the door, watching the witnesses, but occasionally resting on the green trees and sunny sky seen through the grated window on his left. He often moved his feet, and the clanking of his manacles would attract his attention, and he would look down, then back and forth at the scene within the court-room. A California vigilance committee in 1849 probably would have hanged him "on general principles." He was accused of being in league with both Surratt and Herold, and was seen at Stanton's house on the night of the murder, asking for General Grant.

Spangler, the stage-carpenter of Ford's Theater, was about forty, heavily built, sandy in complexion, slovenly in appearance. He held Booth's horse at odd times, kept clear the way to the rear of the theater, and was suspected of being his lackey. The poor creature, more than any other, appeared to be under the influence of imminent bodily fear. His hands were incessantly moving along his legs from knee to thigh, his bony fingers traveling back and forth like spiders, as he sat with his eyes fixed on each witness.

Dr. Mudd, the companion and associate of Booth, who received the flying assassin into his house on the night of the murder, and set his fractured limb, in appearance was about thirty-five years of age, and had mild blue eyes, a good, broad forehead, ruddy face, hair scanty and thin, a high head, and a sanguine temperament. He sat in his shirt-sleeves, with a white handkerchief knotted loosely about his neck, and attentively regarded the proceedings with the air of a man who felt sure of himself.

Last in the row, and looking out of the window upon the pleasant sky and tree-tops beyond, was Arnold, the "Sam" of Booth's correspondence, who, writing from Hookstown, Maryland, informed the assassin that he had concluded to "give up the job," and was tired of keeping up appearances. This man was as uneasy as a caged whelp. He leaned his head on the rail before him, or looked out of the window, or lounged against the wall, or rested his chin on his breast, and was generally absolutely inattentive to everything that went on. He had retreated from the conspiracy, and was caught at Fort Monroe, where he had gone to get out of the way until suspicion had passed. It then appeared that he figured only in the original plan of abducting Lincoln, and was to have caught him on the stage when the rest of the villains had thrown him over from the box.

The appearance and demeanor of the court, it must be admitted, were neither solemn nor impressive. The members of the commission sat about in various negligent attitudes, and a general appearance of disorder was evident. Many ladies were present, and their irrepressible whispering was a continual nuisance to the reporters, who desired to keep track of the evidence. The witnesses were first examined by the judge-advocate, the members of the court putting in a question now and then, and the counsel for the prisoners taking up the cross-examination, each counselor attending only to the witness whose testimony affected his own client. The witnesses were brought in without regard to any particular criminal, all being tried at once. Occasionally an attorney for one prisoner would "develop" the witness under examination in such a manner as to injure the cause of another of the defendants, and then a petty quarrel would ensue between the different counsel.

Of the eight prisoners at the bar, Payne, Atzerot, Herold, and Mrs. Surratt were declared by the court guilty of murder, and were hanged on July 7, 1865. O'Laughlin, Arnold, and Dr. Mudd were found guilty of being accessory to the conspiracy, and were sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for life. Spangler, who impressed most people as being a weak creature and unaware of being concerned in any real crime, was sentenced to six years' imprisonment, and, with O'Laughlin, Arnold, and Mudd, was sent to the forts of the Dry Tortugas. Dr. Mudd was pardoned by President Johnson in February, 1869, and Arnold and Spangler about a month later in the same year. O'Laughlin died of yellow fever while in prison at Fort Jefferson, Florida. John H. Surratt, who was at first believed to have been the would-be assassin of Mr. Seward, escaped from Washington immediately after the tragedy, and fled

to Canada; thence he went to Italy, where he enlisted in the Papal Zouaves, but was traced by the sleuth-hounds of the United States detective force, and was brought back to this country on an American frigate in December, 1866, and tried, but not convicted.

A painful and depressing feature of this tragical business was the ease with which many well-meaning but unreasonable people not only appeared to forget the awfulness of the crime committed, but made objection to the findings of the court. Judge John A. Bingham, who assisted the judge-advocate in the trial, was unjustly, even wickedly, pursued by some of these wrong-headed persons for the part he took in the conviction of Mrs. Surratt. All the evidence in her case pointed unerringly to her guilt as an intelligent accomplice of the assassins. And the fact that Payne sought her house as a place of refuge after his murderous assault upon Seward, was only one of many more conclusive evidences of her active share in the great conspiracy. Her sex appears to have blinded the judgment of many who did not follow the trial with attentiveness.

It was natural, but to a lover of Lincoln almost surprising, that while the lifeless form of the martyr was being borne home to Illinois, the newly installed President, Andrew Johnson, was surrounded, courted, and flattered by eager crowds of courtiers and office-seekers in Washington. If Johnson had just been inaugurated, after a political campaign in which he had defeated Lincoln, and was expected to overturn everything that remained of his predecessor's work, the appearance of things would not have been different from what it was. Multitudes from every part of the country rushed upon Washington, some with windy and turgid addresses to the new President, and many more with applications for official favor. To a thoughtful man this exhibition was disgusting beyond description.

Nor was one's respect for a pure democracy heightened by the habitual pose of President Johnson. It was a remarkable illustration of the elasticity and steadiness of our form of government that its machinery moved on without a jar, without tumult, when the head was suddenly stricken down. But the vulgar clamor of the crowds that beset Johnson, the boisterous ravings of the successor of Lincoln, and the complete absorption of Washington quidnuncs in speculations on the "policy" of the new head of the Government, saddened those who regarded this ignoble spectacle with hearts sore with grief for the loss of him who was yet unburied.

All these petty details are but a small part of our history; but they do belong to history. Posterity is already making up its verdict. We must be content to leave to posterity the final adjustment of all things. Smaller men are passing out of human memory. In the words of one who knew him well, Lincoln "belongs to the ages."

Noah Brooks.



UNANSWERED.

HER eyes are closed, that were the door
Through which the light had fond access
To her sweet soul: forevermore
The fair soul-house is tenantless.

Her eyes are closed; yet, in the night
That saw her fuller life begin,
The watchers knew the clearest light,
Just dawned, was that her eyes shut in.

O strangely radiant gates of Death!
Could we look past you through her eyes,
Should we too lay aside our breath
With such eternal glad surprise?

Charles Buxton Going.

RUBINSTEIN:

THE MAN AND THE MUSICIAN.

WITH the death of Anton Rubinstein has been broken one of the last and strongest links binding us to the musical history of the middle and early parts of this century. As a child in Paris, Rubinstein met and played to Chopin. As a youth in Berlin he knew personally Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer. Liszt and Glinka were his intimate friends all through manhood. Tschaikowsky may be said to have studied under him at the St. Petersburg Conservatory. And in the sixties and seventies, when Rubinstein traveled from city to city like a conquering hero, here producing his operas, there enthralling the hearts of thousands by his unparalleled playing, he was living and working through the same years that saw the recognition of Wagner's extraordinary genius.

Rubinstein's fascinating personality was welcomed on all sides. In the court life of Russia he played a prominent part, directing the amateur forces of the brilliant and gifted Russian aristocracy that formed a coterie surrounding the Grand Duchess Helen; and in the art life of St. Petersburg he was one of the governing spirits. Outside of Russia, in every city of Europe his genius quickly won him recognition, and with the exception of Liszt no other musician of the century was so surrounded by men and women of brains and position.

Notwithstanding this, and the consequent catholicity and broadness of ideas which one would imagine should follow, as a musician, or perhaps it is better to say as a musical thinker, Rubinstein was singularly old-fashioned and non-progressive in his ideas.

His veneration for the classics was almost fanatical, and for him the last word had been said in music when Chopin laid down his pen. In the genius of his contemporaries he had absolutely no belief. The compositions of Berlioz he considered wild and unsatisfactory; Wagner he disliked; Liszt as a composer had no place in his respect; and he looked askance at Tschaikowsky.

Remembering Rubinstein's position as a composer, at first glance a certain sequence of ideas would lead one to suspect that the inevitable jealousy commonly supposed to exist between "two of a trade" was at the bottom of this. But any such suspicion wrongs Rubinstein. He was not a man of that sort. For four years I studied his modes of thought and character minutely. I saw him in many trying positions, and was often surprised to find how little outside things, especially personal crosses, disturbed the serenity of his convictions, and how free he was from those petty jealousies and weaknesses too often found in the character of artists, great or small.

In his incapability to appreciate the compositions of his contemporaries Rubinstein was absolutely sincere. The mere fact of his acknowledging this incapability actually shows the honesty of his character and convictions, since it was a brave thing for a man of his position to fly in the face of the acknowledged and cherished ideas of his contemporaries, if for no other reason than for fear of ridicule; and Rubinstein was not a man to brave ridicule if he could by any means honorably escape it.

Rubinstein himself was sometimes puzzled, even more than were others, by his antipathy to the music of his contemporaries; and once, when discussing this question, he said to me: "I cannot understand it or myself. I can seemingly explain it only by supposing I was born too soon or too late."

The real explanation lies, however, in the fact that Rubinstein's genius was essentially lyrical and subjective. He never tried to paint the human emotions in tone-colors, as Wagner did. He invariably sang about them, and of them, without ever thinking of creating their musical prototypes. With him it was song first and song last and song always. Therefore he differed from Wagner, and failed to understand him.

It was a subject Rubinstein's intimate friends frequently discussed with him, and many were the battles fought in the cause. On one occasion he grew positively angry, and cried out, with his usual impatient toss of the head:

"You find it good; I do not. Wagner has sent music to the devil and to chaos. He has been original at the expense of true art, and all who follow him — since not one in a thousand will have his cleverness — will find themselves in the end only doomed to wander in a wilderness of barrenness and darkness. Their labors will produce nothing that can live. As for this motive business you all rave over, what

is it? Where is its beauty? Can one call it art? Must a singer come on the boards with his photograph pinned on his breast in the shape of a motive? No, and again no. It is false, and so I can only regard it."

When it comes to a matter of opinion emphatically expressed by a great man, all argument must cease, since of all things a great man's rooted opinion is most difficult to remove; the more one works at it, the closer it seems to stick. This was certainly so in Rubinstein's case. He disliked Wagner intensely, and was sincere in his dislike. It was a positive pain for him to see his pupils or those who surrounded him become Wagner enthusiasts; and enthusiasts all who admire Wagner are bound to become. I have many times seen him sit at the symphony concerts in perplexed wonder, listening to the thundering applause that followed a Wagner number. He seemed unable to grasp the reason, and surely there was absolutely no sham in his dislike: it came from his very soul.

It must, however, be remembered that against Wagner the man and Wagner the composer — even when half Europe was abusing him — Rubinstein never uttered a word. He was utterly above this. He was one of the few artists whose personal dislikes were limited. It was against Wagner the innovator and teacher that he spoke.

To Rubinstein art was essentially a cause, and genius was great only when it laid a stepping-stone for those who followed. A great name had no attractions for him. He thought it greater to be the founder of the St. Petersburg Conservatory than to be Rubinstein the pianist-composer. In this he was essentially unselfish and lacking in egotism. Therefore, when he waxed wroth against Wagner, it was simply because he believed Wagner's influence pernicious for the future of art.

For the famous composers of the latter half of the last century and the beginning of this, — Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Glinka, Schumann, and Chopin, including the father and forerunner of all, the immortal Johann Sebastian Bach,— Rubinstein had a positive adoration. It was a lovely thing to see him enjoy their music. His intense pleasure was really rare to witness. He seemed to enjoy with every nerve and fiber of his being. His whole body vibrated, as it were, to the rhythm of the piece. Throughout the playing his exclamations of joy were accompanied with a brightening of the eyes, a breathing enthusiasm; and it was often difficult for those beside him to respond to the exuberant force of his delight, so great and continuous was it.

The famous C Major Symphony of Schubert, the greatest of the Beethoven symphonies, with some pieces of Mozart and Schumann, were to him never-failing sources of pure delight. In contradistinction to this, it was really a study to watch him sit out a piece of Wagner's with head bent, immovable, remaining indifferent to the excitement of those around him.

It was strange that, like Chopin, Rubinstein had an antipathy to Liszt.

"Liszt!" said Rubinstein to me once, with a shrug of contempt. "He is a comedian."

In Rubinstein's eyes, to be a comedian was the greatest of all sins. Of all men he hated deeply anything insincere or false. Time and time again he spoiled his own artistic success by reason of his bluntness and outspokenness. Anything that Rubinstein ever said to you — provided always you were not a woman, and the speech a compliment — you could rely upon as coming straight from his heart, and as being absolutely the mirror of his feelings. He could not lie or prevaricate, nor could he even utter the conventional falsehoods of every-day social life.

Liszt, a brilliant man of the world and a born courtier, was the direct antithesis of this. No human being, even his most intimate friends, could ever be sure of Liszt's real feelings. Only when he made sacrifices, great and noble sacrifices,— such sacrifices as only Liszt could make,— could one be sure of them. But the real Liszt was an enigma and a puzzle. He never forgot the world; therefore his words and actions were more or less all spoken and arranged for the gallery. All his life he posed, and posed excellently; and it was this marked characteristic of his personality that made Rubinstein, near as were the relations of the two great artists at one time, distrust him.

Antipathy is one of the most curious and inexplicable attributes of the human character. When it arises from nationality, it is stronger than reason and stronger than will — it defies explanation; but very often we can trace the beginning of an antipathy in one great man toward another to some careless or thoughtless action in youth, and such I think was the case in that of Rubinstein.

As a boy Liszt was Rubinstein's ideal. In his manner of using his hands, sitting at the pianoforte, and tossing back his hair, Rubinstein imitated enthusiastically the great Hungarian pianist; and when he found himself next to penniless in Berlin on the death of his father, and forced to shift for himself to gain daily bread, he hastened to Vienna to find Liszt, believing that the latter would acknowledge the kinship of art between them, and put him on the highway to recognition and fortune. As it happened, Rubinstein must have arrived at an inopportune moment; for Liszt dismissed the young artist with the assurance that he must make his way unaided, which was certainly

cold comfort to one whom very hunger had driven to seek protection, especially as Liszt himself had received hospitality at the hands of the Rubinsteins in Moscow. Of course Liszt did not mean to act cruelly, and later, when he found Rubinstein living in an attic in dire poverty, he atoned for all this; but youthful impressions are strong, and the young Russian's sensitive feelings had been wounded too deeply for cure. Hence, probably, his antipathy. Later in life all proofs of friendship on Liszt's part were unavailing. In dire necessity Liszt had failed him, and Rubinstein did not forget it, nor could anything make him believe in the sincerity of the great Hungarian artist.

There is no doubt, also, that at times Liszt was capable of great hauteur in his dealings with his brother artists; and it was this, undoubtedly, that caused the split in the Chopin-Liszt friendship. Chopin could not stand Liszt's meddling with his compositions, and Liszt was unpardonably egotistical in this. It displayed itself in another form toward Rubinstein — that of criticism. Liszt probably meant well toward the young Russian composer, and his advice was at all times excellent; but the noticeable hauteur of tone throughout keenly annoyed Rubinstein: all the more so, as he had little faith in Liszt's criticism. Of course the result was inevitable.

Nearly every biographical notice of Rubinstein contains the error of asserting that he was a pupil of Liszt. This he never was. His mother, Villoing, and the contrapuntist Dehn of Berlin, were Rubinstein's only teachers, and these only while he was a mere child. It was his own great gifts and tireless industry that brought him to the top of the ladder.

Of course, to have the chance of hearing Mendelssohn and Liszt was an education in itself for a pianoforte student; but Rubinstein's playing was not formed after that of either of these great artists. He had his own individual ideas — ideas which he worked out for himself in long hours of thought and study when a mere youth. He laid great stress on rhythm and touch, and it was particularly in the latter that his own great charm of playing lay. No one has ever drawn from the pianoforte the sounds that Rubinstein did. His legato was unrivaled, and his power of singing on the pianoforte extraordinary. The world at large — probably those who never heard him — wrongly considered him merely a pianist of muscle and force, whose thundering fortissimo and passionate treatment of the keyboard made him famous; but these were the least of his gifts. His fortissimo was certainly a revelation, but not even the velvet-fingered Pachmann has ever produced a pianissimo like that of Rubinstein. It was the softest, sweetest, most delicate breath of sound imaginable; yet, soft as it was, it reached the farthest corner of the largest concert-hall he played in. There are pianists who paw the keyboard in soft passages, and look knowing, leaving much, if not all, to the imagination of the audience, especially those far off; but not so Rubinstein. His power of tone and control of tone were phenomenal, and some of his effects magical. The vulgar crowd and the vulgar critics noted and wondered over his playing of the "Marche des Ruines d'Athène" and the "Funeral March" of the Chopin Sonata; but this was mere child's play in comparison with what he did in certain passages of Schumann's works. Here he produced effects of astonishing beauty, absolute caviar to the multitude, in compensation for which he fed the latter with picturesque imitation of "the band passing."

Some of Rubinstein's most extraordinary effects were produced by a masterly use of the pedals. It was an education in itself to watch his feet as he played, and when he created some unaccountable beauty of tone-color, you were sure to find the secret in his pedaling.

Over his audience Rubinstein exercised great control, his personal magnetism being in this a strong factor; but the principal secret lay in the fact that Rubinstein himself felt and seemed to live in every note he played. There was complete absence of the mechanical in his playing; he was deeply in earnest, and in love with his work. In this way his audience at once felt that he had something to say, and he soon convinced them that what he had to say would be said with the charm and divination of a poet.

Much has been said and written about Rubinstein's caprice, and it is true that he could never be counted upon; but even when he gave one a hash of wrong notes, there were always his beautiful touch, his charm of interpretation, and his unequaled pedaling to compensate. For this reason, it has been truly said, his "wrong notes were better than the right notes of others," which may seem an extravagant saying, but certainly only to those who never heard him.

Although a Jew by birth, Rubinstein was baptized when a mere infant, and, as religion is a necessity in Russia, was forced, when residing there, to follow the prescribed forms once a year at least. But in reality he had little sympathy with the religion of the priest. The question of the hereafter had for him a fascination and a certain awe; but although he went so far at times as to profess a belief in annihilation after death, yet it is to be doubted if Rubinstein himself really knew what he did believe. He certainly had his full share of Jewish skepticism, but at the same time was

full of superstition — a sure sign, at least, that he could not have believed in nothing, since he feared something. He would never set out on a journey on Friday, neither would he, unless forced by circumstances, mention any of his undertakings before they were accomplished — a superstition which I encountered only the other day in Paderewski.

In his physiognomy Rubinstein had nothing whatever of the Israelite. He resembled Beethoven strangely, and for this was laughingly dubbed "Van the II." by Liszt. It is worthy of notice, and stands greatly to his credit, that in Russia, where it is better to be born a dog than a Jew, Rubinstein, despite his baptism, never sought to deny his Jewish origin. In a certain way he was even proud of it, and always boldly acknowledged it.

He was an ardent patriot, and loved Russia with heart and soul, working unceasingly for the musical future of his country, having devoted the best part of his life to this cause. Without doubt he did for musical Russia more than any other man; and the best conservatory in the world to-day — that of St. Petersburg — owes its existence to his enthusiasm, and the lavish gifts of money he made from time to time. He was curiously proud of this work, and he said once to me: "When I am dead, all that I care men should remember me by is this conservatory — that they should say it was Anton Rubinstein's work."

For years Rubinstein was director of the conservatory, undertaking the duties a second time from 1887 till 1891. During that time he worked harder than any other person in the institution, devoting his entire time and energy to its service. When we recall that fifty years ago Russia was musical chaos, and that to-day it is foremost in the van of musical culture, we find that Rubinstein has indeed reared himself a monument worthy of his years of self-sacrifice.

As a composer Rubinstein had two great faults and one great virtue. He had a wonderful gift of beautiful and unfailing melody, but he never knew when he became tedious, and he was totally incapable of self-criticism. He never went over his work; in fact, he was altogether wanting in the necessary patience for this. That which he had written remained as first written, and undoubtedly it is this failing that will spoil his fame with posterity. It arose from want of control in his youth, for when a mere boy of thirteen he was left to his own devices. Consequently he wrote for years without direction, and at a period when it was most necessary; therefore he failed to learn that all-important lesson of all artists — a lesson to be learned only in youth, and difficult even then — self-criticism. His nature was of itself impatient. He rushed along, pen in hand, eager to give utterance to the thoughts crowding his brain, and there was none to stop him in his mad career. In moods of extraordinary exaltation he wrote masterpieces almost without effort, exquisite tone-poems over which the world went mad, and he grew to believe, and tried to convince others, that so all great work should be done.

This was the great mistake of his art life — a mistake all the more to be regretted for himself and musicians, since with only ordinary care he had undoubtedly the power to do great work. However, we may well be content with what he has given us. His "Demon," "Maccabees," the "Ocean" and "Dramatic" Symphonies, his splendid piano concertos and string music, with dozens of songs that are gems of beauty, replete with the intense expression of his truly poetic muse, are all masterpieces, and will keep his memory green forever. Ten operas, six sacred operas, six symphonies, six piano concertos, orchestral and stringed numbers without end, hundreds of songs, hundreds of piano pieces, as well as concertos for violin and violoncello, make up a list appalling in its dimensions when we remember that Rubinstein was the greatest pianoforte virtuoso of his time, that the best part of his life was spent in traveling, and that most of his leisure was devoted to the work of the conservatory.

Rubinstein was never idle; he could not remain so half an hour. From the moment he rose till the moment he retired he was doing something. When not traveling he had his day's work mapped out with methodical regularity. From just such an hour till just such another he might be found day after day at the same occupation. After this fashion he was able to accomplish in his lifetime what was really the work of three men, and he never tired of preaching this regularity of work to young artists and students.

Rubinstein's idea of "sacred opera" has already been too thoroughly discussed to deal with it here in detail, but few knew how dear it was to him. Like the conservatory, it was one of the passions of his artistic life, and he always hoped one day to find it usurp entirely the place of oratorio, a musical form which he disliked intensely as non-dramatic and feeble. He could not listen, he said, and feel satisfied to watch a gentleman in orthodox evening dress, or a lady in extravagant Parisian toilet, singing the parts of biblical characters. His eye and his sense of fitness were too much offended to allow him to enjoy the music; and it was because he felt that the music would gain thereby that he modeled his "Paradise Lost" for the stage.

He had a profound love for the Bible, and

the grand old biblical personages appealed vividly to his fancy. I have frequently found him poring intently over its pages, absorbed in the beauty of the language, the far-seeing truth of its moral philosophy, and the wisdom of its conclusions. He might deny at times his belief in religion, but his interest in the Bible was sincere.

What he urged and wished was a theater, or *ein' Kirche der Kunst*, expressly reserved for sacred works, where the music would be of the severe and polyphonic order, and where the chief events of the Old and New Testaments could be represented in chronological order. He was very much in earnest over this idea. With it in mind, he wrote six sacred operas, and was at work on a seventh ("Cain and Abel") when death overtook him. It was almost, too, in the moment of victory; for it is said that some enthusiasts in Germany are about to give reality to his idea.

Rubinstein had a great love of the mysterious. All that was strange or outside human knowledge interested him intensely. Goethe's romanticism pleased him especially, and he loved to quote long passages from "Faust." He was an extremely well read and cultivated man. He spoke many languages perfectly, and was particularly versed in all literature that partook of history. He was an omnivorous reader of Renan's writings, and undoubtedly Renan had much to do with his religious skepticism. But Rubinstein's skepticism was at best a feeble thing, and was chiefly used as a means whereby he could utter his favorite witty saying with regard to the priest — that there were only two sorts: those who deceived themselves, and those who deceived others. Further than this it seldom went; and in all cases he was certainly no materialist. He believed in the existence of beauty, its reality and power; and if at no other shrine, he certainly worshiped devoutly at this.

Though his life was full of work, and he was ever faithful to duty, Rubinstein was not a happy man. With each succeeding year he grew more and more pessimistic. Life failed to give him the amount of enjoyment he craved outside of his art; and except in the society of women he did not seem even commonly happy. But for the fair sex he had ever a joke and a smile. It amused him to shock their feelings, and when they opened their eyes widely at his audacity, he never failed to enjoy it. He believed that a knowledge of woman was necessary to an artist; and if a young aspirant to any artistic calling asked his advice, his first question was, "Have you loved yet?" For he believed that a man who could not love was incapable of becoming an artist. He himself could not be accused of any failing in this case; for his loves were almost as many and various as his days. He had all the faults and all the virtues of his artistic calling, and in every sense of the word lived for his art and his fancy, regardless of all things. His was a true Bohemian nature.

There was a certain roughness, want of tact, and even brutality in his nature that made itself disagreeably felt at times. His was not a temper to be tried. Up to a certain point he could hold it in check admirably; but anything beyond this caused an explosion of wrath that was terrible. As in his physiognomy, so in his temper there was much of the lion. Those who did not know him consequently feared him, for his personality was one that awed, especially in the latter years of his life.

As a teacher, although never brutal or bad-tempered, as has been asserted, Rubinstein was severe. He hated the amateur in art; for to him art was a mission and a calling, and the only way to success in it lay through suffering. But in spite of this, he was ever ready with encouragement for those who did their best, and deserved it for their talents. He regarded suffering as the sad price all artists must pay for knowledge; but the effect of his early experience of this sort was to give him a warm and ready sympathy for all who tried to achieve anything,—and that not a sympathy of words, but of help and action.

If, when conducting, his temper was roused, —and it must be confessed that with his own works this nearly always happened,—it was impossible for any orchestra or any singer to satisfy him. He became a hundred times more violent than even Hans von Bülow in his worst fits of anger or dissatisfaction; and under such circumstances it was absolutely painful to have anything to do with him. He was more "impossible" than a dozen madmen let loose. But to his character there was happily another and better side. As a friend there was none more fascinating than he. Warm-hearted, tender, sincere, full of sympathy and affection, to those he loved he became like a child in his charm and endearing openness of heart.

His charity was unceasing. No one gave more freely or more kindly, or cared so little for the trouble he gave himself, provided he could do good. His life was one long series of acts of kindness and unselfishness; his loss to the world and to art is far-reaching and irreparable.

Alexander McArthur.



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY GANZ, BRUSSELS.

Anton Rubinstein

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON THE CONQUEROR AND DIPLOMATIST.

THE UNFOLDING OF BONAPARTE'S IMPERIOUS SPIRIT — RIVOLI AND THE CAPITULATION OF MANTUA — HUMILIATION OF THE PAPACY AND OF VENICE — THE PEACE OF LEOBEN — THE FALL OF VENICE.

THE UNFOLDING OF BONAPARTE'S IMPERIOUS SPIRIT.

THE two months between the middle of November, 1796, and the middle of January, 1797, display a marked change in Bonaparte's character and conduct. After Arcole he was a man very different from the novice he had been before Montenotte. Twice his fortunes had hung by a single hair, having been rescued by the desperate bravery of Rampon and his soldiers at Monte Legino, and again by Augereau's daring at Lonato; twice he had barely escaped being made a prisoner, once at Valeggio, once at Lonato; twice his life had been spared in the heat of battle as if by a miracle, once at Lodi, once again at Arcole. These facts had apparently left a deep impression on his mind, for they were turned to the best account in making good a new step in social advancement. So far he had been as adventurous as the greatest daredevil among the subalterns, staking his life in every new venture; hereafter he seemed to appreciate his own value, and to calculate not only the exposures of his person, but the intimacy of his intercourse, with nice adaptation to some great result. Gradually and informally a kind of body-guard was organized, which, as the idea grew familiar, was skilfully developed into a picked corps, the best officers and finest soldiers being made to feel honored in its membership. The constant attendance of such men necessarily secluded the general-in-chief from those colleagues who had hitherto been familiar comrades. Something in the nature of formal etiquette once established, it was easy to extend its rules and confirm them. The generals were thus further and further separated from their superior, and before the new year they had insensibly adopted habits of address which displayed a high outward respect, and virtually terminated all comradeship with one who had so recently been merely the first among equals. Bonaparte's innate tendency to command was under such circumstances hardened into a habit of imperious dictation. In view of what had been accomplished, it would have been impossible, even for the most stubborn democrat, to check the process. Not one of Bonaparte's principles had failed to secure triumphant vindication.

In later years Napoleon himself believed, and subsequent criticism has confirmed his opinion, that the Italian campaign, taken as a whole, was his greatest. The revolution of a system, social, political, or military, is always a gigantic task. It was nothing less than this which Bonaparte had wrought, not in one, but in all three spheres, during the summer and autumn of 1796. The changes, like those of most revolutions, were changes of emphasis and degree in the application of principles already divined. "Divide and conquer," was an old maxim; it was a novelty to see it applied in warfare and politics as Bonaparte applied it in Italy. It has been remarked that the essential difference between Napoleon and Frederick the Great was that the latter had not ten thousand men a month to kill. The notion that war should be short and terrible had, indeed, been clear to the great Prussian; Carnot and the times afforded the opportunity for its conclusive demonstration by the genius of the greater Corsican. Concentration of besiegers to breach the walls of a town was nothing new; but the triumphant application of the same principle to an opposing line of troops, though well known to Julius Cæsar, had been forgotten, and its revival was Napoleon's masterpiece. The martinets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had so exaggerated the formalities of war that the relation of armies to the fighting ground had been little studied and well-nigh forgotten; the use of the map and the compass, the study of reliefs and profiles in topography, produced in Bonaparte's hands results that seemed to duller minds nothing short of miraculous. One of these was to oppose the old-school rigid formation of troops by any



FROM A PRINT IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. C. CRANE: THE ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY G. FIESINGER, AFTER A MINIATURE BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-PAULIN GUÉRIN, DEPOSITED IN THE NATIONAL LIBRARY, PARIS, 1799.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

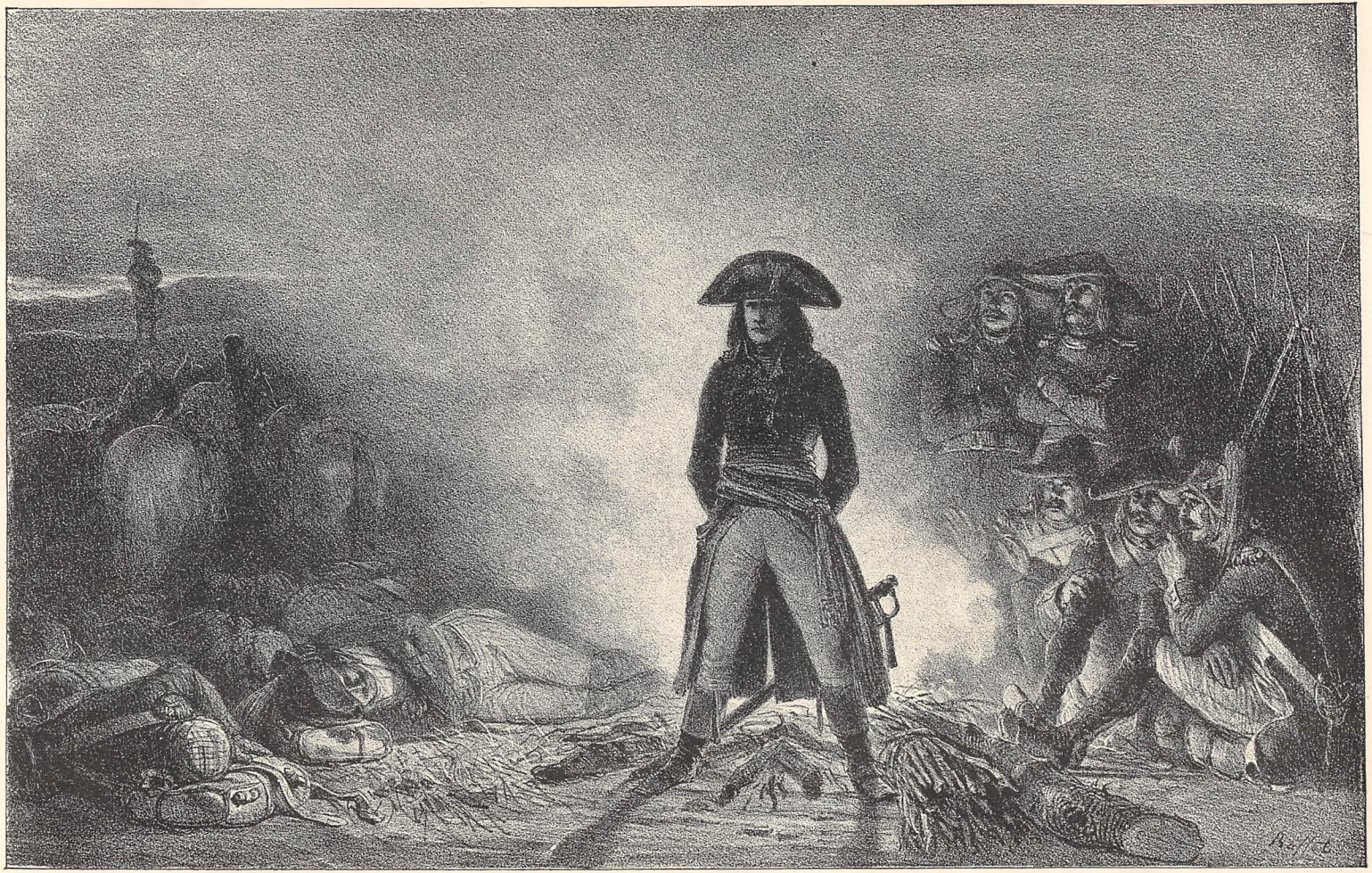
This portrait, with a profile drawing engraved by Canu, published in Milan in 1796, evidently founded on the Pontornini portrait (published in the November CENTURY) and the Bonaparte at Lodi (published in the April CENTURY), shows, according to Larousse, the true Bonaparte.

formation more or less open and irregular according to circumstances, but always the kind best suited to the character of the region chosen for conflict. The first two days at Arcole were the triumphant vindication of this concept. Finally, there was a fascination for the French soldiers in the primitive savagery of their general, which, though partly concealed, and somewhat held in by training, nevertheless was willing to devote the spoils of their conquests to making the men themselves opulent; which scorned the limitations of human powers in himself and them, and thus accomplished feats of strength and stratagem which gratified to satiety that love for the uncommon, the ideal, and the great, which is inherent in the spirit of their nation. In the successful combination and evolution of all these elements there was a grandeur which Bonaparte and every soldier of his army appreciated at its full value.

The military side of Bonaparte's genius is ordinarily considered the strongest. Judged by what is easily visible in the way of immediate consequences and permanent results, this appears to be true; and yet it was only one of many sides. Next in importance, if not equal to it, was his activity in politics and diplomacy. It is easy to call names, to stigmatize the peoples of Italy — the nations of Europe even — as corrupt and enervated, to laugh at their politics as antiquated, and to brand their rulers as incapable fools. Any mere man can, by the assistance of the knowledge, education, and insight acquired by the experience of his race through an additional century, turn and show how commonplace was the person who toppled over such an old rotten structure. This is the method of Napoleon's detractors, except when, in addition, they first magnify his wickedness, and then further distort the proportion by viewing his fine powers through the other end of the glass. We all know how easy great things are when once they have been accomplished, how simple the key to a mystery when once it has been revealed. Morally considered, Bonaparte was a child of nature, born to a mean estate, buffeted by a cruel and remorseless society, driven in youth to every shift for self-preservation, compelled to fight an unregenerate world with its own weapons. He had not been changed in the flash of a gun. Elevation to reputation and power did not diminish the duplicity of his character; on the contrary, it possibly intensified it. Certainly the fierce light which began to beat upon him brought it into greater prominence. Truth, honor, unselfishness are theoretically the virtues of all philosophy; practically they are the virtues of Christian men in Christian society. Where should the scion of a Corsican stock, ignorant of moral or religious sentiment, thrown into the atmosphere and surroundings of the French Revolution, learn to practise them?

Such considerations are especially needful in the observation of Bonaparte's progress as a politician. His first settlement with the various peoples of central Italy was, as he had declared, only provisional. The uncertain status created by it was momentarily not unwelcome to the Directory. Their policy was to destroy existing institutions, and leave order to evolve from the chaos as best it could. Doctrinaires as they were, they meant to destroy absolute monarchy in Italy, as everywhere else, if possible, and then to stop, leaving the liberated peoples to their own devices. Some fondly believed that out of anarchy would arise, in accordance with "the law of nature," a pure democracy; while others had the same faith that the result would be constitutional monarchy. Moreover, things appear simpler in the perspective of distance than they do near at hand. The sincerity of Bonaparte's republicanism was like the sincerity of his conduct — an affair of time and place, a consistency with conditions and not with abstractions. He knew the Italian mob, and faithfully described it in his letters as dull, ignorant, and unreliable, without preparation or fitness for self-government. He was willing to establish the forms of constitutional administration; but in spite of hearty support from many disciples of the Revolution, he found those forms likely, if not certain, to crumble under their own weight, and was convinced that the real sovereignty must for years to come reside in a strong protectorate of some kind. It appeared to him a necessity of war that these peoples should relieve the destitution of the French treasury and army, a necessity of circumstances that France should be restored to vigor and health by laying tribute on their treasures of art and science, as on those of all the world, and a necessity of political science that artificial boundaries should be destroyed, as they had been in France, to produce the homogeneity of condition essential to national or administrative unity.

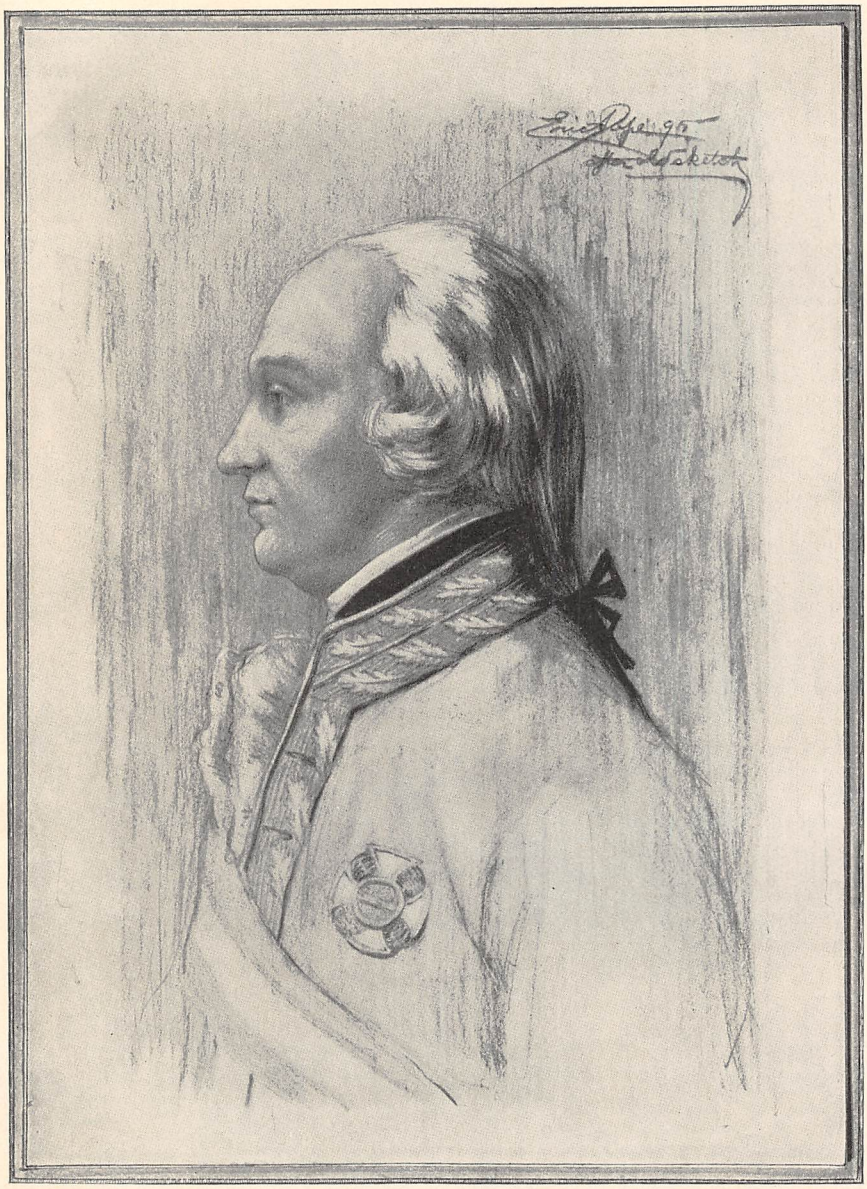
The Italians themselves understood neither the policy of the French executive nor that of their conqueror. The transitional position in which the latter had left them produced great uneasiness. The terrified local authorities asked nothing better than to be left as they were, with a view to profiting by the event, whatever it was. At every Austrian success there were numerous local revolts, which the French garrison commanders suppressed with severity. Provisional governments soon come to the end of their usefulness, and the enemies of France began very soon to take advantage of the disorder to undo what had been done. The English, for example, had seized Porto Ferrajo in place of Leghorn;



FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY RAFFET.

IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. ATHERTON CURTIS.

BONAPARTE IN ITALY, 1796.



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. AFTER A SKETCH BY KRAUPA, IN THE COURT LIBRARY AT VIENNA.

JOSEPH ALVINCZY, BARON VON BARBEREK.

the Pope had gone further, and, in spite of the armistice, was assembling an army for the recovery of Bologna, Ferrara, and his other lost legations. Thus it happened that in the intervals of the most laborious military operations, a political activity, both comprehensive and feverish, kept pace in Bonaparte's mind with that which was needed to regulate his campaigning.

At the very outset there was developed an antagonism between the notions of the Directory and Bonaparte's interests. The latter observed all the forms of consulting his superiors, but acted without the slightest reference to their instructions, often even before they could receive his despatches. Both he and they knew the weakness of the French government, and the inherent absurdity of the situation. The story of Italian conquest might be told exactly as if the general were acting solely on his own responsibility. In his proclamations to the Italians was one language; in his letters to the executive, another; in a few confidential family communications, still another; in his own



DRAWN BY H. CHARTIER. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

NAPOLEON AND HIS STAFF AT THE BATTLE OF RIVOLI.

heart, the same old idea of using each day as it came to advance his own fortunes. As far as he had any love of country, it was expended on France, and what we may call his principles were conceptions derived from the Revolution; but somehow the best interests of France and the safety of revolutionary doctrine were every day more involved in the pacification of Italy, in the humiliation of Austria, and in the supremacy of the army. There was only one man who could secure all three; could give consistency to the flabby, visionary policy of the Directory; could repress the frightful robberies of its Italian civil agents; could with any show of reason humble Italy with one hand, and then with the other rouse her to wholesome energy; could enrich and glorify France while crushing out, as no royal dynasty had ever been able to do, the haughty rivalry of the Hapsburgs.

These purposes made Bonaparte at once the most gentle and conciliatory of men in some directions; in others they developed and hardened his imperiousness. His correspondence mirrors both his mildness and his arbitrariness. Every letter to the Directory abounds in praise of his officers and men, accompanied by demands for the promotion of those who had performed distinguished services. Writing to General Clarke on November 19, 1796, from Verona, he says, in words full of pathos: "Your nephew Elliot was killed on the battle-field of Arcole. This youth had made himself familiar with arms; several times he had marched at the head of columns; he would one day have been an estimable officer. He died with glory, in the face of the foe; he did not suffer for a moment. What reasonable man would not envy such a death? Who is he that in the vicissitudes of life would not agree to leave in such a way a world so often worthy of contempt? What one of us has not a hundred times regretted that he could not thus be withdrawn from the powerful effects of calumny, of envy, and of all the hateful passions that seem almost entirely to control human conduct?" Perhaps these few words to the widow of one of his late generals are even finer: "Muiron died at my side on the battle-field of Arcole. You have lost a husband that was dear to you; I, a friend to whom I have long been attached: but the country loses more than us both in the death of an officer distinguished no less by his talents than by his rare courage. If I can be of service in anything to you or his child, I pray you count altogether upon me." That was all; but it was enough. With the ripening of character, and under the responsibilities of life, the long sought for style had come at last. It is martial and terse almost to affectation, defying translation, and perfectly reflecting the character of its writer.

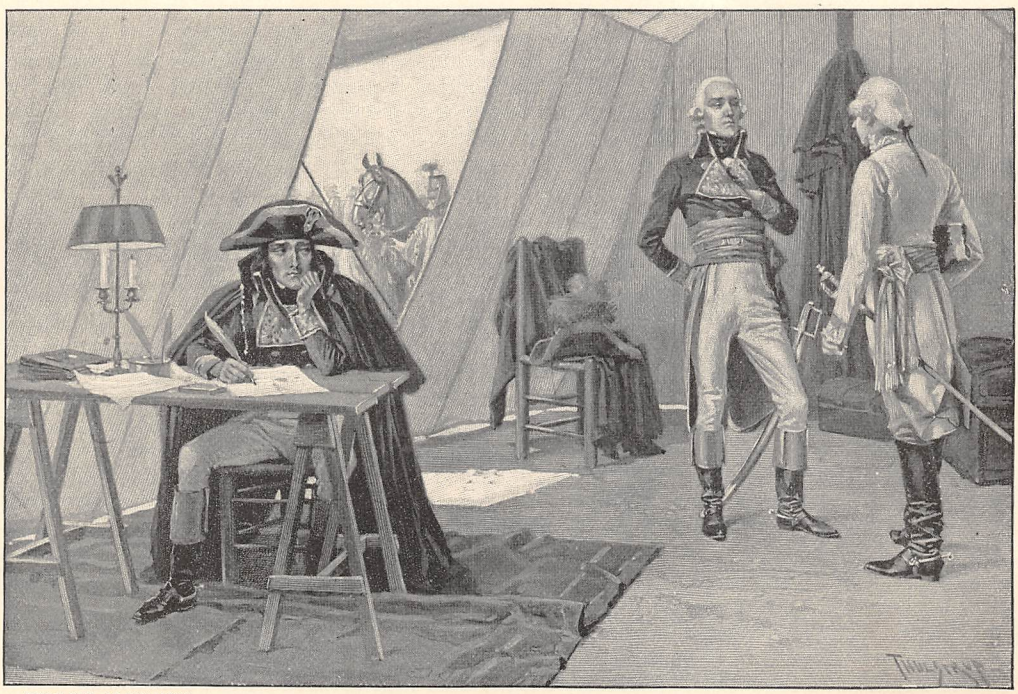
But the hours when the general-in-chief was war-worn, weary, tender, and subject to human regrets like other men, were not those which he often revealed to the world. He was peremp-



PAINTED BY HENRI-EMMANUEL-PHILIPPE PHILIPPOTEAUX. IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

THE BATTLE OF RIVOLI, JANUARY 14, 1797.

(SEE PAGE 45.)



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

BONAPARTE LISTENS TO THE NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN GENERAL SÉRURIER AND THE AUSTRIAN ENVOY FOR THE CAPITULATION OF MANTUA. (SEE PAGE 49.)

tory, and sometimes even peevish, with the French executive after he had them in his hand; with Italy he assumed a parental rôle, meting out chastisement and reward as best suited his purpose. A definite treaty of peace had been made with Sardinia, and that power, though weak and maimed, was going its own way. The Transpadane Republic, which he had begun to organize as soon as he entered Milan, was carefully cherished and guided in its artificial existence; but the people, whether or not they were fit, had no chance to exercise any real independence under the shadow of such a power. It was, moreover, not the power of France; for, by special order of Bonaparte, the civil agents of the Directory were subordinated to the military commanders, ostensibly because the former were so rapacious. Lombardy was his very own. Rome had made the armistice of Bologna merely to gain time, and in the hope of eventual disaster to French arms. A pretext for the resumption of hostilities was easily found by her in a foolish command, issued from Paris, that the Pope should at length recognize as regular those of the French clergy who had sworn allegiance to the successive constitutions adopted under the republic, and withdraw all his proclamations against those who had observed their oaths and conformed. The Pontiff, relying on the final success of Austria, had virtually broken off negotiations. Bonaparte informed the French agent in Rome that he must do anything to gain time — anything to deceive the "old fox." In a favorable moment he expected to pounce upon Rome, and avenge the national honor. During the interval Naples also had turned refractory, refusing a tribute demanded by the Directory, and was not only collecting soldiers, like the Pope, but actually had some regiments in marching order. Venice, asserting her neutrality, was growing more and more bitter at the constant violations of her territory. Mantua was still a defiant fortress, and in this crisis nothing was left but to revive French credit where the peoples were best disposed and their old rulers weakest.

Accordingly Bonaparte went through the form of consulting the Directory as to a plan of procedure, and then without waiting for an answer from them, and without the consent of those most deeply interested, broke the armistice with Modena on the pretext that five hundred thousand francs of ransom money were yet unpaid, and drove the duke from his throne. This duchy was the nucleus about which was to be constituted the Cispadane Republic: in conjunction with its inhabitants, those of Reggio, Bologna, and Ferrara were invited to form a free government under that name. There had at least been a pretext for erecting the Milanese into the Transpadane Republic — that of driving an invader from its soil. This time there

was no pretext of that kind, and the Directory not only opposed so bold an act regarding these lands, but was uneasy about public opinion in regard to it. They hoped the war would soon be ended, and were verging to the opinion that their armies must before long abandon their conquests, and leave the Italians to their own devices. Bonaparte's conduct, however, pointed in the opposite direction: he forced the native liberals of the district to take the steps toward organizing the new state so rapidly that the Directory found itself compelled, however reluctantly, to yield. It is possible, but not likely, that, as has been charged, he really intended to bring about what actually happened — the continued dependence on the French republic of a lot of artificial governments. The uninterrupted meddling of strangers in the affairs of the Italians destroyed in the end all the influence of France, and made them hate her dominion, which masqueraded as liberalism, even more than they had hated the open but mild tyranny of those royal scions of foreign stocks recently dismissed from their thrones. During these months there is in Bonaparte's correspondence a somewhat theatrical iteration of devotion to France and republican principles; but his first care was for his army and the success of his campaign. He behaved as any general solicitous for the strength of his positions on foreign soil would have done, his ruses taking the form of an outward devotion to the political shibboleths and fashions then used in France. Soon afterward Naples made her peace; an insurrection in Corsica against English rule enabled France to seize that island once more; while Genoa entered into a formal alliance with the Directory.

Thenceforward there appears to the public in Bonaparte's nature no remnant of the Corsican patriot. The one faint spark of remaining interest seems to have been extinguished in an order that Pozzo di Borgo and his friends, if they had not escaped, should be brought to judgment. His other measures with reference to the once loved island were as calculating and dispassionate as any he took concerning the most indifferent principality of the mainland, and even extended to enunciating the principle that no Corsican should be employed in Corsica. It is a citizen not of Corsica, or of France even, but of Europe, who on October 2 demands peace from the emperor in a threat that if it is not yielded on favorable terms Trieste and the Adriatic will be seized. At the same time the Directory received another reminder of its position, which likewise indicates an interesting development of his own policy. "Diminish the number of your enemies. The influence of Rome is incalculable; it was ill advised to break with that power; it gives the advantage to her. If I had been consulted, I would have delayed the negotiations with Rome as with Genoa and Venice. Whenever your general in Italy is not the pivot of everything, you run great risks. This language will not be attributed to ambition; I have but too many honors, and my health is so broken that I believe I must ask you for a successor. I can no longer mount a horse; I have nothing left but courage, which is not enough in a post like this." Before the dictator were two tasks as difficult in their way as any even he would ever undertake, each calling for the exercise of faculties antipodal perhaps to each other, but quite as fine as any in the human mind. Mantua was yet to be captured; Rome and the Pope were to be so handled as to render the highest service to himself, to France, and to Europe. In both these labors he meant to be strengthened and yet unhampered. The habit of compliance was now strong upon the Directory, and they continued to yield as before.

RIVOLI AND THE CAPITULATION OF MANTUA.

THE fifth division of the Italian campaign was the fourth attempt of Austria to retrieve her position in Italy — a position on which her rulers believed that all her destinies hung. Once more Alvinczy, despairing of success, but obedient to his orders, made ready to move down the Adige from Trent. Great zeal had been shown in Austria. The Vienna volunteer battalions abandoned the work of home protection for which they had enlisted, and, with a banner embroidered by the empress's own hand, joined the active forces. The Tyrolese, in spite of an atrocious proclamation in which Bonaparte, claiming to be their conqueror, had threatened death to any one taking up arms against France, flocked again to the support of their emperor. By a recurrence to the old fatal plan, Alvinczy was to attack the main French army; his colleague Provera was to follow the Brenta into the lower reaches of the Adige, where he could effect a crossing, and relieve Mantua. The latter was to deceive the enemy by making a parade of greater strength than he really had, and thus draw away Bonaparte's main army toward Legnago on the lower Adige. A messenger was despatched to Wurmser with letters over the emperor's own signature, ordering him, if Provera should fail, to desert Mantua, retreat into the Romagna, and under his own command unite the garrison and the Papal troops. This order never reached its destination, for its bearer was intercepted, and was compelled by the use of an emetic to render up the despatches which he had swallowed.



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-LOUIS LANEUVILLE, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

JEAN-MATTHIEU-PHILIBERT, COUNT SÉRURIER.

Born, December 8, 1742. Lieutenant of militia, 1755; chief of battalion and general of brigade, 1793; general of division, 1795; senator, 1799; marshal of the empire, 1804. Died in Paris, December 21, 1819.

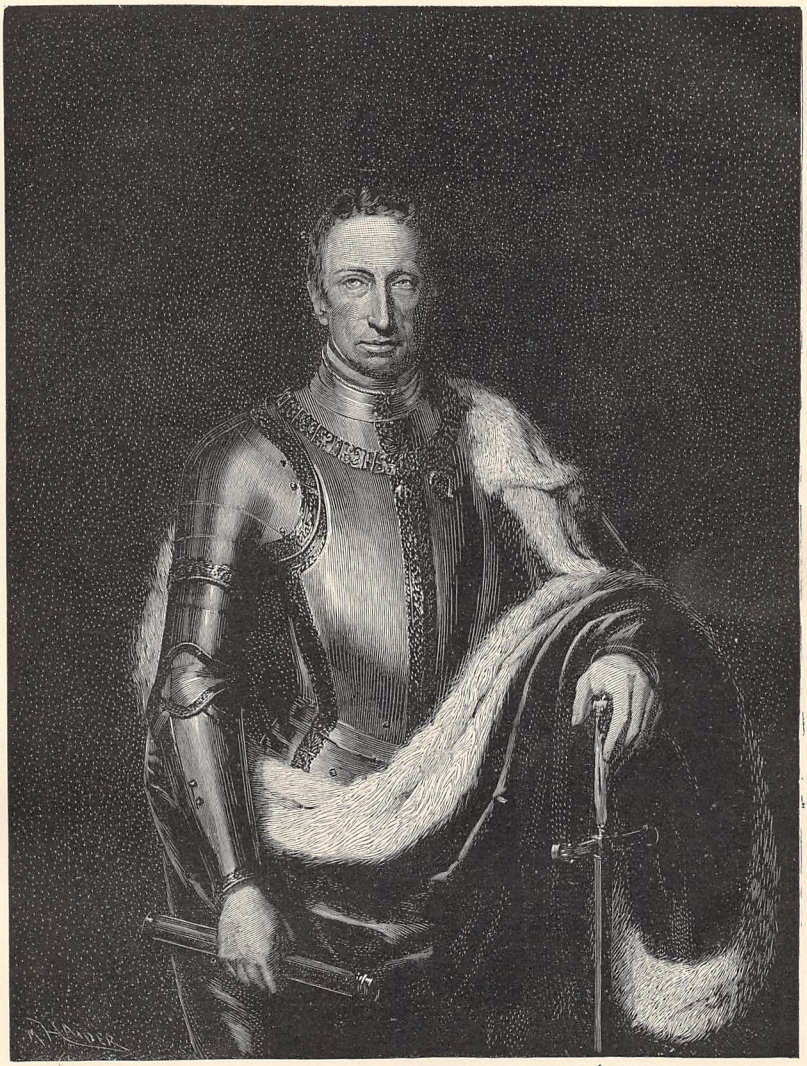
On January 7, 1797, Bonaparte gave orders to strengthen the communications along his line, massing 2000 men at Bologna, in order to repress certain hostile demonstrations lately made in behalf of the Pope. On the following day an Austrian division which had been lying at Padua made a short attack on Augereau's division, and on the 9th drove it in to Porto Legnago, the extreme right of the French line. This could mean nothing else than a renewal of hostilities by Austria, although it was impossible to tell where the main attack would be made. On the 11th Bonaparte was at Bologna, concluding an advantageous treaty with Tuscany; in order to be ready for any event, he started the same evening, hastened across the Adige with his troops, and pressed on to Verona.

On the 12th, at six in the morning, the enemy attacked Masséna's advance-guard at St. Michel, a suburb of that city. They were repulsed with loss. Early on the same day Joubert, who had been stationed with a corps of observation farther up in the old and tried position at the foot of Monte Baldo, became aware of hostile movements, and drew in his pickets. During the afternoon an Austrian column tried to turn his position by seizing the pass of Corona, but it also was repulsed. On the 13th he became aware that the main body of the Austrians was before him, and that their intention was to surround him by the left. Accordingly he informed Bonaparte, drew in his pickets, and made ready to retreat. That evening Provera threw a pontoon bridge across the Adige at Anghiari, below Legnago, and crossed with a portion of his army. Next day he started for Mantua, but was so harassed by Guieu and Augereau that the move was ineffectual, and he got no farther than Nogara.

The heights of Rivoli command the movements of any force passing out of the Alps through the valley of the Adige. They are abrupt on all sides but one, where from the greatest elevation the chapel of St. Mark overlooked a winding road, steep, but available for cavalry and artillery. Rising from the general level of the table-land, this hillock is in itself a kind of natural citadel. On the 13th, Joubert, in reply to his message, received orders to make the plateau as strong as possible, and to hold it at all hazards; for Bonaparte now divined that the main attack was to be made on that wing in order to divert all opposition from Provera, and that if it were successful the two Austrian armies would meet at Mantua. By ten that evening the reports brought in from Joubert and by scouts left this conclusion no longer doubtful. That very night, therefore, being in perfect readiness for either event, Bonaparte moved toward Rivoli with a force numbering about 20,000. It was composed of every available French soldier between Desenzano and Verona, including Masséna's division. By strenuous exertions they reached the heights of Rivoli about two in the morning of the 14th. Alvinczy, ignorant of what had happened, was waiting for daylight in order to carry out his original design of inclosing and capturing the comparatively small force of Joubert and the strong place which it had been set to hold, a spot long since recognized by Northern peoples as the key to the portal of Italy. Bonaparte, on his arrival, perceived in the moonlight five divisions encamped in a semicircle below; their bivouac fires made clear that they were separated from one another by considerable distances. He knew then that his instinct had been correct, that this was the main army, and that the decisive battle would be fought next day. The following hours were spent in disposing his forces to meet the attack in any form it might take. Not a man was wasted, but the region was occupied with pickets, outposts, and reserves so ingeniously stationed that the study of that field, and of Bonaparte's disposition of his forces, has become a classic example in military science.

The gorge by which the Adige breaks through the lowest foot-hills of the Alps to enter the lowlands has been famous since dim antiquity. The Romans considered it the entrance to Cimmeria; it was sung in German myths as the Berner Klause, the majestic gateway from their inclement clime into the land of the stranger, the warm, bright land for the luxurious and orderly life of which their hearts were ever yearning. Around its precipices and isolated, frowning bastions song and fable had clustered, and the effect of mystery was enhanced by the awful grandeur of the scene. Overlooking all stands Monte Baldo, frowning with its dark precipices on the cold summits of the German highland, smiling with its sunny slopes on the blue waters of Lake Garda and the fertile valley of the Po. In the change of strategy incident to the introduction of gunpowder the spot of greatest resistance was no longer in the gorge, but at its mouth, where Rivoli on one side, and Corona on the other, command respectively the gentle slopes which fall eastward and westward toward the plains. The Alps were indeed looking down on the "little corporal," who, having flanked their defenses at one end, was now about to force their center, and later to pass by their eastward end into the hereditary dominions of the German emperors on the Danube.

At early dawn began the conflict which was to settle the fate of Mantua. The first fierce contest was between the Austrian left and the French right at St. Mark; but it quickly spread along the whole line as far as Caprino. For



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER. FROM THE PAINTING BY LEOPOLD KUPELWIESER, IN THE IMPERIAL CHÂTEAU OF LAXENBURG, AUSTRIA.

ARCHDUKE CHARLES.

some time the Austrians had the advantage, and the result was in suspense, since the French left, at Caprino, yielded for an instant before the onslaught of the main Austrian army made in accordance with Alvinczy's first plan, and, as he supposed, upon an inferior force by one vastly superior in numbers. Berthier, who by his calm courage was fast rising high in his commander's favor, came to the rescue, and Masséna, following with a judgment which has inseparably linked his name with that famous spot, finally restored order to the French ranks. Every successive charge of the Austrians was repulsed with a violence which threw their right and center back toward Monte Baldo in ever growing confusion. The battle waged for nearly three hours before Alvinczy understood that it was not Joubert's division, but Bonaparte's army, which was above him. In his zeal he then pressed forward on the plateau beneath the height to bring more of his troops into action, and Joubert somewhat rashly advanced to check the movement, leaving the road to St. Mark unprotected. The Austrians, prompt to take advantage of his blunder, charged up the hill, and seized the commanding position; but simultaneously there rushed from the opposite side three French battalions, clambering up to retrieve the mistake. Their physical strength and nervous activity brought them first to the top, and again the storming columns were thrown back in disorder. At that instant appeared in Bonaparte's rear an Austrian corps estimated by him as 4000 strong, which, having come down the valley



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY VINAZER, AND A CONTEMPORARY ENGRAVING IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. C. CRANE.

DAGOBERT-SIGMUND, COUNT VON WURMSER.

on the left bank, had now crossed the river to take the French right at Rivoli in its rear. Had they arrived but a minute sooner, the hill of Rivoli would have been lost to the French. As it was, instead of making an attack, they had to await one. Bonaparte directed a galling artillery fire against them, and thus gained time both to reform his ranks and to hold the newcomers in check until his own reserve, coming in from the next hamlet westward, cut them entirely off from the retreating columns of Alvinczy, and compelled them to lay down their arms. Thus ended the worst defeat and most complete rout which the Austrian arms had so far sustained. Such was the utter demoralization of the flying and disintegrated columns that a young French officer named Réné, who was in command of fifty men at a hamlet on Lake Garda, successfully imitated Bonaparte's ruse at Lonato, and displayed such an imposing confidence to a flying troop of fifteen hundred Austrians that they surrendered to what they believed to be a force superior to their own. Next morning at dawn, Murat, who had marched all night to gain the point, appeared on the slopes of Monte Baldo above the pass of Corona, and united with Masséna and Joubert to drive the Austrians from their last foothold. The pursuit was continued as far as Trent. Thirteen thousand prisoners were captured in those two days.

While Murat was straining up the slopes of Monte Baldo, Bonaparte, giving no rest to the weary feet of Masséna's division,— the same



DRAWN BY H. CHARTIER. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PASSAGE OF THE TAGLIAMENTO. (SEE PAGE 54.)

men who two days before had marched by night from Verona,— was retracing his steps on that well-worn road past the city of Catullus and the Capulets onward toward Mantua. Provera had crossed the Adige at Anghiari with 10,000 men. Twice he had been attacked: once in the front by Guieu, once in the rear by Augereau. On both occasions his losses had been severe, but nevertheless, on the same morning which saw Alvinczy's flight into the Tyrol, he finally appeared with 6000 men in the suburb of St. George, before Mantua. He succeeded in communicating with Wurmser, but was held in check by the blockading French army throughout the day and night until Bonaparte arrived with his reinforcements. Next morning there was a general engagement, Provera attacking in front, and Wurmser, by preconcerted arrangement, sallying out from behind at the head of a strong force. The latter was thrown back into the town by Sérurier, who commanded the besiegers, but only after a fierce and deadly conflict on the causeway. This was the road from Mantua to a country-seat of its dukes known as "La Favorita," and was chosen for the sortie as having an independent citadel. Victor, with some of the troops brought in from Rivoli, the "terrible 57th demi-brigade," as Bonaparte designated them, attacked Provera at the same time, and threw his ranks into such disorder that he was glad to surrender his entire force. This conflict of January 16, before Mantua, is known as the battle of La Favorita, from the stand made by Sérurier on the road to that residence. Its results were 6000 prisoners, among them the Vienna volunteers with the empress's banner and many guns.

Bonaparte estimated that the army of the republic had fought within four days two pitched battles, and had besides been six times engaged; that they had taken, all told, nearly 25,000 prisoners,—including a lieutenant-general, 2 generals, and 15 colonels,— had captured 20 standards, with 60 pieces of artillery, and had killed or wounded 6000 men.

This short campaign of Rivoli was the turning-point of the war, and may be said to have shaped the history of Europe for twenty years. Chroniclers dwell upon those few moments at the hill above the plateau of Rivoli, and wonder what the result would have been if the last Austrian corps had arrived five minutes sooner. But an accurate and dispassionate criticism must decide that every step in Bonaparte's success was won by careful forethought, and the most effective disposition of the forces at his command. So sure was he of success that even in the crises when Masséna seemed to save the day on the left, and when the Austrians seemed destined to wrest victory from defeat at the last moment on the right, he was self-reliant and cheerful. The new system of field operations had a triumphant vindication at the hands of its author. The conquering general meted out unstinted praise to his invincible squadrons and their leaders, but said



DRAWN BY H. CHARTIER. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

CAPTURE OF THE PASS OF TARVIS.

(SEE PAGE 54.)

nothing of himself, leaving the world to judge whether this was man or demon who, still a youth, and within a public career of but one season, had humiliated the proudest empire on the Continent, had subdued Italy, and on her soil had erected states unknown before, without the consent of any great power, not excepting his own. It is not wonderful that this personage should sometimes have said of himself, "Say that my life began at Rivoli," as at other times he dated his military career from Toulon.

Wurmser's retreat to Mantua in September had been successful because of the strong cavalry force which accompanied it. He had been able to hold out for four months only by means of the flesh of their horses, five thousand in number, which had been killed and salted to increase the garrison stores. Even this resource was now exhausted, and after a few days of delay the gallant old man sent a messenger with the usual conventional declarations as to his ability for further resistance, in order, of course, to secure the most favorable terms of surrender. There is a fine anecdote in connection with the arrival of this messenger at the French headquarters, which, though perhaps not literally, is probably ideally, true. When the Austrian envoy entered Sérurier's presence, another person wrapped in a cloak was sitting at a table apparently engaged in writing. After the envoy had finished the usual enumeration of the elements of strength still remaining to his commander, the unknown man came forward, and, holding a written sheet in his hand, said: "Here are my conditions. If Wurmser really had provisions for twenty-five days, and spoke of surrender, he would not deserve an honorable capitulation. But I respect the age, the gallantry, and the misfortunes of the marshal; and whether he opens his gates to-morrow, or whether he waits fifteen days, a month, or three months, he shall still have the same conditions; he may wait until his last morsel of bread has been eaten." The messenger was a clever man who afterward made his own name of Klenau illustrious. He recognized Bonaparte, and, glancing at the terms, found them so generous that he at once admitted the desperate straits of the garrison. This is substantially the account of Napoleon's memoirs. In a contemporary despatch to the Directory there is nothing of it, for he never indulged in such details to them; but he does say in two other despatches what at first blush militates against its literal truth. On February 1, writing from Bologna, he declared that he would withdraw his conditions unless Wurmser acceded before February 3: yet, in a letter of that very date, he indulges in a long and high-minded eulogium of the aged field-marshal, and declares his wish to show true French generosity to such a foe. The simple explanation is that, having sent the terms, Bonaparte immediately withdrew from Mantua to leave Sérurier in command at the surrender,—a glory he had so well deserved,—and himself returned to Bologna to begin his final preparations against Rome. In the interval Wurmser made a proposition even more favorable to himself. Bonaparte petulantly rejected it, but with the return of his generous feeling he determined that at least he would not withdraw his first offer. Captious critics are never content, and they even charge that when, on the 10th, Wurmser and his garrison finally did march out, Bonaparte's absence was a breach of courtesy. It requires no great ardor in his defense to assert, on the contrary, that in circumstances so unprecedented the disparity of age between the respective representatives of the old and the new military system would have made Bonaparte's presence another drop in the bitter cup of the former. The magnanimity of the young conqueror in connection with the fall of Mantua was genuine, and highly honorable to him. So at least thought Wurmser himself, who wrote a most kindly letter to Bonaparte, forewarning him that a plot had been formed in Bologna to poison him with that noted, but never seen, compound so famous in Italian history—*aqua tofana*.

HUMILIATION OF THE PAPACY AND OF VENICE.

THE conviction seems now to have been reached by Bonaparte that a man who had brought such glory to the arms of France was at least as firm in the affections of the people as was the Directory, which had no hold on them whatever, except in its claim to represent the Revolution. They had had little claim to this distinction from the beginning, and it was now daily disputed by ever increasing numbers: the most visible and dazzling representative of the Revolution was now the army of Bonaparte. It was not for "those rascally lawyers," as he soon afterward called them, that Rivoli had been fought. With this fact in view, the short ensuing campaign against Pius VI., and its consequences, are easily understood. It was true, as the French general proclaimed, that Rome had kept the stipulations of the armistice neither in a pacific behavior nor in the payment of her indemnity, and was fomenting resistance to the French arms in all Italy. To the Directory, which desired the utter ruin of the papacy, he proposed that to that end Rome should be handed over to Spain. Behind these pretexts was gathered at Bologna an indifferent force of 11,000 soldiers, composed half of his own men, the other half of Italians fired with revolutionary zeal, and of Poles,

who, since the recent and final dismemberment of their country, were wooing France as a possible ally in the reconstruction of their nationality. The main division marched against Ancona; a smaller one of 2000 men directed its course through Tuscany into the valley of the Tiber. The position of the Pope was utterly desperate. The Spaniards had once been masters of Italy; they were now the natural allies of France against Austria, and Bonaparte's leniency to Parma and Naples had strengthened the bond. The reigning king at Naples, Ferdinand IV. of the Two Sicilies, was one of the Spanish Bourbons; but his very able and masterful wife was the daughter of Maria Theresa. His position was therefore peculiar: if he had dared, he would have sent an army to the Pope's support, for thus far his consort had shaped his policy in the interest of Austria; but knowing too well that defeat would mean the limitation of his domain to the island of Sicily, he preferred to remain neutral, and pick up what crumbs he could get from Bonaparte's table. For this there were excellent reasons. The English fleet had been more or less unfortunate since the spring of 1796: Bonaparte's victories, being supplemented by the activity of the French cruisers, had made it difficult for it to remain in the Mediterranean; Corsica was abandoned in September; and in October the squadron of Admiral Mann was literally chased into the Atlantic by the Spaniards. Ferdinand, therefore, could expect no help from the British. As to the papal mercenaries, they had long been the laughing-stock of Europe. They did not now belie their character. Not a single serious engagement was fought; at Ancona and Loretto 1200 prisoners, with a treasure valued at seven million francs, were taken without a blow; and on February 19 Bonaparte dictated the terms of peace at Tolentino.

These terms were not such as either the Pope or the Directory expected. Far from it. To be sure, there was, over and above the first ransom, a new money indemnity of fifteen million francs, making, in addition to what had been exacted in the previous summer, a total of thirty. Further stipulations were the surrender of the legations of Bologna and Ferrara, together with the Romagna; consent to the incorporation into France of Avignon and the Venaissin, the two papal possessions in the Rhone valley which had already been annexed; and the temporary delivery of Ancona as a pledge for the fulfilment of these engagements; further still, the dispersion of the papal army, with satisfaction for the killing in a street row of Basseville, the French plenipotentiary. This, however, was far short of the annihilation of the papacy, even as a temporal power. More than that, the vital question of ecclesiastical authority was not mentioned except to guarantee it in the surrendered legations. To the Directory Bonaparte explained that with such mutilations the Roman edifice would fall of its own weight; and yet he gave his powerful protection to the French priests who had refused the oaths to the civil constitution required by the republic, and who, having renounced their allegiance, had found an asylum in the Papal States. This latter step was taken in the rôle of humanitarian. In reality, this first open and radical departure from the policy of the executive not only assured to Bonaparte the most unbounded personal popularity with faithful Roman Catholics everywhere, but it proved to be preliminary to his further alliance with the papacy. The unthinking masses began to compare the captivity of the Roman Church in France, which was the work of her government, with the widely different fate of her faithful adherents at Rome under the humane control of Bonaparte. Moreover, it was the French citizen collectors, and not the army, who continued to scour every town for art plunder. It was believed that Italy had finally given up "all that was curious and valuable except some few objects at Turin and Naples," including the famous wonder-working image of the Lady of Loretto. The words quoted were used by Bonaparte in a despatch to the Directory, which inclosed a curious document of very different character. Such had been the gratitude of Pius for his preservation that he despatched a legate with his apostolic blessing for the "dear son" who had snatched the papal power from the very jaws of destruction. "Dear son" was merely a formal phrase, and a gracious answer was returned from the French headquarters. This equally formal letter of Bonaparte's was forwarded to Paris, where, as he knew, it would be considered rather as a good joke by the Directory, who were supposed to consider his diplomacy as altogether patriotic. But, as no doubt the writer foresaw, it had an altogether different effect on the public. From that instant every pious Roman Catholic, not only in France, but in Europe, whatever his attitude toward the Directory, was either an open ally of Bonaparte or at least neutral. As for the papacy, henceforward it was a tool in his hand. One of the cardinals gave the gracious preserver of his order a bust of Alexander the Great: it was a common piece of flattery after the peace to say that Bonaparte was, like Alexander, a Greek in stature, and, like Cæsar, a Roman in power.

While at Ancona the conqueror had a temporary relapse into his yearning for Oriental power. He wrote describing the harbor as the only good one on the Adriatic south of Venice, and explaining how invaluable it was for the influence of France on the fate of Turkey,


ENLARGED PLAN OF
LAKE OF GARDA
AND ADJACENT COUNTRY
Miles
0 5 10 15 20
Trent
Arco
Roveredo
Riva
Rocca d'Anfo
Idro
Toscolano
Salo
Gavardo
BRESCIA
Desenzano
Lonato
Montechiaro
Peschiera
Castiglione
Borghetto
Carpendolo
Solferino
Volta
Asola
Valeggio
Villafranca
VERONA
Castelnuovo
Bardolino
Rivoli
Badia Calavena
Schio
Corona
Caldiero
Montebello
Lonigo
Zevio
Ronco
Arcole
d'Anghiari
Leghago
Roverbella
MANTUA
Ostiglia
Revere
Casal Maggiore
Guastalla
R. Adige
R. Brenta
R. Chiese
R. Oglio
R. Mincio
R. Tartaro
R. Po
R. Secchia
MAP
Illustrating the Campaign
PRECEDING THE
TREATY OF CAMPO-FORMIO
1797
Statute Miles
0 10 20 30 40 50 60
Augsburg
MUNICH
BAVARIA
Rosenheim
SALZBURG
AUSTRIA
Linz
Wels
Steier
Krems
Wagram
VIENNA
St. Polten
LOWER AUSTRIA
UPPER AUSTRIA
Neustadt
Odenburg
Semmering Pass
Bruck
St. Michael
Leoben
GRATZ
STYRIA
INNSBRUCK
Brenner Pass
Gross Glockner
TYROL
CARINTHIA
KLAGENFURT
Villach
Marburg
Brixen
Bruneck
Botzen
Ortler Spitz
Pontebba Pass
Tarvis Pass
Chiusa
Neumarkt
Trent
Belluno
Udine
Idria
LAIBACH
CARNIOLA
Roveredo
Primolano
Sacile
Campo Formio
Goritz
Gradisca
Agram
Bassano
Treviso
TRIESTE
Karlstadt
Lake of Garda
Salo
Corona
Rivoli
Desenzano
Lonato
Castelnuovo
Montebello
Vicenza
VENICE
Castiglione
Peschiera
Verona
Caldiero
Padua
Fusina
Borghetto
Valeggio
Arcole
Ronco
d'Anghiari
Chioggia
Mantua
Legnago
Rovigo
GULF OF VENICE
ISTRIA
Fiume
Rovigno
I. Veglia
Pola
I. Cherso
ADRIATIC SEA
CROATIA
Parma
Reggio
Modena
Ferrara
G.W. Colton N.Y.

since it controlled communication with Constantinople, and Macedonia was but twenty-four hours distant. With this despatch he inclosed letters to the Grand Master of Malta which had been seized on the person of a courier from the czar. It was by an easy association of ideas that not long afterward he began to make suggestions for the seizure of Malta and for a descent into Egypt. These were old schemes of French foreign policy, and by no means original with Bonaparte; but having long been kept in the background, they were easily recalled, the more so because in a short time both the new dictator and the Directory seemed to find in them a remedy for their strained relations.

Meantime the foreign affairs of Austria had fallen into a most precarious condition. Not only had the departure of the English fleet from the Mediterranean furthered Bonaparte's success in Italy, but Russia had given notice of an altered policy. If the modern state system of Europe had rested on any one doctrine more firmly than on another, it was on the theory of territorial boundaries, and the inviolability of national existence. Yet, in defiance of all right and all international law, Prussia, Russia, and Austria had in 1772 swooped down like vultures on Poland, and parted large portions of her still living body among themselves. The operation was so much to their liking that it had been repeated in 1792, and completed in 1795. The last division had been made with the understanding that, in return for the lion's share which she received, Russia would give active assistance to Austria in her designs on northern Italy. Not content with the Milanese and a protectorate over Modena, the emperor had already cast his eyes on the Venetian mainland. But on November 17, 1796, the great Catherine died, and her successor, Paul, would hear nothing of her engagements. Finally Prussia was consolidating herself into a great power likely in the end to destroy the Austrian influence in the Germanic Diet, which controlled the affairs of the empire. The hour was dark indeed for Austria; and in the crisis Thugut, the able minister of the emperor, made up his mind at last to throw all his master's military strength into Italy. The youthful archduke Charles, who had won great glory as the conqueror of Jourdan, was accordingly summoned from Germany with the strength of his army to break through the Tyrol, and prevent the French from taking the now open road to Vienna. This brother of the emperor, though but twenty-five years old, was in his day second only to Bonaparte as a general. The splendid persistence with which Austria raised one great army after another to oppose France was worthy of her traditions. Even when these armies were commanded by veterans of the old school, they were terrible: it seemed to the cabinet at Vienna that when Charles was left to lead them in accordance with his own designs they were sure to be victorious. Had he and his Army of the Rhine been in Italy from the outset, they thought, the result might have been different. Perhaps they were right; but his tardy arrival at the eleventh hour was destined to avail nothing. The Aulic Council ordered him into Friuli, a district of the Italian Alps on the borders of Venice, where another army — the sixth within a year — was to assemble for the protection of the Austrian frontier and await the arrival of the veterans from Germany. This force, unlike the other five, was composed of heterogeneous elements, and, until further strengthened, inferior in numbers to the French, who had finally been reinforced by 15,000 men, under Bernadotte, from the Army of the Sambre and Meuse.

When Bonaparte started from Mantua for the Alps, his position was the strongest he had so far secured. The Directory had all along shown their uneasy jealousy of him by refusing the reinforcements which he was constantly demanding. It had become evident that the approaching elections would result in destroying their ascendancy in the Five Hundred, and that more than ever they must depend for support on the army. Accordingly they had swallowed their pride, and made Bonaparte strong. This change in the policy of the government likewise affected the south and east of France most favorably for his purposes. The personal pique of the generals commanding in those districts had subjected him to many inconveniences as to communications with Paris, as well as in the passage of troops, stores, and the like. They now recognized that in the approaching political crisis the fate of the republic would hang on the army, and for that reason they must needs be complaisant with its foremost figure, whose exploits had dimmed even those of Hoche in the Netherlands and western France. Italy was altogether subdued, and there was not a hostile power in the rear of the great conqueror. Among many of the conquered his name was even beloved: for the people of Milan his life and surroundings had the same interest as if he were their own sovereign prince. In front, however, the case was different; for the position of the archduke Charles left the territory of Venice directly between the hostile armies in such a way as apparently to force Bonaparte to a decision regarding his treatment of that power.

For the moment, however, there was no declaration of policy by the French commander-in-chief; not even a formal proposal to treat with the Venetian oligarchy, which, to all outward appearance, had remained as haughty as

ever, as dark and inscrutable in its dealings, as doubtful in the matter of good faith. And yet a method in Bonaparte's dealing with it was soon apparent, which, though unlike any he had used toward other Italian powers, was perfectly adapted to the ends he had in view. He had already violated Venetian neutrality, and intended to disregard it entirely. As a foretaste of what the republic might expect, French soldiers were let loose to pillage the towns of Venetia, until the inhabitants were so exasperated that they retaliated by killing a few of their spoilers. Then began a persistent and exasperating process of charges and complaints and admonitions, until the origins of the respective offenses were forgotten in the intervening recriminations. Then, as a warning to all who sought to endanger the "friendly relations" between the countries, a troop of French soldiers would be thrown first into one town, then into another. This process went on without an interval, and with merciless vigor, until the Venetian officials were literally distracted. Remonstrance was in vain: Bonaparte laughed at forms. Finally, when protest had proved unavailing, the harried oligarchy began at last to arm, and it was not long before 40,000 men, mostly Slavonic mercenaries, were enlisted under its banner. With his usual conciliatory blandness, Bonaparte next proposed to the Senate a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive.

This was not a mere diplomatic move. Certain considerations might well incline the oligarchy to accept the plan. There was no love lost between the towns of the Venetian mainland and the city itself; for the aristocracy of the latter would write no names in its Golden Book except those of its own houses. The revolutionary movement had, moreover, already so heightened the discontent which had spread eastward from the Milanese, and was now prevalent in Brescia, Bergamo, and Peschiera, that these cities really favored Bonaparte, and longed to separate from Venice. Further than this, the Venetian Senate had early in January been informed by its agent in Paris of a rumor that at the conclusion of peace Austria would indemnify herself with Venetian territory for the loss of the Milanese. The disquiet of the outlying cities on the borders of Lombardy was due to a desire for union with the Transpadane Republic. They little knew for what a different fate Bonaparte destined them. He was really holding that portion of the mainland in which they were situated as the indemnity to be proffered to Austria. Venice was almost sure to lose them in any case, and he felt that if she refused the French alliance he could then tender them and their territories to Austria, in return for Belgium, with less show of injustice. He offered, however, if she should accept his proposition, to assure their loyalty provided only the Venetian citizens would inscribe the chief families of the mainland in the Golden Book.

But in spite of such a suggestive warning, the Senate adhered to its policy of perfect neutrality. Bonaparte consented to this decision, but ordered it to disarm, agreeing in that event to control the liberals on the mainland, and to guarantee the Venetian territories, leaving behind troops enough both to secure those ends and to guard his own communications. If these should be tampered with, he warned the Senate that the knell of Venetian independence would toll forthwith. No one can tell what would have been in store for the proud city if she had chosen the alternative, not of neutrality, but of an alliance with France. Bonaparte always made his plan in two ways, and it is probable that her ultimate fate would have been identical in either case.

THE PEACE OF LEOBEN.

THE Aulic Council at Vienna prepared for the archduke Charles a modification of the same old plan, only this time the two valleys were those of the Piave and the Tagliamento, rivers which rise among the grotesque Dolomites and in the summits of the Carnic Alps. They flow south like the Adige and the Brenta, but empty into the Adriatic, and are not affluents of the Po. The auxiliary force, under Lusignan, was now to the westward on the Piave, while the main force, under Charles, was waiting for reinforcements in the broad intervals on the upper reaches of the Tagliamento, through which ran the direct road to Vienna. This time the order of attack was exactly reversed, because Bonaparte, with his strengthened army of about 75,000 men, resolved to take the offensive before the expected levies from the Rhine should reach the camp of his foe. The campaign was not long, for there was no resistance from the inhabitants, as there would have been in the German Alps, among the Tyrolese, Bonaparte's embittered enemies; and the united force of Austria was far inferior to that of France. Joubert, with 18,000 men, was left to watch the Tyrol, and a small force under Kilmaine and Victor was detailed to watch Venice and Rome; but the general good order of Italy was intrusted to the native legions which Bonaparte had organized.

Masséna advanced up the Piave against Lusignan, captured his rear-guard, and drove him away northward beyond Belluno, while the archduke, thus separated from his right, withdrew to guard the road into Carniola. Bonaparte, with his old celerity, reached the banks

of the Tagliamento opposite the Austrian position long before he was expected. His troops had marched all night from March 15 to 16; but almost immediately they made a feint as if to force a crossing in the face of their enemy. The Austrians on the left bank awaited the onset in perfect order, and in dispositions of cavalry, artillery, and infantry admirably adapted to the ground. It seemed as if the first meeting of the two young generals would fall out to the advantage of Charles. But he was neither as wily nor as indefatigable as his enemy. The French drew back, apparently exhausted, and bivouacked as if for the night. The Austrians, expecting nothing further that day, and, standing on the defensive, followed the example of their opponents. Two hours elapsed, when suddenly the whole French army rose like one man, and, falling into line without an instant's delay, rushed for the stream, which at that spot was swift but fordable, flowing between wide, low banks of gravel. The surprise was complete: the stream was crossed, and the Austrians had barely time to form when the French were upon them. They fought with gallantry for three hours until their flank was turned. They then drew off in an orderly retreat, abandoning many guns and losing some prisoners.

Masséna, waiting behind the intervening ridge for the signal, advanced at the first sound of cannon into the upper valley of the same stream, crossed it, and beset the passes of the Italian Alps, by which communication with the Austrian capital was quickest. Charles at once put himself at the head of a picked corps to remedy this disaster; but all his efforts, his own desperate personal courage and the bravery of his troops, were alike in vain. He had nothing left, therefore, but to withdraw due eastward across the great divide of the Alps, where they bow toward the Adriatic, and pass into the valley of the Isonzo, behind that full and rushing stream, which he fondly hoped would stop the French pursuit. The frost, however, had bridged it in several places, and these were quickly found. Bernadotte and Sérurier stormed the fortress of Gradisca, and captured 2500 men, while Masséna seized the fort at the Chiusa Veneta, and, scattering a whole division of flying Austrians, captured 5000 with their stores and equipments. He then attacked and routed the enemy's guard on the Pontebba pass, captured Tarvis, and thus cut off their communication with the Puster valley, by which the Austrian detachment from the Rhine was to arrive.

Bonaparte wooed the stupefied Carinthians with his softly worded proclamations, and his advancing columns were unharassed by the peasantry while he pushed farther on, capturing Klagenfurt, and seizing both Trieste and Fiume, the only harbors on the Austrian shore. He then returned with the main body of his troops, and, crossing the pass of Tarvis, entered Germany at Villach. "We are come," he said to the inhabitants, "not as enemies, but as friends, to end a terrible war imposed by England on a ministry bought with her gold." And the populace, listening to his siren voice, believed him. All this was accomplished before the end of March; and Charles, his army reduced to less than three fourths, was resting northward on the road to Vienna, beyond the river Mur, exhausted, but expecting daily that he would be compelled to a further retreat.

Joubert had not been so successful. According to instructions, he had pushed up the Adige as far as Brixen, into the heart of the hostile Tyrol. The Austrians had again called the mountaineers to arms, and a considerable force under Laudon was gathered to resist him. It had been a general but most indefinite understanding between Bonaparte and the Directory that Moreau was again to cross the Rhine and advance once more, this time for a junction with Joubert to march against Vienna. But the directors, in an access of suspicion, had broken their word, and, pleading their penury, had not taken a step toward fitting out the Army of the North. Moreau was not within reach; he had not even crossed the Rhine. Joubert was in straits, for the whole country had now risen against him. It was with difficulty that he had advanced, and with serious loss that he fought one terrible battle after another; finally, however, he forced his way into the valley of the Drave, and retreated down that river to join Bonaparte. This virtual repulse made both the Tyrol and Venice jubilant, while its influence spread as far eastward as the Austrian provinces of the Adriatic. Trieste and Fiume had not been garrisoned, and the Austrians occupied them once more; the Venetian Senate organized a secret insurrection, which broke out simultaneously in many places, and was suppressed only after many of the French, some of them invalids in the hospitals, had been murdered.

On March 31, Bonaparte, having received definite and official information that he could expect no immediate support from the Army of the Rhine, addressed from Klagenfurt to the archduke what he called a "philosophical" letter, calling his attention to the fact that it was England which had embroiled France and Austria, two powers which had really no grievance one against the other. Would he, so far removed by his lofty birth from the petty weaknesses of ministers and governments, not intervene as the savior of Germany to end the miseries of a useless war? "As far as I myself am concerned, if the communication I have the

honor to be making should save the life of a single man, I would be prouder of that civic crown than of the sad renown which results from military success." At the same time Masséna was pressing forward into the valley of the Mur, across the passes of Neumarkt; and before the end of the week his seizure of St. Michael and Leoben had cut off the last hope of a junction between the forces of Charles and his expected reinforcements from the Rhine. Austria was carrying on her preparations for war with the same proud determination she had always shown, and Charles continued his disastrous hostilities with Masséna. But when Thugut received the letter from Bonaparte, which Charles had promptly forwarded to Vienna, the cabinet did not hesitate, and plenipotentiaries were soon on their way to Leoben.

The situation of Bonaparte at Leoben was by no means what the position of his forces within twenty-five leagues of Vienna would seem to indicate. The revolutionary movement in Venetia, silently but effectually fostered by the French garrisons, had been successful in Bergamo, Brescia, and Salo. The Senate, in despair, sent envoys to Bonaparte at Göritz. His reply was conciliatory, but he declared that he would do nothing unless the city of Venice would make the long-desired concession about inscriptions in the Golden Book. At the same time he demanded a monthly payment of a million francs in lieu of all requisitions on their territory. At Paris the Venetian ambassador had no better success, and with the news of Joubert's retreat a terrible insurrection broke out, which sacrificed many French lives at Verona and elsewhere. Bonaparte's suggestions for the preliminaries of peace with Austria had been drawn up before the news of that event reached him: but with the Tyrol and Venice all aflame in his rear, and threatening his connections; with no prospect of assistance from Moreau in enforcing his demands; and with a growing hostility showing itself among the populations of the hereditary states of Austria into which he had penetrated, it was not wonderful that his original design was confirmed. "At Leoben," he once said, "I was playing *vingt-et-un*, and I had twenty."

When, therefore, General Merveldt and the Marchese Gallo, duly accredited on the part of Austria, and General Bonaparte, representing the French republic but with no formal powers whatsoever, met in the castle of Göss at Leoben, they all knew that the situation of the French was very precarious indeed, and that the terms to be made could not be those dictated by a triumphant conqueror in the full tide of victory. Neither party had any scruples about violating the public law of Europe by the destruction of another nationality; but they needed some pretext. While they were in the opening stages of negotiation the pretext came; for on April 9 Bonaparte received news of the murders to which reference has been made, and of an engagement at Salo, provoked by the French, in which the Bergamask mountaineers had captured three hundred of the garrison, mostly Poles. This affair was only a little more serious than numerous other conflicts incident to partizan warfare which were daily occurring; but it was enough. With a feigned fury he addressed the Venetian Senate as if their land were utterly irreconcilable, and demanded from them impossible acts of reparation.

Junot was despatched to Venice with the message, and delivered it from the floor of the Senate on April 15, the very day on which his chief was concluding negotiations for the delivery of the mainland to Austria. So strong had the peace party in Vienna become, and such was the terror of its inhabitants at seeing the court hide its treasures and prepare to fly into Hungary, that the plenipotentiaries could only accept the offer of Bonaparte, which they did with ill-concealed delight. There was but one point of difference (Modena), which Francis for the honor of his house was determined to keep, if possible. With Tuscany, Modena, and the Venetian mainland all in their hands, the Austrian plenipotentiaries felt that time would surely restore the lost Milanese. But Bonaparte was obdurate. On the 18th the preliminaries were closed and adopted. France was to have Belgium, with the "limits of France" as decreed by the laws of the republic, a purposely ambiguous expression. Austria obtained the longed-for mainland of Venice as far as the river Oglio, together with Istria and Dalmatia, the Venetian dependencies beyond the Adriatic, while Venice herself was to be nominally indemnified by the receipt of the three papal legations, Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna. Modena was to be united with Mantua, Reggio, and the Milanese into a great central republic, which would always be dependent on France, and was connected with her territory by way of Genoa. Some of the articles were secret, and all were subject to immaterial changes in the final negotiations for definitive peace, which were later to be carried on at Bern, chosen for the purpose as being a neutral city.

Bonaparte explained, in a letter to the Directory, that whatever occurred, the Papal States could never become an integral part of Venice, and would always be under French influences. His sincerity was no greater, as the event showed, concerning the very existence of Venice herself. The terms he had made were considered at Vienna most favorable, and there was great rejoicing in that capital. But it was significant that in the routine negotiations the

old-school diplomatists had been sadly shocked by the behavior of their military antagonist, who, though a mere tyro in their art, was very hard to deal with. At the outset, for instance, they proposed to incorporate, as the first article in the preliminaries, that for which the Directory had long been negotiating with Austria — a recognition of the French republic. "Strike that out," said Bonaparte. "The Republic is like the sun on the horizon, all the worse for him who will not see it." This was but a foretaste of ruder dealings which followed, and of still more violent breaches with tradition in the long negotiations which were to ensue over the definitive treaty.

The very day on which the signatures were affixed at Leoben, the Austrian arms were humbled by Hoche on the Rhine. Moreau had not been able to move for lack of a paltry sum which he was begging for, but could not obtain, from the Directory. Hoche, chafing at similar delays, and anxious to atone for Jourdan's conduct of the previous year, finally set forth, and, crossing at Neuwied, advanced to Heddersdorf, where he attacked the Austrians, who had been weakened to strengthen the archduke Charles. They were routed with a loss of 6000 prisoners, and the rest were nearly surrounded when a sudden stop was put to Hoche's career by the arrival of a courier from Leoben. In the Black Forest a similar check overtook Desaix, who, having crossed the Rhine with Moreau's army below Strasburg, was likewise driving the Austrians before him. These brilliant achievements came all too late. No advantage was gained by them in the terms of peace, and the glory of humiliating Austria remained to Bonaparte.

Throughout all France there was considerable dissatisfaction with Bonaparte's moderation, and a feeling among extreme republicans, especially in the Directory, that he should have destroyed the Austrian monarchy. Larevellière and Rewbell were altogether of this opinion, and the corrupt Barras to a certain extent, for he had taken a bribe of 600,000 francs from the Venetian ambassador at Paris, to compel the repression by Bonaparte of the rebels on the mainland. The correspondence of various emissaries connected with this affair fell into the general's hands at Milan, and put the Directory more completely at his mercy than ever. On April 19, however, he wrote as if in reply to such strictures as might be made: "If at the beginning of the campaign I had persisted in going to Turin, I never should have passed the Po; if I had persisted in going to Rome, I should have lost Milan; if I had persisted in going to Vienna, perhaps I should have lost (ruined) the Republic." He well understood that fear would yield what despair might refuse. It was a matter of course that when the terms of Leoben reached Paris the Directory ratified them, even though they had been irregularly negotiated by an unauthorized agent before the arrival of a diplomatic envoy sent by them with full instructions. One thing, however, they notified Bonaparte in their letter of assent he must not do; that was, to interfere further in the affairs of Venice. This order reached him on May 8; but just a week before, Venice, as an independent state, had ceased to exist.

Accident and crafty prearrangement had combined to bring the affairs of that ancient commonwealth to such a crisis. The general insurrection and the fight at Salo had given a pretext for disposing of the Venetian mainland; soon after the inevitable results of French occupation afforded the opportunity for destroying the oligarchy altogether. The evacuation of Verona by the garrison of its former masters had been ordered as a part of the general disarmament of Italy. The Veronese were intensely, fiercely indignant on learning that they were to be transferred to a hated allegiance; and on April 17, when a party appeared to reinforce the French troops already there, the citizens rose in a frenzy of indignation, and drove the hated invaders into the citadel. During the following days, three hundred of the French civilians in the town — all who had not been able to find refuge — were massacred: old and young, sick and well. At the same time a detachment of Austrians under Laudon came in from the Tyrol to join Fioravente — the Venetian general — and his Slavs. This of course increased the tumult, for the French began to bombard the city from the citadel. For a moment the combined besiegers, exaggerating the accounts of Joubert's retreat and of Moreau's failure to advance, hoped for ultimate success, and the overthrow of the French. But rumors from Leoben caused the Austrians to withdraw up the Adige, and a Lombard regiment came to the assistance of the French. The Venetian forces were captured, and the city was disarmed, like Peschiera, Castelnuovo, and many others which had made no resistance.

Two days after this furious outbreak of Veronese resentment (an event which is known to the French as the Veronese Vespers), occurred another of vastly less importance in itself, but having perhaps even more value as cumulative evidence that the wound already inflicted by Bonaparte on the Venetian state was mortal. A French vessel, flying before two Austrian cruisers, appeared off the Lido, and anchored under the arsenal. It was contrary to immemorial custom for an armed vessel to enter the harbor, and the captain was ordered to weigh anchor. He refused. Thereupon, in stupid zeal, the guns



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LEOPOLD KUPELWIESER, IN THE IMPERIAL CHÂTEAU OF LAXENBURG, AUSTRIA.

FRANCIS I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

of the Venetian forts opened on the ship. Many of the crew were killed, and the rest were thrown into prison. This was the final stroke, all that was necessary for the justification of Bonaparte's plans. An embassy from the Senate had been with him at Gratz when the awful news from Verona came to his headquarters. He had then treated them harshly, demanding not only the liberation of every man confined for political reasons within their prison walls, but the surrender of their inquisitors as well. "I will have no more Inquisition, no more Senate; I shall be an Attila to Venice! . . . I want not your alliance nor your schemes; I mean to lay down the law." They left his presence with gloomy and accurate forebodings as to what was in those secret articles which had been executed at Leoben. When, two days later, came this news of further conflict with the French in Venice itself, the envoys were dismissed, without another audience, by a note which declared that its writer "could not receive them, dripping as they were with French blood." On May 3, having advanced to Palma, Bonaparte declared war against Venice. In accordance with the general license of the age, hostilities had, however, already begun; for as early as April 30 the French and their Italian helpers had fortified the lowlands between the Venetian lagoons, and on May 1 the main army appeared at Fusina, the nearest point on the mainland to the city.

THE FALL OF VENICE.

SINCE the days of Carthage no government like that of the Venetian oligarchy had existed on the earth. At its best it was dark and remorseless; with the disappearance of its vigor its despotism had become somewhat milder, but even yet no common man might draw the veil from its mysterious, irresponsible councils and live. A few hundred families administered the country as they did their private estates. All intelligence, all liberty, all personal independence, were repressed by such a system. The more enlightened from the mainland, many even in the city, had felt the influences of the time, and had long been uneasy under their government, however smoothly it seemed to be running. Now that the earth was quaking under the march of Bonaparte's troops, that government was not only helpless, but it actually grew contemptible in its panic. There was indeed the most urgent necessity for a change. The Senate had a powerful fleet, 3000 native troops, and 11,000 mercenaries; but they struck only a single futile blow on their own account, permitting a rash captain to open fire from the gunboats against the French vanguard when it appeared. But immediately, as if in fear of their own temerity, they despatched an embassy to learn the will of the approaching general. That his dealings might be merciful, they tried the plan of Modena, and offered Bonaparte a bribe of seven million francs; but, as in the case of Modena, he refused. Next day the Grand Council having been summoned, it was determined by a nearly unanimous vote of the patricians (690 to 21) that they would remodel their institutions on democratic lines. The pale and terrified doge thought such surrender to be the last hope of safety.

Not for a moment did Lallemont and Villetard, the two French agents, intermit their revolutionary agitation in the town. Disorders grew more frequent, and uncertainty both paralyzed and disintegrated the patrician party. A week later the government virtually abdicated. Two utter strangers appeared in a theatrical way at its doors, and suggested in writing to the Great Council that to appease the spirit of the times they should plant the liberty-tree on the Place of St. Mark, and speedily accede to all the propositions for liberalizing Venice which the popular temper seemed to demand. Such were the terror and disorganization of the aristocracy that instead of punishing the intrusion by death, according to the traditions of their merciless procedure, they took measures to carry out the suggestion. The fleet was dismantled, and the army disbanded. By the end of the month the revolution was virtually accomplished; for a rising of their supporters having been mistaken by the Great Council, in its pusillanimous terror, for a rebellion of their antagonists, they decreed the abolition of all existing institutions, and, after hastily organizing a provisional government, disbanded. Four thousand French soldiers occupied the town, and an ostensible treaty was made between the new republic of Venice and that of France.

This treaty was really nothing but a pronunciamento of Bonaparte. He decreed a general amnesty to all offenders except the commanders of Fort Luco, who had recently fired on the French vessel. He also guaranteed the public debt, and promised to occupy the city only as long as the public order required it. By a series of secret articles Venice was to accept the stipulations of Leoben in regard to territory, pay an indemnity of six million francs, and furnish three ships of the line and two frigates, while, in pursuance of the general policy of the French republic, experts were to select twenty pictures from her galleries, and five hundred manuscripts from her libraries. Whatever was the understanding of those who signed these crushing conditions, the city was never again treated by any European power as an independent state. Soon afterward a French expedition was



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. AFTER THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF THE MARQUIS DES ROYS.

LOUIS-LAZARE HOCHE.

despatched to occupy her island possessions in the Levant. The arrangements had been carefully prepared during the very time when the provisional government believed itself to be paying the price of its new liberties. And earlier still,—on May 27, three days before the abdication of the aristocracy,— Bonaparte had already offered to Austria the entire republic in its proposed form as an exchange for the German lands on the left bank of the Rhine.

Writing to the Directory on that day, he declared that Venice, which had been in a decline ever since "the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope and the rise of Trieste and Ancona, can with difficulty survive the blows we have just given her. This miserable, cowardly people, unfit for liberty, and without land or water—it seems natural to me that we should hand them over to those who have received their mainland from us. We shall take all their ships, we shall despoil their arsenal, we shall remove all their cannon, we shall wreck their bank, we shall keep Corfu and Ancona for ourselves." On the 26th a letter to his "friends" of the Venetian provisional government had assured them that he would do all in his power to confirm their liberties, and that he earnestly desired that Italy, "now covered with glory, and free from every foreign influence, should again appear on the world's stage, and assert among the great powers that station to which by nature, position, and destiny it was entitled." Ordinary minds cannot grasp the guile and daring which seem to have prearranged and foreseen all the conditions necessary to plans which for double-dealing transcended the conceptions of men even in that age of duplicity and selfishness.

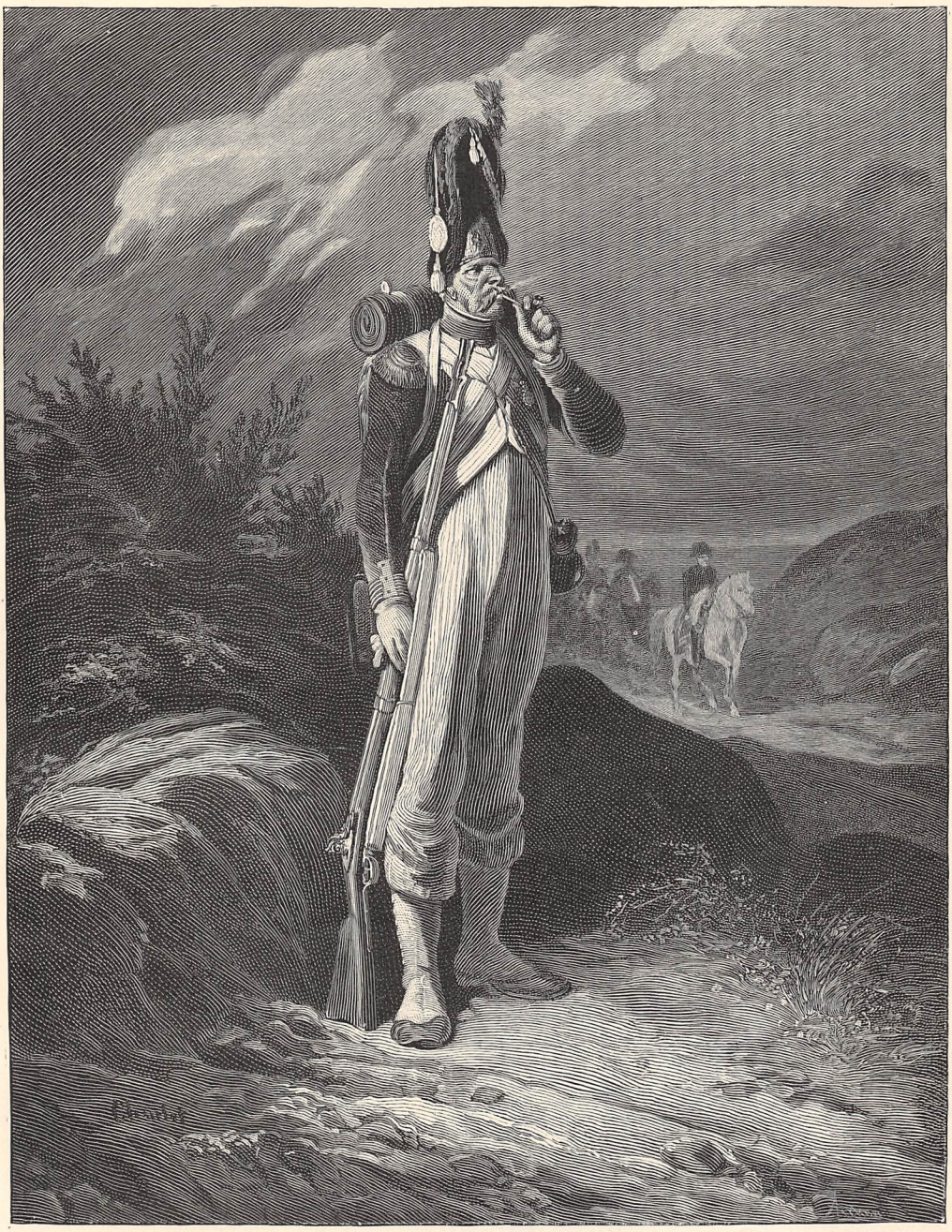
Not far from Milan, on a gentle rise, stands the famous villa, or country-seat, of Montebello. Its windows command a scene of rare beauty: on one side, in the distance, the mighty

Alps, with their peaks of never-melting ice and snow; on the other three the almost voluptuous beauty of the fertile plains; while in the near foreground lies the great capital of Lombardy, with its splendid industries, its stores of art, and its crowded spires hoary with antiquity. Within easy reach are the exquisite scenes of an enchanted region — that of the Italian lakes. To this lordly residence Bonaparte withdrew. His summer's task was to be the pacification of Europe, and the consolidation of his own power in Italy, in France, and northward beyond the Alps. The two objects went hand in hand. From Austria, from Rome, from Naples, from Turin, from Parma, from Switzerland, and even from the minor German principalities whose fate hung on the rearrangement of German lands to be made at the Congress of the Empire, agents of every kind, both military and diplomatic, both secret and accredited, flocked to the seat of power. Expresses came and went in all directions, while humble suitors vied with one another in homage to the risen sun.

The uses of rigid etiquette were well understood by Bonaparte. He appreciated the dazzling power of ceremony, the fascination of condescension, and the mastery of woman in the conduct of affairs. All such influences he lavished with a profusion which could have been conceived only by an Oriental imagination. As if to overpower the senses by an impressive contrast, and symbolize the triumph of that dominant Third Estate of which he claimed to be the champion against aristocrats, princes, kings, and emperors, the simplicity of the Revolution was personified and emphasized in his own form. His ostentatious frugality, his disdain for dress, his contempt for personal wealth and its outward signs, were all heightened by the setting which inclosed them, as a frame of brilliants often heightens the character in the portrait of a homely face.

Meantime England was not a passive spectator of events in Italy. At the close of 1796 Pitt's administration was in great straits, for the Tories who supported him were angered by his lack of success, and the Whig opposition was correspondingly jubilant and daily growing stronger. The navy had been able to preserve appearances, but that was all. There was urgent need for reform in tactics, in administration, and in equipment. France had made some progress in all these directions, and, in spite of English assistance, both the Vendean and the Chouan insurrections had, to all appearance, been forever crushed. Subsequently a powerful expedition under Hoche was equipped and held in readiness to sail for Ireland, there to organize rebellion, and give England a draught from her own cup. It was clear that the Whigs would score a triumph at the coming elections if something were not done. Accordingly Pitt determined to open negotiations for peace with the Directory. As his agent he unwisely chose Malmesbury, a representative aristocrat, who had distinguished himself as a diplomatist in Holland by organizing the Orange party to sustain the Prussian arms against the rising democracy of that country. Moreover, the envoy was an ultra-conservative in his views of the French Revolution, and, believing that there was no room in western Europe for his own country and her great rival, thought there could be no peace until France was destroyed. Burke sneered that he had gone to Paris on his knees. He was received of course with distrust, and many believed his real errand to be the reorganization of a royalist party in France. Moreover, Delacroix, minister of foreign affairs, was a narrow, shallow, and conceited man, unable either to meet an adroit and experienced negotiator on his own ground, or to prepare new forms of diplomatic combat, as Bonaparte had done. The English proposition was that Great Britain would give up all the French colonial possessions she had seized during the war provided the republic would abandon Belgium. It is well to recall in this connection that the free navigation of the Scheldt has ever been an object of the highest importance to England: the establishment of a strong, hostile maritime power in harbors like those of the Netherlands would menace, if not destroy, the British carrying-trade with central and northern Europe. The reply of the Directory was that their fundamental law forbade the consideration of such a point; and when Malmesbury persisted in his offer, he was given forty-eight hours to leave the country. Hoche was at once despatched to Ireland; but wind and waves were adverse, and he returned to replace Jourdan in command of one of the Rhine armies, the latter having been disgraced for his failures in Germany.

The Directory, with an eye single to the consolidation of the republic, cared little for Lombardy, and much for Belgium with the Rhine frontier. The Austrian minister cared little for the distant provinces of the empire, and everything for its territorial consolidation near by. The successes of 1796 had secured to France treaties with Prussia, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, and the two circles of Swabia and Franconia, whereby these powers consented to abandon the control of all lands on the left bank of the Rhine hitherto belonging to them or to the Germanic body. As a consequence the goal of the Directory could therefore be reached by Austria's help, and Austria appeared willing. The only question was, Would France restore the Milanese? Carnot was emphatic in the expression of his opinion that she must, and his col-



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY NICOLAS TOUSSAINT CHARLET, IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

A GRENADIER.

leagues assented. Accordingly, Bonaparte was warned that no expectations of emancipation must be awakened in the Italian peoples. But such a notion was out of the question, for the directors could neither support their general with reinforcements, nor pay his troops. It had been only in the rôle of a liberator that Bonaparte had been able both to cajole and to conquer Italy, in order not only to sustain and arm his soldiers, but to pour treasures into Paris. It was for this reason that he saw himself compelled to overthrow Venice, and hold it as a substitute for Lombardy in the coming trade with Austria. But the directors either could not or would not at that time enter into his plans, and refused to comprehend the situation.

With doubtful good sense they therefore determined in November, 1796, to send an agent of their own to Vienna. They chose General Clarke, a man of honest purpose, but very moderate ability. He must of course have a previous understanding with Bonaparte, and to that end he journeyed by way of Italy. He was kindly received, but was entirely befooled by his subtle host, who detained him by idle suggestions until after the fall of Mantua, when to his amazement he received instructions from Paris to make no proposition of any kind without Bonaparte's consent. Then followed the death of Catherine, which left Austria with no ally, and all the subsequent events to the eve of Leoben. Thugut wanted no Jacobin agitator at Vienna, and informed Clarke that he must not come thither, but might reach a diplomatic understanding with the Austrian minister at Turin, if he could. He was thus comfortably banished from the seat of war during the closing scenes of the campaign, and to Bonaparte's satisfaction could not of course reach Leoben in time to conclude the preliminaries as the accredited agent of the republic. But he was henceforth to be associated with Bonaparte in arranging the final terms of peace; and to that end he came of course to Milan.

The court at Montebello was not a mere levee of men. There was as well an assemblage of brilliant women, of whom the presiding genius was Mme. Bonaparte. Love, doubt, decision, marriage, separation, had been the rapidly succeeding incidents of her connection with Bonaparte in Paris. Though she had made ardent professions of devotion to her husband, the marriage vow seems to have sat but lightly on her in the early days of their separation. Her husband appears to have been for a short time more constant, but, convinced of her fickleness, to have become as unfaithful as she. And yet the complexity of emotions — ambition, self-interest, and physical attraction — which seems to have been present in both, although in widely different degree, sustained something like genuine ardor in the husband, and an affection sincere enough often to awaken jealousy in the wife. The news of Bonaparte's successive victories in Italy made his wife a heroine in Paris. In all the salons of the capital, from that of the directors at the Luxembourg downward through those of her more aristocratic but less powerful acquaintances, she was fêted and caressed. As early as April, 1796, came the first summons of her husband to join him in Italy. Friends explained to her willing ears that it was not a French custom for the wives of generals to join the camp-train, and she refused. Resistance but served to rouse the passions of the young conqueror, and his fiery love-letters reached Paris by every courier. Josephine, however, remained unmoved; for the traditions of her admirers, to whom she showed them, made light of a conjugal affection such as that. She was flattered, but, as during the courtship, slightly frightened by such addresses.

In due time there were symptoms which appeared to be those of pregnancy. On receipt of the news the prospective father could not contain himself for joy. The letter which he wrote, with others of his love-letters, has been preserved. It was written from Tortona, on June 15, 1796. Life is but a vain show because at such an hour he is absent from her. His passion had clouded his faculties, but if she is in pain he will leave at any hazard for her side. Without appetite, and sleepless; without thought of friends, glory, or country, all the world is annihilated for him except herself. "I care for honor because you do, for victory because it gratifies you, otherwise I would have left all else to throw myself at your feet. Dear friend, be sure and say you are persuaded that I love you above all that can be imagined — persuaded that every moment of my time is consecrated to you; that never an hour passes without thought of you; that it never occurred to me to think of another woman; that they are all in my eyes without grace, without beauty, without wit; that you — you alone as I see you, as you are — could please and absorb all the faculties of my soul; that you have fathomed all its depths; that my heart has no fold unopened to you, no thoughts which are not subject [*subordonées*] to you; that my strength, my arms, my mind, are all yours; that my soul is in your form, and that the day you change, or the day you cease to live, will be that of my death; that nature, the earth, is lovely in my eyes only because you dwell within it. If you do not believe all this, if your soul is not persuaded, saturated, you distress me, you do not love me. Between those who love is a magnetic bond. You know that I could never see you with a lover, much less endure your having one

[*t'en souffrir un*]: to see him and to tear out his heart would for me be one and the same thing; and then, could I, I would lay violent hands on your sacred person. . . . No, I would never dare, but I would leave a world where that which is most virtuous had deceived me. I am confident and proud of your love. Misfortunes are trials which mutually develop the strength of our passion. A child lovely as its mother is to see the light in your arms. Wretch that I am, a single day would satisfy me! A thousand kisses on your eyes, on your lips. Adorable woman, what a power you have! I am sick with your disease; besides, I have a burning fever. Keep the courier but six hours, and let him return at once, bringing to me the darling letter of my queen."

At length, in June, when the first great victories had been won, when the symptoms of motherhood proved to be spurious and disappeared, when honors like those of a sovereign were awaiting her in Italy, Mme. Bonaparte decided to tear herself away from the circle of her friends in Paris, and to yield to the ever more urgent pleadings of her husband. Traveling under Junot's care, she reached Milan early in July, to find the general no longer an adventurer, but the successful dictator of a people, courted by princes and kings, adored by the masses, and the arbiter of nations. Rising, apparently without an effort, to the height of the occasion, she began and continued throughout the year to rival in her social conquests the victories of her husband in the field. Where he was Caius, she was Caia. High-born dames sought her favor, and nobles bowed low to win her support. At times she actually braved the dangers of insurrection and the battle-field. Her presence in their capital was used to soothe the exasperated Venetians. To gratify her spouse's ardor, she journeyed to many cities, and by a mild sympathy moderated somewhat the wild ambitions which the scenes and character of his successes awakened in his mind. The heroes and poets of Rome had moved upon that same stage. To his consort the new Cæsar unveiled the visions of his heated imagination, explained sensations aroused in him by their shadowy presence, unfolded his schemes of emulation. Of such purposes the court held during the summer at Montebello was but the natural outcome. Its historic influence was incalculable: on one hand, by the prestige it gave in negotiation to the central figure, and by the chance it afforded to fix and crystallize the indefinite visions of the hour; on the other, by rendering memorable the celebration of the national fête on July 14, 1797, an event arranged for political purposes, and so dazzling as to fix in the army the intense and complete devotion to their leader which made possible the next epoch in his career.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

LUCINDA.

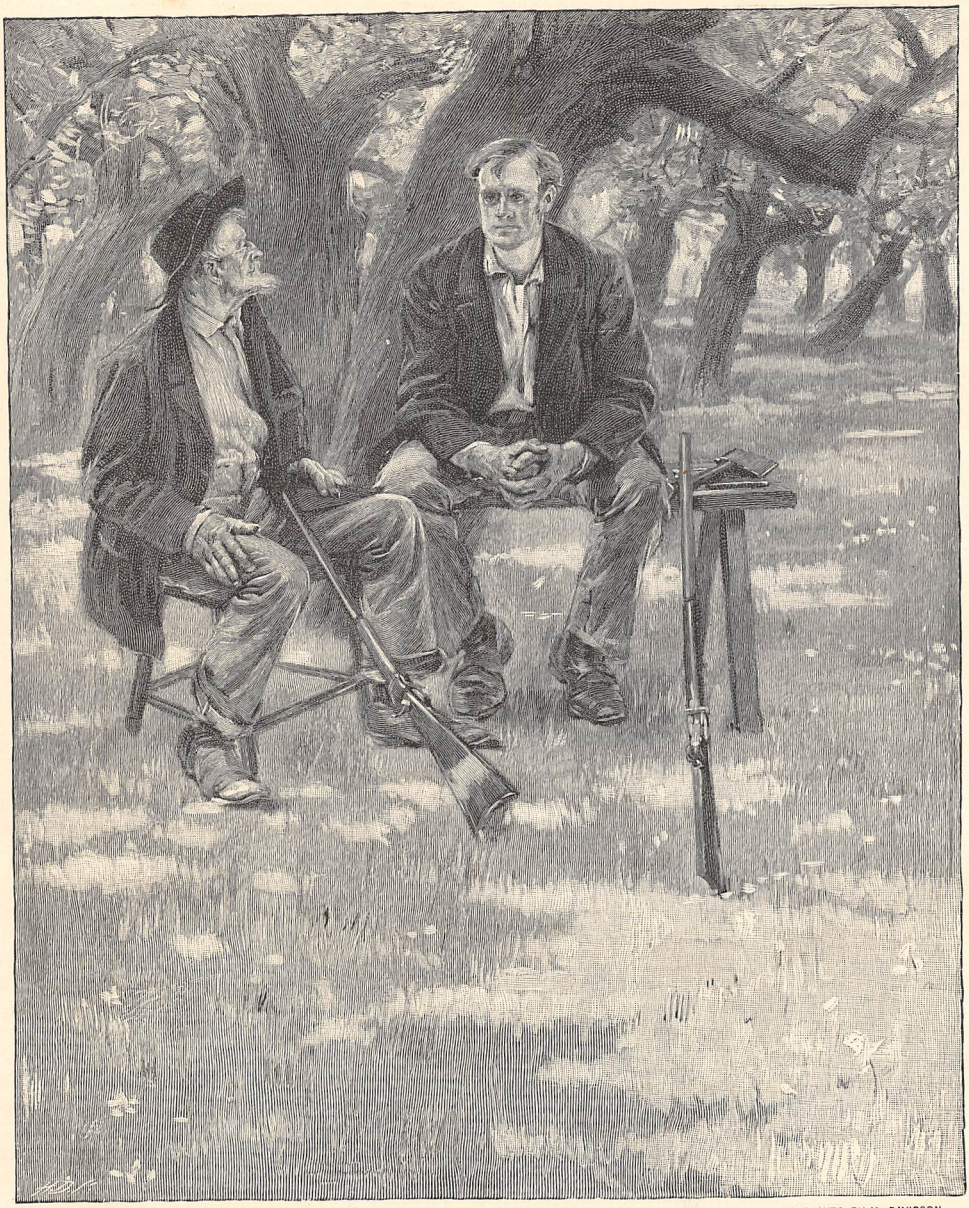
WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.



I.

CARR'S Mill stood opposite that point where the Squeeter and Somerdale roads met and crossed. Whichever of those roads you took, making for Carr's Mill, you had ten or fifteen miles of unbroken forest to go through, until, as you began to descend toward the mill, you saw it lying beneath you, in the midst of green meadows. Through these green meadows the Big Swift flowed placidly.

Next to the mill stood Brown's store. The mill was old and ramshackle, and leaned perilously; moss grew on its roof; and the dust of the flour, whitening it everywhere, gave a look of soft and withered age which brought it into fine contrast with Brown's store. The latter was of new pine boards, and looked spick and span, and even jaunty. You expected to see Brown step prosperously out, with his hands in his pockets, whistling a waltz; but when Brown stepped out it was otherwise, for he was thin and pale and dejected: he seemed to have undergone premature dry-rot, and there exhaled from him a faint odor of staleness, much as if he had been born and reared under the glass case with his own candies. When he walked he fell forward, first upon one spindle leg and then upon the other; when he sat down it was a kind of general collapse; and except when he added up figures, which he did easily, seeming almost to take a kind of pleasure in stating "results," he had an ineffectual, heartless way of producing his voice



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"'I WAS RIGHTLY MAD.'"

and his ideas. Mr. Brown came originally from "old" Virginia, and would have liked to return there; but somehow or other he had got stranded in this remote quarter of the West Virginia forests, and here he complainingly remained. Amri Carr, who worked the aged and groaning structure called by his name, was a weighty, rubicund, jovial body, with a roll in his gait and in his voice, and a way of puffing his cheeks out and blowing after each separate sentence, as if his ideas were a fleet of ships which he sent out toward you, and which he then followed up and sped on with a hearty breeze from his own lips. Carr had a wife and eleven children. His "house," a log cabin like all the other domiciles of the locality except Brown's board store, stood a half-mile below the mill.

Mr. Brown reclined on his store steps. Below him sat Captain Dan Crossby. The rumble of the mill and the warm sunshine predisposed to silence, and silence was strictly observed till a man on a black mule rode up to the store, and, without dismounting, handed

down to the storekeeper a bag of meal. It was payment in kind, for no one had money in that district.

The man on the mule was a thick-set, powerful, red-faced fellow of about forty; his jaw and cheeks were covered with short, black stubble, and his eyes were bloodshot and restless.

"Thank you, Mr. Stott," said the storekeeper. "Thank you. Come again; do. How 's your folks? Well or —"

Mr. Brown's voice died feebly away.

Mr. Stott said his sister Sarah was ailing, but the chaps — meaning his three little girls — they were well enough; and rode off up the road.

After the lapse of about five minutes, Captain Crossby spoke to the storekeeper.

"I do everlastingly have no belief in that Hiram Stott."

"No?" said Mr. Brown.

"And he knows it," continued Captain Crossby.

"Yes?" said Mr. Brown.

"And I 'm not feelin' hurt any that he does," continued the captain.

"Ain't you?" said the storekeeper.

Silence settled down again.

"What in the world Alfred Bannerman ever undertook to marry with that Carr girl for, that 's what worries me to see into. Can you see into that?" inquired Captain Crossby, as if this question and his former statements of his feelings were in some way relevant and connected.

Mr. Brown avouched that he could see into nothing very far; but with some feeling that this was rather weak of him, he said with a spasmodic effort at sympathy:

"Don't it — add up — to you?"

Captain Crossby was not much concerned with sums in addition, and made no reply, but continued, with his eyes on the lessening figure of Mr. Stott:

"You 'd better not fool about Alfred. If you fool about Alfred, the first thing you know he 'll be in attendance at your funeral."

Captain Crossby looked slowly around at Mr. Brown, and the latter shrank perceptibly from any idea of fooling with Alfred, in the light of such probabilities.

"Now, women 's women," continued Captain Crossby; "and a woman 's a mis'able thing at best; they 're always makin' trouble, and fussin' or cookin' up a fuss; and to marry a woman — hit 's no little matter. But to marry a woman that calls herself Carr!"

Captain Crossby shook his small gray head at this desperate idea.

"They 're a wild lot, you think, eh?" said Mr. Brown, tentatively, and as if he were treading on dangerous ground.

"Wild?" said Captain Crossby. "Wicked, I reckon; as wild and wicked as hawks; and I guess Alfred he wishes his wishes — I guess he does," said Captain Crossby, clearly meditating the sort of wishes he himself would be apt to wish under such circumstances.

"There 's Amri," he continued. "He said to Alfred, 'Alfred, tame her, or she 'll tame you!' I heard him say it the day Alfred wedded his daughter. And Alfred he just won't undertake the job."

The little old man rose, and proceeded home, pondering upon Alfred as he went.

"If Alfred's mother had fed him on snake-pizen, he 'd have turned it into milk and honey fust thing she knew! As for Hiram, he wants —" Captain Crossby closed his eyes entirely, and nodded his head slowly, as if possessed of the most intimate knowledge of Hiram's "wants"; and from the general expression of his face as he shuffled dustily along the road, one would have judged that he would have been by nothing more pleased than freely to give Hiram whatever thing it was that Hiram — always, however, in his (Captain Crossby's) estimation — wanted.

II.

THE next morning the captain saddled his horse, and rode up to see Alfred Bannerman.

Alfred lived twenty miles away. His farm was a new clearing — his own work — lying on the south side of the Highland Ridge. The log cabin was high up, almost on the summit of the great hill. Except the stable, a heavily built shed something ruder than the cabin, and a pig-pen, there was nothing else in the way of building. As further sign of life, there was the corn, growing meanly now, withered in its broad blades, and turning over; the plot where potatoes had not flourished by reason of drought; a brown, dull-looking field that had borne hay; and a small, neat garden of vegetables, chiefly cabbages. All around this open space, filled with stumps and, in the higher portions, with vast, silvery-white dead trees from which the bark had been stripped by wind and weather, and the limbs of which stood out strongly against the blue sky — all around this space of mountain farm lay the interminable woods, — maple and hickory and oak and poplar, turning now softly into yellow, — a wilderness of forest on all sides. Through these woods Captain Crossby came, for the Squeeter road turned east five miles from the mill, and the rest of the way was only a path, so called, visible to no mortal eye but a woodman's, and not infrequently baffling to him.

Captain Crossby tied his horse to a sapling. As he came round the corner, a tall, slim girl with blue eyes, and a good deal of brown hair tied loosely, her small head carried well back, as if she never cared about looking down, came out of the cabin with a pail in each hand. She had color, an easy erectness of carriage, bright eyes that were wide open and saw everything in a twinkling, and a light motion that seemed to carry her without her own will, or at least without the faintest conscious exercise of her will. And as she moved one would have said that every motion gave her pleasure, and that to put her hand to her head, as she was obliged quickly and continually to do, her hair falling, or rather bursting, out of its confinement of blue ribbon upon the slightest provocation,— that this, or any other slightest movement, whether of walking or bending down, or whatever it might be, was to her a positive and easy delight. And as she was a moving person, as well by necessity of work to be done as by nature, she appeared to be always in some state of special pleasure and exuberance of spirit. Captain Crossby greeted her. How was Mrs. Bannerman, and how was Alfred?

"I 'm glad to see you," said the girl—"oh, terrible glad! Alfred 's only so to middling, and I 'm just wretched, Uncle Dan."

Uncle Dan, thus addressed, melted with astonishing suddenness, considering his low estimate of female character, and, shaking her hand warmly for him, inquired what was her trouble.

"I guess I 'm my own best enemy," she said; "but it is lonely up here — oh, it is! It 's just dead water all the time, and nothin' seems to prosper except the baby; and nobody ever comes here — it might be the world's end for all we see. Now, you do need to see a few mortals, Uncle Dan; you do!"

The girl's eyes flashed earnestly as she smiled at the little silent, gray old man who stood looking at her with his head thrown back in a way peculiar to himself, as if he found that position easier to retain than it would be to lift his eyelids, and to keep them lifted. For generally these hung down over his eyes so far that it appeared he must be unable to see anything beyond his own boots; and though, as a fact, he saw more in a moment, without lifting his eyes, than do most men in an hour, however wide open their gaze may be, he still preferred, when he had a person to look at or into, to toss his head back, with his pointed gray beard thrown out at an angle in front, and his gray hair worked up by his hat into a kind of pyramid behind, and to look out keenly as now; and not seldom to shade his eyes with one hand while he gazed — an action which, with the exceeding clearness of his glance, gave to his scrutiny a penetration and purpose that most people winced under a little, and were apt to avoid.

But Dellah Lucinda was a Carr, and avoided nothing. She looked at him now, and laughed — a quick, merry, catching laugh that began and stopped suddenly, to go on again as suddenly and more unexpectedly than before.

"Uncle Dan, you look at me as if I was dangerous," said she, laughing again.

"P'r'aps you are," said Uncle Dan, showing an entire row of even white teeth behind his grizzled beard.

"Maybe I am," said the girl; "I hope so. I hate these tame cats! Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty!"

The girl leaned down, and called an imaginary kitten. The imaginary kitten (as was clear from the girl's actions and face) came running to the call, and was received, taken up, and stroked in the approved way.

"And kitty comes like that," continued Mrs. Bannerman, with sudden emphasis, "and is given her milk, and she purrs!" Mrs. Bannerman purred in a way that was astounding. "And she 's a good kitty." Her voice caressed the virtues of the "good kitty." "And I hate that sort of tame cat, and so do you, Uncle Dan. You do — you know you do!"

Uncle Dan scarcely smiled at this sudden burst, which Mrs. Bannerman accompanied by an action of both hands, tucking in recalcitrant locks, or rather masses, of hair, one strand of which had fallen out at each movement made toward or over the too tame kitten.

"And you know you 'd hate to be a woman," continued she; "and I do. And I 'd a great deal liefer be a-chasin' old he-bears up in the Big Pines, and to suffer and want up there, than to live" — she looked round in every direction, nodding her head at each object she saw — "like this."

Captain Crossby retained the same position of head and body, and looked from under his eyes at the girl before him with a kind of distant scrutiny. As she spoke she had grown more earnest, and her color came and went with surprising suddenness, so that there seemed to be never a moment when the light of her entire face was not either growing less bright and fading partly away, or increasing in brightness until, at times, there was a sudden overflow in all directions, and a wave of rosy fire passed over her neck. At such moments she seemed to tremble with the excitement of her own nature; but it passed away then, and left her radiant and alive, but less astonishing; and after each such climax and rush of emotion the girl generally laughed. Her laugh seemed to say that she had felt, as perhaps you had seen, that she was being carried off her feet, but that

that was over now — she had regained her footing.

"The fact is, Uncle Dan," said she, more composedly, "it 's duller than death up here, and twice as unnatural. We might be dead for who we see. You have it better at the mill; there 's life there."

Captain Crossby kept his gray eyes fixed upon Mrs. Bannerman.

"How 's Hiram?" said he.

"Hiram!" cried the girl. "What have I to do with Hiram?" She frowned slightly and suddenly at Captain Crossby. "I expect he 's well enough," she continued rather defiantly; "and if he ain't, let him mend it."

"Comes over pretty often," said Captain Crossby, stating the fact in his wisdom rather than asking the question.

"Oftener than he 's wanted," said Mrs. Bannerman; and she opened her eyes wide at the old man. "Alfred 's yonder; I must fill my pails."

Captain Crossby watched her go down the hill. She was not singing, but she seemed to be swinging the two pails to a kind of tune.

Alfred was sitting under an apple-tree in the orchard, putting a new lock on his rifle. It was an old-fashioned gun, a flint-lock, and stood as high as the man who used it. The greeting that passed was warm; for, despite their difference of age, the two men knew each other well: it was a quiet, unnamed friendship.

"You look sick," said Captain Crossby, after an examination of his friend's face.

"Out o' heart, Uncle Dan," said Alfred, looking up from his gun.

Alfred Bannerman stood six feet and odd in his stockings, and was broad and lean. He was not a very remarkable-looking person at first sight, or indeed at any after sight — or not, at least, until you had become aware of a serious, innocent pair of eyes in which the man as he was appeared to find some outward expression. In his long arms, his big hands and feet, his small head, with no great quantity of straight brown hair, his rather large nose, his stooping carriage and broad shoulders, there was nothing to note different from many other men. Neither were his eyes noticeable, save perhaps in this, that they remained serious while the rest of his face smiled. He was clean-shaven — that is to say, his jaw had felt the touch of razor about ten days before, and glistened now with a kind of straw-colored stubble of coming beard. It was a very good face, but it puzzled you in the very moment of discerning its goodness and composure; for if you saw Alfred smile, as he did now in looking up at Captain Crossby, and thought how gentle he would be with children, judging from the sweetness of his expression, you at the same time felt a little disturbed by this seriousness of his eyes. It was not easy, you felt, to prognosticate the actions of the man who had that innocence of outlook upon the world; not easy to forejudge how far, through what entanglements, unbiased by what complexities, that apparently profound sincerity would carry him.

"Out o' heart," he said, and smiled at Captain Crossby, who was standing up in front of him.

"What fer?" said the latter, leaning on his rifle.

"It 's just this way, Uncle Dan," continued Alfred, pushing his tools to one side. "When I married Lucinda, two years now agone, I told her what she had to expect: lonesomeness, and poor living compared to what her fawther gave her, and hard times, and whatever a woman has to endure; and she said she knew what she had to expect, and I guess she made a mistake."

Alfred looked inquiringly at Uncle Dan, but the latter had taken refuge in advance from all such looks by shutting up his left eye and gazing with his right down his rifle-barrel, in the circular darkness of which he appeared not infrequently to find immense reserves of mystery — as if at the bottom of that long tube lay the final knot and entanglement of poor humanity.

"I guess she made a mistake," said Alfred. "At her fawther's there was brothers and sisters and mother, and friends that came in, and they as wished to keep company with her; it was a road which brought travelers, and altogether it was a lively place where a young girl might enjoy her life — which she leaves for this and me."

Alfred looked helplessly at Uncle Dan; but as the old man continued to ponder down his gun-barrel, and gave no sign of sympathy for Lucinda's loss and exchange of all the goods and gaieties of a life situated on a road "for this" — Alfred had looked about him as he spoke — "and me," — he continued:

"And this season's drought has pretty nigh to ruinated me. Corn, hay, onions, potatoes — you know how it is — everything, to the bees even, is less or nothing, and it is the pinchiest time that I do ever remember."

Uncle Dan nodded his head slowly at this point, and Alfred continued in his slow, balanced way of speaking, as if the unhurried consideration of any subject in discussion, and of every side of such subject, and hence of every word that expressed or threw light upon it, was the natural and inevitable process of his mind. Be the subject what it might, Alfred approached it, and looked at it, handled and weighed it, with the same deliberate impartiality. When he spoke of the season being the pinchiest he had ever known, it was perfectly clear by the

intonation of his voice that he was being fair to the demands of all the other seasons to be considered more pinchy than this one.

"And it 's just this way, Uncle Dan," said Alfred: "she 's fallen to lonesomeness; and I wake up at night, and hear her crying and crying all in the dark; and then I try to comfort her — I try all I can. I tell her it won't last, and I tell her this and that; but you must have comfort for to comfort with. And it 's lonesome and poor and hard, and I 'm not enough for her, that 's the truth, Uncle Dan."

Alfred looked out over the hills and into the distance, as he was apt to do when trouble came upon him heavily. As he continued, there was a sincerity in the quiet of his manner, in his few simple gestures, and in every intonation of his voice, that would have prejudiced the minds of the dullest jury in his favor, even had the evidence against his truth been of the most final and conclusive kind.

"You may know it 's pinchy with us," said he, "when I say we killed Lucy two weeks back, on a Thursday."

Lucy was Alfred's pet hog, which Captain Crossby well knew, and accordingly compressed his lips, still gazing down the barrel of his gun, as much as to say, Has it come to this? Lucy had come into this world of men and pigs the same day and hour that Lucinda had plighted her troth to Alfred, and hence, at least in part, the regard entertained for her.

"Yes; we just had to eat her," said Alfred. "Lucinda loved that pig, and certainly she did Lucinda. Well, I said last July, 'We must kill her'; but Lucinda she said, 'No'; and when I mentioned it last month she burst right into tears, and cried that hard it 'most broke my heart. But last week I just said to her at morning-bite, 'Lucinda, I must do it to-day; it is n't right to feel too much about a pig.' So I took this old gun o' mine, and I went down to the pen yonder, and stepped into it, and Lucy-hog she came to me just like a child, and as trustful as a pig could be! Uncle Dan, it just cut me like a knife. I could not pat her, and I do assure you I was afraid to look her in the face. Well, I was doubtful if I could kill her the first shot, because, you see, this old gun o' mine it had a bad lock, and it might miss fire."

Uncle Dan assented, and Alfred went on with the same deliberation and choice of words, and in the same spirit of innocent and composed seriousness.

"But I could n't kill that pig with an ax — I just p'intedly could n't ha' done *that!* So I said nothin' to her, Uncle Dan, but I just up and pulled trigger, and it missed. I pulled again, and it missed again; and it kept on snapping and missing, and perhaps that shook me, or what not, for when it did go off rightly, it bored that pig right through the left ear. You never did hear such a squalling and yelling, and such a hoggish row — and she seemed to look at me sort of half suspicious! And at last she came running to me — me, with the old gun smoking in my hands! And I tell you, it went right to my heart. I threw my gun down, and I got that ax from outside, and I took it into that pen, and raised it — and it was done."

Alfred heaved a heavy sigh at the remembrance.

"When I came to my senses she was dead, and I saw this gun lying there. I took it up, and I thought, 'I 'll break you, so you 'll never play that trick again.' I got two stones, one big, one little, on the hill outside, and I laid the gun on the big one, and, then I thought to myself: 'No; the gun is as good as any other gun. It's innocent. It was the lock that missed fire, not the gun.' So I took the lock off, and I laid it on that stone, and I pounded and pounded that lock until I do not believe a man could have known it was, or ever had been, a lock. I was rightly mad; I was as much angered as I ever do remember to have been."

Captain Crossby threw his head back at the close of this recital, and smiled, showing his teeth, at the thought of Alfred "rightly mad." The latter smiled too, recognizing that there was to Uncle Dan a certain humor in the situation, which, however, was overborne for him by the tragedy and pathos of his affection for Lucy, and the disaster of his relations to her at the last.

"So," said he, meditatively, "we 're living on Lucy ever since."

The two men talked together for an hour or more, at the end of which time they had agreed to leave the next week for a two-months' hunt in the Big Pines. They hoped to kill two or three bear there, and twice as many deer. They could safely bring these back in the cold weather, and Alfred, with whatever else he might kill in the way of game nearer home, would be able to tide over the hard winter.

Captain Crossby was to have his half share. He would have gone with his young friend for less than that; for Alfred was a born hunter, and tilled the soil only because of the uncertainty in the returns of the chase; and this predilection of Alfred's for hunting drew Uncle Dan toward him mightily. Moreover, for some mysterious reason he considered Alfred Bannerman a "man," and seemed to find this a further and peculiar attraction in him. He himself had passed a quarter of his life's days in the deep woods, and was a bear-hunter or nothing. He knew their ways and methods, and he loved a bear, alive or dead, perhaps better than anything else on earth. He certainly respected them as he did

few men and no women. And this respect, intimacy, and knowledge of his accounted, no doubt, in the mystery of things, for a certain shuffling gait he himself had, a short, decisive grunt he sometimes gave out, and a general savageness, or at least surliness, of disposition, evinced particularly to those females most nearly related to him.

As the two men rose to go, Lucinda at the door calling them to supper, Hiram Stott came down the hill and through the orchard. He had walked over from his own place, a few miles distant.

"How d' ye, Mr. Bannerman? Stranger here, Captain Crossby. Hot? Yes, it is. Yes, it is hot."

Hiram wiped his sweaty red brow with his sleeve. Alfred spoke to him; but from Captain Crossby he got no answer other than his looks fixed upon him.

Hiram's little eyes shot about in their red lids from one to the other, and he tried very evidently to make himself agreeable. He informed Alfred he had come to borrow some medicine for his sister. She was ill, and Alfred's wife had the medicine: her mother, Mrs. Carr, had brewed it. Might he borrow the same?

Alfred said he 'd better get it. Hiram moved off uneasily. Captain Crossby's silence when he was about, and the fixed, quiet, rather dangerous attention he appeared to be giving him, embarrassed him, and heated his face. The thermometer seemed to Hiram to jump ten degrees whenever he was in Captain Crossby's presence.

As he turned his back on the two men now, his large, thick-skinned face was flushed with the heat of his walk, with this embarrassment, and with anger at it. He ran his hand through his black hair, and gave out a kind of low, discontented chuckle, as he thought to himself that it was a small matter, anyhow, what old Dan Crossby thought or did n't think of Hiram Stott.

"Alfred," said Uncle Dan, "I 'm just a-thinkin' that I don't care greatly about that man."

"He 's pretty poor of a man," said Alfred, "but he knows better than to let his poorness loose round here. I told him to his face — he obleeged me to do it, for he asked me my opinion — I told him that he ought to ha' been shot for killing Joe Rayner; and if not then, and for that, why, I told him he ought to have been shot for killing of John Allen. He fired up, and said he had n't killed no such man. I said he had put an ounce of lead into his spine; if that was killing, why then he killed him."

"They might have knowed he 'd marry the Allen woman," said Captain Crossby. "He wanted John Allen's wife, and he got her; and though I don't wish to take away any man's character, it 's just my notion edzackly that Hiram Stott ain't a safe man." Uncle Dan looked toward Alfred for corroboration, and then proceeded dryly and conclusively: "And it 's my opinion, too, that he 's a perfect hell-sop."

This was a favorite expression of Captain Crossby's, and signified his intense moral disapproval of the person concerned, not unmixed with a strong natural antipathy; and it might be supposed to imply that, at least in Captain Crossby's opinion, the said party had soaked up all possible depravity from the region noted in the first syllable.

The sun had sunk, and the pleasant, cool shadow of the evening had fallen on and over everything. Supper was done. Hiram was still there. Alfred had asked him in "for a bite," and he had stayed on, despite his sense of Captain Crossby's disapproval, and indeed partly in consequence of it. He felt it was necessary for him to show Dan Crossby that he was n't to be put down. When he rose to go, he asked Alfred to bring his wife over to see his sister Sarah: he thought Mrs. Bannerman would cheer her up. Mrs. Bannerman said at once that unless his sister Sarah was sick to death she could n't go; she had her husband and child, and could n't leave them.

Hiram made no response, but, shouldering his rifle, gave them good night, and rolled out of the house. Presently, the door being open, they all heard Hiram call back, "If you 're any way afraid of anything, Mrs. Bannerman, don't come." Lucinda flushed, and cried out, "Afraid o' what?" As Hiram moved up the hill, Captain Crossby went out of the cabin, and heard him gruffly chuckling to himself in the dark.

When Captain Crossby had turned into one of the two beds in the single room which composed the entire "house," Alfred and Lucinda went outside to talk. He told her of the plan for the hunt in the Big Pines, and further explained that Uncle Dan's brother would come up once a week and look after her during his absence, and that he meant to ask Lucinda's father to let her younger brother Bob stay awhile.

As he spoke, Lucinda walked away, and stood with her back toward him.

"Where are you going?" said Alfred.

"I 'm just sick and crazy with bein' alone," replied his wife. "And I just hate my life, anyway."

Alfred sat down on a stump, and took the girl on his lap gently, and kissed her.

"It will all go better when I get back, Lucy," said he; "I promise you, it certainly will."

"Never!" said Lucinda, with a wild rising inflection and a sob, and then burst into tears.

"Alfred," she said, when the first heaviness of the storm was over, "I just ain't fit to live, and you 're that good to me it makes it worse."

III.

NEXT week Alfred and Captain Crossby made their start for the Big Pines. As they went down the hill in Indian file,—two mules and half a dozen dogs, followed by the men with their long rifles,— Lucinda stood at the door to watch, the tears of parting in her eyes. She mounted a stump to see them ford the Little Swift below, her dress fluttering in the breeze, her hair loose, her eyes bright, and her color coming and going, as she blew kiss after kiss to her husband. When they were gone, she sat down on the stump, and cried bitterly.

Perhaps no one knew how lonely Lucinda was even before Alfred's departure. She was not only that, but discontented and unhappy and sore, and wanted she knew not what. If Alfred was more than usually tender to her, it made matters worse. "If he 'd only beat me and beat me!" she would say to her baby, who replied by a gurgle, and a fat fist waved in the air. But Lucinda had at heart — it had not come there suddenly, it had grown — a sense of some deficiency in Alfred's nature. She expressed it to herself by desiring that he would "beat her"; it seemed as if he was too gentle, as if he lacked a certain positive quality, a harshness, or roughness, or what not, that would make life easier. She wondered at times if he would avenge an insult: if he had had a sister betrayed, would he, like Lick Hernshaw, "take into" the woods after the betrayer, and shoot him dead three weeks later as he was watering his horses in the Red Deer Fork? She was not certain that he would. And now that Alfred was gone, these thoughts and doubts, with a sense of the hardness of life, all came upon her with redoubled force and frequency. Her only means of driving them away was to sing, and sing she did. If any one had passed between the hours of dawn and dark they might have heard her clear, high voice singing on the hilltop, in the solitude of the woods.

Captain Crossby's brother came up twice, and then was taken with a fever, and came no more. Bob was needed at home.

Hiram came down one day after the men left, and once again; then not for a week. On his third appearance he stated that sister Sarah was dead and "coffined up" and "buried under," and that that was the completion of her sufferings. He came every day for the next week, until Lucinda told him to stay away.

It was the day after that that the baby was taken ill. Lucinda was alone, without help. She saw the child grow worse and yet worse, and could do nothing for it. It was a severe ordeal, but of short duration: in less than four days her child died.

In the quiet that suddenly fell upon her with the cessation of the child's struggle for life, Lucinda preserved a kind of composure. She was silent; she set the cabin to rights; she attended to whatever necessary work she had neglected during the child's illness.

As she sat, at the close of the day, on the stump outside the cabin, her hands in her lap, she felt scarcely alive: a deadness had fallen upon her, a profound apathy of life. Her entire being lay, like her hands, passive, grasping nothing, without even the desire of grasping.

Hiram came late in the evening. She allowed him to enter the cabin, but she covered the face of the baby from him.

The next day he offered to dig the grave for her. Lucinda refused the offer at once. She would dig it herself, and went out to fetch pick and spade.

"Why," said he, as she returned, "you can't dig it: the ground 's frozen. Come along, now; I 'll pick the hole out. Grave 's a grave. What 's the difference to it who digs the dirt?"

"There 's some things I 'd a heap sooner be dead than see you to do," replied the girl in a low voice.

Hiram felt that he was nearing dangerous ground, but some spark of natural sympathy and desire to be helpful in such an exigency, combined in whatever degree with a determination which he had lately formed to make himself useful to the woman before him, impelled him further.

"Well, when you 've got the hole dug, I 'll bring it up to you, if you say so; and I can chuck the earth back for you."

"Don't you lay a finger on my baby to bring it up to me!"

Lucinda spoke with a gravity of manner and with an absence of quick emotion which, as Hiram was unused to it in her, startled him more than the most violent exclamation would have done. He looked sullen and confused, but made no answer.

"There 's some things you have nothin' to do with," continued Lucinda, looking at Hiram as if she despised him — "nothin' to do with, Alfred absent or not; and there 's things in this world that ain't fittin' to be done. You 'll let me to do as I say. It 's not your loss; and those that have lost, let them bury their loss, not another."

Lucinda went up the hill. She chose a spot under a tall pine where she herself had frequently sat with the baby. The ground was

hard, and the digging cost her labor. The afternoon was still and cold; but cold as it was, the girl was soon warmed with her work. As the hard surface was broken up and thrown out, the digging became easier, the grave grew deeper rapidly, and Lucinda was soon obliged to work inside of it. At a little before sunset it was completed. A heap of brown earth was thrown out on all sides; and Lucinda, standing up in the grave, could barely see the horizon, where the sun was setting coldly in a bank of dull red clouds. She looked up only to measure the depth to her satisfaction. Then she bent down again, and began to smooth with her hands the roughness of the clay bottom. She smoothed it as if it had been the clean sheet of some small bed which had become creased and rumpled; and as her hands moved lightly over it, the sweat from her forehead dropped on the loose earth.

The sun had gone down, and left the extent of winter forest, seen from the hill, lightless and cold-looking, when Lucinda began to go up the path with the child in her arms.

She laid it at the foot of the pine, where she had frequently rocked it to sleep. The same pillow she had used was under its head. It was after dark before she laid it in the grave she had prepared.

Hiram stood at the door of the cabin, and listened at intervals. He could hear no sound until, about an hour or two before midnight, as he judged, he caught the click of pick and spade again, and concluded that Lucinda was completing her work in the darkness. She came down to the cabin shortly after that, and threw herself upon the bed.

He knew that she had not slept at all the previous night, and guessed she could scarcely have got much sleep during the baby's illness. But now he saw her lying in her clothes on the bed opposite, sleeping profoundly. He reckoned she 'd come to herself if she slept enough.

Hiram was obliged to spend the next day at his own place, and did not see Lucinda again until the following morning. When he came down into the cabin, he was no less than astounded. For just so quiet and self-contained as she had been before the child's death and burial, just so wild and extravagant in her lack of self-control did she appear after these. She seemed to have buried with the child any care that she had for herself. She spoke little and, when she did, suddenly and with anger. But her gestures, her motions, the expression of her face, and everything she did, or the manner in which she left anything undone, expressed just such a spirit in her as would have induced her to seek rather than to avoid a blow or a cut, had these impended — almost such a spirit as would have made it a relief for her to be thrown into danger and violence, and to suffer from them.

While she was in this state, Hiram stayed at the cabin. He cooked, and did all the work there was to do, his eyes growing more bloodshot and his face redder with bending over the open fire.

Three weeks passed thus. The coldest days of winter were come, and the snow lay a foot deep along the ridge. It was a week past the date fixed for Alfred's return. Hiram had been obliged to spend two days at his home. On the evening of the third day he appeared with a sledge and a mule. The next morning, as Lucinda was splitting wood outside the cabin, he brought the mule and sledge to the door, took her heavy cloak from the peg inside, and, coming out with it, threw it over her shoulders. The girl looked at him defiantly.

"I know what you want," she cried out; "but you 're not going to have me!"

"Come on!" said Hiram, in as gentle and wheedling a tone as he could master. Lucinda laughed insultingly.

"Come on!" she repeated, imitating him. He drew his eyebrows together, but, laying a hand on hers, was about to say something flattering and sweet.

"Take it away!" said Lucinda, looking at the heavy hand covering her own.

"What 's the use of makin' believe?"—softening his voice as much as was possible for him, and, as a consequence, speaking in a kind of raspy whisper. "Don't you know that?"

"Take it away!" cried Lucinda, raising the ax she held in the other hand.

Hiram only clasped her hand more strongly. The girl swung her forearm back, and the ax, making a loose, wide circle, began to descend in such an arc as, fully described, would have slashed Hiram's wrist or hand, and not impossibly both his and the woman's beneath it. But in an instant the helve was caught close to the head, and swung out of the girl's grip.

"Cut and bite, eh?" said Hiram, in a voice quite natural to him. At the same moment he took her about the waist and under the knees, and set her down, all in one motion, on the sledge. Lucinda attempted to rise.

"You 're a-comin' home to me," said he, letting both his hands fall heavily from behind on her shoulders. Lucinda gave a cry of pain.

"Sit there, then!" he said warningly.

Lucinda's face was flushed, her eyes were blazing, and she looked dangerous enough; but she remained seated.

"You know what 'll come o' this?" cried she, in an excited voice.

Hiram laughed rudely. "Know? Know? Why, yes,"— with a sneer,—"nothin' 'll come of it."

"You can take me, for all I care," said the girl, bitterly. "Take me; it 's nothing to me, nor anything else on this earth."

Hiram started the mule, walking beside the sledge with the reins in one hand and his rifle in the other.

"But killin' 'll come of it," added Lucinda. "You better forego your bargain, Hiram Stott. I may be pretty enough, but I ain't worth your life to you."

The sledge was descending the hill, and the cabin was nearly out of sight.

"You 'll do," said Hiram, with a look at her. "I 'll be about when there 's killin'. What I want I gen'rally get," he added, with a laugh.

There was something too triumphant in the words, as in the short laugh that followed, and Lucinda half rose suddenly, and began to get off,— the sledge still in motion. Hiram let the reins fall on the snow, and trail; the mule walked on while he leaned over, and dropped the barrel of his rifle on Lucinda's hand, which had caught the upright of the sledge, and with which she was supporting her half-raised body, in the act of stepping from the sledge into the snow. The iron barrel fell heavily, the hand relaxed of itself from the shock, and the girl sank back. She then lay down, covering her face with her hands, but making no sound.

The distance from Alfred's cabin on the ridge to Hiram's, low down in a swampy ground and surrounded by a host of deadened trees, alder bushes, and laurel, was seven miles. As they arrived at the door Hiram said contemptuously:

"Alfred 's nothin'. He 's a sheep."

Lucinda, who had been for some time sitting upright and silent, went off suddenly into a passion of dry, agonized sobs. Hiram, fearing she might do herself some injury in the violence of the moment, knelt in the snow beside her, and laid his hand on her head to stroke her hair. She replied, with no intermission of convulsive sobbing, with a blow in the face too quick to be evaded.

"You may do what you will with me," she said, "but you can't do *that*. It 's not your business if I cry."

She got up from the sledge, and, stumbling in the soft snow as she walked, went into the cabin, still sobbing. The children had come to the door.

"That 's your new mother, chaps," said Hiram.

IV.

In another week Alfred and Captain Crossby came back, successful, from their hunt. The mules were loaded with bear's-meat and venison. There was enough for months.

As Alfred caught sight of his cabin on the hill, he felt as much pleasure in his return, as much buoyancy of spirit and hope for the future, as he had ever known in his life.

Captain Crossby stopped at the stable. Alfred walked quickly into the cabin, the door of which stood wide open. No one was there. He called his wife's name. As he did so, he saw that the fire was dead, and, looking about him, perceived that the room was in disorder. He went to the door. There were no fresh footsteps to and from the cabin. He noted the sledge-track, now a week old. It occurred to him that Lucinda had for some good reason left for the mill, and he went inside again to find any letter there might be there for him. On the bed-quilt was pinned a piece of yellow paper. Alfred read:

> Your woman 's come to live with me. Why 'd you leeve her to starve? The young one hit died.
>
> HIRAM STOTT.

Alfred sat down on the bed, the bit of yellow paper in his hand. Captain Crossby came in, and, seeing his friend's face, took the paper. The two men looked at each other. A flush of color appeared in the older man's wrinkled, smoke-begrimed face, but he said not a word. He turned to the chimney-place, and began kicking among the cold ashes on the hearth.

Alfred was silent a long time, sitting weakly, and apparently in a dazed state of mind, on the bed. Captain Crossby moved in and out, made a fire, unpacked the mules, cleaned his rifle and Alfred's, and cooked supper; all which time he said nothing, only now and again casting a side glance at Alfred.

After one of his momentary absences from the cabin he found the room empty when he returned. He put down the log he had on his shoulder, and went out, peering around in all directions for Alfred. It was dark. The old man had some vague fear in his mind, for he ran round the cabin, up the hill a short distance, and back, with astonishing speed, glancing quickly here and there, now stopping to listen, now bending down over the snow, and looking, in the suddenness and celerity of his movements, and in the way in which he bent down as he ran up the slippery hill-path, with his gray hair piled up on his small head and his eyes restlessly inquisitive, as unlike anything purely human as can be imagined wearing a shirt and boots. He presently heard the snow crunch behind the stable, and concluded that Alfred must be there. He stopped a few feet away. He could see pretty plainly, for the brilliance of the winter stars, mingled with the last radiance of twilight,— and the snow reflected whatever light there was. He saw Alfred standing in the shadow of the stable, with his face against the logs, his body moving, and apparently shaken with some strong emotion. He



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

"WITH THE CHILD IN HER ARMS."

heard a succession of dull, bumping sounds, and supposed he was kicking the logs. But at the same moment he saw him raise his hands, and once and again bring the closed fists with all his force against the wall of the stable. The old man ran forward, and, throwing himself upon his friend, forced him away from the building.

As he did so, he saw that his forehead was bleeding profusely.

"Have yourself! Have yourself!" said he, and gripped the man by both wrists. Alfred's hands, too, were wet with blood, and he was trembling as if in the violence of an ague-fit.

"Alfred!" said Captain Crossby, as if he would bring him to himself by calling his name to him. Alfred made no reply other than to continue breathing rapidly, as if after violent physical exertion, and trembling from head to foot.

Uncle Dan led him into the cabin.

"That 'll do!" he said with severity. He took a piece of rag, and, dipping it in water, sopped Alfred's bloody forehead and face. It was more bruised than cut by the force with which he had thrown himself against the logs. But he became gradually quieter, and in half an hour found himself eating the meal that had been cooked for him. When the older man had cleared up and washed the dishes, he threw a section of a tree on the fire, and drew his chair up to it. Alfred sat on the floor, with his back against the stone chimney-pillar, and his long legs out in front of him.

"Alfred," said the old man, leaning over, and taking one of Alfred's hands gently in his, an action probably as unusual with him as standing on his head would have been —"Alfred, I guess we know each other. It 's natural you should feel as you do." Uncle Dan spoke with something akin to a drawl, and in rather a high voice. "Now," he continued, "I 've been a-thinkin' this matter over, and hit 's just my opinion that we must go right down to Hiram — we must go right down to him; for I 've a notion that that man wants to be *settled*."

Alfred looked up at his friend sadly.

"Hiram has children, and they 're motherless," continued Captain Crossby; "but if he ain't settled and done with, he 'll bring about more motherless and more fatherless children, too, than he has himself twic't over. Now that 's what I conclude to be the case."

Alfred made no rejoinder. In a few minutes he threw himself on the bed. Captain Crossby heard him breathing irregularly and wakefully through the night.

The next morning, when they had eaten, he intimated that there never was a time like the present to do a just action. Should they go down and "settle" Hiram? Alfred was sitting in the doorway, with his head against the jamb, looking out into the distance.

"Uncle Dan," said he, "Hiram has done me grievous wrong. He 'd far better have taken my life from me than her I loved. But if we kill him, it throws her out on the mercy of the snow. I don't reckon her fawther will roof her now; assuredly she shall never come under my roof again."

Alfred paused, for something stopped his speech, and shook him violently. Then he continued more brokenly and more excitedly:

"I will not kill that man,— no, not howsoever I may want to do so,— for he 's her only chance now. But I have what I would like to say to him face to face."

Captain Crossby felt that a righteous vengeance was slipping from his grasp. It caused him unspeakable chagrin, but he agreed to go with Alfred merely to interview Hiram. The peace was to be kept.

It was a gray day, with a dense snow-fog, and everything dripping, the tree-trunks a few feet away obscure, and the distance at a hundred yards altogether lost.

They heard Hiram chopping. The strokes resounded dully. As they advanced farther, they saw the figure of the man himself, raising his ax and letting it fall regularly, his body, as it swung to and fro at the work, looming up indistinct and huge in the fog.

Captain Crossby called out. Hiram was seen promptly to seize his rifle and make the cover of a tree. From this refuge he would not hear of any parleying unless one of the two men left his weapon behind. Alfred leaned his gun against an oak.

As the two men confronted him, standing about ten feet distant, it was evident to both of them that he mistrusted their motives. Captain Crossby began the "business," as he called it, by stating that his young friend had somewhat to say to Hiram, and that he himself had merely come as a witness. Hiram replied in monosyllables, with evident distrust of every word spoken. His bloodshot eyes glanced restlessly from one to the other, and his fingers pattered constantly on his gun.

Alfred inquired first of the child's death, and received such answer as Hiram had to give. He then said without any further preface:

"Hiram, you have wronged me, and you know it; you have lied, and you know it. And it is not the first time you have done wrong or lied; for you are a wrong-doer and a liar from your birth to now, and you know that same to be true."

He stood looking into Hiram's angry, anxious, and not unastonished eyes with the same expression that he might have worn upon his face had he been telling a child of its naughti-

ness, and there was no other witness of strong emotion in his manner than a violent, quick twitching of his long fingers and a heightened color. Hiram appeared doubtful what to say or do in reply. This was plain language, to be sure; but as the man before him had left his rifle behind, it clearly could not be meant as an insult. Still, the words were not such as he was accustomed to hear, and he was about to reply in kind, as he conceived kind, when he glanced from Alfred's face to that of Captain Crossby. The distant scrutiny of the older man gave him a kind of cold shock. He felt as if Uncle Dan were sighting an imaginary rifle at him; for one of the latter's eyes was slightly closed, and the other had an open, observant look which Hiram felt to be disagreeable.

"If ye think ye can cuss me out," said Hiram, turning to Alfred, "ye are mistook."

"I 'm not a-cussin' any man," said the latter; "but I wish and I mean to say this, Mr. Stott, and I will say it clear: so long as you treat Lucinda Carr right, as a woman should be treated, you are free of me. I bear you a grudge, but I will do you no evil. I wish not to see you or her, and so far so good; but if you evil entreat her, or desert and leave her, I will hunt you down and surely kill you, if I can lay my hands upon you — which is all I have to say."

The man thus addressed was not a little surprised by the termination of Alfred's moral lecture. The latter's fingers were holding one another, intertwined tightly, and his eyes were wide open with excitement.

Hiram gave a short, gruff laugh.

"That all?" he said.

"You might just add this from me," said Uncle Dan. "You 're a man I don't completely respect, and there 's nothing on this earth would give me the same pleasure as a settlement with you; and if you leave that woman, I tell you p'intedly, I never will rest until I bury your body in the ground, for you 're a burden on it — now that 's just my idee edzackly."

Uncle Dan, who had hitherto been exceedingly grave in demeanor, and was sufficiently fierce in what he had just said, now threw his head back, and broke out with a silent laugh, showing the row of teeth behind his beard.

Hiram glanced darkly at him.

"Guess you 're both done, eh? Guess the meetin' 's adjourned, eh? Now suppose you two get off from my place."

He drew his gun into the crook of his elbow, as if he were quite ready to use it if not obeyed in this last injunction.

Uncle Dan suggested quietly to Alfred that he should return to the tree against which his rifle leaned, and cover his (Captain Crossby's) retreat; and as Alfred went back to execute this movement, the old man faced round upon Hiram once more. The two confronted each other in silence. When Alfred stood with his weapon in readiness, Captain Crossby, who had kept his eyes fixed steadily on the man before him, said warningly, "You remember!" and rejoined Alfred. Hiram watched them disappear in the fog. When they were out of sight, and as he turned toward his cabin, he seemed to be taken with passion. His face grew fiery red in a moment, the veins in his neck swelled, his eyes became redder with blood, and he rattled and knocked his teeth together, at the same time bursting out every few seconds in a short, guttural growl of a laugh: this throaty, hoarse sound, and the gnashing of his teeth, occurring at the same moment, sounded, a few feet away in the fog, as if a dog were worrying some animal, which in return was clapping its bloody teeth at him.

Alfred lived in his cabin alone, and salted down his venison and bear's-meat. He neither saw nor heard of Hiram or Lucinda.

There was a discussion of the affair at the mill. The general opinion was clearly that Mr. Bannerman should have removed Mr. Stott from the scene of his activities. If he had not, it was not their business. Mr. Brown was especially severe on Alfred. But the whole transaction seemed to him like some ghastly error in his accounts. There was something about it all that did n't add up — to him, so he averred.

It was reported later on that Lucinda took extraordinary pains with Hiram's "brats," but that she herself was careless and unkempt, and that she had lost her "countenance."

V.

It was a year after that when Hiram fell ill. Alfred first heard of it through Captain Crossby. The latter told him that Lucinda had walked all the way to the mill to ask her father for help, and that Amri had given her food for herself, as much as would do her two days, and a mule to carry her back to Hiram's, and had gone with her himself to within sight of the cabin; but farther he would n't go, and more food he would n't give; and he had said very plainly at parting, he being always a plain speaker, that he would feed Lucinda and roof her and affectionate her if she took to livin' and keepin' house with a catamount — it was n't wed-breach he minded, that was all in the way o' life; but as for Hiram and hisn, he 'd as soon feed a hole in hell as fill their empty stomachs. If they starved, it was God's own will, and a redemption at that.

With this sentiment every one at the mill agreed.

Alfred, as he returned from the mill the same day, wondered how Lucinda would make out to "do" for herself and the three children with Hiram ill. It was still warm weather; no doubt Hiram's cabin was well stocked.

About a week later Alfred had a restless night. The wind rose with the evening, and the sky foretold a heavy snow. Alfred dreamed confusedly, and woke repeatedly to hear the wind constantly increasing in violence. Toward dawn, in his dreams he saw Lucinda before him in deep snow, striving to lift some heavy object that lay before her, and which Alfred from his position could not see. He dreamed this picture twice. The third time he started up, for he seemed to hear his wife call, and saw her face with such distinctness that he was able to judge whether, as he had heard, she had "paled out." But in his dream she was rosier than ever. He made no effort to sleep again. However, as he sat alone before the fire, and listened to the wind roaring loudly outside, his thoughts came upon him troublous and thick. He felt beset with them, and in danger from them. For this there was a remedy. He took his ax from the corner, drew on his coat, and went out. The wind came from the north with a steady rush, and the snow, slanting down to the earth in a whirling mist of fine, dry flakes, was scurried away as soon as it had fallen, and piled into drifts behind whatever obstruction happened to lie as a break to the wind.

In the thick of the storm, and half blinded by the force with which the wind blew the fine flakes of snow against his eyes, Alfred set to work vigorously upon a tree at the edge of his clearing. After some hours of swinging his ax, the day grayed faintly through the falling snow; and the dangerous flood of his thoughts having passed away with the night and labor, Alfred returned to his cabin.

When he had cooked and eaten, he looked at the size and depth of the drifts outside, now first visible in the dawning light, and seemed suddenly to make up his mind.

In another hour's time he was striding through the woods, a pack of venison, bear's-meat, and corn-flour on his back.

He made his way down the ridge to the swamp where stood Hiram's cabin. As he came out of the thicket, he saw that the cabin was half snowed under on the north side; at the south the ground was bare. He knocked. There was no answer.

Again he knocked, and fancied he heard a groan. He entered cautiously, not without a fear of being shot in the back. The room was in the utmost disorder, and so hot from a fire of hickory logs that the panes were clouded; every conceivable article was scattered in every direction; and Hiram lay sprawling on the bed, under a dirty quilt of all the colors of the rainbow, groaning not much above a whisper.

"Hiram," said Alfred, softly.

The form of the sick man appeared to leap from his bed. He staggered among the bedclothes, and grasped for his rifle, which hung above his head along a rafter. Alfred instantly seized him by the shin, and the two men were rolling on the floor together as Lucinda entered, and gave a cry of horror, supposing that she saw a murder.

"Speak to him; he is n't hurt," said Alfred, sitting on the sick man's chest; and Lucinda making no answer, he repeated, "Speak to him; make him keep quiet."

"I can't quiet him," cried Lucinda; "he 's just crazy; he 's not in his senses; he 'll kill you if you let him up."

"Give me a rope," said Alfred; and with the rope thus obtained he bound the prostrate man, and laid him on the bed.

As he turned to Lucinda he now saw her for the first time in a year. She was changed. For not only was she standing there nervously catching at her dress with her fingers, a look of pain and confusion on her face, but she was also haggard. The color still burned in her sunken cheeks, but it looked almost unnatural now, and seemed, as Alfred regarded her, to flicker and waver, like the flame and light of a candle which had burned below the socket, and might presently go out, and leave her cold and wasted and as pale as wax forever after. There was about her expression, as she began to recover from her fright, something of a settled but none the less bitter self-contempt. The hair that she used to tie up with a ribbon was laced round now with a leather shoe-string, and looked knotted and tangled in its masses, while her dress was greasy, and slovenly put on. She looked at Alfred as if she feared him.

"What are you come for?" she said at length.

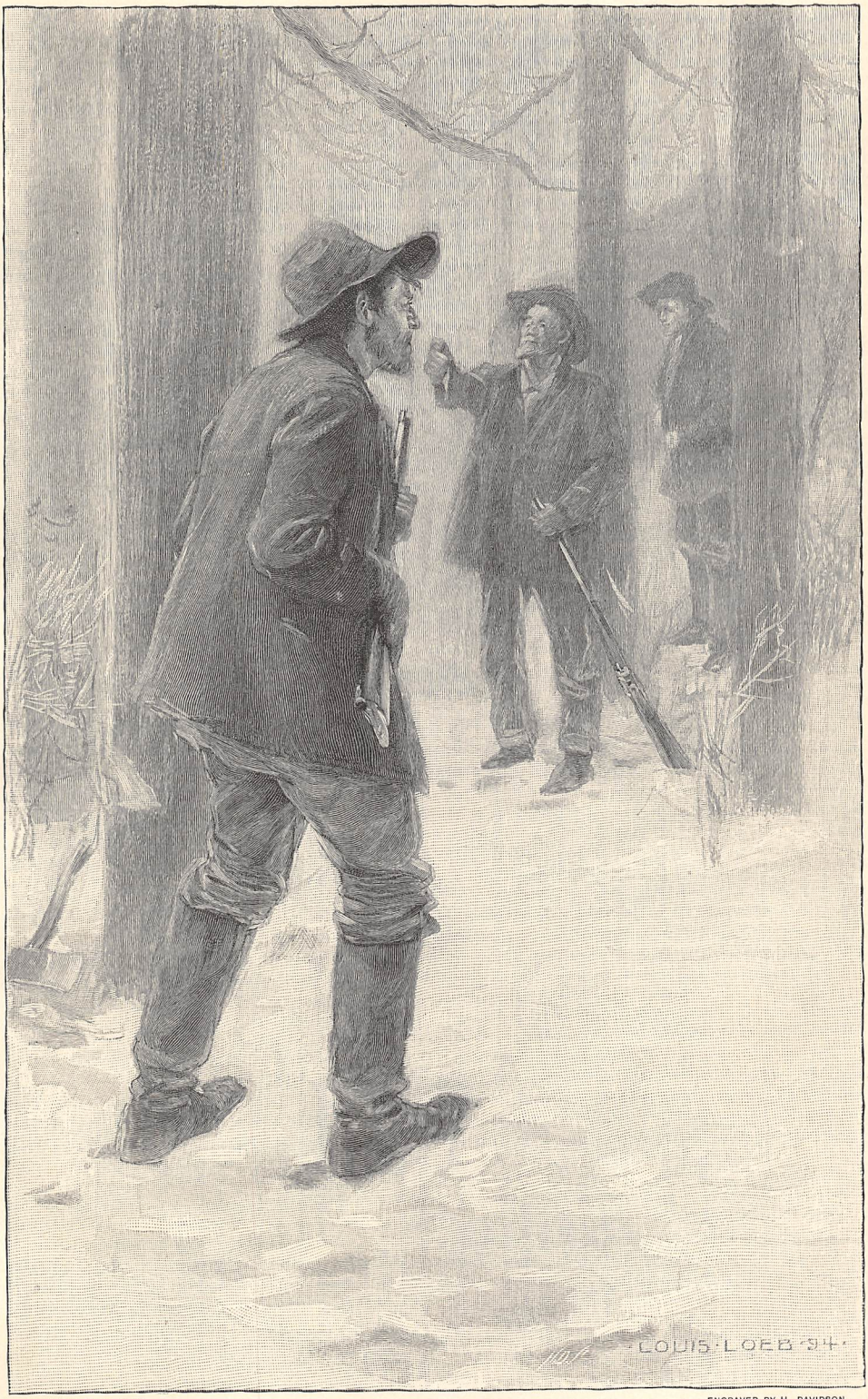
"I heard say he was sick, and could n't rightly do for you, and I judged that with last night's snow you 'd be hurried some to do for yourself, and for him down, and his children; so I came to bring that."

Alfred pointed to the pack on the floor.

The girl made no answer. Then she broke out suddenly, "You don't say you came to this house, and *me*, to bring food-stuff to *him?*"

"Seeing that he 's sick," said Alfred, "I did. I bring you both, and the children, what 'll keep hunger from the door."

Lucinda's eyes — the feature of her face that had changed least — were so bright, with such a questioning brightness, as she gazed at Alfred, that she seemed to desire to throw light from them into his hidden soul. What



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"'YOU REMEMBER!'"

he really meant, his way of feeling, was still dark to her; whether he was a "sheep," as Hiram had affirmed, a creature not to consider, without the natural passions of jealousy and anger, a coward, or whether there was something she had failed to get at behind that appearance of quiet, and the sad, innocent eyes that avoided hers — as to all this she had remained uncertain. But this present action of his seemed to confirm her suspicions.

"You have forgiven him and me, then?" inquired she, the color blazing into her cheeks.

Alfred raised his eyes full upon her. He seemed to wonder what her thoughts were. At length he said, with great calm, and appearing to rest deliberately on those words which expressed most deeply his feeling and conviction:

"Lucinda, I have brought you and him food; and as long as that man there" — nodding to where the fevered man lay bound upon the bedstead, tossing his head from side to side, and groaning — "as long as that man there is down, I will give him and you the use o' my hands."

"You have forgiven me!" cried Lucinda, and she began to laugh in a wild, reckless way. Alfred raised one of his long arms with a motion of deprecation.

"Lucinda, you are woeful mistaken. I have not forgiven you for your a-leaving me, and I never will. Let it, the'fore, be no solace to you that I am able to forgive your offense, for able to do so I am not; no, nor willing; and I tell you, face to face, word for word, and p'intedly, what to your own heart is well known, that you broke my life, and made it a poor thing and hopeless, with your a-leaving me. Yes, you made my life such as my sleep is the dearest thing in it; and not to think of you, hit 's the sweetest rest I can know. And though I bring you food-stuff, and though I will not stand by and see you to starve, nor his little ones, which are innocent, yet as I have a Maker, and as he looks on us two standing here, never will I forgive you for what you 've undertook to do — never!"

The girl looked at him at first with a kind of contemptuous astonishment, then with considerable uncertainty as to his meaning. Finally she said a little doubtfully, "I guess you 're good — you 're certainly good; but you ain't much of a man."

Alfred made no reply.

"You stayed away from me at the wrong time," continued Lucinda, with a sudden burst of emphasis. "Why in the world did n't you come home? It 's all very well to be good. I 'm not good. You were too easy and mild and soft, Alfred Bannerman; that 's your life's trouble. Why did n't you take me and just give me one?"

Lucinda, with her figure drawn up and her fist closed to make it clear to Alfred what kind of "one" she had desired him to give her, looked for a moment more like her former self than he had hitherto seen her.

"Just give me one — hit me — when I got the mopes and miserables. Not you — you were too mild. I 'll never forgive you that child's death — never!"

Alfred flushed, but made no reply; and the girl went on, with a short sob or two:

"Oh, it 's just as well as it is. He 's a man; he knows his own mind," pointing to Hiram, who had grown quiet now. "He don't waste any mildness, I guess — not on me. But he 's a man, anyhow, Alfred Bannerman, more 'n God made you; and that 's what 's ruined me; and I wish — if it was n't for the 'new one' — yes, I do! I do! I do!—" Lucinda broke into a passion of dry, angry sobs — "that I was dead and cold, and had no more to do with anything on this earth — nor anywhere!"

She turned her face from Alfred, and fell down on her knees, with her arms over something in the corner of the room, her body shaken and convulsed with a kind of wild grief.

"God have mercy on you," said Alfred — "on you and him and me!"

He heard a faint crying sound in the corner: it was the "new one" waking up. Alfred had not heard of the "new one" before, and now that he saw the cradle, with Lucinda still sobbing violently over it, and heard the voice of this child of his wife's, it seemed to him that something sacred had suddenly entered the house and made its presence felt. He looked at the man on the bed, and thought that perhaps now he would be true to Lucinda. He thought of his own dead child. The tears came suddenly into his eyes; he turned away, and went out of the cabin, and home.

He came every day after that, and did such work as Lucinda could ill do, chopping wood and the like; but he never spoke to her more than to bid her good morning or good night.

When Hiram began to recover, and saw Alfred working about the place, he asked himself if he, Hiram Stott, was a sane man. When he heard briefly, from Lucinda, why Alfred was there, he at once and finally concluded that Alfred was not a sane man.

VI.

As the spring drew on, Hiram recovered himself completely, and in June he took his three older children over to their uncle's in Case County. He made three trips, and carried a good many of his more important possessions with him. The last time he left the mules there. Lucinda was surprised; but she concluded that Hiram was tired of the "old place," and was going to try Case County. She was

willing to do the same. Her final conclusion about Alfred was that he was "queer"—the only judgment possible, be it said, when comprehension of motive fails; and further, that he was "mild," and "no great of a man." She thought of him often; and when she thought of their first days together, she was very apt to cry. But that was all desperately over. If he had only not been so "mild"! For Hiram her feeling was simple: he was this, or that, or what might be; but he was the father of the "new one," and when she had the "miserables" he gave her the mighty counter-irritant of blows. She never asked herself if she loved or had loved him; she simply saw in him the person who was her refuge from herself.

It was during the evening of a hot July day, when Alfred, successful enough this year in his farm work, was coming home down the Highland Ridge from salting cattle of his own, that he heard and then saw a man in the distance making toward him along the ridge. The man had a pack. It was Hiram. He eyed Alfred suspiciously as he passed, bending under his load, a rifle in one hand and his hat in the other, with which every now and then he wiped the sweat from his forehead. Neither spoke. But Hiram, once his back was presented to Alfred, kept his neck crooked round over his shoulder, looking after the other, who was walking straight ahead with his gun and an empty salt-bag in one hand. He had a shrewd suspicion that Alfred might turn suddenly and shoot. He even felt the spot in his back where the ball would hit; and fearing this, he stumbled heavily along, his head twisted over his shoulder, until Alfred was out of sight; then he hitched his pack up on his back, wiped the sweat from his face again with his hat, and made the sort of worrying, chuckling, hoarse sounds that were with him laughter and fullness of soul; and so passed on his way, feeling more infinitely pleased with and proud of himself, and more tickled by the smooth success of his scheme, than ever before in his life since the day he had shot Joe Rayner up an ash-tree.

As Alfred came swinging up to his cabin, Captain Crossby was sitting on the step. He looked grave.

"Have you heard the news of Hiram?" said he, abruptly.

"I just passed him," observed Alfred.

"Where?"

"On the Highland Ridge, going north."

"He has left Lucinda," said Captain Crossby.

"He has?" said Alfred.

"Has," replied his friend, briefly.

Alfred looked away across the wooded hills toward the sunset. His big eyes seemed suddenly as full of pity and distress as human eyes can be.

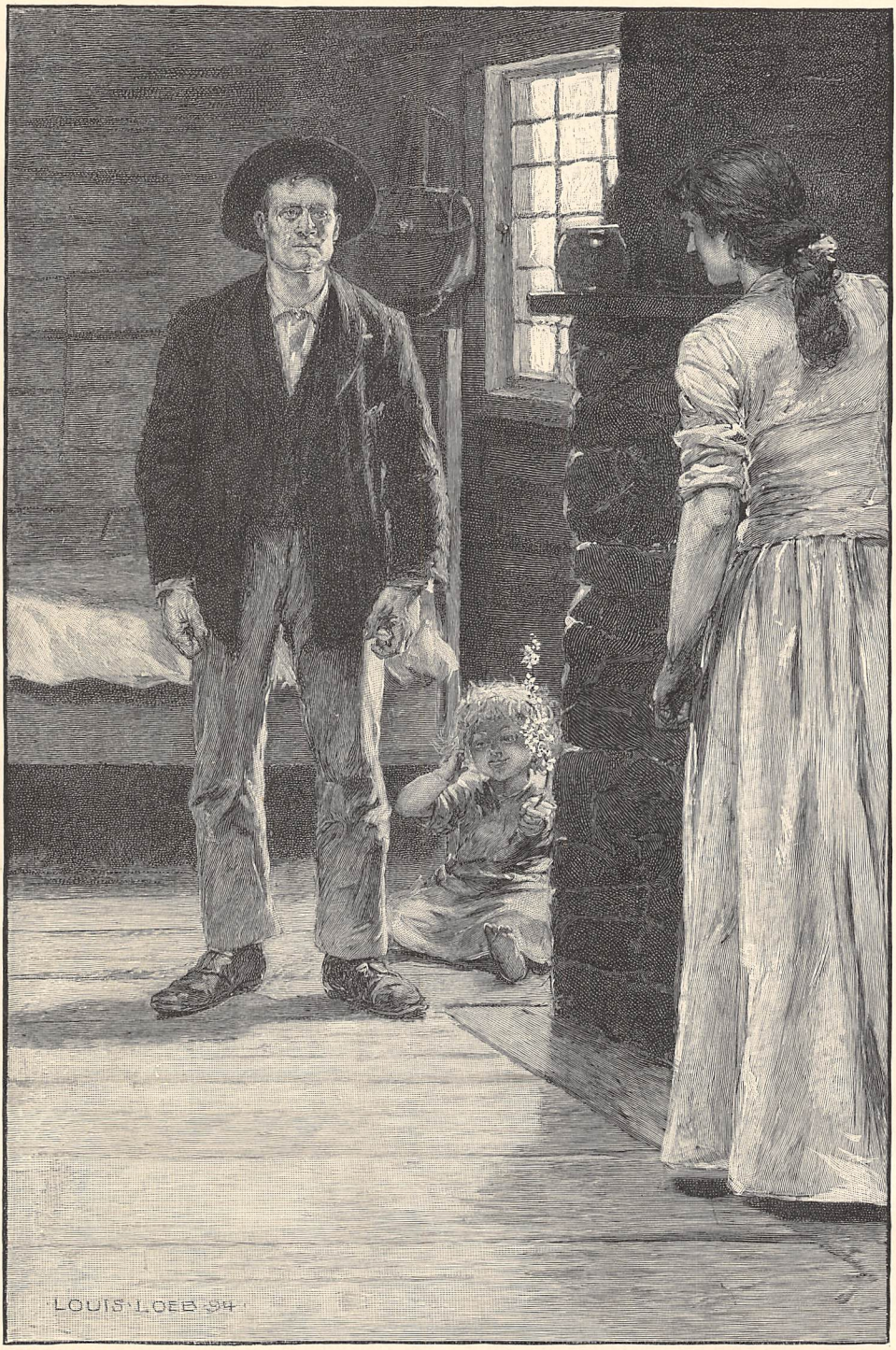
"Uncle Dan, I guess we must kill that man." Alfred spoke with his usual deliberation.

"Well, now, that's just my notion edzackly," returned the old man.

In a few minutes the two set out, taking ammunition and three days' rations. They kept together up the Highland Ridge, walking late into the night. The next morning they separated. Captain Crossby was to go along the ridge north, watching at daybreak and toward dark for Hiram's smoke. Alfred pursued the course of the Snake Branch. Hiram, whom they believed to be making for Case County, might have taken either trail. Toward evening of the second day Alfred saw broken twigs and footprints, and pressed on. It was afternoon of the following day, as he came cautiously around a turn in the little river, that he first saw the man he wished to kill. The Snake Branch was hemmed in by high mountains here, darkened on either side and overhung by tall pines and laurel; and thus darkened and overhung, it went noisily gushing down among stones and rocks. Alfred saw Hiram some few hundred paces away, jumping from stone to stone lightly under his heavy pack, and making pretty fast time. In a few minutes he was near enough, unseen of Hiram, to have shot him in the back. Instead, he called out. The man ahead started, and, disengaging himself from his pack with very considerable celerity, dropped behind a rock in a foot or two of water. Alfred was exposed, but he had little fear that his opponent would risk his single ball on him so long as he was in quick motion, and accordingly he splashed through the shallow water, and ran rapidly along the beach, thus in a few moments making a flank movement, and forcing the man behind the rock to disclose himself, which he did immediately, standing up, taking quick aim, and firing. The shot took effect. Alfred stopped, shaken with the sudden blow of a bullet scathing the flesh of his shoulder; but as Hiram turned to make the opposite bank, he leveled his rifle in turn, and fired. While the narrow and rocky gorge was still full of echoes, he heard a heavy splash, and as the smoke cleared away, floating down stream, he perceived the man lying in the water. He loaded, and then crossed to the spot. Hiram's rifle lay between the rocks, still smoking; the pack was some feet away in shallow water; and the man himself, as Alfred lugged him heavily out, was dead. He laid the body on a rock, and, standing in the water up to his knees, looked sadly at the man that had been his enemy.

"My friend, it had to be."

He had never called him his friend before,



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"'I AIN'T REGRETTIN' NOTHING.'"

and why he did so now he would scarcely have known had he thought of it.

"You made bad work when you were up and doin', and now you 're down and dead, and it 's a God blessing you are. I am sorry for you."

He said this, shaking his head, with the simplicity of grief, and as if indeed he regretted something he had always expected to regret.

"You 're dead, and it 's but right you should be. Now, that 's the truth."

Alfred made a fire on the bank, and cooked his evening meal. As his own corn-meal had given out, he opened Hiram's pack, and cooked and ate the dead man's. The dodger thus made gave him no qualms. Nor did he eat any the less that as he sat on the sand he could look across to where the setting sunlight fell on the face on the rock. Every now and then he shook his head and sighed, but said nothing.

He buried Hiram's body in the woods, and returned home.

Uncle Dan turned up three days afterward, and went the next morning to the mill to tell Amri Carr.

Alfred set out at the same time for Hiram's cabin. He found Lucinda pale, slovenly, and red-eyed with weeping. As he approached, she said, "Read that." It was a scrawl of charcoal on paper.

Before goin'. Bein' sick of you, I have left and gone. Alfred he 'll take you back.

HIRAM STOTT.

"I have made my mistake, and I must bide by it," said Lucinda, in a shrill voice. "Did you know this?"

"I did," replied Alfred.

"He told you?" Lucinda laughed dryly. "So you let him do what you said you would not let him do, eh? He always said you were a sheep, Alfred."

Alfred looked down at her pityingly.

"He 's dead," he said simply. "I shot him through the heart last Thursday, about sunset, in the Snake Branch. He had his chance, and put me one here,"—pointing to his shoulder,—"but he 's dead now. I came to take you to your fawther."

Lucinda was completely overcome with astonishment. She felt, and pretended to feel, no grief for Hiram. But she was astonished to that degree that she said nothing.

They started for Carr's Mill the next day. Alfred had loaned his mule, and as Hiram had taken his away a month ago, they were obliged to walk. Alfred carried the "new one" in its cradle on his shoulder. Lucinda came behind. As she saw Alfred walking along in front of her, the "new one" merrily gurgling at the tree-tops, clearly pleased with the mode of conveyance and the swaying and easy motion of it, she felt less sick at heart, less sore, than she had for months, but much more confused. She could not understand it. Alfred was so much smoke — a riddle to her of the darkest kind. She trudged wearily behind, and wondered, and thought of Hiram with pity, and hate, and almost love, and a strong dread of his being near about somewhere, and not dead at all. Amri Carr came out, and took Alfred by the hand. He had heard it all from Uncle Dan.

"Alfred Bannerman," said he, "hit 's a redemption! I 'll go down with you to Somerset to-morrow, and we 'll fix the sheriff. Oh, ho!"

Mr. Carr blew a mighty blast, as if in the act of clearing away all obstructions of a legal nature from his son-in-law's path; to which, with a sort of shout, he added another, as if he would blow some feeble posse, with *habeas corpus* attached, like the tail to a kite, into the remotest departments of the sky. Her mother took Lucinda into the house, and kissed her.

"Kiss your sister," she said to the children.

They did so, and warmly enough; but Lucinda was too tired to know or care.

"Let her learn by this," said Amri to his wife, and indeed to Lucinda — "let her learn by this that a hog ain't a man, and contrairy-wise. 'Live and learn' — that 's my motto. Alfred says he won't take her back, mother; he says she 's broken his heart. I kind o' believe she has. 'Live and learn' — that 's what I say. She 'll know better next time."

VII.

ALFRED was home again in a day or two. The life which he now took up was as solitary as it could well be. He had plenty of time, therefore, to think and recall. Lucinda passed to and fro in his mind continually, and he recalled Hiram, dead and alive, not seldom. He would sit over his fire in the cabin, or over his camp-fire,— for, now that he had no wife or child, he had taken up hunting again, and spent weeks alone in the Big Pines,— and there recall his last encounter with Hiram: how he had looked at a distance, skipping from rock to rock; how he had appeared at the moment he himself had shot; how his face and wet hair looked after death.

He saw all these things clearly, and, being much alone, necessarily saw them often; but they affected him with no degree of remorse. He had even no regret for what he had done. It seemed to him only that he had accomplished a needful act — that he had removed a nuisance. It gave him satisfaction when he thought of it now, exactly as it had done when he stood over Hiram's body laid on the rock, and said it was right that he should be dead, and that was the truth.

Toward spring of that year it was rumored that Hiram's uncle from Case County, with his two grown-up sons, had been seen about. They had been so prolific of protestations, and so loud in these, against any one's supposing that they had come for retaliation, that Captain Crossby, getting wind of them and their words, rode directly up to inform Alfred that they were probably bent on vengeance. Alfred said he had no doubt that with time they would think better of it; and presently the three disappeared from sight of man or hearing. They had descended upon Hiram's cabin, and taken all that Amri Carr had left there, which was not a great deal. The cabin was deserted now, and Hiram's uncle and his two sons had not been heard of for a fortnight, when one evening, as Alfred was stroking a kitten which had been left to starve and mew most piteously about Hiram's deserted place, and which he had accordingly claimed and taken home, he heard a sharp rap on one of the oak slabs that served for shingles on his cabin roof. It was followed by a report at no great distance. Alfred took down his rifle, and put a short knife in his belt. He sallied out, and when in a minute's time the same thing happened again, the flash of the rifle being apparent to him on the crest of the hill above, he promptly fired at this flash. His shot was answered by two in return. Then all was still, and there were no more shots fired that night. But about a week later, this time after midnight, two more balls came tapping upon his roof. As there was no third, Alfred could make no likely return; but when, the very next night, the thing occurred again, and a ball crashed through the roof, sinking itself into the log opposite, Alfred determined that Hiram's uncle was trying to scare him into leaving his cabin temporarily, when he and his sons would doubtless gut and burn it in his absence. He made up his mind that he would disappoint them, and accordingly passed four nights in watch, forty paces, as near as he could judge, from the spot whence the shots had been fired on the hilltop. The fifth night, toward morning, he heard muffled voices, and presently saw the three figures plainly, but concluded not to shoot at once. Two of the figures, as he expected, leveled their rifles and fired at the little cabin below. Alfred could have killed his man, but he felt, as he said afterward, that anybody who would play such a trick must be a boy or foolish, and he did n't like to chance killing a boy or a fool. He did fire, aiming, however, at about the ankle of the dimly seen man. There was a howl, and a sudden scuffling flight. "Barked him," thought Alfred. But he was not content with so much, and began a vigorous pursuit, which lasted until the evening of the day then about to dawn. Twice during this day he sighted his three men, and was twice fired upon, answering in kind now, but at great distance, through a drizzling rain and a tangle of underbrush. As he was himself much exhausted at the close of the day, and as he had found blood in the track of one of the three men, he concluded that he had given them enough to make it unlikely that they would worry him again. So he returned home, trying to think how many men his Case County marauders would have supposed were hot upon their pursuit.

When Alfred related this to Uncle Dan, the old man was perhaps as much amused as ever in his life. He met Mr. Carr in Mr. Brown's store a few days later, Lucinda and her mother both standing by, and seized the opportunity to repeat the entire tale, not without embellishment, and an added member or so to the Case County crew.

"Alfred Bannerman 's tasted blood," said he, dryly, "and hit 's my notion he 's goin' to be a terrible dangerous man — come 's the time he gets his full growth."

Captain Crossby threw his head back, looked out at old Carr, and laughed without a sound for about a minute. He knew very well that Lucinda had thought Alfred too mild, and the temptation of her presence was accordingly too great for him.

Mr. Carr heard the tale with a series of explosive breaths and exclamations.

"Well," he said at the conclusion, realizing very clearly that the story was aimed at Lucinda, "people gets mistaken in people, and people ain't always what people thinks. Most men 'll fight and scratch,— like Mr. Brown here,— but Alfred he 's a slaughterer! Why, he 's a danger to the peace! Chase a whole pack o' thieves and disturbers! Bark their shins! And shoot at 'em for thirty miles! In the night at that! And all the time to look as mild and gentle as a little ewe lamb!"

Mr. Carr burst into a roaring laugh, which shook him in all his limbs, as if he were a tree struck suddenly by a strong wind. He waved his arms, and ran his hands through his hair, apparently in the desire to get all the relief he could. Captain Crossby responded silently.

"When Alfred bleats, he signifies blood," said Mr. Carr, bringing both his fists down on the counter to give exit to some of the volume and violence of his mirth, and thereby causing Mr. Brown to start and emit a feeble exclamation.

Lucinda said nothing, but remembered the story, and took care to hear it repeated. At that time she was too worn, and too little herself, to see clearly; but later she began to feel that she had mistaken Alfred. That he was "mild," that he lacked some asperity of na-

ture, some commanding, enforcing quality, at least toward her, was plain enough still; or, at all events, that, unlike the men she was accustomed to, he chose not to allow himself to be imperative with his wife, and gave her a freedom that Lucinda herself felt she was ill able to bear. All this was plain to her now. In her opinion, no man had any right to be as soft and yielding as Alfred had been. She said to herself that she hated him for it. But, on the other hand, he was no coward; why he had not killed Hiram at once, she felt would be a riddle to her forever. But, for the rest, Alfred seemed to be rather unusually ready and successful with his rifle, and not to know what fear was. She wished he had shown her that side of his character—*in time.*

The following spring Alfred came down to the mill to help Captain Crossby with his harvesting, and remained there a month or so. He passed Lucinda more than once, but the girl, with her head carried very high, and her eyes in another direction, appeared not to see him. She hated him to be anywhere near, and could have killed him whenever he passed her. Alfred never came to Mr. Carr's cabin, but he gave the old man six wild-cat skins for the "new one," all sewed roughly together by himself.

The day before he left Captain Crossby's he knocked at Mr. Carr's door. Lucinda happened to be sitting on the floor inside, the rest of the household being absent. She was teaching the "new one" how to crawl. She said "Come in" blithely enough, for hard work, the new one's pranks and growth, and the rough, busy, noisy, laughing, and joking household of people among whom she had lived, had put the color in her cheeks again, and renewed her physically and morally in the good course of time.

"Come in," she cried out.

But when she saw the visitor, she started up from the floor, looking to Alfred just as she used to in the days when he first knew her—rosy and fresh and proud, except perhaps for something softer and kinder in the expression of her face.

She gazed at Alfred now without a word.

"If I may come in," said Alfred. He had a spray of blossom in his hand, and tossed it to the "new one." "If I 'm welcome," he said tentatively, and without the usual assured quiet of his demeanor.

"You 're not welcome," said Lucinda, abruptly. The color rose to her face. Alfred noticed, as she stood there, looking very angry and breathing fast, that her hair was tied with a blue ribbon again.

"That is," she added—"come in; no one you want to see 's here—but you are welcome."

Alfred had suddenly lost the look of hope with which he had entered.

"I am certainly right sorry if I am much unwelcome."

He stood before her, with his long arms hanging down, and looking at her with the serious, innocent eyes that made her cry in her sleep, and wake crying when she saw him and them in a dream.

Lucinda felt anger, and pity for herself, and hate of Alfred, and despair, and some other feeling, vague and strong, left over from her former life,—she hardly knew what to call it, or even what it was,—all rising and swelling and coming heavily upon her, and carrying her off her feet, like a succession of waves: only to her they seemed to come from all quarters, and from underneath, and to clash and crash violently together. She stood trying to control herself.

"Lucinda," said Alfred, evidently also trying to get the better of some emotion that appeared to catch him in the voice—"Lucinda, I want you to come and live with me again."

The girl's expression suddenly fell, the color left her cheeks, a look almost of fright and weakness overcame her, changing back again to life and boldness as suddenly.

"If you can care enough to make you want to do it," continued Alfred, speaking slowly. "I am very poor of a hand at forgiveness, and I wish not to make any make-believes of forgiving you; for what you did is done, and hit cost a life. But all I say now is, if you think you will be happier than in the old days—"

Lucinda clapped her hands together, and seemed almost to gasp for breath as she burst in: "Alfred Bannerman, unless you can care for me I won't go—not a step! I won't have your pity!"

"I give you none," said Alfred, bluntly.

"If you want me, knowing what I am, what I was, and having suffered from me,—knowing as I am a bad girl, and was false to you, and a wicked devil,—and if knowing all that, and those, you can care—why, then, I 'll say too that I was terrible mistaken in you, and that you 're the only man—right, true man—I ever met up to! And I ain't regrettin' nothing, and I won't make no promise—but—but—"

Lucinda tossed her head back, as if the words stifled her. Her hair came down, and fell over her shoulders in a mass, and the color flared into her face and down her neck.

"Lucy, I want you; will you come?" said Alfred.

He moved a step toward her. There was some word on her tongue, but what it was he never knew, for she seemed to struggle with it, in a kind of death-agony of expression, the blood flushing her more and more, and her en-

tire figure trembling, until Alfred took both her hands in his, when she burst into tears and sobs, and cried as if she never expected to have an opportunity of crying again.

"Lucy," said Alfred, "will you come, and try?"—very much fearing that this explosion of grief in tears meant "No" to the new hope he had so slowly formed.

"Ain't I said I would!" cried out Lucinda, indignantly, between her sobs.

Not many days after, the "new one" was crawling about Alfred's cabin, mauling the kitten in a shocking and inhuman manner, and setting up unheard-of yells at the most distant approach of hunger.

"I could n't live without him now," said Alfred; "and I do hate to see a little one grow up wanting its true fawther, without some kind of a makeshift."

Lucinda loved him dearly when he said that.

"I do hate it when one of these little ones dies," continued Alfred, thinking sadly of his own baby. "Hit don't seem right; they 're born with such a heap o' trouble that it does seem they ought to live, and be a happiness to themselves."

Almost every morning, dull or bright, of the spring and summer, if you had chanced to pass by at the foot of Alfred Bannerman's hill, you would have heard a girl's voice floating down from the cabin, where she was at her work, where she had come to live again, happily this time, with "the only man—right, true man—she had ever met up to."

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.

A NORSE CHILD'S REQUIEM.

SLEEP soundly, little Thorlak,
Where all thy peers have lain,
A hero of no battle,
A saint without a stain!

Thy courage be upon thee,
Unblemished by regret,
For that adventure whither
Thy tiny march was set.

The sunshine be above thee,
With birds and winds and trees.
Thy wayfellows inherit
No better things than these.

And silence be about thee,
Turned back from this our war
To front alone the valley
Of night without a star.

The soul of love and valor,
Indifferent to fame,
Be with thee, heart of vikings,
Beyond the breath of blame.

Thy moiety of manhood
Unspent and fair, go down,
And, unabashed, encounter
Thy brothers of renown.

So modest in thy freehold
And tenure of the earth,
Thy needs, for all our meddling,
Are few and little worth.

Content thee, not with pity;
Be solaced, not with tears:
But when the whitethroats waken
Through the revolving years,

Hereafter be that peerless
And dirging cadence, child,
Thy threnody unsullied,
Melodious, and wild.

Then winter be thy housing,
Thy lullaby the rain,
Thou hero of no battle,
Thou saint without a stain!

Bliss Carman.

THE CONQUEST OF ARID AMERICA.

THE material progress of the United States in its first century under the Constitution is a supreme record of achievement in the history of nations. The patriotic orator and writer ascribe these results to triumphant democracy; members of political parties claim a large share of credit for their public policies; and much has been said of the inventive genius and the peculiar industry and intelligence of the American people. But all these explanations of the nation's amazing strides to the goal of material greatness are essentially false and delusive. Incidentals have been confounded with fundamentals. The national egotism has appropriated to itself a credit that belongs chiefly to a much higher power.

The material greatness of the United States is the fruit of a policy of peaceful conquest over the resources of a virgin continent. The first movement of population subjugated the Atlantic seaboard to the uses of modern life. The next carried civilization across the Alleghanies, and expanded northward to the lakes, and southward to the gulf. The third peopled the Mississippi basin, largely with the veterans of the war for the Union. These three eras were intelligible and eventful. They made virtually complete the conquest and occupation of eastern America, and in eastern America more than ninety per cent. of a nation of seventy million people dwell to-day. The lust for sudden riches, the opportunity for the development of a few seaports, the necessity for at least a sparse agricultural population to feed the mines and towns, have attracted a few millions into the far West. But speaking in broad terms, and with a view to its ultimate capabilities, the conquest of the continent is only half accomplished. The mighty forces which molded the prosperity of the past have ceased to operate. The great engine of material progress stands idle in its tracks. The nation halts and falters upon a mysterious boundary line which marks the ending of familiar conditions and the beginning of problems strange and new to Anglo-Saxon men. Thus the splendor of national prosperity pales in the grim presence of national stagnation. And yet beyond the line where the armies of civilization have bivouacked, if not laid down their arms, sleeps an empire incomparably greater and more resourceful than the empire those armies have conquered. Here lie the possibilities of a twentieth-century civilization — a civilization new, distinctive, and more luminous and potential than any which has preceded it in the world's long history.

A MOMENTOUS MERIDIAN LINE.

THE one-hundredth meridian divides the United States almost exactly into halves. East of that line dwell sixty-four million people. Here are overgrown cities and overcrowded industries. Here is surplus capital, as idle and burdensome as the surplus population. West of that line dwell four or five millions. Here is a great want both of people and of capital for development. Here is the raw material for another war of conquest, offering prizes far greater than those of the past, because natural resources are richer, and much more varied and extensive. The new empire includes, in whole or in part, seventeen States and Territories. It is a region of imperial dimensions. From north to south it measures as far as from Montreal to Mobile. From east to west the distance is greater than from Boston to Omaha. Within these wide boundaries there are great diversities of climate and soil, of altitude and other physical conditions. But everywhere the climate is healthful to an extraordinary degree, and in all, except the great plains region of the extreme east, the scenery is rugged and noble beyond description.

The one-hundredth meridian is not merely the boundary line of present development. It is much more significant as indicating the beginning of the condition of aridity. To the popular mind "arid" means only "rainless," and "rainless" is synonymous with "worthless." But "aridity," when properly defined and fully comprehended, is seen to be the germ of new industrial and social systems, with far-reaching possibilities in the fields of ethics and politics. It would be idle to attempt to predict how the American character will be modified and transformed when millions of people shall have finally made their homes in the arid regions, under conditions as yet untried by Anglo-Saxon men. But that millions will live under these conditions is inevitable, and that the new environment will produce momentous changes in methods of life and habits of thought is equally certain. This sounds now like mere assertion. But the truth will be revealed by a study of a few representative colonial undertakings on

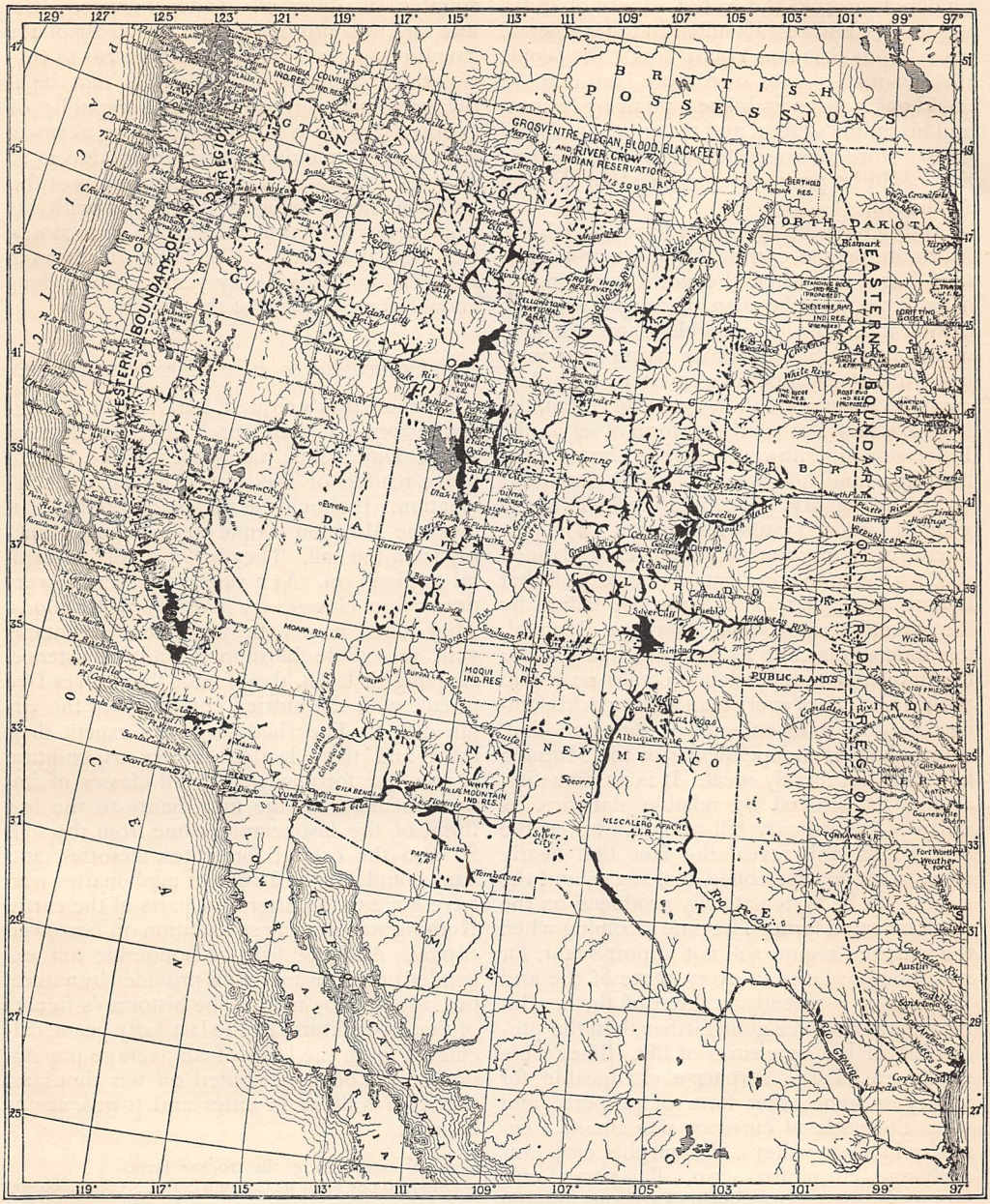
arid lands during the last fifty years, by a brief statement of the larger problems involved in the conquest of Arid America, and by a reference to the experience of foreign peoples, ancient as well as modern, with similar conditions.

LESSONS FROM UTAH EXPERIENCE.

THE experience of the people of Utah over a period of more than forty years furnishes the best available light for the problems of the arid region as a whole. This is due to a combination of important circumstances. First, it is not the experience of a few individuals, or of a single colony, but of a whole people. Furthermore, it is not limited to agriculture, but illustrates in a much larger way the development of a commonwealth. Again, Utah is, fortunately for our purpose, almost the exact geographical center of the arid region. What has been done there is a fair test of average possibilities. Utah would be far less useful as an object-lesson if it exchanged places on the map with either Montana or Arizona, which represent the northern and southern extremities of the far Western country. All these circumstances are exceedingly fortunate for a study of Utah institutions with relation to the future of Arid America; but there is yet another circumstance of still higher importance to be mentioned. This is the fact that the industrial system of the coming State was founded by a man of genius, who had both the disposition and the power to mark out new ground for the human race. Putting polygamy wholly outside the limits of this discussion, and speaking in the light of existing industrial conditions throughout the United States, and of probable future demands upon the arid region, it may be said that the economic structure of the State founded by Brigham Young appears to approach marvelously near to perfection.

On July 14, 1847, President Young and his fellow-pioneers passed through the picturesque outlet of Emigration Cañon into the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Utah was then Mexican soil, and the leader believed he could found whatever character of institutions should suit him and his people. In the bitter anti-Mormon crusades of the past it has been alleged that "Brigham Young had chains on men's souls." There is no doubt that religious superstition, rendered effective by the marvelous machinery of the church, was partly the source of the leader's irresistible power with his own people; but back of the religious superstition and the church organization stood the brain of a great and masterful man. He knew that his power, to be enduring, must rest upon something material and tangible; and this something he discerned to be the prosperity of the people themselves. Brigham Young was an organizer of prosperity. This was the real source of his strength. He did not aim at mere temporary prosperity. On the contrary, he fought everything that tended to that end, going to the length of actually forbidding the opening of the rich mines in the mountains near at hand, because he abhorred the spirit of speculation. He chose for the corner-stone of his State the principle of industrialism; and that principle lies there yet, at the base of a noble edifice of economic fact, reared by human toil, and held firmly in place by the average prosperity of all who had part in its building. If the great architect, and the superintendents and foremen who surrounded him, enjoyed a larger share of the profits than the workmen, it is also true that the humblest hewer of stone and carrier of mortar was paid in proportion to the importance of his labors. And what fair mind can object to an industrial system that yields these results?

So far as can be learned, Brigham Young had no previous knowledge of irrigation when he entered Salt Lake valley. He quickly realized that he had come to an arid country, which would be hopeless for agriculture unless artificially watered. With marvelous perception, he saw that irrigation was not a drawback, but an advantage of the most important sort. He realized that it meant freedom alike from the dangers of the drought and of the flood. He discovered that, having a rich soil and ample sunshine, and adding moisture by the construction of ditches, it was actually an improvement upon nature to be able to turn the "rain" either on or off with equal facility. And therefore he rightly concluded that he had found in these conditions the basis of the most certain worldly prosperity, and the most scientific agriculture. It remained for a later genius to remark: "Irrigation is not a substitute for rain. Rain is a substitute for irrigation — and a mighty poor one." But if the Mormon leader did not say so, he evidently felt it. He perceived, furthermore, that irrigation was much more than an insurance policy upon the crops. It brought all the processes of agriculture within the realm of known facts, and that is science. It even rendered possible the control of the size of vegetables, and this became important many years afterward, when the Mormon people added a great sugar-factory to their industrial system; for it is important to grow sugar-beets of about a standard size to get the best results. Moisture is required to give the beet a vigorous growth at the beginning; but when it is well started, weeks of uninterrupted sunshine are desirable in order to develop the saccharine qualities. Much sunshine at the wrong time dries up the crop, while much moisture at the wrong time produces a



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER. FROM THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

ARID REGION OF THE UNITED STATES, SHOWING AREAS IRRIGATED.

beet pleasing to look upon, but unprofitable at the factory.

Brigham Young also realized, almost at the first, that the necessity of careful irrigation largely increased the labor upon an acre of land; but he found that this labor was generously rewarded by the increased yield both in quantity and quality. And from this fact he drew the most important principle of his commonwealth, which was the division of land into small holdings. Closely related to this is the other twin factor in Mormon prosperity — the diversification of farm products to the last degree. Natural conditions, even where there is the most abundant and well-distributed rainfall, are often favorable to the production of only a few crops. But the Mormons realized that the skilful application of water just where and when needed, and in just the right quantity, and by the very best method,

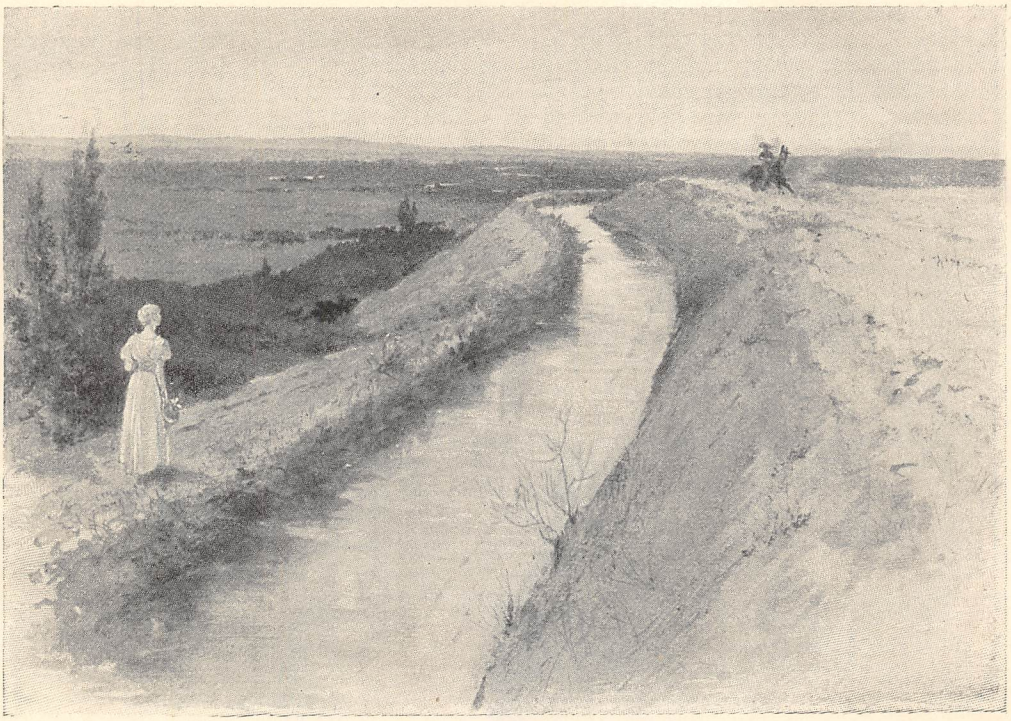
rendered possible the widest variety of fruits, vegetables, and cereals suited to the temperate zone. Thus Brigham Young taught the people that no man should own more land than he could cultivate to its highest point by his own and his family's labor, and that no man should go to a store for any article of food or clothing that could be profitably produced on his own small farm.

And here is the first great lesson which the Mormon people can teach the world. The time has come when the world is willing to listen eagerly to the man or people who can demonstrate how it is possible for an indefinite number to gain a generous living by honest labor, not as servants, but as masters. Employment, however good the wages and certain the tenure, is in its last analysis a form of servitude. Proprietorship, however severe the original hardships and however prolonged the struggle, is sovereignty. The hired president of the greatest railroad system is a servant. The proprietor of twenty unmortgaged acres, planned with a view to the production of nearly all that is consumed, and insured against failure by the irrigation canal, is a sovereign. He realizes independence in its best and truest sense; for industrial independence comes nearer to the hearthstone of every man who loves his family than does independence of pope and king. The industrial independence of the Mormon farmer is not merely ideal. It is an actuality, as may be proved by reliable statistics. A study of the ordinary bill of fare, even at the best hotels, will reveal the fact that nearly every item, except coffee, tea, sugar, and the spices, can be systematically produced on the small irrigated farm. The time is coming when the irrigated region will not import sugar, for it will be produced in every State of the arid West, as it is already in three of them. But the Mormons have gone further than the production of the necessities of life. They were taught to have a surplus exchangeable for money or some other form of property, and when the national currency was almost a curiosity in their valleys, the surplus crop was exchanged for church scrip. This passed current at the best stores in the Territory, buying the cloth, shoes, furniture, and many other products of the home factories, and purchasing with the same facility such articles of Eastern or foreign manufacture as were occasionally required. But in Utah foreign goods are not a badge of honor. The Utah man wears Utah clothes, made in Utah factories, from wool sheared from the backs of Utah sheep, with the same pride that a New York man wears a London hat and a New York woman a Paris gown. The manifestation of pride in both cases is the same, but the source of inspiration is different. Independence, absolute and uncompromising, is in the air of the irrigation empire. When a man learns to control the "rainfall," and discovers that he is the president and cabinet of a republic of twenty acres, he avoids all entangling alliances with outside manufacturers and producers of all sorts. What are the financial results of this policy of home industry, beginning with the small diversified farm and leading up to stores, factories, and banks? The policy has been in force for more than forty years. This is long enough for a fair test of the principle.

EXPENDITURES OF THE MORMON CHURCH.

At the writer's request, Mr. A. Milton Musser, historian of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, has made for the benefit of the readers of The Century a careful calculation. It should be understood that whatever the Mormon people possess came primarily from the soil. They had virtually no capital to begin on. As a rule, their recruits were drawn from classes very poor in worldly goods. They toiled across the plains and mountains with incredible hardihood and persistence. Arriving in Utah, they found themselves face to face with the untried conditions of the virgin desert. They had no assets except their labor and their leader. Every expenditure of the last forty years, for all classes of improvements, from the first shanty to the last turret of the last temple, came from the soil. So also the capital for stores, factories, and banks, and for the bands of missionaries who have gone to the uttermost parts of the earth. Nothing was won by speculation on borrowed capital. All is the fruit of honorable toil, expended upon raw materials provided by nature, but adapted by man. The historian's figures of the expenditures of the last forty years, calculated upon the basis of an average population of 120,000, distributed on ten thousand farms, as well as in cities and towns, are as follows:

Cost of establishing the 10,000 farms ($187.50 per farm per annum)	$75,000,000
Cost of making irrigation canals and ditches ($37.50 per farm per annum)	15,000,000
Cost of irrigating 10,000 farms and gardens ($24.00 each per annum)	9,600,000
Building factories	5,000,000
Building temples	8,000,000
Building churches and schools	4,000,000
Cost of missionary work	10,000,000
Cost of immigrating and sustaining the poor	8,000,000
Living of the farmers ($875 to each family per annum)	350,000,000
Cost of roads and bridges in mountains and valleys	4,000,000
Cost of Indian wars, building forts, stockades, breaking up settlements, etc.	5,000,000



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

BETWEEN THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

Cost of feeding and clothing Indians and establishing Indian missions, farms, schools, etc.	2,000,000
Cost of resisting the invasion of the Army of 1857, and of the people of Salt Lake County and the counties north moving south into middle and southern Utah..	6,000,000
Loss sustained by crickets, locusts, and grasshoppers	2,500,000
Unsuccessful early experiments in making iron, sugar, paper, nails, leather, cotton-raising, mining, etc	6,000,000
Cost of defense against anti-polygamy legislation believed to be unconstitutional	3,000,000
Heavy freight-rates from the Missouri River and the Pacific coast before the railroads	8,000,000
Cost of establishing the Overland Mail and Express Company, purchase of Fort Bridger, and establishment of Fort Supply, abandoned and afterward absorbed by the Army of 1857	2,000,000
Protecting overland travel, succoring and feeding California, Oregon, and other emigrants	1,500,000
Cost of colonizing Carson and Green River counties, abandoned because of the Army of 1857	2,000,000
Cost of establishing colonies on Salmon River, in Lower California, and the Sugar Plantation near Honolulu	1,500,000
Cost of local telegraph and railroad lines	3,000,000
Cost of obtaining fuel, and building and fencing materials, from the rugged mountains and cañons many miles away	10,000,000
Cost of making settlements on the Muddy, Call's Landing, Florence, Sunset, and other localities, afterward abandoned because of adverse conditions subsequently developed	1,000,000
Losses by fire ($20,000 per annum)	800,000
Taxes	8,000,000
Miscellaneous expenditures	12,000,000
	$562,900,000
Less the personal property brought into Utah by immigrants, such as cattle, wagons, cash, etc.	20,000,000
	$542,900,000

In his note transmitting these figures Mr. Musser writes: "The inclosed has been submitted to the inspection of Presidents Woodruff, Cannon, and Smith, and Bishops Preston, Burton, and Winder, as well as to others conversant with such matters. All agree that the estimates are as fair as they can be given." And he adds, with a reverence characteristic of his people: "While much of our prosperity is doubtless due to industrious, temperate, and frugal habits of life, yet we never lose sight of the overruling hand of the Almighty in all these results, and to him be given praise and thanksgiving without stint."

But while these elaborate figures tell the story of the prosperity of the commonwealth, their true significance may be better studied when they are brought down to the basis of the individual family. The census shows that only five per cent. of all the American people have

any proprietary interest in the land on which they dwell, while ninety per cent. of the Mormon people are owners or heirs of the soil. Still further, the figures presented by the historian show that the average gross income of the Mormon farmer over a period of forty years has been $1357.25, or $482.25 above the cost of his living expenses. It is to be seriously doubted whether any other people on the face of the earth can make such a showing. And the great importance of the matter is not that the Mormon people have accomplished these results, but that there is sufficient water and land in Arid America to sustain an additional population of between fifty and one hundred millions upon precisely the same basis. The most conservative authority on the subject of the water-supply, which is less adequate apparently than the land available for irrigation, is Major J. W. Powell, late director of the Geological Survey. He is so conservative that Western men have sometimes denounced him for belittling their resources; but in the course of an elaborate review of the question he has used these words: "When these acres are cultivated by methods of irrigation, they will be found wonderfully productive, and their products will support a population as great as that found in the United States at the present time."

The Mormon scheme of industry is rapidly becoming the model of all colonial developments in the irrigated regions. There can be no question but that it will be improved upon. Higher ideals are beginning to rule elsewhere, and the tendency is constantly upward. Such faults as there are in Mormon agricultural methods are due to the fact that too little effort is required to get a bare living from a small irrigated farm to awaken ambition for the highest results. And yet beyond a living these people have realized nearly five hundred dollars annually over a period of forty years. If it be assumed that a living equal to that at an ordinary hotel for a family of five is worth $1000 per year, this and the surplus furnishes an annual income of $1500. That is precisely the income which the purchaser of $50,000 of government bonds, netting three per cent., enjoys. In other words, the man who invests $1000 in purchasing and developing a small



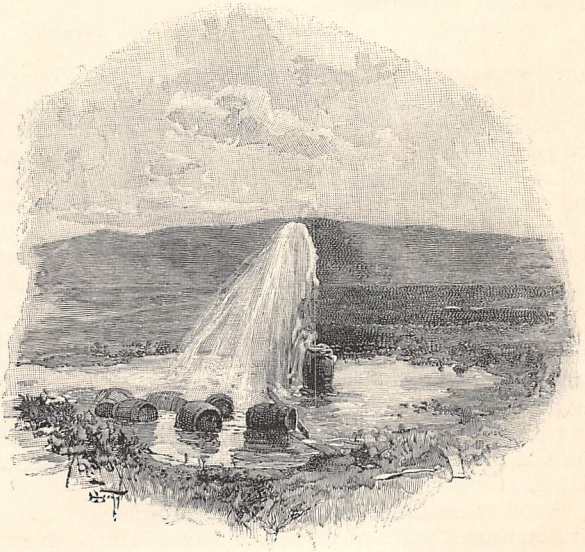
DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. THE ENGINEER'S MATE. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

irrigated farm enjoys precisely the same living and hope of a competence as the man who invests $50,000 in government bonds. The difference in the amount of money invested is represented by human labor.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

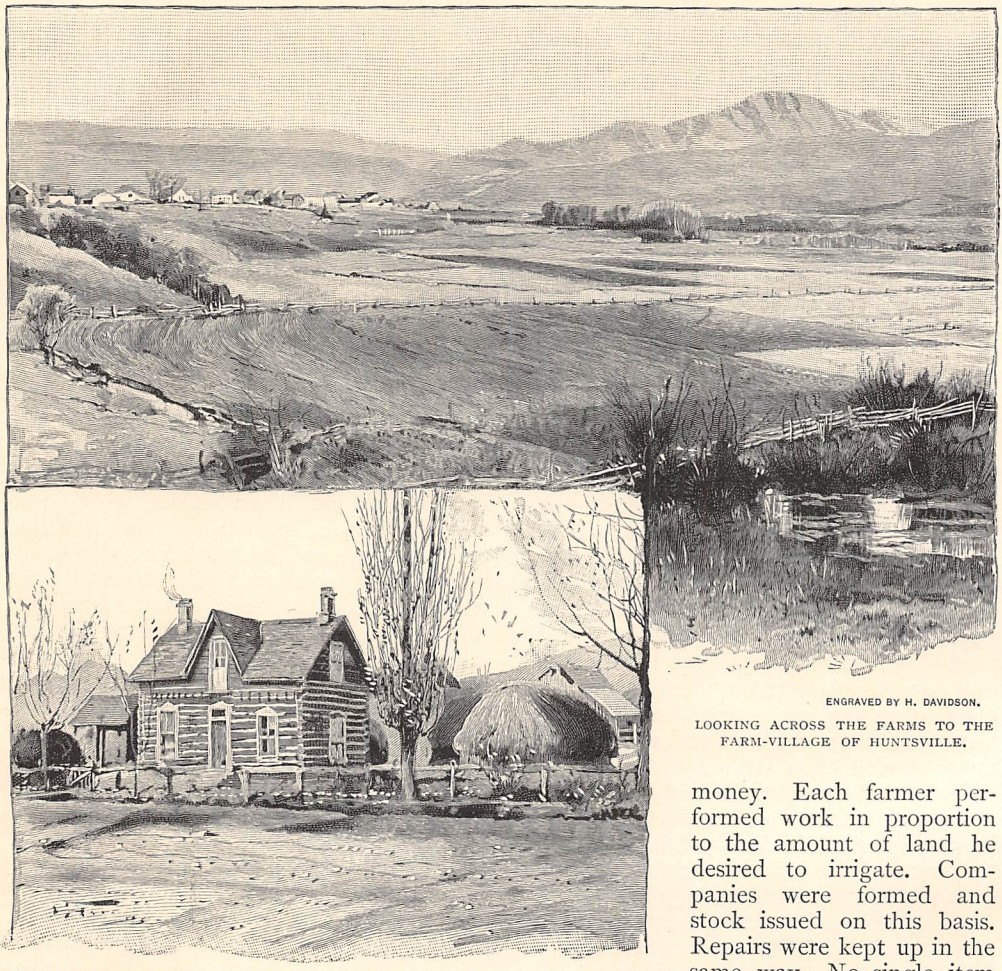
SOCIAL changes of a marked character will be wrought by the occupation of the arid region. In this matter also Mormon experience is luminous. Brigham Young sought to found his prosperity not only on industrial ethics, but also upon the happiness of the people. He would not tolerate idleness, and the walls of cobblestones still standing in the older portions of Salt Lake City were invented that the church might pay for the labor of men who would otherwise have been temporarily supported by charity. As a means of furnishing entertainment, various diversions were planned, including the Saturday-night dance, led by the bishops of the wards. The leader's wisdom is almost as clearly exhibited in his social scheme as in his plan of industry. The central idea in it was the farm-village. A village site, generally a half-mile square, is selected in the midst of a tract of five or six thousand acres to be colonized. In Utah there are many small valleys between the towering mountains, and the village site is generally located near the center of the valley, and near the river from which the water is diverted into canals on each side at a sufficient elevation to command the irrigable lands. The half a square mile is then laid out into blocks of four acres, with broad avenues between, and the blocks are divided into lots of an acre each. On these acre lots the farmers have their homes. Here also are their commodious barns. Here they have their poultry and swine, while considerable space is devoted to a market-garden. The farmer then has his farm on the outlying lands, which are divided into lots ranging from two acres up to twenty acres. There are scores of villages of this sort; but, for the purpose of illustration, Huntsville, in the Ogden valley, has been selected. A map of it is presented in connection with this article. A study of this map will reveal the physical basis of a plan which completely revolutionizes the social side of farm life as generally known. From the public park in the center to the farthest outlying farm is only two and a half miles. Most farmers traverse a much shorter distance to reach the farm from their homes. On the other hand, the women and children enjoy the important advantage of having near neighbors, while the church, schoolhouse, stores, and post-office are near at hand. Under this system the advantages of town life are blended to a very considerable degree with the charms of rural existence. It is a system full of delightful possibilities. The Mormons have realized its substantial advantages in neighborhood association; but their model will be much improved upon by many colonies of more recent establishment. Farm life under the old conditions has involved isolation. The hunger for human sympathy and company has driven thousands from the country to cities already overcrowded. This factor is responsible for many a social tragedy, as well as for the problems which have arisen in congested city populations. There is no reason why farm-villages patterned after those of Utah should not have a social life and an outward beauty quite as pleasing as, for instance, the suburbs of Boston. There the architecture seems almost uniformly pleasing. Attractive lawns, with trees, vines, and flowers, are everywhere. People of small means will be able to surround themselves with similar advantages in the farm-villages of the arid region, while realizing all the benefits of independence and equality inseparable from the industrial scheme of irrigation.

On the map of Huntsville the figure placed upon a village lot and the corresponding figure on the outlying farm represent, respectively, the home and the farm of an individual. It will be observed that there is a great variety in the size of the farms. This is due merely to the taste of individuals. Men acquired whatever amount of land they thought necessary for



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

ARTESIAN WELL IN YAKIMA VALLEY, WASHINGTON.



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

LOOKING ACROSS THE FARMS TO THE FARM-VILLAGE OF HUNTSVILLE.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. R. SAVAGE.

TYPICAL HOME IN THE FARM-VILLAGE OF HUNTSVILLE.

their support, and many of them preferred a very few acres. Many of the smaller farms are owned and operated by polygamous widows and their children. When the laws against plural marriage were made effective, a good many polygamists divided their property among their several families, and thus provided for their future.

It will be seen that the farm-village had an important part in Brigham Young's plan of making the people contented after they had first been made prosperous. In a day's drive of seventy miles the writer recently passed through portions of twenty of these settlements, including Huntsville. This fact furnishes a good idea of the density of population in northern Utah.

Another important feature of the Mormon system relates to the ownership of water. The canals were built by the common labor of the settlers, and practically without the use of money. Each farmer performed work in proportion to the amount of land he desired to irrigate. Companies were formed and stock issued on this basis. Repairs were kept up in the same way. No single item in the long list of natural resources which Brigham Young found on entering the territory offered so good a chance for a safe speculation as the water in the mountain streams. It was absolutely essential to existence, and a shrewd speculator might have taken possession of it at that time, and levied perpetual tribute upon the agricultural industry. But the same principle which had led him to frown upon speculation, and to insist upon a small farm unit and universal landownership, made it a logical necessity to prevent any monopoly in the control of the water-supply. And here, as in other vital matters, the far-sighted leader established a precedent of the highest importance in the development of the institutions of Arid America.

THE GREELEY COLONY.

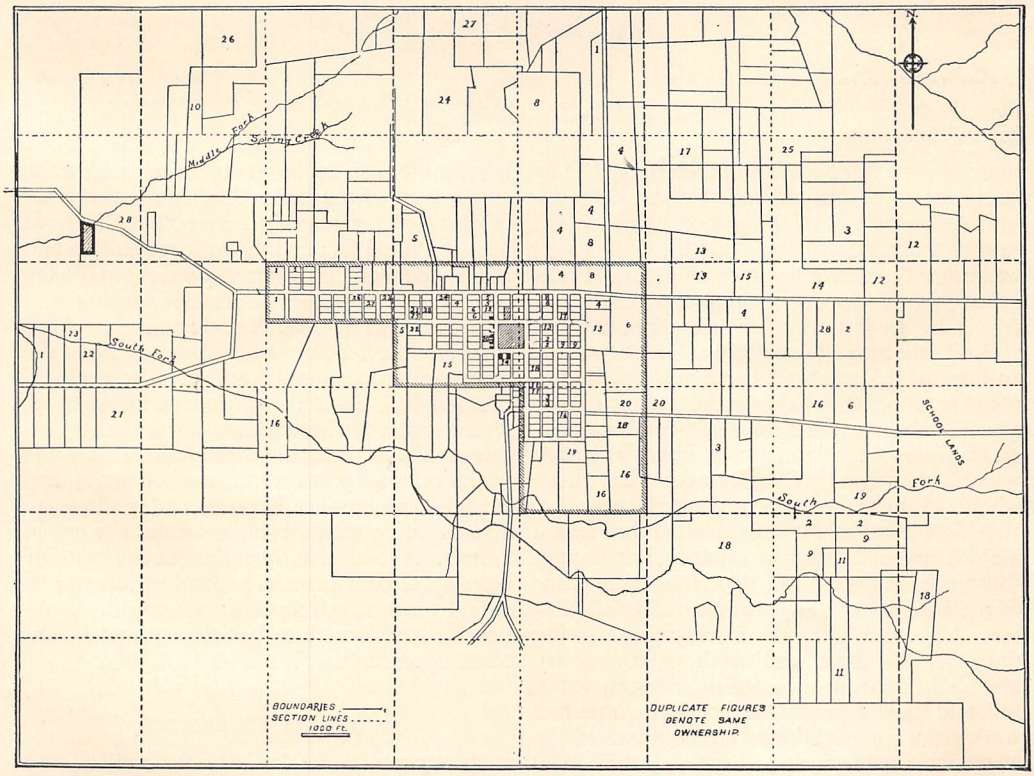
NEXT in importance to the Utah development is the story of the Union Colony at Greeley, Colorado. This was the inspiration of N.

C. Meeker, a member of the staff of the "New York Tribune," who had previously been a follower of Fourier, and a resident of one of the ill-fated colonies of Ohio. The undertaking had the cordial support of Horace Greeley, in whose honor it was named. The first call for this colony was published in the "New York Tribune" in December, 1869. It outlined a scheme of coöperation, although it was proposed to have individual landholdings. The advantages of irrigation, of the farm-village system, and of the independence of agricultural life were attractively set forth. Fully one thousand people made application within a week for membership in the colony, and the first meeting was so largely attended as to make it necessary to adjourn from the "Tribune" office to a room in Cooper Institute. Horace Greeley presided, and, although that was twenty-five years ago, complained in his speech that "New York is filled with people, yet there are thousands who want to come hither. I do not know that emigration is the best remedy, but I think so." He described the history of Londonderry Colony in New Hampshire, founded by his ancestors, and entered upon a most interesting discussion of the proposed colony in Colorado. Among other things he said:

I believe that there ought to be not only one, but one thousand colonies. Still, I would advise no one who is doing well to leave his business and go West, unless he is sure of bettering his condition. But there are many men working for wages who ought to emigrate. I dislike to see men in advanced life working for salaries in places where, perhaps, they are ordered about by boys. I would like to see them working for themselves.

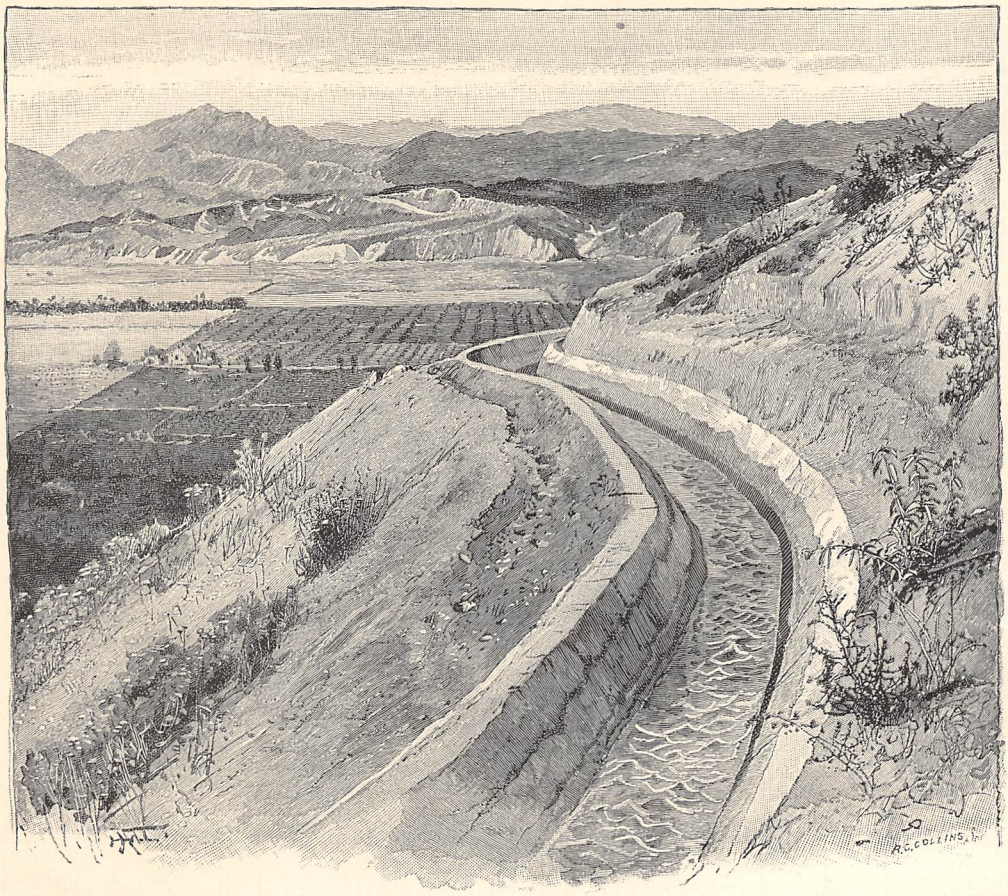
If Greeley could come back and speak to-day upon existing conditions in the United States, he could say nothing more appropriate to the times.

The Greeley Colony was composed of the best elements of Eastern citizenship; and the first and most important lesson it teaches is that people of this class are responsive to such a call as Mr. Meeker put forth. He did not appeal to the instinct of speculation. He pleaded for new institutions, and aimed at high ideals; and he found that men of culture and of means were ready to coöperate heartily in such an undertaking. This fact lends encouragement to those who are hoping for great things to come from the development of the arid region. The site of the Greeley Colony was not well chosen — or, at least, it did not in all respects meet the expectations of those who selected it. They were



DRAWN BY D. COMINGS.

MAP OF HUNTSVILLE, WEBER COUNTY, UTAH.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. B. WAITE. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

A TYPICAL SCENE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: STONE AQUEDUCT WATERING FIELDS AND ORCHARDS, WITH RUGGED MOUNTAIN BACKGROUND.

therefore unable to realize all their plans. They made some serious miscalculations. For instance, they estimated the cost of their canals at twenty thousand dollars, while the actual cost was more than twenty times as great. Fruit-culture was mentioned in the prospectus as certain to be an important industry, but the soil and climate proved unsuitable. The dream of an improved household economy, based on a plan for coöperative bakeries and laundries, also proved delusive. There were other disappointments; but the fundamental claims of irrigation were all vindicated at Greeley, as they have been whenever and wherever brought fairly to the test.

A few years of intelligent labor brought a high degree of average prosperity, based upon substantial foundations. Even the severe panic of the summer of 1893 did not materially disturb these foundations. During those trying weeks, when mines and smelters shut down, and banks and stores closed their doors, water, soil, and sunshine continued to do their perfect work in the Union Colony. Greeley seemed like an oasis of prosperity in a desert of despair. The farmers received as the reward of the summer's labor more than a million dollars in cash for the single item of potatoes. But this is the chief crop at Greeley, after the necessities of life have been provided for; and the wide reputation and handsome financial returns won for the Greeley potato illustrate the wisdom of a surplus crop of the highest quality. Greeley's civic institutions are like her potatoes. They represent the best standard available, and are the pride of the people. To sell any kind of intoxicating liquor within the boundaries of the Union Colony invalidates the title to the soil. This is one of the original plans which worked well; and the schools, churches, libraries, and lyceums are all in keeping with this high standard of public morals. A careful study of the development of Greeley, alike in its social and industrial aspects, would throw much more light upon the problems of Arid America; but this cannot be entered upon now.

CALIFORNIA EXPERIENCE.

PROBABLY the public is more familiar with the orange-colonies of southern California than

with any other institutions in the arid West. The story of these colonies is very interesting, but it possesses less value to the American people than the experience of Colorado and Utah, because southern California is semi-tropical, and therefore not fairly representative of average possibilities. In southern California institutions are almost ideal because of the peculiar climatic conditions. These beautiful valleys, narrowly restricted, but well-nigh perfect within their limitations, constitute the private box in the theater of Arid America; but the vast majority of people must always sit in the parquet and gallery. It would be utterly unfair and untrue, for this reason, to build hopes of average development upon the experience of this small but charming corner of the Western empire; but it teaches some lessons that may be generally applied.

Southern California furnishes an extreme illustration of the value of water in an arid country. Land assessed at seventy-five cents per acre without water, being useful only for the pasturage of sheep, when brought under irrigation sells in the raw state for $100 per acre and upward, with an extra price for water-right. Improved with orange-groves at the stage of maturity, it ranges in selling value from $500 to $2000 per acre, and has sometimes paid fifty per cent. interest per annum on the latter figure. Perhaps the most perfect type of these communities is Riverside, founded less than twenty-five years ago by Eastern colonists of the same class as the settlers of Greeley. Here landownings are divided into five- and ten-acre lots, and the homes are a long succession of beautiful country villas, surrounded by lawns, trees, and glowing flower-beds. Magnolia Avenue, a boulevard bordered for eighteen miles with double rows of palms, and intersected in the middle by a third row, is lined throughout its entire length by homes of this kind. There is free postal delivery, with other advantages of town life. The civic institutions are fully equal to the highest New England standard. The California colonies have the highest forms of irrigation canals and methods, but perhaps their best contribution to the fund of common knowledge is their latest, which is the coöperative fruit exchange.

A problem of rising importance in the arid region is the organization of industry and of markets. Modern development has conferred its chief advantage upon the large producer;



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

SWEETWATER DAM, CALIFORNIA: A REPRESENTATIVE WORK OF IRRIGATION.

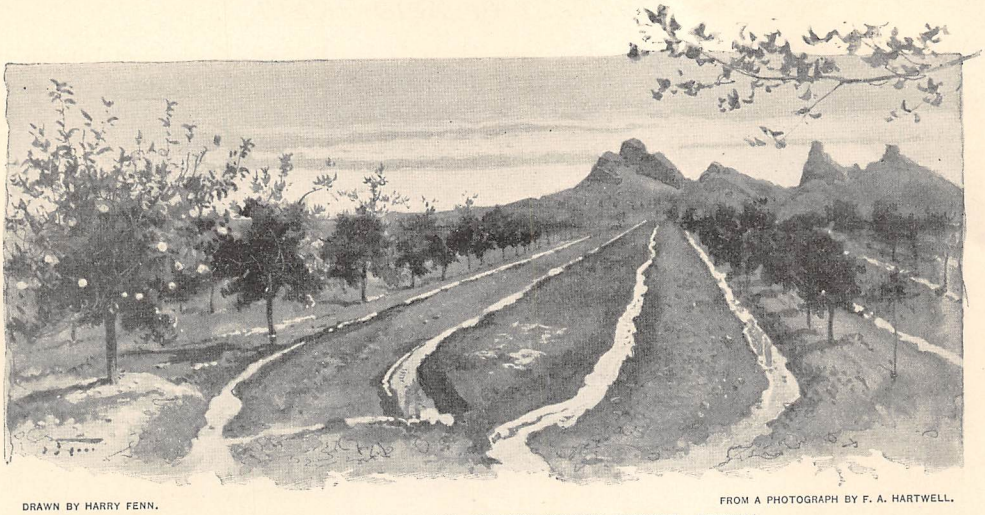
A GLIMPSE OF THE DESERT IN SOUTHERN ARIZONA.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. HARTWELL.

THE MIRACLE OF IRRIGATION IN THE ARIZONA DESERT.

but the multitudinous small producers are the very essence of the new life of the West. Here are anomalies that must be harmonized in some way to subserve the common prosperity. The fruit exchanges recently organized in California foreshadow the coming system. These are stock companies, owned and managed by the producers with the purpose of dispensing with the services of the pernicious commission man. The commission system has been grossly abused. This was inevitable; for it is utterly illogical, since the interests of the middleman frequently run counter to those of the producer. Production is vain without a market. Under the old plan this market is absolutely in control of an element whose interest it is to depress the price of fruit to the lowest point in order to stimulate large sales. This system in practical operation has depressed the producer's income without conferring a corresponding benefit upon the consumer. The middleman has controlled the situation and consulted only his own interest. Now, if there is any class of men who are capable of managing their own affairs, it is the fruit-growers. They are men of high intelligence, as well as of energy and enterprise. The great items of capital involved are their land and labor. Their highest interest demands that they should rigidly control the standard of the fruit sent to market, and deal directly with the agencies of transportation and the consuming public. There seems to be little doubt that the new California system will prove enduring, and become a very important part of the commercial machinery of Arid America. But this is only the first step in the wise organization of industry, which, in the full development destined to come with rapid strides, will introduce far-reaching changes into the economic life of the United States.

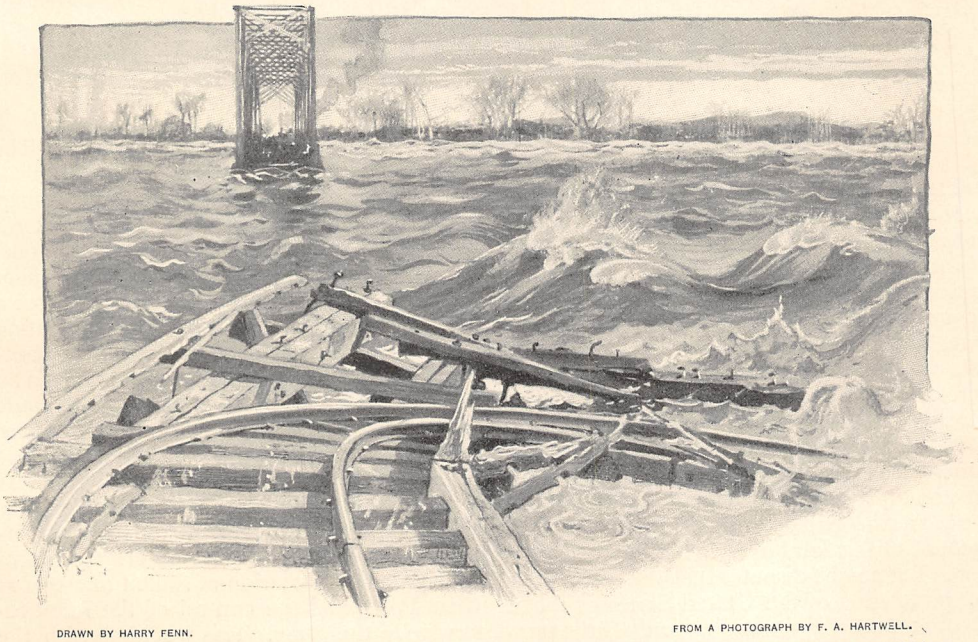


DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. HARTWELL.

IRRIGATING A YOUNG ORCHARD BY THE FURROW METHOD, ARIZONA.

AN EXAMPLE FROM ARIZONA.

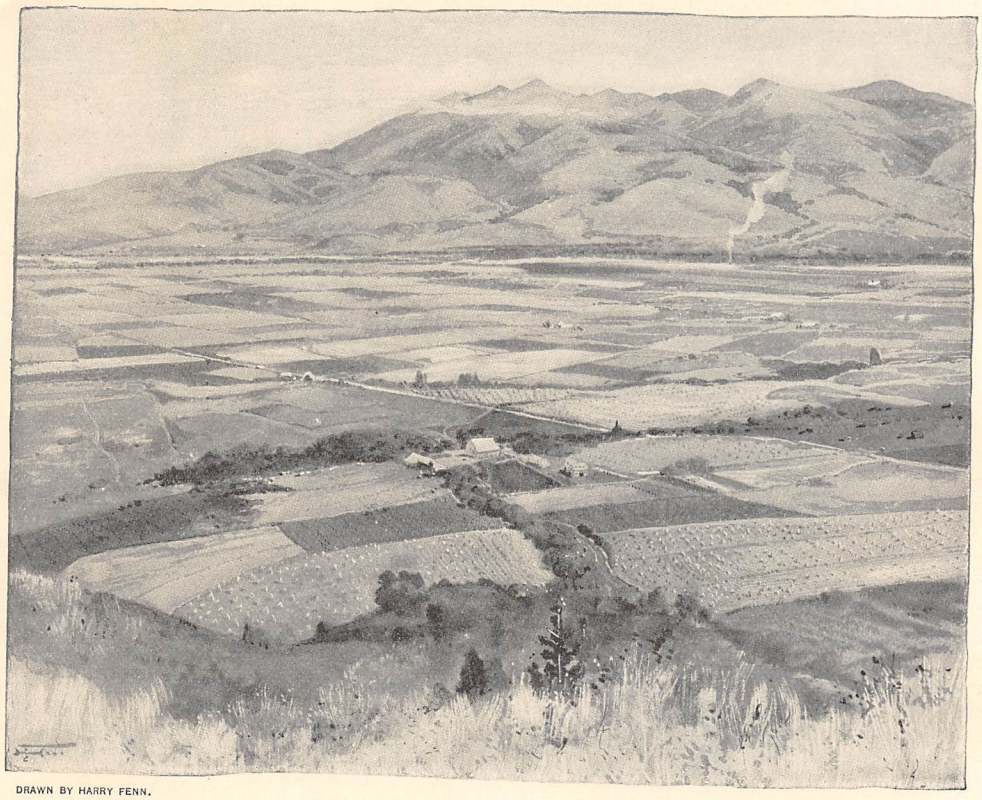
It is impossible to attempt at this time even a meager outline of the physical basis of Arid America. It can only be said that this neglected and often derided half of the continent is full of the potentialities of greatness. Its rich and varied mineral resources are already conceded, but the items of transcendent significance are water and land. Only a single instance can be cited here. The transcontinental traveler who passes through southern Arizona carries away the impression that this great Territory — this State of the early future — is an almost hopeless waste. He sees only the vast desert, its soil like ashes, marked with no vegetation save the grim pillar of the cactus and the gnarled branches of the mesquit. But if the traveler would leave the main line at Maricopa, the train would carry him in an hour into the heart of the real Arizona. Here he would behold the miracle of irrigation. The Salt River valley has felt the touch of living water, and its deserts have been transformed into green pastures, gardens, and orchards. The productiveness of the gray soil when watered surpasses description. Phœnix, the capital, is surrounded by tens of thousands of acres of irrigated land; and here the flag of civilization has been planted in the heart of the primeval desert. Ten acres of this soil will bring



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. HARTWELL.

WINTER FLOOD IN SALT RIVER, ARIZONA, SHOWING LOSS OF WATER WHICH SHOULD BE STORED IN MOUNTAINS AND FOREST RESERVES.

a higher reward to labor than one hundred acres cultivated under the old conditions in the Eastern States. The possibilities of derided Arizona beggar the imagination. The day will come when the proudest State will not blush to stand under the same flag with the Territory which sheltered the ancient civilization of the Aztecs.



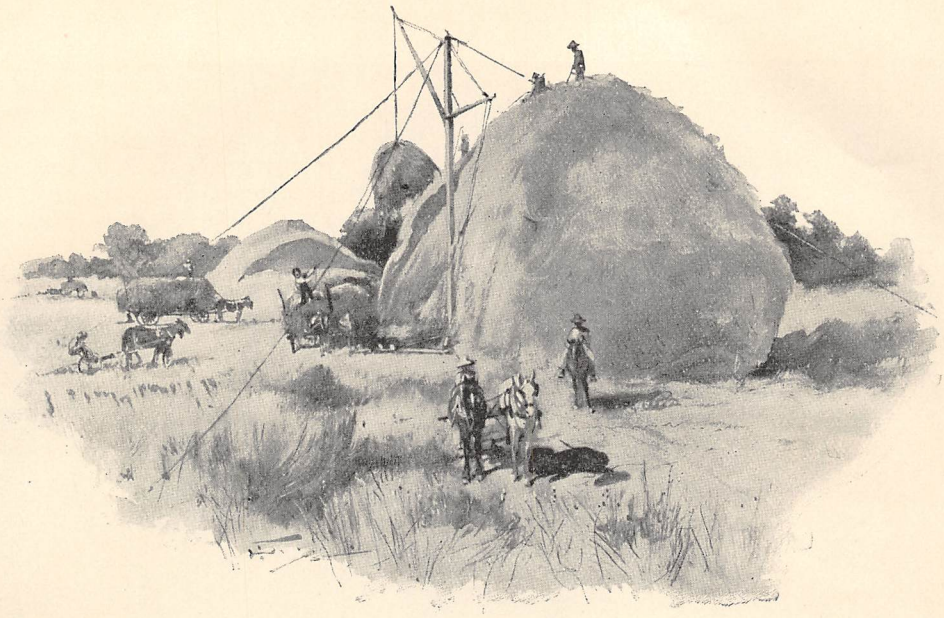
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

LOOKING DOWN ON A RECLAIMED VALLEY IN UTAH.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE work of reclamation has been going forward silently, but gradually and surely, for the better part of a generation. Between ten and twenty millions of acres are now under ditch, and some slight rivulets of population have begun to trickle in upon the lands. But the threshold is scarcely passed. The arid region as a whole comprises more than 800,000,000 acres. Of this empire more than half a billion acres is still the property of the Government. It is the priceless heritage of the children of America. The work of scientific discovery of water-supply has not yet gone far enough to furnish a reasonable basis for an estimate of the amount of this land open to ultimate reclamation. But no one disputes that the entire present population of the United States could be accommodated in the arid region. If the present greatness of the American people is in any large degree the fruit of continental conquest, then the restoration of the national prosperity may certainly be sought by a renewal of the policy of national development. Inconceivable sums of money and incalculable human energy will be required to overcome the natural difficulties of the situation; but man thrives on struggle, and waxes great on conquest. The time seems ripe for the advance. But if this is to be longer delayed, there are certain things which the nation ought to do, and which enlightened statesmanship ought not to postpone.

The arid region is full of great and peculiar problems which require to be studied from a national standpoint. Water is the foundation of all. The forests are nature's storage reservoirs. They are being constantly destroyed by fire and avarice. The forest reservations made by the last and the present administrations are wise steps, but they cannot be effective unless accompanied by some comprehensive system of patrol. The National Irrigation Congress has pronounced in favor of the plan put forward by Professor Sargent of Harvard, providing for the education of skilled foresters at West Point, and the control of the forest reserves by the army. This would furnish the basis for a scientific system of forestry like



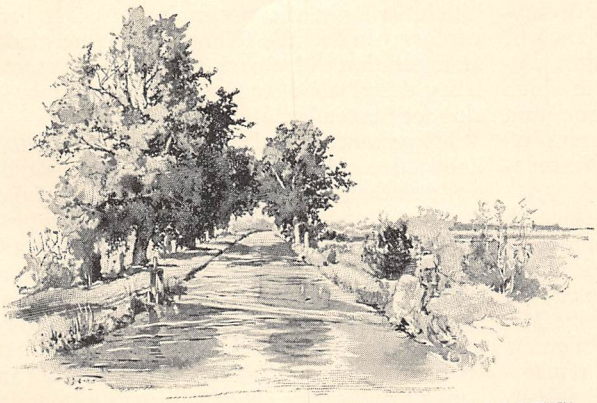
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ALFALFA HARVEST, KERN DELTA, CALIFORNIA.

those employed in some European countries. If public sentiment would rally to the support of this demand for an enlightened policy of forest preservation, there is no doubt that legislation could be obtained at an early day. And if public opinion realized the vast interest at stake, it could not and would not hesitate. The most valuable irrigable lands are being steadily acquired for speculative purposes, under laws inadequate, if not infamous, in an arid country. The pasturage lands are the prize of lawless elements who fight and shed blood in the struggle for possession. The interstate streams are becoming entangled in rival appropriations, and developing a state of affairs that in any country but this would involve civil war. International questions have already arisen over waters common to the United States and to Mexico, and are certain to arise in the future with Canada. Here is a class of large problems which will call for the highest statesmanship, and which already merit careful preliminary study and investigation. And beyond these lies the great practical question as to the manner of reclaiming the lands. This involves many nice questions between the nation and the States, and between the States and private companies and individuals.

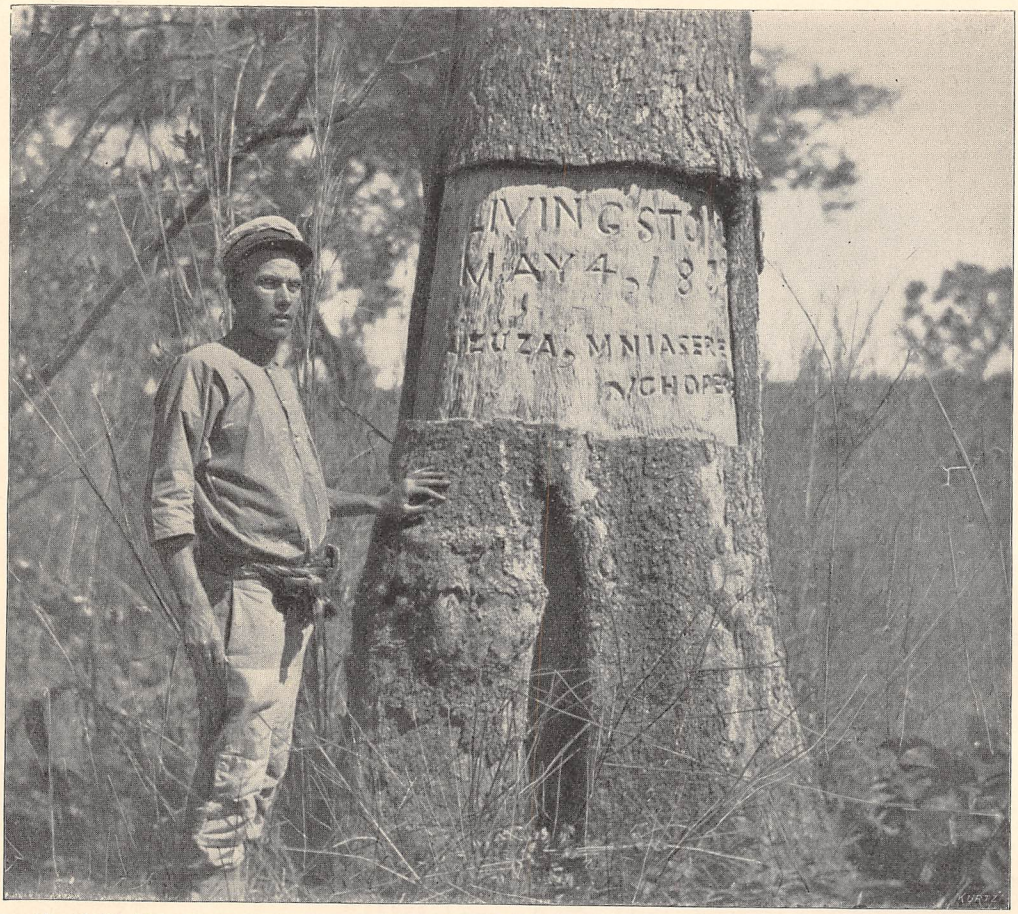
But nothing can be hoped for until the American people have had their eyes opened to the importance of the stupendous national asset comprehended in Arid America. It is civilization that pleads for progress. It is humanity that cries aloud for more room in which to build its habitations. To say that the national valuation will be enhanced by untold millions is merely to mention a sordid fact. But to say that the voiceless desert will blossom with the homes of men, and that these homes will rest upon social and industrial systems better and purer than any the past has known, and that the future population will be ruled under a nobler code of ethics—these are considerations that cannot appeal in vain to the American spirit. The new century will invite us to a new task of transcendent possibilities to the human race.

William E. Smythe.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. HARTWELL.

AN IRRIGATION CANAL THROUGH THE DESERT IN ARIZONA.



MR. GLAVE AT THE TREE BENEATH WHICH WAS BURIED THE HEART OF DR. LIVINGSTONE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE HEART OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

BY a happy accident of equatorial travel THE CENTURY is able to publish the testimony of the camera to the preservation during twenty-two years of the one landmark in "Darkest Africa" that has an interest for the entire civilized world. That landmark is the tree which enshrines the heart of Dr. Livingstone, and which is the complement, in the wilderness of his labors, to his home sepulcher in Westminster Abbey.

This discovery is of special value, since an effort to place a tablet on the tree ended in failure to locate it; and the discovery is of additional interest, perhaps, to the readers of THE CENTURY, inasmuch as it was made by Mr. E. J. Glave in the course of an exploration for this magazine. Mr. Glave, it will be remembered, went to the Congo as one of Stanley's junior officers. After arduous services for so young a man, at one of the advance stations of the Congo Free State, he came to this country to lecture. During a visit to Alaska, in 1890, he formed the project of penetrating to the interior without the uncertain aid of Indian carriers; and in the following year he made an expedition with a pack-train, his adventures being described, after his return, in this magazine for September and October, 1892.

His present enterprise grew out of his personal knowledge of the horrors of the African slave-trade as carried on by the Arab raiders of the interior. Convinced that the first step in a permanent opening up of the "dark continent" must be the extermination of the slave-caravan system, it became his ambition to procure, by special study on the ground, the exact information with regard to the system which would enable the civilizing influences now at work in Africa to coöperate effectively against its main arteries.

In the interest of this magazine he entered on the work early in the summer of 1893. From

Zanzibar he made his way to Fort Johnston, near the southern end of Lake Nyassa, his first letters from that station being despatched in November, 1893. In the spring of 1894 he was at Karonga, near the northern extremity of that lake, on the west shore. Thence, with no companions except a small party of natives, he penetrated to the little-known regions far to the southwest about Lake Bangweolo, which were the scene of Dr. Livingstone's last journey. Near the site of the deserted village of Chitambo, on the south shore of that lake, Mr. Glave found the tree at the base of which the heart of the great missionary was buried by his devoted followers, and on which Jacob Wainwright — the Nassick boy, who read the burial service — chiseled the words: "Dr. Livingstone, May 4, 1873. Yazuza, Mniasere, Vchopere." The body, after such embalming as the natives could give it, was inclosed in canvas, lashed to a pole, and thus carried to Bagamoyo, on the coast opposite Zanzibar. It was buried in the center of the nave of Westminster Abbey, on April 18, 1874.

The tree is the largest in the neighborhood, is of very hard grain, and by the natives is called *mpandu*. Mr. Glave writes that Mrs. Bruce — the daughter of Livingstone — and her husband sent out a tablet commemorative of the explorer's death, which the Belgian officers to whom it was consigned put up about eight miles from the tree. Eighteen months before Mr. Glave's visit, the tablet was carried off by the chief of a slave caravan. Three years before Mr. Glave's visit, an English explorer visited the region, and at a point supposed to be twenty miles from the tree despatched a "trusted follower" with native guides to visit it. He returned with a strip of bark in which an inscription had been cut; but when and where are not quite clear, since the lettering on the tree found by Mr. Glave was clearly cut in the wood after the bark had been removed from a space about two feet square.

Mr. Glave's letter accompanying the photographs of the tree was written at the south end of Lake Tanganyika on September 6, 1894,



A GROUP OF MR. GLAVE'S MEN AT THE BASE OF THE LIVINGSTONE TREE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



TOP OF THE LIVINGSTONE TREE AS SEEN ABOVE THE SURROUNDING GROWTH. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

and came out by way of Fort Johnston and the east coast; while Mr. Glave, who was in contact with the Belgians of the Congo Free State, was expecting to travel northwest to the head waters of the Congo, and to descend that river to the Atlantic. He was hopeful of reaching home two or three months after the letter, which arrived in January of this year.

The Editor.

THE LAND OF LOST HOPES.

A traveler in this land of lost hopes, where I have wasted most that is precious in life."

AND journeying on, we came to that wide land
Where seldom any sought or forced return;
For either breaks the trembling bridge that spanned
The torrent stream (that country's restless bourn),
Or word will come, the friend we used to mourn
Dwells there, and if but far enough we roam,
We, surely, in good time must tidings learn:
At last, in glooming peace, we make our home,
And please the alien god with vows and hecatomb.

When first we came, we marveled much to see
Innumerous paths that wound by dale and hill —
That here might pause beneath the nooning tree,
And there might wander by some pleasant rill;
So on through sun and shade they bent until
They suddenly to darksome dells would sink;
Yet there the pastoral pipes were playing still!
The Shepherd of Lost Hopes by some green brink
Poured the sweet stream from which the crowding flock would drink!

That Shepherd takes a tithe from every flock
  In every land — the fairest and the best.
He shelters them beneath the hollow rock;
  He folds the young and wayworn to his breast.
  But one shall wander east and wander west,
Who thus hath lost his white and fairest hope,
  Yet never meet the darling of his quest,
Not though he searched the wood and sunshine slope,
Or down those music-haunted depths should dare to grope.

Now, harkening to that unseen Melodist,
  This would we note: how brave so e'er the strain,
We evermore the close and cadence missed;
  Nor died in happy languor the refrain,
  But even as those paths broke off amain,
So all at once would cease the lovely sound!
  Yet, like a lapsing wind, it rose again,
Elusive, borne from some remoter ground:
Alas! naught in that land is with fruition crowned.

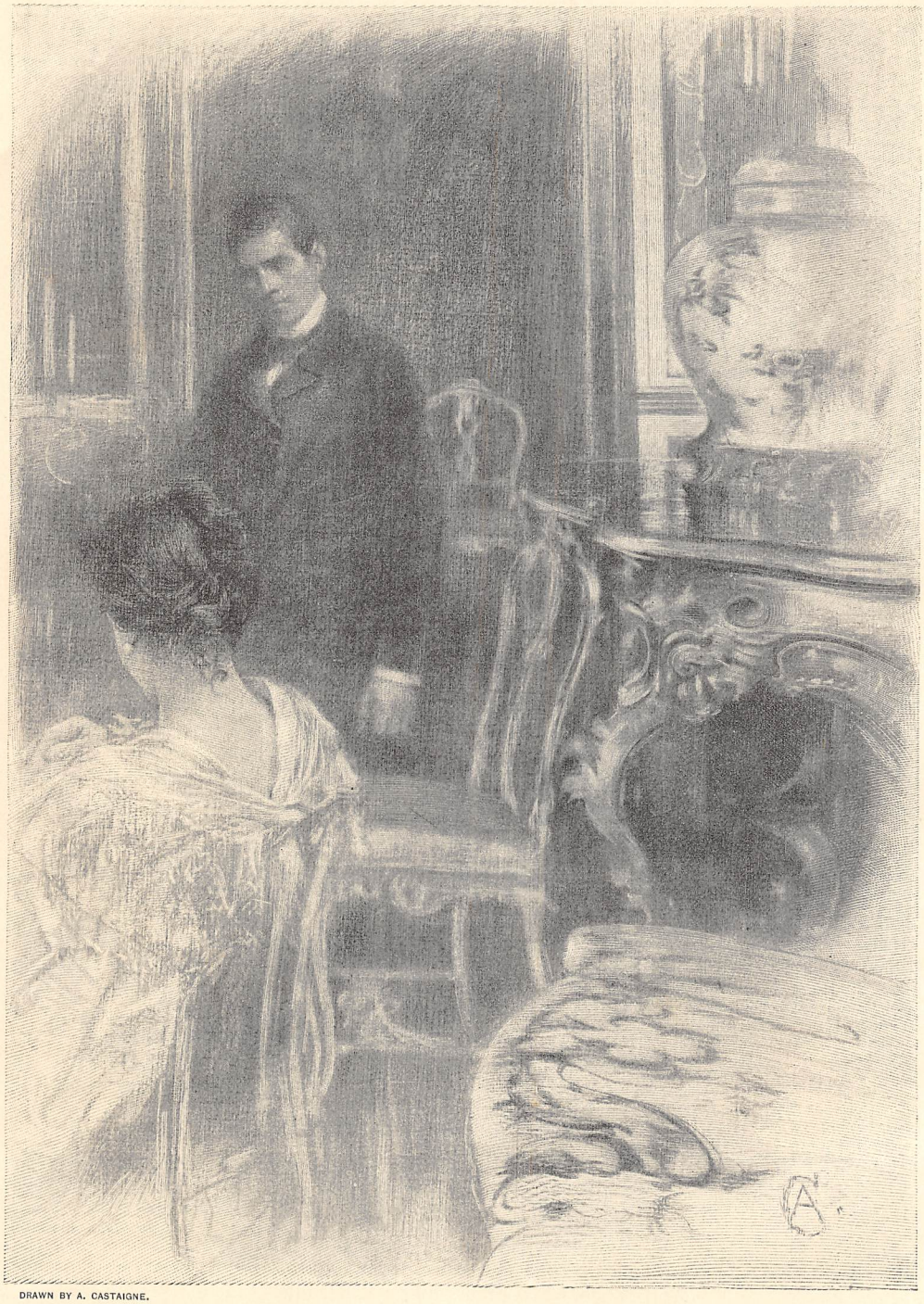
For where the brooding bird sat yestermorn,
  And her mate fed her, warbling his delight,
There was at evening-time a cry forlorn,
  And quivering wings, and unreturning flight;
  While fragments, all of shelly blue or white,
Were scattered on the ground beneath the nest;
  Or else, unbrooded, to the chill of night
Those orphaned treasures lay, while the soft breast
That cherished them was now in piteous crimson dressed.

And where the bladed corn, in sunny green,
  Stood tiptoe waiting for the evening dew,
In darkness there was swung a sickle keen,
  Or else from out the south a hot flame blew,
  Whereat those tender legions downward drew.
And in the orchard, where the willing bough
  Had lately smiled in flowers, a canker grew.
Thus, peerless Summer broke her golden vow;
All promise failed all hearts, yet none knew why nor how.

The egg unquickened and the futile bloom
  Are types repeated there forevermore:
Unfinished is the fabric in the loom;
  Unroofed to heaven the palace built in yore,
  Unmatched the gleaming marbles of its floor.
And as wild Nature, and the works of man,
  So is the man unto his bosom's core:
His words die off that with warm speech began,
His thoughts defile away, a visionary clan.

And while, elsewhere, may tears be dropped for him,
  That tears can be, he hath himself forgot,
Long feeding on that music, dear and dim,
  Loosed from the sunken world of dell and grot.
  He is become enamoured of his lot.
And hence, while others follow other clues,
  One care hath he — to reach the tuneful spot
Where, freshened by Elysian winds and dews,
The Shepherd of Lost Hopes a broken strain renews!

Edith M. Thomas.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

"'GLORIA—FORGIVE ME!'"

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

XXIV.

DURING the first few months of their marriage, Reanda and Gloria believed themselves happy, and really were, since there is no true criterion of man's happiness but his own belief in it. They took a small furnished apartment at the corner of the Macel de' Corvi, with an iron balcony overlooking the Forum of Trajan. They would have had no difficulty in obtaining other rooms adjoining the two Reanda had so long occupied in the Palazzetto Borgia; but Gloria was opposed to the arrangement, and Reanda did not insist upon it. The Forum of Trajan was within a convenient distance of the palace, and he went daily to his work.

"Besides," said Gloria, "you will not always be painting frescos for Donna Francesca. I want you to paint a great picture, and send it to Paris and get a medal."

She was ambitious for him, and dreamed of his winning world-wide fame. She loved him, and she felt that Francesca had caged him, as Francesca herself had once felt. She wished to remove him altogether from the latter's influence, both because she was frankly jealous of his friendship for the older woman, and wished to have him quite to herself, and also in the belief that he could do greater things if he were altogether freed from the task of decorating the palace, which had kept him far too long in one limited sequence of production. There was, moreover, a selfish consideration of vanity in her view, closely linked with her unbounded admiration for her husband. She knew that she was beautiful, and she wished his greatest work to be a painting of herself.

Gloria, however, desired also to take a position in Roman society, and the only person who could help her and her husband to cross the line was Francesca Campodonico. It was therefore impossible for Gloria to break up the intimacy altogether, however much she might wish to do so. Meanwhile, too, Reanda had not finished his frescos.

Soon after the marriage, which took place in the summer, Dalrymple left Rome, intending to be absent but a few months in Scotland, where his presence was necessary on account of certain family affairs and arrangements consequent upon the death of Lord Redin, the head of his branch of the Dalrymples, and of Lord Redin's son only a few weeks later, whereby the title went to an aged great-uncle of Angus Dalrymple's, who was unmarried, so that Dalrymple's only brother became the next heir.

Gloria was therefore quite alone with her husband. Paul Griggs had also left Rome for a time, on business connected with his journalistic career. He had in reality been unwilling to expose himself to the unnecessary suffering of witnessing Gloria's happiness, and had taken the earliest opportunity of going away. Gloria herself was at first pleased by his departure. Later, however, she wished that he would come back. She had no one to whom she could turn when she was in need of any advice on matters which Reanda could not or would not decide.

Reanda himself was at first as absolutely happy as he had expected to be, and Francesca Campodonico congratulated herself on having brought about a perfectly successful match. While he continued to work at the Palazzetto Borgia, the two were often together for hours, as in former times. Gloria had at first come regularly in the course of the morning, and sat in the hall while her husband was painting, but she had found it a monotonous affair after a while. Reanda could not talk perpetually. More than once, indeed, he introduced his wife's face among the many he painted, and she was pleased, though not satisfied. He could not make her one of the central figures which appeared throughout the series, because the greater part of the work was done already, and it was necessary to preserve the continuity of each resemblance. Gloria wished to be the first everywhere, though she did not say so.

Little by little she came less regularly in the mornings. She either stayed at home and studied seriously the soprano parts of the great operas then fashionable, or invented small errands which kept her out of doors. She sometimes met Reanda when he left the palace, and they walked home together to their midday breakfast.

Little by little, also, Francesca fell into the habit of visiting Reanda in the great hall at hours when she was sure that Gloria would not

be there. It was not that she disliked to see them together, but rather because she felt that Gloria was secretly antagonistic. There was a small, perpetual, unexpressed hostility in Gloria's manner which could not escape so sensitive a woman as Francesca. Reanda felt it, too, but said nothing. He was almost foolishly in love with his wife, and he was devotedly attached to Francesca herself. For the present he was very simple in his dealings with himself, and he quietly shut his eyes to the possibility of a disagreement between the two women, though he felt that it was in the air.

Instead of diminishing with his marriage, the obligations under which he was placed toward Donna Francesca were constantly increasing. She saw and understood his wife's social ambition, and gave herself trouble to satisfy it. Reanda felt this keenly, and while his gratitude increased, he inwardly wished that each kindness might be the last. But Gloria had the ambition and the right to be received in society on a footing of equality, and no one but Francesca Campodonico could then give her what she wanted.

She did not obtain what is commonly called social success, though many people received her and her husband during the following winter. She got admiration in plenty, and she herself believed that it was friendship. Of the two, Reanda, who had no social ambition at all, was by far the more popular. He was, as ever, quiet and unassuming, as became a man of his extraordinary talent. He so evidently preferred in society to talk with intelligent people rather than to make himself agreeable to the very great, that the very great tried to attract him to themselves, in order to appear intelligent in the eyes of others. They altogether forgot that he was the son of the steward of Gerano, though he sometimes spoke unaffectedly of his boyhood.

But Gloria reminded people too often that she had a right to be where she was, as the daughter of Angus Dalrymple, who might some day be Lord Redin. Fortunately for her, no one knew that Dalrymple had begun life as a doctor, and very far from such prospects as now seemed quite within the bounds of realization. But even as the possible Lord Redin, her father's existence did not interest the Romans at all. They were not accustomed to people who thought it necessary to justify their social position by allusions to their parentage; and since Francesca Campodonico had assured them that Dalrymple was a gentleman, they had no further questions to ask, and raised their eyebrows when Gloria volunteered information on the subject of her ancestors. They listened politely, and turned the subject as soon as they could, because it bored them.

But the admiration she got was genuine of its kind—as admiration, and as nothing else. Her magnificent voice was useful to ancient and charitable princesses who wished to give concerts for the benefit of the deserving poor; but her face disturbed the hearts of those excellent ladies who had unmarried sons, and of other excellent ladies who had gay husbands. Her beauty and her voice together were a danger, and must be admired from a distance. Gloria and her husband were asked to many houses on important occasions. Gloria went to see the princesses and duchesses, and found them at home. Their cards appeared regularly at the small house in the Macel de' Corvi, but there was always a mystery as to how they got there; for the princesses and the duchesses themselves did not appear, except once or twice when Francesca Campodonico brought one of her friends with her, gently insisting that there should be a proper call. Gloria understood, and said bitter things about society when she was alone, and by degrees she began to say them to her husband.

"These Romans!" she exclaimed at last. "They believe that there is nobody like themselves!"

Angelo Reanda's face had a pained look as he laid his long, thin hand upon hers.

"My dear," he said gently, "you have married an artist. What would you have? I am sure people have received us very well."

"Very well! Of course — as though we had not the right to be received well! But, Angelo, do not say such things — that I have married an artist — "

"It is quite true," he answered, with a smile. "I work with my hands. They do not. There is the difference."

"But you are the greatest artist in the world!" she cried enthusiastically, throwing her arms round his neck, and kissing him again and again. "It is ridiculous! In any other city — in London, in Paris — people would run after you; people would not be able to do enough for you. But it is not you; it is I. They do not like me, Angelo; I know that they do not like me. They want me at their big parties, and they want me to sing for them — but that is all. Not one of them wants me for a friend. I am so lonely, Angelo."

Her eyes filled with tears, and he tried to comfort her.

"What does it matter, my heart?" he asked soothingly. "We have each other, have we not? I, who adore you; and you, who love me — "

"Love you? I worship you! That is why I wish you to have everything the world holds — everything at your feet."

"But I am quite satisfied," objected Reanda, with unwise truth. "Do not think of me."

She loved him, but she wished to put upon him some of her uncontrollable longing for social success in order to justify herself. To please her, he should have joined in her complaint. Her tears dried suddenly, and her eyes flashed.

"I will think of you!" she cried. "I have nothing else to think of. You shall have it all, everything — they shall know what a man you are!"

"An artist, my dear, an artist. A little better than some, a little less good than others. What can society do for me?"

She sighed, and the color deepened a little in her cheeks. But she hid her annoyance, for she loved him with a love at once passionate and intentional, compounded of reality and of a strong inborn desire for emotion — a desire closely connected with the longing for the life of the stage, but now suddenly thrown with full force into the channel of her actual life.

Reanda began to understand that his wife was not happy, and the certainty reacted strongly upon him. He became more sad and abstracted from day to day, when he was not with her. He longed, as only a man of such a nature can long, for a friend in whom he could confide, and of whom he could ask advice. He had such a friend, indeed, in Francesca Campodonico, but he was too proud to turn to her, and too deeply aware that she had done all she could to give Gloria the social position the latter coveted.

Francesca, on her side, was not slow to notice that something was radically wrong. Reanda's manner had changed by degrees since his marriage. His pride made him more formal with the woman to whom he owed so much, and she felt that she could do nothing to break down the barrier which was slowly rising between them. She suffered, in her way; for she was far more sincerely attached to the man than she recognized, or perhaps would have been willing to recognize, when she allowed herself to look the situation fairly in the face. For months she struggled against anything which could make her regret the marriage she had made. But at last she admitted the fact that she regretted it, for it thrust itself upon her, and embittered her own life. Then she became conscious in her heart of a silent and growing enmity for Gloria, and of a profound pity for Angelo Reanda. Being ashamed of the enmity, as something both sinful in her eyes and beneath the nobility of her nature, she expressed it, if that were expression, by allowing her pity for the man to assert itself as it would. That, she told herself, was a form of charity, and could not be wrong, however she looked at it.

All mention of Gloria vanished from her conversation with Reanda when they were alone together. At such times she did her best to amuse him, to interest him, and to take him out of himself. At first she had little success. He answered her, and sometimes even entered into an argument with her; but as soon as the subject dropped, she saw the look of harassed preoccupation returning in his face. So far as his work was concerned, what he did was as good as ever. Francesca thought it was even better. But otherwise he was a changed man.

In the course of the winter Paul Griggs returned. One day Francesca was sitting in the hall with Reanda when a servant announced that Griggs had asked to see her. She glanced at Reanda's face, and instantly decided to receive the American alone in the drawing-room, on the other side of the house.

"Why do you not receive him here?" asked Reanda, carelessly.

"Because —" she hesitated. "I should rather see him in the drawing-room," she added a moment later, without giving any further explanation.

Griggs told her that he had come back to stay through the year, and perhaps longer. She took a kindly interest in the young man, and was glad to hear that he had improved his position and prospects during his absence. He rarely found sympathy anywhere, and indeed needed very little of it. But he was capable of impulse, and he had long ago decided that Francesca was good, discreet, and kind. He answered her questions readily enough, and his still face warmed a little while she talked with him. She, on her part, could not help being interested in the lonely, hard-working man, who never seemed to need help of any kind, and was climbing through life by the strength of his own hands. There was about him at that time an air of reserved power which interested though it did not attract those who knew him.

Suddenly he asked about Gloria and her husband. There was an odd abruptness in the question, and a hard little laugh, quite unnecessary, accompanied it. Francesca noted the change of manner, and remembered how she had at first conceived the impression that Griggs admired Gloria, but that Gloria was repelled by him.

"I suppose they are radiantly happy," he said.

Francesca hesitated, being truthful by nature, as well as loyal. There was no reason why Griggs should not ask her the question, which was natural enough, but she had many reasons for not wishing to answer it.

"Are they not happy?" he asked quickly, as her silence roused his suspicions.

"I have never heard anything to the con-

trary," answered Francesca, dangerously accurate in the statement.

"Oh!" Griggs uttered the ejaculation in a thoughtful tone, but said no more.

"I hope I have not given you the impression that there is anything wrong," said Francesca, showing her anxiety too much.

"I saw Dalrymple in England," answered Griggs, with ready tact. "He seems very well satisfied with the match. By the by, I daresay you have heard that Dalrymple stands a good chance of dying a peer, if he ever dies at all. With his constitution that is doubtful."

And he went on to explain to Francesca the matter of the Redin title, and that as Dalrymple's elder brother, though married, was childless, he himself would probably come into it some day. Then Griggs took his leave without mentioning Reanda or Gloria again. But Francesca was aware that she had betrayed Reanda's unhappiness to a man who had admired Gloria, and had probably loved her before her marriage. She afterward blamed herself bitterly and very unjustly for what she had done.

Griggs went away, and called soon afterward at the small house in the Macel de' Corvi. He found Gloria alone, and she was glad to see him. She told him that Reanda would also be delighted to hear of his return. Griggs, who wrote about everything which gave him an opportunity of using his very various knowledge, wrote also upon art, and besides the first article he had written about Reanda, more than a year previously, had, since then, in his newspaper correspondence frequently made allusion to the artist's great talent. Reanda was therefore under an obligation to the journalist, and Gloria herself was grateful. Moreover, Englishmen who came to Rome had frequently been to see Reanda's work in consequence of the articles. One old gentleman had tried to induce the artist to paint a picture for him, but had met with a refusal, on the ground that the work at the Palazzetto Borgia would occupy at least another year. The Englishman said he should come back and try again.

Between Griggs and Gloria there was the sort of friendly confidence which could not but exist under the circumstances. She had known him long, and he had been her father's only friend in Rome. She remembered him from the time when she had been a mere child, before her sudden transition to womanhood. She trusted him. She understood perfectly well that he loved her, but she believed that she had it in her power to keep his love as completely in the background as he himself had kept it hitherto. Her instinct told her also that Griggs might be a strong ally in a moment of difficulty. His reserved strength impressed her even more than it impressed Francesca Campodonico. She received him gladly, and told him to come again.

He came, and she asked him to dinner, feeling sure that Reanda would wish to see him. He accepted the first invitation, and another which followed before long. By insensible degrees, during the winter, Griggs became very intimate at the house, as he had been formerly at Dalrymple's lodgings.

"That young man loves you, my dear," said Reanda, one day in the following spring, with a smile which showed how little anxiety he felt.

Gloria laughed gaily, and patted her husband's hand.

"What men like that call love!" she answered. "Besides — a journalist! And hideous as he is!"

"He certainly has not a handsome face," laughed Reanda. "I am not jealous," he added, with sudden gravity. "The man has done much for my reputation, too, and I know what I owe him. I have good reason for wishing to treat him well, and I am all the more pleased if you find him agreeable."

He made the rather formal speech in a decidedly formal tone, and with the unconscious intention of justifying himself in some way, though he was far too simple by nature to suspect himself of any complicated motive. She looked at him, but did not quite understand.

"You surely do not suppose that I ever cared for him!" she said, readily suspecting that he suspected her.

He started perceptibly, and looked into her eyes. She was very truly in earnest, but her exaggerated self-consciousness had given her tone a color which he did not recognize. Some seconds passed before he answered her. Then the gentle light came into his face as he realized how much he loved her.

"How foolish you are, love!" he exclaimed. "But Griggs is younger than I — it would not be so very unnatural if you had cared for him."

She broke out passionately.

"Younger than you! So am I, much younger than you! But you are young, too. I will not have you suggest that you are not young. Of course you are. You are unkind, besides. As though it could make the slightest difference to me if you were a hundred years old! But you do not understand what my love for you is. You will never understand it. I wish I loved you less; I should be happier than I am."

He drew her to him, reluctant, and the pained look which Francesca knew so well came into his face.

"Are you unhappy, my heart?" he asked gently. "What is it, dear? Tell me!"

She was nervous, and the confession or complaint had been unintentional, and the result of irritation more than of anything else. The fact that he had taken it up made matters much worse. She was in that state in which such a woman will make a mountain of a molehill rather than forego the sympathy which her constitution needs in a larger measure than her small sufferings can possibly claim.

"Oh, so unhappy!" she cried softly, hiding her face against his coat, and glad to feel the tears in her eyes.

"But what is it?" he asked very kindly, smoothing her auburn hair with one hand, while the other pressed her to him.

As he looked over her head at the wall, his face showed both pain and perplexity. He had not the least idea what to do, except to humor her as much as he could.

"I am so lonely, sometimes!" she moaned. "The days are so long!"

"And yet you do not come and sit with me in the mornings, as you used to do at first." There was an accent of regret in his voice.

"She is always there," said Gloria, pressing her face closer to his coat.

"Indeed she is not!" he cried, and she could feel the little breath of indignation he drew. "I am a great deal alone."

"Not half as much as I am."

"But what can I do?" he asked, in despair. "It is my work. It is her palace. You are free to come and go as you will, and if you will not come —"

"I know, I know," she answered, still clinging to him. "You will say it is my fault. It is just like a man. And yet I know that you are there hour after hour with her, and she is young and beautiful. And she loves you — oh, I know she loves you!"

Reanda began to lose patience.

"How absurd!" he exclaimed. "It is ridiculous. It is an insult to Donna Francesca to say that she is in love with me."

"It is true." Gloria suddenly raised her head, and drew back from him a very little. "I am a woman," she said. "I know and I understand. She meant to sacrifice herself and make you happy by marrying you to me, and now she regrets it. It is enough to see her. She follows you with her eyes as you move, and there is a look in them —"

Reanda laughed with an effort.

"It is altogether too absurd!" he said. "I do not know what to say. I can only laugh."

"Because you know it is true," answered Gloria. "It is for your sake that she has done it all, that she makes such a pretense of being friendly to me, that she pushes us into society, and brings her friends here to see me. They never come unless she brings them," she added bitterly. "There is no fear of that. The Duchess of Astradente would not have her black horses seen standing in the Macel de' Corvi unless Donna Francesca made her do it, and came with her."

"Why not?" asked Reanda, simply; for his Italian mind did not grasp the false shame which Gloria felt in living in a rather humble neighborhood.

"She would not have people know that she had friends living in such a place," Gloria answered.

Unwittingly she had dealt Reanda a deadly thrust.

He had fallen in love with her, and had married her, on the understanding with himself, so to say, that she was in all respects as much a great lady as Donna Francesca herself; and he had taken it for granted that she must be above such pettiness. The lodging was extremely good, and had the advantage of being very conveniently situated for his work. It had never struck him that because it was in an unfashionable position Gloria could imagine that the people she knew would hesitate to come and see her. Since their marriage she had done and said many little things which had shaken his belief in the thoroughness of her refinement. She had suddenly destroyed that belief, now, by a single foolish speech. It would be hard to build it up again.

Like many men of genius, he could not forgive his own mistake, and Gloria was involved in this one. Moreover, as an Italian, he fancied that she secretly suspected him of meanness; and when Italians are not mean, there is nothing which they resent more than being thought to be so. He had plenty of money, for he had always lived very simply before his marriage, and Dalrymple gave Gloria an allowance.

His tone changed when he answered her, but she was far from suspecting what she had done.

"We will get another apartment at once," he said quietly.

"No," she answered, at once protesting; "you must not do anything of the kind! What an idea! To change our home merely because it is not on the Corso or on the Piazza di Venezia!"

"You would prefer the Corso?" inquired Angelo. "That is natural. It is more gay."

The reflection that the view of the deserted Forum of Trajan was dull suggested itself to him as a Roman, knowing the predilection of Roman women of the middle class for looking out of the window.

"It is ridiculous!" cried Gloria. "You must not think of it. Besides — the expense —"

"The expense does not enter into the question, my dear," he answered, having fully made up his mind. "You shall not live in a place to which you think your friends may hesitate to come."

"Friends! They are not my friends, and they never mean to be," she replied more hotly. "Why should I care whether they will take the trouble to come and see me or not? Let them stay away if I am not good enough for them. Tell Donna Francesca not to bring them — not to come herself any more. I hate to feel that she is thrusting me down the throat of a society that does not want me. She does it only to put me under an obligation to her. I am sure she talks about me behind my back, and says horrid things — "

"You are very unjust," said Reanda, hurt by the vulgarity of the speech, and deeply wounded in his own pride.

"You defend her! You see!" And the color rose in Gloria's cheeks.

"She has done nothing that needs defense. She has acted always with the greatest kindness to me and to us. You have no right to suppose that she says unkind things of you when you are not present. I cannot imagine what has come over you to-day. It must be the weather. It is sirocco."

Gloria turned away angrily, thinking that he was laughing at her, whereas the suggestion about the weather was a perfectly natural one in Rome, where the southeast wind has an undoubted effect upon the human temper.

But the seeds of much discussion were sown on that close spring afternoon. Reanda was singularly tenacious of small purposes, as he was of great ideas where his art was concerned; and his nature, though gentle, was unforgiving, not out of hardness, but because he was so sensitive that his illusions were easy to destroy.

He went out, and forthwith began to search for an apartment of which his wife should have no cause to complain. In the course of a week he found what he wanted. It was a part of the second floor of one of the palaces on the Corso, not far from the Piazza di Venezia. It was partly furnished, and without speaking to Gloria he had it made comfortable within a few days. When it was ready he gave her short warning that they were to move immediately.

Strange to say, Gloria was very much displeased, and did not conceal her annoyance. She really liked the small house in the Macel de' Corvi, and resented the way in which her husband had taken her remarks about the situation. To tell the truth, Reanda had deceived himself with the idea that she would be delighted with the change, and had spent money rather lavishly, in the hope of giving her a pleasant surprise. He was proportionately disappointed by her unexpected displeasure.

"What was the use of spending so much money?" she asked, with a discontented face. "People will not come to see us because we live in a fine house."

"I did not take the house with that intention, my dear," said Reanda, gently, but wounded and repelled by the remark and the tone.

"Well, then, we might have stayed where we were," she answered. "It was much cheaper, and there was more sun for the winter."

"But this is gayer," objected Reanda. "You have the Corso under the window."

"As though I looked out of the window!" exclaimed Gloria, scornfully. "It was so nice — our little place there."

"You are hard to please, my dear," said the artist, coldly.

Then she saw that she had hurt him, which she had not meant to do. Her own nature was self-conscious and greedy of emotion, but not sensitive. She threw her arms around him, and kissed him, and thanked him.

But Reanda was not satisfied. Day by day when Francesca looked at him she saw the harassed expression deepening in his face, and she felt that every furrow was scored in her own heart. And she, in her turn, grew very grave and thoughtful.

XXV.

PAUL GRIGGS was a man compounded of dominant qualities and dormant contradictions of them which threatened at any moment to become dominant in their turn for a time. He himself almost believed that he had two separate individualities, if not two distinct minds.

It may be doubted whether it can be good for any man to dwell long upon such an idea in connection with himself, however distinctly he may see in others the foundation of truth on which it rests. To Griggs, however, it presented itself so clearly that he found it impossible not to take it into consideration in the more important actions of his life. The two men were very sharply distinguished in his thoughts. The one man would do what the other would not. The other could think thoughts above the comprehension of the first.

The one was material, keen, strong, passionate, and selfish; preëminently adapted for hard work; conscientious in the force of its instinct to carry out everything undertaken by it to the very end, and judging that whatever it undertook was good and worth finishing; having something of the nature of a strong piece of clockwork which, being wound up, must run to

the utmost limit before stopping, whether regulated to move fast or slow, with a fateful certainty independent of will; possessed of such uncommon strength as to make it dangerous if opposed while moving, and at the same time having an extraordinary inertia when not wound up to do a certain piece of work; self-reliant to a fault, as the lion is self-reliant in the superiority of physical endowment; gentle when not opposed, because almost incapable of action without a determinate object and aim, but developing an irresistible momentum when the inertia was overcome; thorough, in the sense in which the tide is thorough, in rising evenly and all at the same time, and as ruthless as the tide, because it was that part of the whole man which was a result, and which, therefore, when once set in motion was almost beyond his control; reasonable only because, as a result, it followed its causes logically, and required a real cause to move it at first.

The other man in him was very different, almost wholly independent of the first, and very generally in direct conflict with it, at that time. It was an imaginative and meditative personality, easily deceived into assuming a false premise, but logical beyond all liability to deception when reasoning from anything it had accepted. Its processes were intuitively correct and almost instantaneous, while its assumptions were arbitrary in the extreme. It might begin to act at any point whatsoever, and unlike the material man, which required a will to move it at first, it struck spontaneously with the directness of straight lightning from one point to another, never misled in its path, though often fatally mistaken in the value of the points themselves.

Most men who have thought much, wisely or foolishly, and who have seen much, good or bad, are more or less conscious of their two individualities. Idle and thoughtless people are not, as a rule. With Griggs the two were singularly distinct and independent. Sometimes it seemed to him that he sat in judgment, as a third person, between them. At other moments he felt himself wholly identified with the one, and painfully aware of the opposition of the other. The imaginative part of him despised the material part for its pride of life and lust of living. The material part laughed to scorn the imaginative one for its false assumptions and unfounded beliefs. When he could abstract himself from both, he looked upon the intuitive personality as being himself in every true sense of the word, and upon the material man as a monstrous overgrowth and encumbrance upon his more spiritual self.

When he began to love Gloria Dalrymple, she appealed to both sides of his nature. For once the spiritual instinct coincided with the direction given to the material man by a very earthly passion.

The cause of this was plain enough, and altogether simple. The spiritual instinct had taken the lead. He had known Gloria before she had been a woman to be loved. The maiden genius of the girl had spoken to the higher man from a sphere above material things, and had created in him one of those assumed premises for subsequent spiritual intuition from which he derived almost the only happiness he knew. Then, all at once, the woman had sprung into existence, and her young beauty had addressed itself to the young gladiator with overwhelming force. The woman fascinated him, and the angelic being his imagination had assumed in the child still enchanted him.

He was not like Reanda; for his sensitiveness was one-sided, and therefore only half vulnerable. Gloria's faults were insignificant accidents of a general perfectness, the result of having arbitrarily assumed a perfect personality. They could not make the path of his spiritual intuitive love waver, and they produced no effect at all against his direct material passion. To destroy the prime beautiful illusion something must take place which would upset the mistaken assumption from a point beyond it, so to say. As for the earthly part of his love, it was so strong that it might well stand alone even if the other should disappear altogether.

Then came honor, and the semi-religious morality of the man, defending the woman against him for the sake of the angel he saw through her. Chief of all in her defense stood his own conviction that she did not love him, and never would, nor ever could. To all intents and purposes, too, he had been her father's friend, though between the two men there had been little but the similarity of their gloomy characters. It was the will of the material man to be governed; and as no outward influence set it in motion, it remained inert, in unstable equilibrium, as a vast boulder may lie for ages on the very edge of a precipice, ready, but not inclined to fall. There was fatality in its stillness, and in the certainty that if moved it must crash through everything it met.

Gloria had not the least understanding of the real man. She thought about him often during the months which followed his return, and a week rarely passed in which she did not see him two or three times. Her thoughts of him were too ignorant to be confused. She was conscious, rather than aware, that he loved her; but it seemed quite natural to her, at her age, that he should never express his love by any word or deed.

But she compared him with her husband, innocently and unconsciously, in matters where comparison was almost unavoidable. His leo-

nine strength of body impressed her strongly, and she felt his presence in the room even when she was not looking at him. Reanda was physically a weak and nervous man. When he was painting, the movements of his hand seemed to be independent of his will, and guided by a superior unseen power rather than directed by his judgment and will. Paul Griggs never made the slightest movement which did not strike Gloria as the expression of his will to accomplish something. He was wonderfully skilful with his hands. Whatever he meant to do, his fingers did, forthwith, unhesitatingly. His mental processes were similar, so far as she could see. If she asked him a question, he answered it categorically and clearly if he was able. If not, he said so, and relapsed into silence, studying the problem, or trying to force his memory to recall a lost item. Reanda, on the other hand, answered most questions with the expression of a vague opinion, often right, but apparently not founded on anything particular. The accuracy of Griggs sometimes irritated the artist perceptibly in conversation; but he took an interest in what Griggs wrote, and made Gloria translate many of the articles to him, reading aloud in Italian from the English. Strange to say, they pleased him for the very qualities which he disliked in the man's talk. The Italian mind, when it has developed favorably, is inclined to specialism rather than to generalization, and Griggs wrote of many things as though he were a specialist. He had enormous industry and great mechanical power of handling language.

"I have no genius," he said one day to Gloria, when she had been admiring something he had written, and using the extravagant terms of praise which rose easily to her lips. "Your husband has genius, but I have none. Some day I shall astonish you all by doing something very remarkable. But it will not be a work of genius."

It was in the late autumn days, more than a year and a half after Gloria's marriage. The southeast wind was blowing down the Corso, and the pavements were yellow and sticky with the moistened sand-blast from the African desert. At such times the grains of sand are really found in the air. It is said that the undoubted effect of the sirocco on the temper of southern Italy is due to the irritation caused by inhaling the fine particles with the breath. Something there is in that special wind which changes the tempers of men and women very suddenly and strangely.

Gloria and her companion were seated in the drawing-room that afternoon, and the window was open. The wind stirred the white curtains, and now and then blew them inward, and twisted them round the inner ones, which were of a dark gray stuff with broad brown velvet bands, in a fashion then new. Gloria had been singing, and sat leaning sidewise on the desk of the grand piano. A tall red Bohemian glass stood beside the music on one of the little sliding shelves meant for the candles, and there were a few flowers in it, fresh an hour ago, but now already half withered and drooping under the poisonous breath of the southeast. The warm, damp breeze came in gusts, and stirred the fading leaves and Gloria's auburn hair, and the sheet of music upright on the desk. Griggs sat in a low chair not far from her, his still face turned toward her, his shadowy eyes fixed on her features, his sinewy hands clasped round his crossed knees. The nature of the great athlete showed itself even in repose — the broad, dark throat set deep in the chest, the square solidity of the shoulders, the great curved lines along the straightened arms, the small, compact head, with its close, dark hair, bent somewhat forward in the general relaxation of the resting muscles. In his complete immobility there was the certainty of instant leaping and flash-like motion which one feels rather than sees in the sleeping lion.

Gloria looked at him thoughtfully with half-closed lids.

"I shall surprise you all," he repeated slowly, "but it will not be genius."

"You will not surprise me," Gloria answered, still meeting his eyes. "As for genius, what is it?"

"It is what you have when you sing," said Griggs. "It is what Reanda has when he paints."

"Then why not what you do when you write?"

"The difference is simple enough. Reanda does things well because he cannot help it. When I do a thing well, it is because I work so hard at it that the thing cannot help being done by me. Do you understand?"

"I always understand what you tell me. You put things so clearly. Yes; I think I understand you better than you understand yourself."

Griggs looked down at his hands, and was silent for a moment. Mechanically he moved his thumb from side to side, and watched the knot of muscle between it and the forefinger as it swelled and disappeared with each contraction.

"Perhaps you do understand me — perhaps you do," he said at last. "I have known you a long time. It must be four years at least — ever since I first came here to work. It has been a long piece of life."

"Indeed it has," Gloria answered; and a moment later she sighed.

The wind blew the sheet of music against her. She folded it impatiently, threw it aside, and resumed her position, resting one elbow on

the narrow desk. The silence lasted several seconds, and the white curtains flapped softly against the heavy ones.

"I wonder whether you understand my life at all," she said presently.

"I am not sure that I do. It is a strange life, in some ways,—like yourself."

"Am I strange?"

"Very."

"What makes you think so?"

Again he was silent for a time. His face was very still. It would have been impossible to guess from it that he felt any emotion at the moment.

"Do you like compliments?" he asked abruptly.

"That depends upon whether I consider them compliments or not," she answered, with a little laugh.

"You are a very perfect woman in very imperfect surroundings," said Griggs.

"That is not a compliment to the surroundings, at all events. I do not know whether to laugh or not. Shall I?"

"If you will. I like to hear you laugh."

"You should hear me cry!" And she laughed again at herself.

"God forbid!" he said gravely.

"I do sometimes," she answered; and her face grew suddenly sad as he watched her.

He felt a quick pain for her in his heart.

"I am sorry you have told me so," he said. "I do not like to think of it. Why should you cry? What have you to cry for?"

"What should you think?" she asked lightly, though no smile came with the words.

"I cannot guess. Tell me. It is because you still wish to be a singer? Is that it?"

"No; that is not it."

"Then I cannot guess." He looked for the answer in her face. "Will you tell me?" he asked, after a pause.

"Of what use could it be?" Her eyes met his for a moment, the lids fell, and she turned away. "Will you shut the window?" she said suddenly. "The wind blows the things about. Besides, it is getting late."

He rose, and went to the window. She watched him as he shut it, turning his back to her, so that his figure stood out distinct and black against the light. She realized what a man he was. With those arms and those shoulders he could do anything, as he had once caught her in the air and saved her life, and then, again, as he had broken the cords that night at Mendoza's house. There was nothing physical which such a man could not do. He was something on which to rely in her limited life, an absolute contrast to her husband, whose vagueness irritated her, while his deadness of sensibility, when she had wrung his sensitiveness too far, humiliated her in her own eyes. She had kept her secret long, she thought, though she had kept it for the simple reason that she had had no one in whom to confide.

Griggs came back from the window, and sat down near her again in the low chair, looking up into her face.

"Mr. Griggs," she said, turning from his eyes and looking into the piano, "you asked me a question just now. I should like to answer it if I were quite sure of you."

"Are you not sure of me?" he asked. "I think you might be by this time. We were just saying that we had known each other so long."

"Yes; but—all sorts of things have happened in that time, you know. I am not the same as I was when I first knew you."

"No; you are married. That is one great difference."

"Too great," said she. "Honestly, do you think me improved since my marriage?"

"Improved? No. Why should you improve? You are just what you were meant to be, as you always were."

"I know. You called me a perfect woman a little while ago, and you said my surroundings were imperfect. You must have meant that they did not suit me, or that I did not suit them. Which was it?"

"They ought to suit you," said Griggs. "If they do not, it is not your fault."

"But I might have done something to make them suit me. I sometimes think that I have not treated them properly."

"Why should you blame yourself? You did not make them, and they cannot unmake you. You have a right to be yourself. Everybody has. It is the first right. Your surroundings owe you more than you owe to them, because you are what you are, and they are not what they ought to be. Let them bear the blame. As for not treating them properly, no one could accuse you of that."

"I do not know—some one might. People are so strange, sometimes."

She stopped, and he answered nothing. Looking down into the open piano, she idly watched the hammers move as she pressed the keys softly with one hand.

"Some people are just like this," she said, smiling, and repeating the action. "If you touch them in a certain way, they answer. If you press them gently, they do not understand. Do you see? The hammer comes just up to the string, and then falls back again without making any noise. I suppose those are my surroundings. Sometimes they answer me, and sometimes they do not. I like things I can be sure of."

"And by things you mean people," suggested Griggs.

"Of course."

"And by your surroundings you mean — what?"

"You know," she answered in a low voice, turning her face still farther away from him.

"Reanda?"

She hesitated for a moment, knowing that her answer must have weight on the man.

"I suppose so," she said at last. "I ought not to say so — ought I? Tell me the truth."

"The truth is, you are unhappy," he answered slowly. "There is no reason why you should not tell me so. Perhaps I might help you, if you would let me."

He almost regretted that he had said so much, little as it was. But she had wished him to say it, and more also. Still turning from him, she rested her chin in her hand. His face was still, but there was the beginning of an expression in it which she had never seen. Now that the window was shut it was very quiet in the room, and the air was strangely heavy and soft and dim. Now and then the panes rattled a little. Griggs looked at the graceful figure as Gloria sat thinking what she should say. He followed the lines till his eyes rested on what he could see of her averted face. Then he felt something like a sharp, quick blow at his temples, and the blood rose hot to his throat. At the same instant came the bitter little pang he had known long, telling him that she had never loved him, and never could.

"Are you really my friend?" she asked softly.

"Yes." The word almost choked him, for there was not room for it and for the rest.

She turned quietly, and surveyed the marble mask with curious inquiry.

"Why do you say it like that," she asked — "as though you would rather not? Do you grudge it?"

"No." He spoke barely above his breath.

"How you say it!" she exclaimed, with a little laugh that could not laugh itself out, for there was a strange tension in the air, and on her and on him. "You might say it better," she added, the pupils of her eyes dilating a little so that the room looked suddenly larger and less distinct.

She knew the sensation of coming emotion, and she loved it. She had never thought before that she could get it by talking with Paul Griggs. He did not answer her.

"Perhaps you meant it," she said presently. "I hardly know. Did you?"

"Please be reasonable," said Griggs, indistinctly, and his hands gripped each other on his knees.

"How oddly you talk!" she exclaimed. "What have I said that was unreasonable?"

She felt that the emotion she had expected was slipping from her, and her nerves unconsciously resented the disappointment. She was out of temper in an instant.

"You cannot understand," he answered. "There is no reason why you should. Forgive me. I am nervous to-day."

"You? Nervous?" She laughed again, with a little scorn. "You are not capable of being nervous."

She was dimly aware that she was provoking him to something, she knew not what, and that he was resisting her. He did not answer her last words. She went back to the starting-point again, dropping her voice to a sadder key.

"Honestly, will you be my friend?" she asked, with a gentle smile.

"Heart and soul — and hand, too, if you want it," he said; for he had recovered his speech. "Tell me what the trouble is. If I can, I will take you out of it."

It was rather an odd speech, and she was struck by the turn of the phrase, which expressed more strength than doubt of power to do anything he undertook.

"I believe you could," she said, looking at him. "You are so strong. You could do anything."

"Things are never so hard as they look, if one is willing to risk everything," he answered. "And when one has nothing to lose," he added, as an afterthought.

She sighed, and turned away again, half satisfied.

"There is nothing to risk," she said. "It is not a case of danger. And you cannot take my trouble and tear it up like a pack of cards with those hands of yours. I wish you could. I am unhappy — yes, I have told you so. But what can you do to help me? You cannot make my surroundings what they are not, you know."

"No — I cannot change your husband," said Griggs.

She started a little, but still looked away.

"No; you cannot make him love me," she said softly and sadly.

The big hands lost their hold on each other, and the deep eyes opened a little wider. But she was not watching him.

"Do you mean to say —" He stopped.

She slowly bent her head twice, but said nothing.

"Reanda does not love you?" he said, in wondering interrogation. "Why, I thought —" He hesitated.

"He cares no more for me than — that!" The hand that stretched toward him across the open piano tapped the polished wood once, and sharply.

"Are you in serious earnest?" asked Griggs, bending forward, as though to catch her first look when she should turn.

"Does any one jest about such things?" He could just see that her lips curled a little as she spoke.

"And you — you love him still?" he asked, with pressing voice.

"Yes — I love him. The more fool I!"

The words did not grate on him, as they would have jarred on her husband's ear. The myth he had imagined made perfections of the woman's faults.

"It is a pity," he said, resting his forehead in his hand. "It is a deadly pity."

Then she turned at last, and saw his attitude.

"You see," she said. "There is nothing to be done. Is there? You know my story now. I have married a man I worship, and he does not care for me. Take it, and twist it as you may, it comes to that, and nothing else. You can pity me, but you cannot help me. I must bear it as well as I can, and as long as I must. It will end some day — or I will make it end."

"For God's sake do not talk like that!"

"How should I talk? What should I say? Is it of any use to speak to him? Do you think I have not begged him, implored him, besought him, almost on my knees, to give up that work, and do other things?"

Griggs looked straight into her eyes a moment, and then almost understood what she meant.

"You mean that he — that when he is painting there —" He hesitated.

"Of course. All day long. All the bitter livelong day. They sit together on pretense of talking about it. You know — you can guess at least — it is the old, old story, and I have to suffer for it. She could not marry him — because she is a princess and he an artist — good enough for me — God knows, I love him! Too good for her, ten thousand times too good! But yet not good enough for her to marry! He needed a wife, and she brought us together; and I suppose he told her that I should do very well for the purpose. I was a good subject. I fell in love with him — that was what they wanted. A wife for her favorite! Oh, God! When I think of it —"

She stopped suddenly, and buried her face in both her hands, as she leaned upon the piano.

"It is not to be believed!" The strong man's voice vibrated with the rising storm of anger.

She looked up again with flashing eyes and pale cheeks.

"No!" she cried. "It is not to be believed! But you see it now. You see what it all is, and how my life is wrecked and ruined before it is half begun. It would be bad enough if I had married him for his fame, for his face, for his money, for anything he has or could have. But I married him because I loved him with all my soul, and worshiped him and everything he did."

"I know. We all saw it."

"Of course — was it anything to hide? And I thought he loved me, too. Do you know?" She grew more calm. "At first I used to go and sit in the hall when he was at work. Then he grew silent, and I felt that he did not want me. I thought it was because he was such a great artist, and could not talk and work, and wanted to be alone. So I stayed away. Then, once, I went there, and she was there, sitting in that great chair — it shows off the innocence of her white face, you know! The innocence of it!" Gloria laughed bitterly. "They were talking when I came, and they stopped as soon as the door opened. I am sure they were talking about me. Then they seemed dreadfully uncomfortable, and she went away. After that I went several times. Once or twice she came in while I was there. Then she did not come any more. He must have told her, of course. He kept looking at the door, though, as if he expected her at any moment. But she never came again in those days. I could not bear it — his trying to talk to me, and evidently wishing all the time that she would come. I gave up going altogether at last. What could I do? It was unbearable. It was more than flesh and blood could stand."

"I do not wonder that you hate her," said Griggs. "I have often thought you did."

Gloria smiled sadly.

"Yes," she answered; "I hate her with all my heart. She has robbed me of the only thing I ever had worth having — if I ever had it. I sometimes wonder — or rather, no, — I do not wonder, for I know the truth well enough. I have been over and over it again and again in the night. He never loved me. He never could love any one but her. He knew her long ago, and has loved her all his life. Why should he put me in her place? He admired me. I was a beautiful plaything — no, not beautiful —" She paused.

"You are the most beautiful woman in the world," said Paul Griggs, with deep conviction.

He saw the blush of pleasure in her face, saw the fluttering of the lids. But he neither knew that she had meant him to say it, nor did he judge of the vast gulf her mind must have instantaneously bridged, from the outpouring of her fancied injuries and of her hatred for Francesca Campodonico to the unconcealable satisfaction his words gave her.

"I have heard him say that, too," she an-

swered, a moment later. "But he did not mean it. He never meant anything he said to me—not one word of it all. You do not know what that means," she went on, working herself back into a sort of despairing anger again. "You do not know. To have built one's whole life on one thing as I did! To have believed only one thing as I did! To find that it is all gone, all untrue, all a wretched piece of acting—oh, you do not know! That woman's face haunts me in the dark—she is always there with him wherever I look, as they are together now at her house. Do you understand? Do you know what I feel? You pity me—but do you know? Oh, I have longed for some one—I have wished I had a dog to listen to me—sometimes—it is so hard to be alone—so very hard—"

She broke off suddenly, and hid her face again.

"You are not alone. You have me—if you will have me."

Before he had finished speaking the few words, the first sob broke, violent, real, uncontrollable. Then came the next, and then the storm of tears. Griggs rose instinctively, and came to her side. He leaned heavily on the piano, bending down a little, helpless, as some men are at such moments. She did not notice him, and her sobs filled the still room. As he stood over her, he could see the bright tears falling upon the black and white ivory keys. He laid his trembling hand upon her shoulder. He could hardly draw his breath for the sight of her suffering.

"Don't—don't!" he said, almost pathetic in his lack of eloquence when he thought he most needed it.

One of her hot hands, all wet with tears, went suddenly to her shoulder, and grasped his that lay there with a convulsive pressure, seeming to draw him down as she bowed herself almost to the keyboard in her agony of weeping. Then, without thought, his other hand, as cold as ice, was under her throat, bringing her head gently back upon his arm, till the white face was turned up to his. Sob by sob, more distantly, the tempest subsided; but still the great tears swelled the heavy lids, and ran down across her face upon his wrist. Then the wet, dark eyes opened and looked up to his, above her head.

"Be my friend!" she said softly, and her fingers pressed his very gently.

He looked down into her eyes for one moment, and then the passion in him got the mastery of his honorable soul.

"How can I?" he cried in a broken, choking voice. "I love you!"

In an instant he was standing up, lifting her high from the floor, and the lips that had perhaps never kissed for love before were pressed upon hers. What chance had she, a woman, in those resistless arms of his? In her face was the still, fateful look of the dead nun, rising from the far grave of a buried tragedy.

In his uncontrollable passion he crushed her to him, holding her up like a child. She struggled, and freed her hands, and pressed them both upon his two eyes.

"Please—please!" she cried.

There was a pitiful ring in the tone, like the bleating of a frightened lamb. He hurt her, too; for he was overstrong when he was thoughtless.

She cried out to him to let her go. But as she hung there, it was not all fear that she felt. There came with it an uncertain, half-delirious thrill of delight. To feel herself but a feather to his huge strength, swung, tossed, kissed, crushed, as he would. There was fear already, there was all her innocent maiden-like resistance beating against him with might and anger, there was the feminine sense of injury by outrageous violence; but with it all there was also the natural woman's delight in the main strength of the natural man, that could kill her in an instant if he chose, but that could lift her to itself as a little child, and surround her and protect her against the whole world.

"Please—please!" she cried again, covering his fierce eyes and white face with her hands, and trying to push him away. The tone was pathetic in its appeal, and it touched him. His arms relaxed, tightened again with a sort of spasm, and then she found herself beside him on her feet. A long silence followed.

Gloria sank into a chair, glanced at him and saw that his face was turned away, looked down again, and then watched him. His chest heaved once or twice, as though he had run a short, sharp race. One hand grasped the back of a chair as he stood up. All at once, without looking at her, he went to the window, and stood there, looking out, but seeing nothing. The soft, damp wind made the panes of glass rattle. Still neither broke the silence. Then he came to her, and stood before her, looking down, and she looked down, too, and would not see him. She was more afraid of him now than when he had lifted her from her feet, and her heart beat fast. She wondered what he would say, for she supposed that he meant to ask her forgiveness; and she was right.

"Gloria—forgive me!" he said.

She looked up, a little fear of him still in her face.

"How can I?" she asked; but in her voice there was forgiveness already.

Her womanly instinct, though she was so young, told her that the fault was hers, and that considering the provocation it was not a

great one — what were a few kisses, even such kisses as his, in a lifetime? And she had tempted him beyond all bounds, and repented of it. Before the storm she had raised in him her fancied woes sank away and seemed infinitely small. She knew that she had worked herself up to emotion and tears, though not half sure of what she was saying; that she had exaggerated all she knew, and suggested all she did not know; that she had almost been acting a part to satisfy something in her which she could not understand. And by her acting she had roused the savage truth in her very face, and it had swept down everything before it. She had not guessed such possibilities. Before the tempest of his love all she had ever felt or dreamed of feeling seemed colorless and cold. She dreaded to rouse it again, and yet she could never forget the instant thrill that had quivered through her when he had lifted her from her feet.

When she had answered him with her question, he stood still in silence for a moment. She was too perfect in his eyes for him to cast the blame upon her, yet he knew that it had not been all his fault. And in the lower man was the mad triumph of having kissed her and of having told her, once for all, the whole meaning of his being. She looked down, and he could not see her eyes. There was no chair near. To see her face he dropped upon his knee, and lightly touched her hands, which lay idly in her lap. She started, fearing another outbreak.

"Please — please!" he said softly, using the very word she had used to him.

"Yes — but —" She hesitated, and then raised her eyes.

The mask of his face was all softened, and his lips trembled a little. His hands quivered, too, as they touched hers.

"Please!" he repeated. "I promise. Indeed I promise. Forgive me."

She smiled, all at once, dreamily. All his emotion, and her desire for it, were gone.

"I asked you to be my friend," she said. "I meant it, you know. How could you? It was not kind."

"No — but forgive me," he insisted, in a pleading tone.

"I suppose I must," she said at last. "But I shall never feel sure of you again. How can I?"

"I promise. You will believe me, not to-day, perhaps, nor to-morrow, but soon. I will be just what I have always been. I will never do anything to offend you again."

"You promise me that? Solemnly?" She still smiled.

"Yes; it is a promise. I will keep it. I will be your friend always. Give me something to do for you. It will make it easier."

"What can I ask you to do? I shall never dare to speak to you about my life again."

"I think you will, when you see that I am just as I used to be. And you forgive me, quite?"

"Yes; I must. We must forget to-day. It must be as though it had never happened. Will you forget it?"

"I will try." But of that he knew the utter impossibility.

"If you try, you can succeed. Now get up. Be reasonable."

He took her hand in both of his. She made a movement to withdraw it, and then submitted. He barely touched it with his lips, and rose to his feet instantly.

"Thank you," she said simply.

She had never had such a mastery of charm over him as at that moment. But his mood was changed, and there was no breaking out of the other man in him, though he felt again the quick, sharp throb in the temples, and the rising blood at his throat. The higher self was dominant once more, and the features were as still as a statue's.

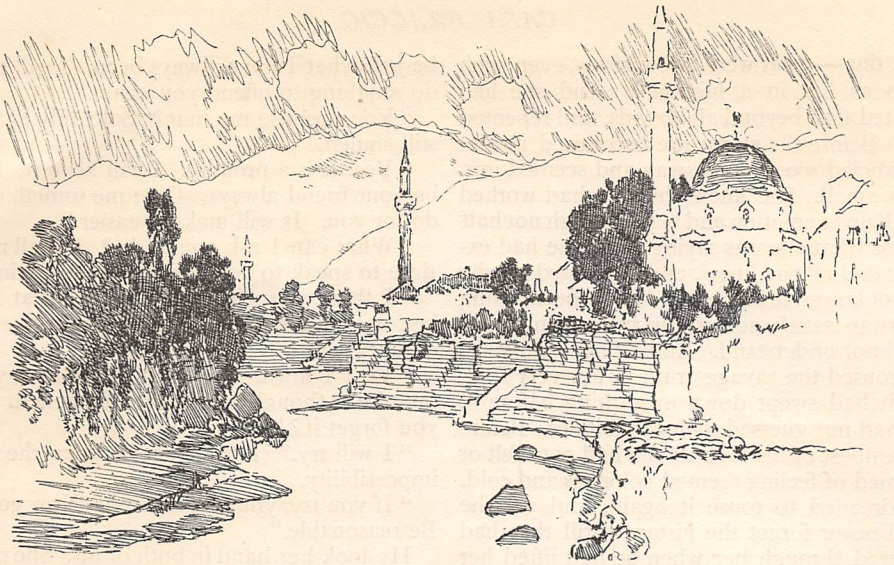
He took leave of her very quickly, and went out into the damp street, and faced the gusty southeast wind.

When he was gone, she rose, and went to the window with a listless step, and gazed idly through the glass at the long row of windows in the palace opposite, and then went back and sank down, as though very weary, upon a sofa far from the light. There was a dazed, wondering look in her face, and she sat very still for a long time, till it began to grow dark. In the dusk she rose and went to the piano, and sang softly to herself. Her voice never swelled to a full note, and the chords which her fingers sought were low and gentle and dreamy.

While she was singing, the door opened noiselessly, and Reanda came in, and stood beside her. She broke off, and looked up, a little startled. The same wondering, half-dazed look was in her face. Her husband bent down and kissed her, and she kissed him silently.

(To be continued.)

F. Marion Crawford.



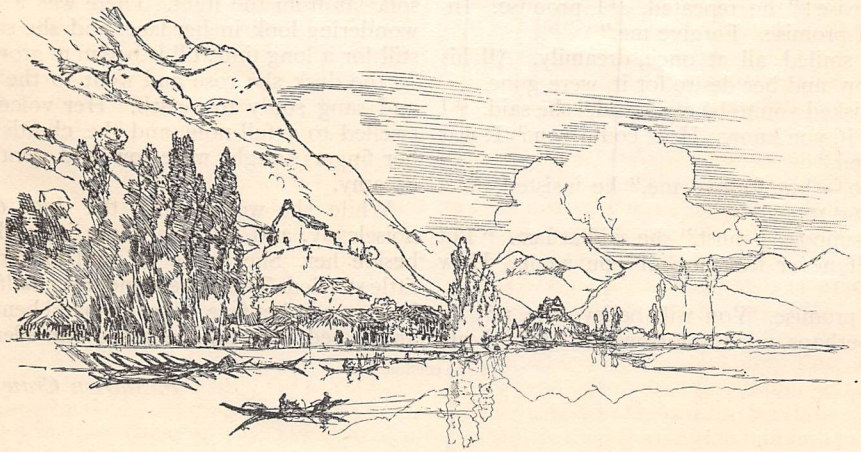
Beyond the Adriatic

by

HARRIET W. PRESTON

THIRD PAPER.

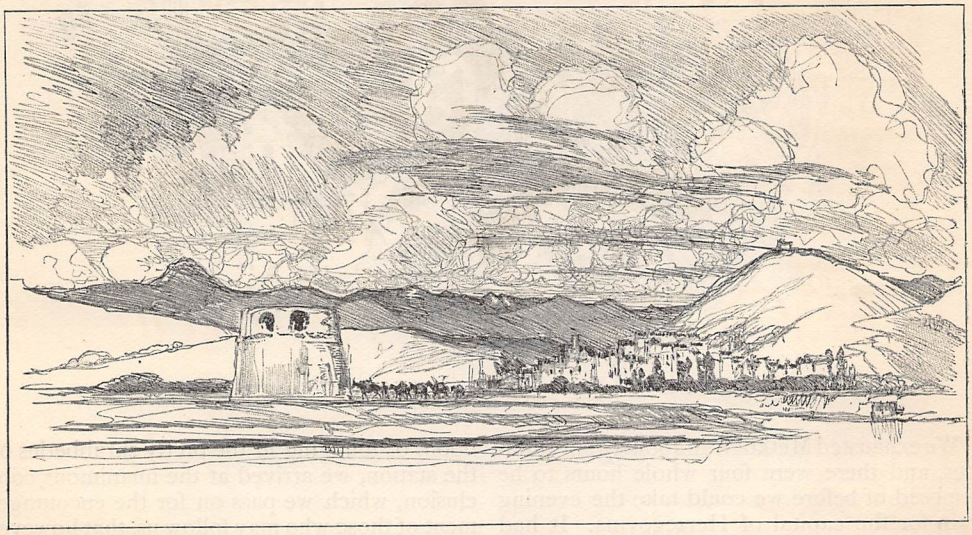
WE embarked overnight on the steamer that was to take us from Spalato to Metkovič, on the frontier of Herzegovina, ten miles inland from the mouth of the river Narenta. Our route lay between the islands and the shore, and the outlines of the latter, below Spalato, were fine and grew constantly finer. The long succession of low, rounded hills, of which we had often wearied in the upper waters of the Adriatic, now gave place to mountains of undeniable grandeur, springing almost as abruptly from the water-side as the Savoyard Alps rise from the borders of the Lake of Geneva. Culture and verdure extend but a very little way up these huge acclivities from the few and insignificant hamlets huddled be-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ON THE NARENTA.

tween them and the shore; above, the purple shadows of the passing clouds pursue their wayward chase alone. The only town of any importance at which the steamer calls is Makarska, which has a good harbor almost as nearly landlocked as that of Sebenico, whereby it was a famous pirate station for many centuries — from the days of Pompey the Great, in fact, until the eve of our own.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

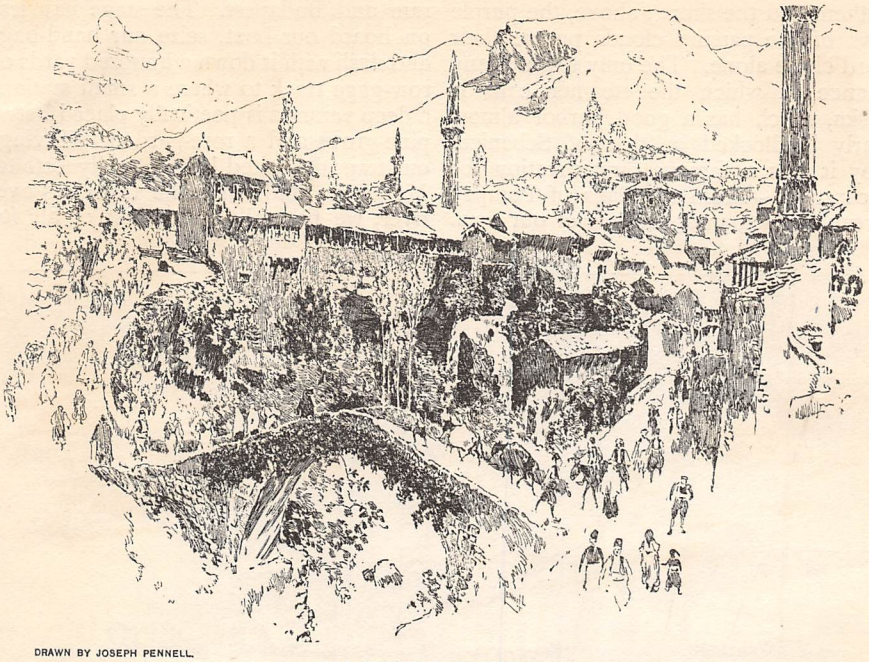
METKOVIČ.

Here, having duly paid our compliments to the shades of the sea-rovers of all time, we descended to the well-appointed and appetizing lunch which is always to be had on a boat of the Austrian Lloyd; and while we were discussing it the steamer turned into the Narenta, so that we found the scene changed as if by magic when we reappeared on deck. Again one is reminded of Savoy and the upper Rhone valley; for a flat, sunny, flowery, and presumably pestiferous, marsh extends on each side of the reedy river to the base of the mountains.

After about an hour of river travel, Metkovič was discerned crowning a hill to the right; and the last navigable stretch of the stream accomplished, our engines stopped, and the boat was pulled up to an embankment by a troop of most theatrical-looking navvies, with brilliant caps and sashes, who managed in some mysterious way, amid all their pulling, hauling, and gesticulating, to keep their jackets hanging jauntily from their shoulders. The newly completed railway, at the terminus of which we thus find ourselves deposited, leads up the river-valley to the capital of Herzegovina, and thence to that of Bosnia, connecting at the latter (Serájevo) with through lines to Agram and Budapest. The stage navvies rush on board our boat, seize our hand-baggage, and dash with it down a hundred yards of narrow-gage track to where a small station with a deep veranda is poetically placed between a pine-grove and a rose-garden. Having seen our traps deposited here, we sally forth to visit Metkovič; and since the town lies over the river, we naturally make first of all for the bridge, whereof Joanne gives in his guide-book a clear and pleasing description. Alas!

> Where the laughter that shook the rafter?
> Where the rafter, by the way?

It may possibly be that the frail structures, composed seemingly of superannuated hurdles, which now project a little way from each bank into the turbulent stream, once formed a continuous causeway, and that the central portion was swept away by the freshets of yesteryear; but the only feasible mode of transit presented to us consisted of a flat-bottomed boat moored by the hither bank of the stream, and propelled by two stalwart rowers. Into this primitive conveyance had already entered two of our fellow-passengers by the *vapore* — a commercial traveler, nationality not evident, and a slim Austrian lieutenant; and seating ourselves as they had done, we were laboriously pulled over the Narenta, to the tune of the commercial gentleman's muffled and plaintive remonstrances. For the wind was brisk, and the craft bobbed merrily, and the color of the little man's cheeks presently vied with that of the water. "*Lente, lente; fo male*," he pleaded, while the boatmen grinned, and slightly increased their exertions.

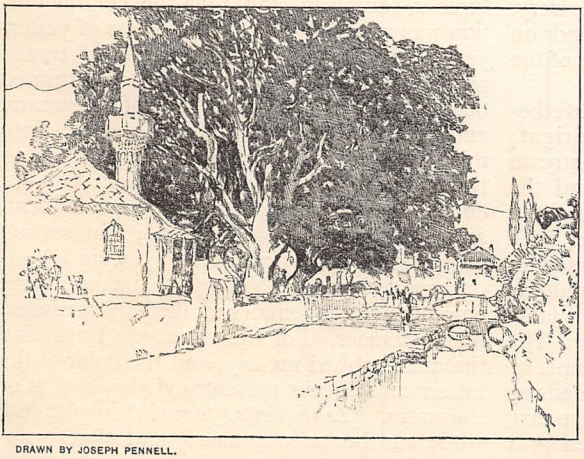


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE MINARETS OF MOSTAR.

We exhausted Metkovič in about twenty minutes, and there were four whole hours to be disposed of before we could take the evening train for the capital of Herzegovina. It had been a question whether we should allow ourselves this brief divagation from our main route; but the fascinating fame of the mainly Mohammedan little city, a very outpost of the East, where the children of the Prophet have held their own with peculiar tenacity, proved too strong to be resisted, and none of us, I think, will ever regret anything less than our flying visit to Mostar among the mountains.

Pacing the river-bank in the declining afternoon, or lounging in the pretty shrubberies of the station, we arrived at the unanimous conclusion, which we pass on for the encouragement of those who may follow us, that however uninteresting as a town Metkovič may be, the dire tales told of its insalubrity must be greatly exaggerated. No doubt it was bad enough in times not very old, but now that the bed of the river has been confined by solid embankments, and the wide intervale at this point thoroughly ditched and drained, and converted into one enormous wheat-field, there can be no serious trouble from malaria; nor did we see a single face with the unmistakable fever-mark upon it.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

"MOSQUES . . . SHADY WITH TALL TREES." (MOSTAR.)

The view over the reclaimed plain on the right-hand bank of the river was not without a certain charm: a sea-like level of green, rippling grain, lines of feathery young poplars along the straight water-courses, wattled huts here and there for the housing of the crop, with a steep mountain barrier encircling all. It was exactly, so our own artist said, like a reproduction in miniature of the central Transylvanian plain.

Our train took its time about starting, as trains and men are wont to do where there is no competition. It stood ready for full three quarters of an hour beside the vine-draped station before the pompous little guard would consent to pull the tongue of the station bell, and un-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE OLD BRIDGE, MOSTAR.

lock the doors of either first, second, third, or fourth-class carriages. These last were mere unfurnished boxes, but what did that matter to the swarthy, long-limbed beings, clad with startling simplicity in red turbans and short white cotton pajamas, who squatted upon their heels along the platform outside, and awaited the guard's pleasure "in patient, deep disdain" of this new, noisy, clumsy contrivance for locomotion of the uneasy Western mind? We were indeed upon the confines of a new world.

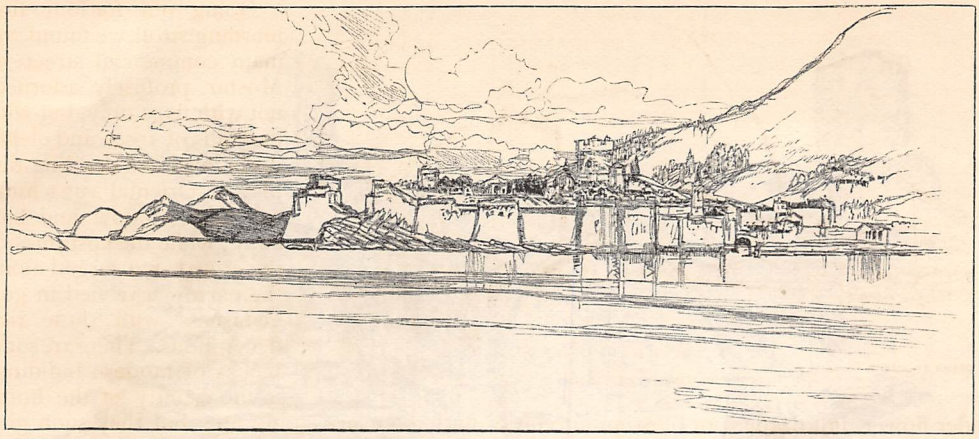
Pulling slowly up the ever-narrowing river-valley, with the light of the May moon glinting through oak and chestnut boughs upon the limpid surface of the Narenta and the white cascades of all its tributary brooks, we halted at last in a place of orchards and gardens, where the night air was perfumed with syringa and full-blown roses. Our first impressions of Mostar were confused, but happy. Though it was now late, the people seemed to be all awake and abroad, and the place was wonderfully illuminated for a remote little mountain town. They asked for our passports at the station gate,— it was the first time they had been demanded,— but it seemed a mere formality, and we were presently whirled across a long bridge above a deafening rush of water, and set down at the entrance of a huge, new, and rather disgustingly smart hotel.

We had telegraphed for rooms, and were therefore disposed at the first blush rather to resent the proposition that we two should ascend to the very top of this pretentious caravansary, while our own artist accepted lodgment for the night in a commodious bath-tub upon the *piano nobile*. But we were mollified when the anxious and plainly half-distracted landlady explained to us, in a queer variety of German, that she had both a "Hoheit" and an "Excellenz," with their suites, among her guests



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

"LOW STRUCTURES OF A PERFECTLY ORIENTAL CHARACTER." (MOSTAR.)

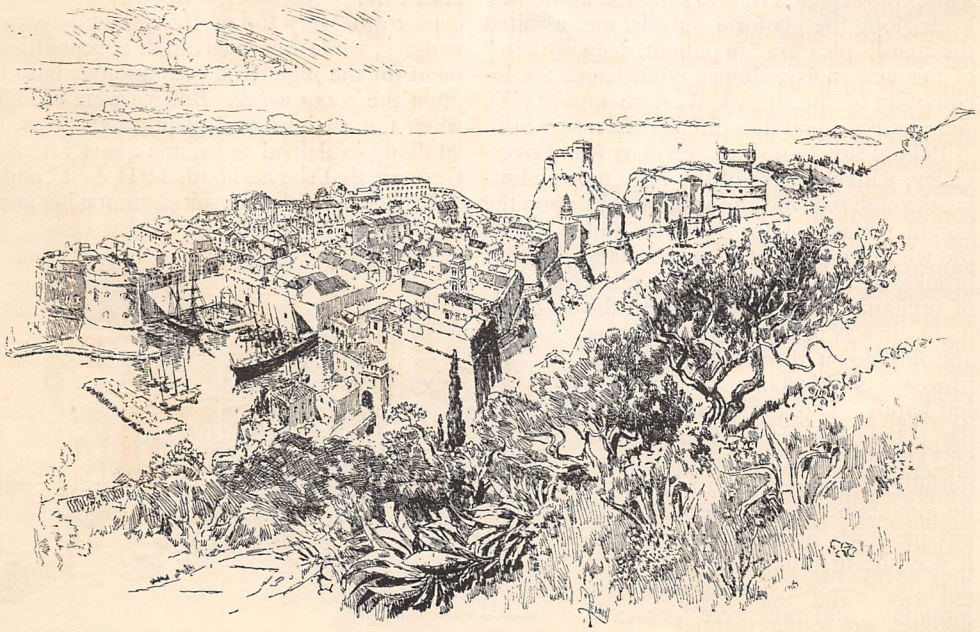


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

"A LITTLE CITY OF THE PAST."

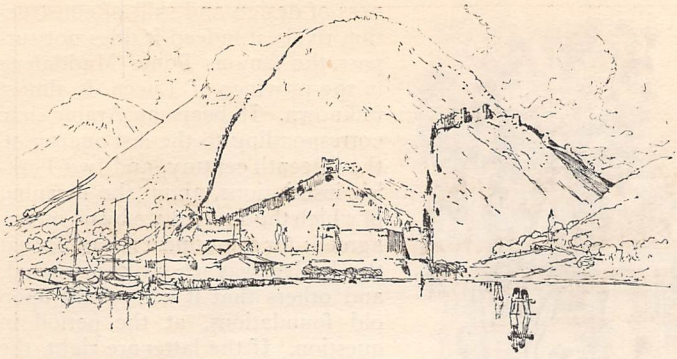
that night, and "*natürlich!*" — The Hoheit proved to be the old Archduke Albrecht, and the Excellenz a great military personage on a tour of inspection; and their presence amply explained the phenomenal stir and brilliancy which we had noted outside. We were glad, moreover, even at the cost of some personal inconvenience, that our visit should have coincided with theirs, when we awoke next morning, and threw open the round attic windows, which appeared about as large as port-holes when viewed from the ground, but which admitted great drafts of mountain air, and framed our matchless outlook in the most artistic manner.

But how describe, in the trite language of conventional prose, the view we saw? Mostar would be a sensation any day; but Mostar *en fête*, under the sapphire skies of May, is a thing never to be forgotten. Down through the middle of the picture dashed the Narenta, storming and foaming between the massive piers of the bridge at our feet, swirling and swerving in all the beauty of its original and self-sought curves — clear green and white from the perpetual snows of the interior mountains. The immediate borders of the stream upon each hand have all their native wildness of abrupt or shelving rocks, leaping cascades and leaning trees, white masses of cornel and



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE APPROACH TO RAGUSA.

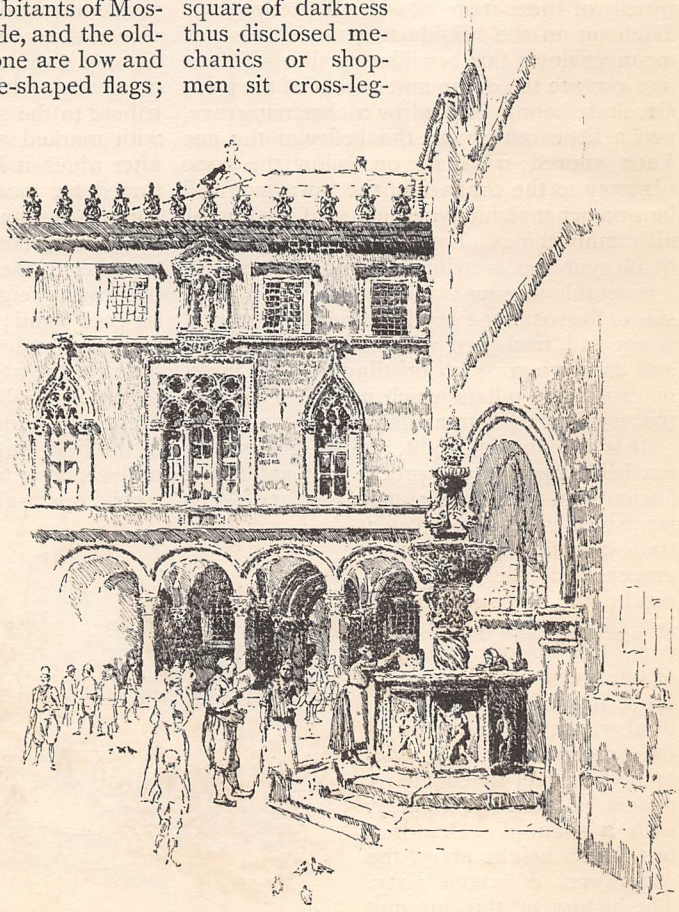


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

STAGNO GRANDE.

elder-flower, full drapery of blossoming vines. The town is rather crowded between the left bank of the river and the base of the mountains, but on the other side there is a mile or so of rich, open plain, dotted with farmsteads and crossed by shady avenues leading to the fine post-road which mounts the western hills, and by which you may drive, if you will, to Sinj and Knin. The well-to-do inhabitants of Mostar live mostly on this latter side, and the old-fashioned dwellings of gray stone are low and plain, and roofed with lozenge-shaped flags; but even the simplest have always a veranda and a bit of garden and an overshadowing tree. Along the new bridge and over both halves of the town the gayest of bunting was flying: the yellow and black of Austria, the orange and deep red of Herzegovina, with hundreds of lesser streamers, white, scarlet, and pale blue. Yet all this fluttering of ephemeral rainbows appeared only to enhance the curiously solemn and striking effect of the twenty or more pallid minarets of time-worn stone which one could see springing skyward above the tiled roofs at various points on each side of the valley vista. The mosques to which these minarets appertain are for the most part ancient and humble, and wholly without architectural significance; but the high-walled inclosures in which they stand are shady with tall trees, and their deep porches are often painted with quaint arabesques.

Going out for our first morning stroll, we found the main commercial street of Mostar profusely adorned, not with flags only, but with garlands of roses and oleander, as well as a dazzling display of Oriental rugs hung out from window and balcony; while the costumes of the crowd that surged along the narrow way vied in gorgeousness with these rich decorations. There are some blocks of modern buildings in the vicinity of the hotel, and more are going up; but they soon give place to low structures of a perfectly Oriental character, with projecting upper stories and closely latticed windows, the ground floors consisting always of a row of tiny shops, from each of which the whole front is removed every morning, like a kind of comprehensive shutter. In the square of darkness thus disclosed mechanics or shopmen sit cross-leg-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

BY THE PORTA PLOCCE, RAGUSA.



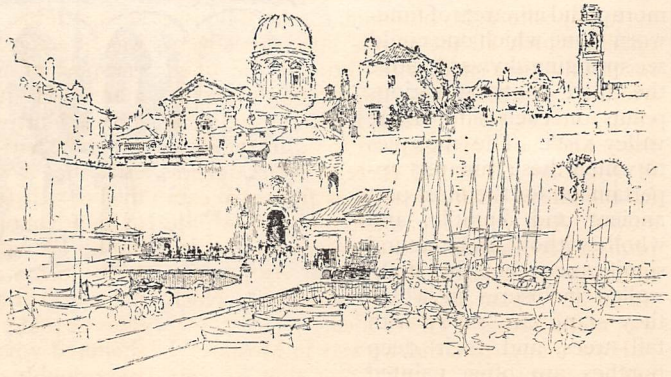
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE CITY GATE, RAGUSA.

ged, smoking, or drinking black coffee out of tiny enameled cups, and plying his trade, or dispassionately offering his wares in the intervals of these more absorbing occupations. High up on the hillside to your left, as you meander down this bewildering thoroughfare, you can see the dome and towers of the great Greek cathedral, backed by a chestnut grove, and a little farther on, the belfry of the one Latin church; while if you follow the same highway to the confines of the town, you will be somewhat abruptly reminded of the end of all earthly things. For here, with only a few black cypresses growing in its inclosure, stands a venerable mosque; and beyond it, on each side of the road for a good half-mile, the ground is one sad, neglected waste of briers, thistles, and unmown grass, all bristling with the insignificant stone pillars which mark the resting-places of the Mohammedan dead.

It is a depressing sight, and we gladly turn our backs upon it, and proceed to explore the ancient and exceedingly quaint bazaar of Mostar, where every conceivable trade is carried on, the greengrocer succeeding the goldsmith, and the shoemaker's last the potter's wheel. Beyond this curious congeries of low arcades and miniature shops lies the chief architectural wonder of the town—the enormous old single-arched bridge, defended by towers at each extremity, with a span of a hundred feet, and a height above the water-level of about sixty. The history of this amazing monument, which for boldness of design and skill of construction rivals, if indeed it does not surpass, the famous Ponte Maddalena in the province of Lucca, is almost unknown. It bears an Arabic date corresponding to the last quarter of the fifteenth century, and two Turkish inscriptions, about the meaning of which the learned are by no means agreed: for some find it recorded that the bridge was wholly constructed, and others that it was rebuilt upon old foundations, at the period in question. If the latter are right, the foundations are probably Roman; but they do not look so, and it is almost certain that there was never a Roman town upon this site. It would indeed be hard to find another state capital at once so appealing to the imagination in its aspect, and so lightly encumbered with authentic history, as Mostar, and this may be one secret of its extraordinary charm. Stephen, the first independent duke of Herzegovina, owed feudal service to the sovereign of Bosnia, but is thought to have compounded with the Turks for the immunity of his province, and certainly paid tribute to the sultan. He ruled his little realm with marked ability until his death in 1466, after which it lapsed to the sultan, and continued for many years to be reckoned as a Turkish province.

We were not inclined to attempt the climb to either of the new Austrian fortresses which occupy the heights immediately above the town on each hand; and when weary with our fascinating wanderings, we could always leave our happy artist at his work, and go back to our high post of observation in the Hotel Narenta. Here, sitting down before our round windows, in the best imitation we could manage of the native's favorite posture, and each armed with a good opera-glass, we could watch the endless



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WATER GATE, RAGUSA.

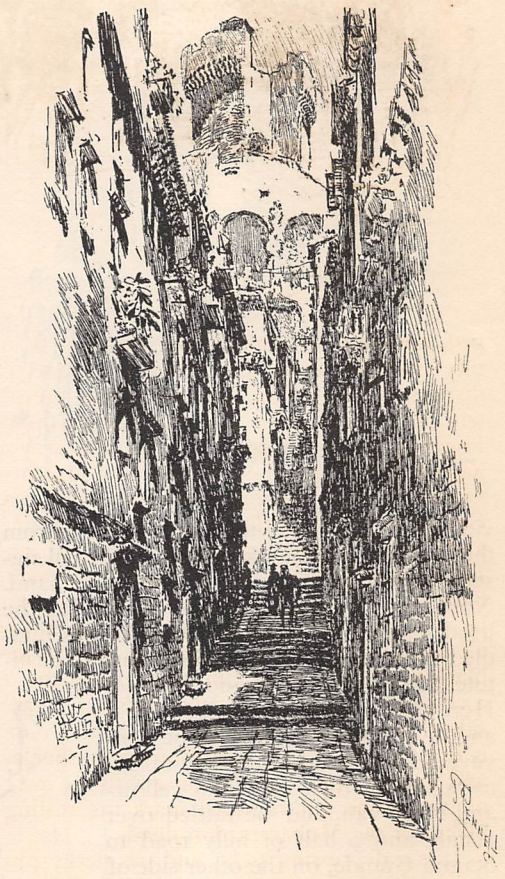
procession crossing the Franz Josef bridge, and take in every detail of its wonderfully varied apparel. For here came stately old Mohammedans, plainly men of traditions and of substance, with silvery beards, and delicately folded white turbans, sashes of rainbow-hued silks, full trousers, and long, fur-bordered paletots of peculiarly fine cloth, in the most beautiful shades of green, brown, or blue. Here came women in flat-soled yellow boots, muffled to the crown in flowing white or black drapery, which was lifted a little way from the forehead and eyes by a gold or silver vizor. Here came little school-girls in long, fluttering trousers of the gayest silk or cotton,— preferably pink,— with curious short jackets trimmed with gold braid, and fastened tightly just below the armpits. A group of youths, brown, thin, and well-featured, would follow, swinging their shapely limbs in the freest manner, wearing dark-red fezzes and sashes, and close-clinging skirts of striped orange and white. And to these would succeed a drove of white oxen, or a troop of variously laden donkeys, driven by peasants from Bosnia, in the dress with which we had become familiar at Sinj, or by natives in that same airy kind of pajama which we had observed at the Metkovič station.

At the opposite extremity of the bridge from the hotel was a little square with a fountain, one side of which was occupied by one of the most frequented of all the mosques; and we could see the old men bring their praying-rugs, and drop under the shadow of the wall, and at the appointed hour the muezzin emerge upon the dizzy little gallery, and turn successively to the four points of the compass, making a trumpet with his hands in the way that sailors do. But the sound of his impressive call was oftenest carried away by the breeze, or drowned by the rush of the river.

Sharp features of modern life did indeed obtrude themselves from time to time amid all this imagery of the East and the past, with an effect of rather ribald pleasantry. Thus, exactly opposite a Mohammedan school-house, outside which all the pupils' little shoes were reverently deposited, and through the open windows of which came the droning sound of young voices reciting the Koran (exactly as the school-boys of Fez used to do in the days of Nicholas Clanerts), there was an agency for the sale of sewing-machines and petroleum stoves. And when it came to taking down the profuse decorations of the streets, and laying them away for the Hoheit's next visit, a man was rolled about upon a fire-escape — which was really rather a clever idea.

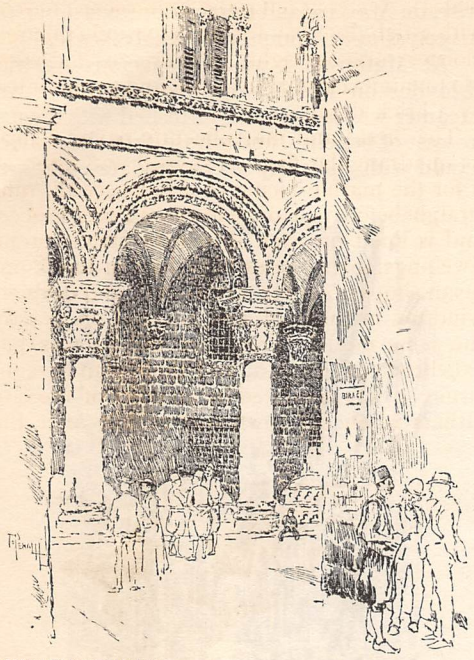
How many days did we stay in Mostar? I really cannot say. I only know that we were sorrowful to leave it at the sacred hour of sunrise, on May 19, and retrace our steps down the river-valley to commonplace Metkovič.

At Metkovič it was no spacious Austrian Lloyder on which we embarked, but a tiny steamer whose deck was furnished with the narrowest of benches, and whose first-class saloon could with difficulty accommodate eight persons at table. The tall, white-bearded captain was of a social turn, and seemed to know every port of the world from Canada to Tasmania. He had been three times in "Nuova Yorka," but was shy about using the English which he had picked up there, remarking modestly that it was "English of the ships, not of the books." It seemed a rather "somber close" to his adventurous day that he should be spending his last years in taking this insignificant tub four times a week back and forth over forty miles of Adriatic seaway; but to judge by the tales he told us over our midday meal, even this sheltered voyage is no joke in winter, and we were doubly glad, as we listened, of our glassy sea. We were now in the deep bay which di-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

NARROW STREET, RAGUSA.



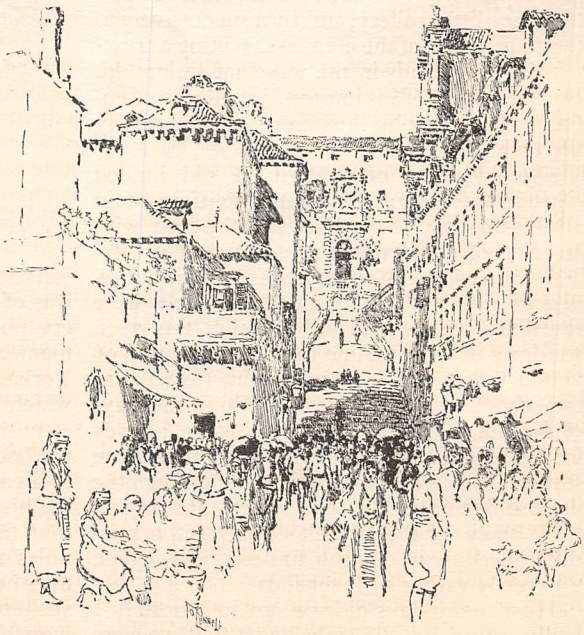
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE RECTOR'S PALACE, RAGUSA.

vides the long promontory of Sabioncello from the mainland, and we kept up a perpetual zigzag between the small ports on each hand. Noon was well passed before we reached the head of the bay, where half a dozen houses, huddled round the base of a ruined castle, constitute the village of Stagno Piccolo. Here the voyager must disembark, and, leaving his luggage to be conveyed by the most leisurely of ox-carts, take his own place in a yellow-and-black van, and be rattled over a mile and a half of hilly road to Stagno Grande, on the other side of the isthmus which unites Sabioncello to the continent. Here are the remains of a really magnificent mediæval fortress, the long lines of the many-towered wall converging to a point high on the hillside above the hamlet. This time, for a wonder, the adjectives are not misapplied: for Stagno the Great must have quite twice as many inhabitants as Stagno the Little, besides a very much larger number of the salt-beds, or *stagni*, which give a name to each village.

At Stagno Grande another steamer awaited us,— no leviathan, but measurably larger than the one we had left,— and on this we presently embarked for the opulent old city of Ragusa, parent of "Argosies,"— or rather for Gravosa, its principal port. From Stagno Grande we are sailing in hot summer seas, and the coast islands among which we take our devious way are rich with an almost tropical vegetation. First we touch at pretty San Lucca, upon Giappana; then at little Mezzo, on the island of the same name, and far gone on the road to ruin: for once, they say, it had fourteen thousand inhabitants, and now it has about five hundred; yet all its tangled old gardens gush with the gayest flowers, and it is bright and winsome in its decay. From Mezzo the steamer turns to the mainland, and pulls up in the haven of Cannosa, a hillside town luxuriantly embowered in varied foliage, and dominated by two gigantic plane-trees, worth a longer voyage than we had made that day to see, even as one sees them from the water; for they were brought hither from Constantinople and planted in the sixteenth century. Six tall men can hardly touch their outstretched hands about the trunk of the larger; and now, in the fullness of their prime, they rival the historic planes of Greece — that which overshadowed the Lyceum at Athens, and the venerable group which Menelaus was said to have planted on his triumphant return from Troy.

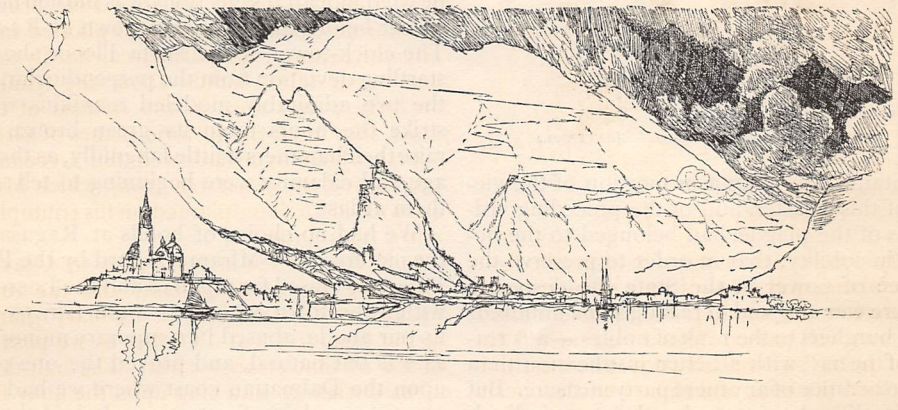
It is only a few miles hence to Gravosa, where we are to disembark, and the run is quickly made, affording a visionary glimpse up the beautiful Val d'Ombla as we pass the mouth of that strange river. The half-dozen cabmen who are watching upon the quay fight



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE MARKET, RAGUSA.

lustily for the possession of our effects, but cannot mar the sense of dream-like content with which we exchange our weary, watery highway for the delectable mile or two of hilly road between Gravosa and Ragusa. For aloes bristle along our path, tall palms wave their panaches in the intense blue above us, and marble stairways, or steep paths set with cypress, lead up the great hillside from villa to villa, between garden-walls overtopped by pomegranate and oleander flowers. It is like a choice bit of the old Cornice Road; but it leads to something finer, in its way, than all the Mediterranean Riviera has now to show. Reclined upon the mountain-side, with its feet in the sea, there is presently disclosed, by a sudden turn in the road, a perfect little city



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

CASTELNUOVO.

of the past, the amazingly strong and stately cincture of its medieval defenses quite complete, and wearing, in its luxurious isolation, a certain look of patrician *contegno* — a bland indifference to the revolution of the spheres the like of which I have seen in no other town.

Ragusa has only two land gates, one leading east, and one west,— the Porta Plocce and the Porta Pille,— and coming from Gravosa you enter by the latter. The drawbridge has been replaced by an iron viaduct, and the deep, dry moat is all one bowery garden, here veined with white paths and set with ornamental shrubs, there given over to nature's horticulture and the blazing contrast afforded by field-poppies of an abnormal size and depth of color, and masses of the great pale-yellow flowering sage, which grows wild over all this coast, and yields its aromatic fragrance to the scorching sun. Entering, as I have said, by the Porta Pille, you descend by an inclined passage, sharply angled, in the thickness of the wall, and emerge at one end of the imperial main street of Ragusa, commonly called the Plaça (pronounced platza). On your left is the Franciscan church, with a rich doorway and an exquisitely pillared cloister; on your right, an enormous old marble fountain, circular in shape, and surmounted by a brick dome.

The broad and magnificently paved Plaça, its quadrangular flags all shaped and fitted as if for the marble facing of a palace wall, runs straight before you to the towered Porta Plocce, and is lined on each side with stately stone dwellings, three stories high, having low Pompeian shops upon the street-level, and dormer-windows in the roof, and all built on exactly the same model. These are the palaces par excellence of Ragusa, and their plan of construction was regulated by an edict of the city fathers when the town was rebuilt after the terrible earthquake of 1667. Ragusa, be it remembered, though in early times it acknowledged the protectorate now of Hungary and now of Venice, was a completely independent state from 1418 until Napoleon I. made it a duchy and presented it to General Marmont; and the traces one meets on every hand, both in the aspect of its monuments and in the bearing of its people, of an active and splendid civic life, not so very long extinguished, add greatly to that effect of rare distinction which the city produces upon the stranger.

Between every pair of palaces run steeply up to the town wall, on each hand, narrow streets crowded with inferior dwellings, but as full of life and color and picturesque effects as the side streets of Genoa. Once indeed, so tradition affirms, the Plaça was a waterway,— a grand canal with tall structures on both sides,— but that must have been before the great earthquake already mentioned, which made no material impression upon the outer walls of Ragusa, but reduced the heart of the city to one heap of ruin, and killed five thousand of the



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

"THE INNUMERABLE ZIGZAGS." (CATTARO.)

inhabitants. So large a proportion of the victims of this disaster, and of the preceding visitations of the plague, had belonged to the hereditary nobility, that in order to preserve the balance of power in the State the desperate measure was adopted of raising some hundreds of the burghers to the rank of nobles — a "creation of peers" with a better justification than the furtherance of any mere party measure. But the ill feeling thus engendered among individuals was infinite. The remnant of the decimated class considered itself vastly better, as a matter of course, than the parvenus, and the children of both long continued to wage petty war under the party names of Salamanchisti and Sorbonnisti, the old families having maintained the tradition of sending their sons to Salamanca to be educated, while the new men patronized the Sorbonne.

Two striking architectural monuments of the earlier time have survived the cataclysm of the earthquake. They are the sponsa, or custom-house, and the palace of the chief magistrate, or rector, of the Republic of Ragusa. They date from about the same period, and are both exceedingly graceful specimens of what we call Venetian Gothic. The sponsa remains quite intact, even to the fine arches of its inner court, each of which bears the name and image of its own patron saint, and leads to a chamber appropriated to a special kind of import; while above the great scales opposite the central door may still be read a Latin inscription to the following rather Pharisaical effect, "When I weigh merchandise, God himself holds the balance."

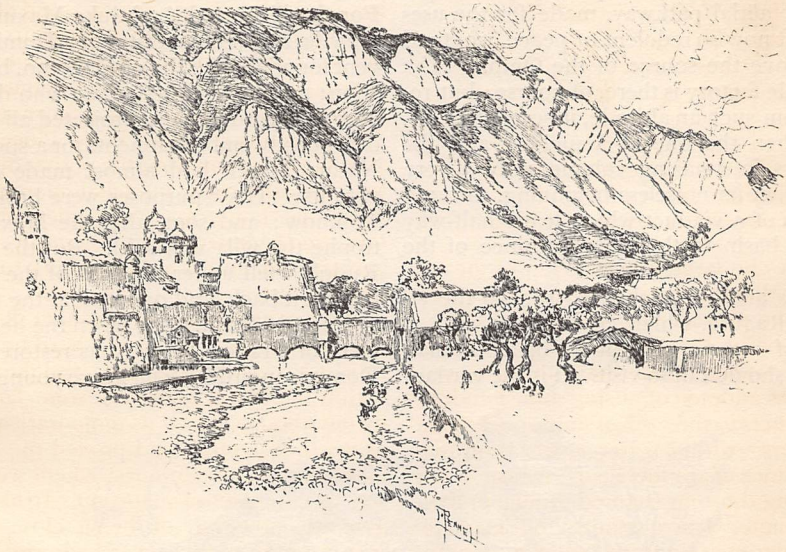
The Palazzo del Rettore, a very splendid civic edifice, was terribly damaged by the explosion of a powder-magazine in 1462; but was so soundly restored that it seems to have suffered little in the great catastrophe; and it also has its courtyard, exceedingly beautiful, somewhat like that of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. Not many of the old churches of Ragusa resisted the shock of the earthquake; and the present cathedral, a totally uninteresting seventeenth-century structure fronting the rector's palace, replaces, it is said, a votive church built there by Richard Cœur de Lion after he had been shipwrecked upon this coast, and had conceived a kind of romantic predilection for the entire region; and it is a fact for the curious in such matters to note that old St. Paul's in London, another of the lion-hearted monarch's erections, was burned barely a year before this one went down at Ragusa. The clock-tower of the Porta Plocce shows a startling deviation from the perpendicular, and the two admirably modeled manikins which strike the hours upon its green bronze bell raise their hammers a little languidly, as though age and calamity were beginning to tell upon them at last.

We had no choice of hotels at Ragusa, for the picturesque "Miramar," hard by the Porta Pille, was closed for repairs; and the Lacroma, within the town, where we were fain to take up our abode, abused its temporary monopoly, as was but natural, and proved the one place upon the Dalmatian coast where we had reason to complain of extortion. It had the advantage, however, of being close to a café with a broad terrace overshadowed by oleanders, to which we went regularly for our morning and post-prandial coffee, and about which all the stateliest objects in the town seemed to group themselves in the most impressive manner. And lingering here day after day, in the morning coolness or the rich afterglow, we gradually became imbued with the spirit of the place, and found the air and aspect of it strangely stimulating to the fancy. There was a time every evening when the sky above the town used fairly to be darkened by the flight of innumerable swallows, rushing, wheeling, darting, retreating, and calling out all together in the shrillest and most agitated tones. The cheerful idea having occurred to one of us that these were the souls of the unshriven victims of the earthquake let out of their prison for an hour each night and wistfully revisiting their earthly home, it was capped by the suggestion that, to judge by the agonized importunity of their accents, the creatures had come to warn their kindred, if it might be possible, of a similar calamity impending. A happier notion was that of our youngest, that the palace

of the Duke of Illyria, where *Viola* and *Sebastian* played their gracious games, had unquestionably stood upon the legendary Grand Canal of Ragusa, and we wondered that it had never occurred to Mr. Irving or any of his rivals to have studies made upon this spot for a sumptuously realistic setting of "Twelfth Night."

From our private box under the oleanders we also beheld the brave pageant of the Corpus Domini procession, and the hardly less brilliant scene on the day of the municipal elections, where one could see at a glance exactly how parties divided and high political feeling ran. The men in costume (and a good proportion of these, in Ragusa, were plainly citizens of wealth and distinction, and most beautiful to behold in their silken sashes and heavy gold embroidery) were all on one side; the Austrian officials and the poor creatures in tweed coats and billycock hats were on the other. We found little enough here of that enthusiasm for the Austrian occupation which we had noted farther north; but instead, signs of an indomitable racial feeling, not scrupling to call itself Illyrian, which plainly remembered the days and ways of freedom, and aspired to bring them back. In this interesting revival of national sentiment the Church appeared fully to share; and detachments of pale young Franciscans, taking a languid constitutional two by two with folded hands, would break ranks abruptly, and rush away pell-mell to read a candidate's manifesto just affixed to a vacant bit of wall; nor did Monsignor himself disdain hobnobbing with the grandest of the crimson-waistcoated gentry upon election day.

Our elder artist, the genial doyen of the party, deserted us at Ragusa, at the summons of an Indian comrade, and went back to the flesh-pots of Fiume first, and subsequently to a season of reflection beside the waters of Carlsbad. We went over to Gravosa to see him off, and having regretfully bidden him *bon voyage*, tried to console ourselves for our loss by exploring the Val d'Ombla. The river, which looks more like a broad estuary, is one of several in Dalmatia which break full-grown out of the porous substance of the hills, like the Sorgue in the valley of Vaucluse. The source is only three or four miles inland, and the day being fine and fresh, we declined the most insinuating offers of boatmen to convey us thither, and resolved to walk round the river by its exquisitely beautiful bank. All went prosperously for a mile or so, when the charming water-side path we had been following came to an abrupt end in the humblest of fishing-hamlets, beyond which the pine-hung cliffs dropped sheer to the river's edge. The entire population of the village immediately gathered about us, and informed us in Slavic, fortunately accompanied by more or less intelligible gestures, that we must either consent to be rowed over the river at this point, and pursue our promenade upon the other side, or strike straight up the acclivity for about a mile, by an exceedingly rugged mule-track, to the old military road, built high upon the mountain-side, and leading apparently from somewhere in Bosnia to a fort erected by the first Napoleon on the highest pinnacle above Ragusa.



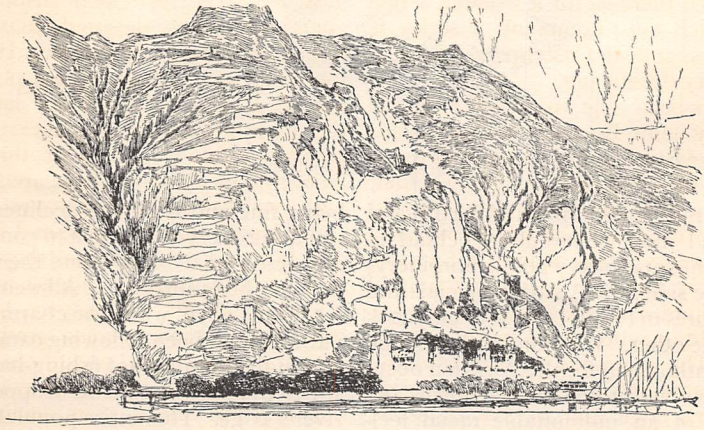
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SOURCE OF THE GORDICCHIO.

A little doggedly we chose the latter course,

but remembered no more our half hour's breathless climb when once we had emerged upon that lofty, level pathway. For the mountain wind blew in our faces, keen yet indescribably soft; the manifold mountain herbs upon which we trod sent up a delicately blended perfume; the sylvan solitude was absolute, and the wide view divinely fair. We were from two to three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and through the rich groves of chestnut and pine that mantled the slopes below us we caught from time to time the blaze of villa gardens, or the white gleam of the colonnade about some convent cloister. Pursuing our dreamlike way from spur to spur along that aërial pathway, made for the uses of war, but now so redolent of peace, we stood at last above the source of the Ombla. The irrepressible factory is there, of course; but regarded from such an altitude, it seems less obnoxious than the one at Vaucluse, and the river pours in amazing volume, only a very few feet from its noiseless beginning, through the arches of a viaduct which leads half-way across the basin to the main entrance of the building.

There is another enchanted spot in the vicinity of Ragusa, which no traveler with a particle of artistic perception or of human sympathy should fail to visit. It is the verdant orchard only, was pointed out by our boatman as marking the outlines of the lazaretto to which the plague-stricken inhabitants of Ragusa used to be sent in the days of that awful visitation. Rounding a promontory, where a white cross commemorates the loss, with all on board, of a great Austrian man-of-war in 1859, we glided over the deep and miraculously clear, green waters of the little haven between the hills, and, landing, followed a path which leads upward, through the solemn *pineta*, to a series of gardens more luxuriant and spicy than ever the fancy of poet conceived, surrounding a modern castellated villa. But all the visionary beauty of its environment cannot make this palace gay. For the ill-starred Archduke Maximilian built the villa about the cloister of a Dominican convent founded, like the old Duomo, by Cœur de Lion; and it was Maximilian who devised the gorgeous gardens, and projected all manner of other costly embellishments for a spot of which Nature herself had almost made an earthly paradise. His "purposes were broken off," as we know; and soon after the Mexican catastrophe the villa was sold. But the Archduke Rudolph fell under the spell of the place, and bought it back, and owned it at the time of his own tragic death, since when the heartstricken piety of Francis Joseph has restored it to the Dominican order. The grave young *frate* who



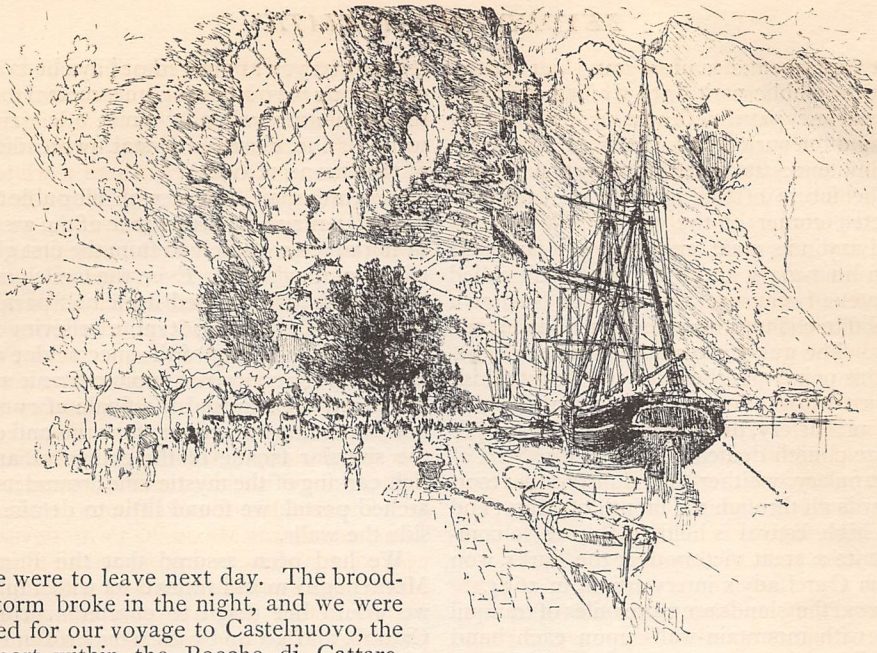
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

BUTTRESSED WALL, CATTARO.

island of Lacroma, in the middle of the bay, lying still and sad under the shadow of its venerable pines — a haunted isle, surely, if there be such a one in any terrestrial sea. We bargained to be rowed thither on a sultry and colorless evening, when barely a leaf or a ripple stirred, and all the heavy air foreboded storm. The island consists of two hills, both densely wooded. A dismantled fortress crowns the higher peak, and upon the slope below a massive quadrangle of gray stone walls, which now incloses an olive-

did the honors of this fateful pleasance pointed out, in a long, vaulted salon opening on the cloister, poor Carlotta's cabinet piano, with her favorite music neatly piled beside it; but the souvenirs of Rudolph's occupation are locked away in the upper chambers, which no stranger is permitted to see.

Coming back from that oppressively beautiful island, we bade our boatmen row us all round the promontory of Ragusa, that we might consider her stately bulwarks yet once more,



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HARBOR, CATTARO.

for we were to leave next day. The brooding storm broke in the night, and we were favored for our voyage to Castelnuovo, the first port within the Bocche di Cattaro, with yet another of those furious southerly gales in which the spring had proved so prolific. There are no islands along this part of the coast, so that one gets the full benefit of the sea's malicious humor; and we might well have avoided the indignities of that particular day's voyage, since between Ragusa and Castelnuovo there is, for a wonder, a fine coast road, which must command a series of unrivaled views, and at Castelnuovo there is positively a very decent inn.

I have never been able to perceive the fitness of the ugly name Bocche (mouths) as applied to that majestic expanse of tranquil water on which you find yourself gratefully afloat. When once you have passed the narrow strait, commanded by the castellated fortress of Punto d'Ostro, the scenery is like that of a Swiss or Italian lake, only the scale seems indefinitely larger, the outlines more imposing. A Norwegian fiord would, maybe, offer a better term of comparison. The enormous bay winds in and out among mountains which either soar straight from the water's edge four or five thousand feet into the ether, or withdraw just far enough to leave space for one of the exceedingly picturesque little towns which relieve, at frequent intervals, the Dantesque solemnity of the shore. At the first glance, these towns look prosperous. The quays are alive with movement; the gardens glow with tropic bloom; and the women's gowns are gayer than the gardens. Gold earrings, and on fête-days gold hair-pins with a necklace of gold beads, often very elaborately wrought, complete a dress which imparts to a restless crowd a certain dazzling, kaleidoscopic effect, but has little intrinsic beauty. A woman's entire patrimony is often invested in such a set of gold ornaments; and she is fortunate if she have a patrimony to invest, for the flourishing look which these villages on the Bocche wear is, after all, painfully delusive. A closer inspection reveals abandoned farms, deserted villas, roofless and ruined churches, everywhere. It is rather pathetic to have triumphantly pointed out to one at Risano — one of the larger towns — the smart pink dwellings and carefully trimmed pleasure-grounds of two or three heroes of local romance, who disappeared in boyhood, and were lost to their relatives for years, but came back, after all, to spend in their beautiful birthplace the fortunes they had amassed in a mythical country called California.

One would have, I suspect, to live long in this country, and become gradually familiar with the instincts and prejudices of a curiously mixed population, before one could rightly understand the causes of its decline or gage its prospects of recovery. A great many Austrian troops appear to be required to keep the natives in order; and the officers of these regiments form a caste quite apart, while the indigenous population is divided into several distinct and more or less antagonistic parties by differences of race, creed, and political views. A society is forming at this moment in Vienna for developing in an Austrian sense the commercial resources of the Bocche; but the Illyrian League, which aims at national independence, and will not even use the Roman alphabet when reducing its own Slavic dialect to writing, is also ac-

tive at Cattaro, and made a grand demonstration in the public park, with Chinese lanterns, orations, and patriotic choruses, on the very evening after our arrival. Such being the diverse influences at work, let him who can forecast the future of this magnificent but long-neglected corner of the world.

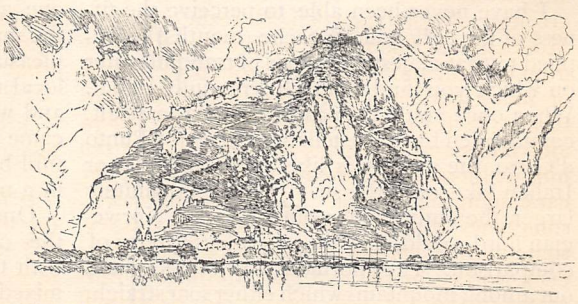
Midway in its great length the gulf contracts like an hour-glass, and the place is still called the Catene because chains used to be drawn from cliff to cliff to protect the inner bay in time of war. The gulf makes an abrupt angle beyond this point, and there are two beautiful islands just within the strait — one the seat of a Greek monastery, the other of a far-famed pilgrimage church dedicated to the Madonna of the Scapulary, whither the country-folk resort in crowds all through the month of Mary, and where high festival is held on July 12, to commemorate a great victory over the Turks, won through Our Lady's intervention, in 1654.

Beyond the islands are more miles of tranquil water, with mountain-walls upon each hand that reduce to the proportion of a child's toy village the frequent hamlets dotted along the shore. Yet nothing really prepares one for the great scenic effect of Cattaro, when that strange town finally discloses itself at the end of the last inlet. A harbor gay with local shipping, broad quays beautified by umbrageous trees, and a mass of time-worn towers and dwellings clinging to the lower ledges or shrinking into the ravines of a stupendous mountain barrier — such are the main features of the view. The buttressed wall of the city's ancient defenses embraces one entire spur of the mountain, being carried steeply up to a height of some twelve hundred feet above the water-line. The topmost tower of this long wall touches the limit of vegetation; but for miles and miles beyond that airy point may be faintly discerned the innumerable zigzags of the old mule-track, the famous "Ladder of Cattaro," which leads upward, over wastes of barren rock, to the eerie of the invincible Montenegrin.

Twin rivers,— the Fiumara and the Gordicchio,— crossed by well-defended bridges, enter the sea at each extremity of the town; but you search the arid heights in vain for the cataracts by which they should be fed, until the truth dawns upon you that here are two more of those mysterious Dalmatian streams which find their dark way among the rocks of the hills, only to emerge into the sunshine so marvelously limpid and so irresistibly strong that you know it must have been such a one which was haunting the memory of the seer of Patmos when he wrote of a "river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God."

I quite despair, however, of being able to convey in language any semblance of the great sensation which we received from the first glimpse of our journey's goal. Even the facile pencil of our own artist professed itself half paralyzed; for seeing Cattaro is not quite believing it, and only the drop-scenes of the spectacular drama are wont to be conceived upon so titanic a scale. It proved to be indeed the finale of our pleasant wanderings together; for save and except the singular façade of the cathedral, and the rich carving of the mystic vine around its great arched portal, we found little to detain us inside the walls.

We had been assured that the Prince of Montenegro would receive us with rapture if we would but deign to charter a vehicle at Cattaro, and go up by the wonderful new carriage-road, a six-hours' drive, to pay him a morning visit in his palace at Cettinje. But this would have been distinctly another adventure, and Cattaro is unquestionably the proper limit, not of Dalmatia merely, but of the entire Western world. The decaying village of Budua, ten miles farther down the coast, is still within the boundary of the Austrian province; but not even for the sake of its fine but ruinous walls could we resolve to mar the effect of the tremendous drop-curtain aforesaid which falls at the extremity of the Bocche. So we parted in good earnest upon the shady quay of Cattaro, our artist taking ship for Brindisi, while the rest of us embarked upon the four-days' voyage which was to land us in Trieste, and restore us to the trite but convenient conditions of ordinary European civilization.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE "DROP-CURTAIN," CATTARO.

THE END.

Harriet Waters Preston.

[*BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.*]

AN ERRANT WOOING.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Belhaven Tales," "A Bachelor Maid," etc.

XIII.

PAULINA sat alone on a step below the Mirador, two weeks later, looking down into the gardens of the Generalife.

Those who find it not altogether convenient to repair to Granada to identify the surroundings of our heroine may be told that the Mirador is a lookout built long ago by her lord for the delectation of a Moorish sultana, at her summer palace half-way up a hill facing the Alhambra.

To reach it Polly and her comrades had crossed a bridge over the river Darro, famed in song and story; then, following a cypress walk, beside which a stream played a thousand pranks in the way of waterfalls, they were admitted into the villa by a smiling peasant woman with a baby at her knee—and were mercifully abandoned to their fate.

For, once behind those gates, what a privilege to roam at will! The young people had hurried through a few rooms with fine carvings and arabesques and dreary portraits of dead kings, to issue, without loss of time, into the evergreen arcades of the garden. Here the clever old Moors, having taken the little river Darro bodily from its bed, and carried it through aqueducts of indestructible solidity to this point, had turned it, leaping and bubbling, into canals and tanks and fountains, to make the barren hillside blossom like the rose. Everywhere the ear caught the murmur and tinkle of its waters, sometimes running away to seek the valley, sometimes ascending, at the bidding of a stop-cock worked by the gardener, through perforations in the walks, in slender jets of crystal meeting above the pedestrian's head.

Now Polly stopped to rest under the cypress, standing yet, after centuries of growth, where frail Queen Zoraya kept her tryst with the Abencerrage that led to a direful massacre. Then she coursed along a tiled walk to inhale the odors of a bed of mignonette, or to peep down some leafy vista at a view. And, at last, up the steps of an ascending garden, between box-borders, and pagodas of clipped yew, and beds of fragrant flowers, she sped with light foot to the highest terrace, and ascended to the summit of the Mirador. Thence she looked over at the Alhambra, like a red fortress on a red crag; at Granada, with its pink and white and blue houses embowered in verdure, suggesting to the Oriental poet who sang of it "a silver vase of hyacinths and emeralds"; at the wide champaign of the Vega, scattered with hamlets and churches; at the snow-capped Sierra Nevada crowning all.

A fortnight had passed since her visit to Italica. The days that had bid fair to crush her with their weight had progressed evenly, as days will when the inevitable has assumed sway of our actions. On this bright morning in the garden Paulina had even felt moments of healthy happiness in living.

But when, on coming out of the tower, she was invited by her comrades to climb with them to the summit of the hill above the Mirador, she had declined. She had a letter to write—a letter of congratulation to her cousin Miss Low, the announcement of whose engagement to marry had come out to them by the last mail. And Roger and May, while regretting Polly's determination, had left her without showing themselves altogether disconsolate. Taking out a pad of paper, and a fountain-pen of depraved character, the disappointing companion of her foreign rambles, Polly, after much shaking and coaxing, induced it to inscribe what here follows:

I need not tell you, my dearest Fanny, how truly we rejoice and sympathize in your new-found happiness.

"That much is true," she said, upon re-reading it. "I am glad she is satisfied, and that she thinks 'Jimmie' Winslow is nice enough to marry. For my part, rather than take such a solemn, weak-kneed member of 'the smart set' in New York, I 'd apply to be assistant caretaker of the Generalife, and spend the rest of my days here."

Mama wishes me to say, with her love, that she is sure the marriage is, in every way, one your father and mother must think most suitable. Roger is sending a line by this post. And we want you frankly to say whether we shall get your presents in Paris, or London, or in New York on our return. We all know the best things find their way to our dealers, though there 's a wider choice abroad. We are much surprised to hear that Amaranth Clyde has concluded to take old Nil Admirari Johnson, as we girls used to call him.

What has become of all her lords? And so Mabel Kirby has gone home to her people in New York, carrying her two little girls, and the husband has pranced off, nobody knows where!

"This is very cold-blooded," she said, dropping the pad, and looking about her. "Why is it such up-hill work to sympathize with things at home to-day?" Then, resuming:

I am sitting now in the cool shadow of a Moorish Mirador, on a terrace edged by a white balustrade, where they keep pots of gillyflowers and geraniums. Outside — my feet are in it — is a blaze of sunshine. I never saw so many white butterflies. They feast in a bed of red and yellow velvet wallflowers, and flit up here to digest their reckless meal, and then, finding this too cool, flit out again. Not being a butterfly, it is warm enough for me. I wish I were a butterfly, that I might forget everything except the wallflowers in the garden of the Generalife!

"It is well the fountain-pen struck at that point, and refused to do another stroke," she said, throwing it down. "I am the most selfish creature alive. I can't be interested in Fanny or anything but my own affairs. But come! Who dares be wretched in face of such a prospect on such a day? I must be brave, and possess my soul in patience. Why could n't I have had all this when my heart was as light as that bit of down floating in the air? There is absolutely no use trying to write to Fanny. I will do it when I return to the hotel — respectably, on a table with a hotel inkstand and a sheet of paper headed by a picture of the hotel. By that time I may have thought of something decent to say about Jimmie Winslow. There is no harm in my future cousin; but when he asked me the same question, last year, he has recently asked Fanny, I knew it was grandpapa's granddaughter he wanted, not Polly Standish. I had just come back from England, and I remember comparing him with — Piers! (No one can hear me think Piers!) I love the name: it smacks of honest English soil. But what have I to do with English soil — I, who a year ago said everything foolish and spiteful against it and its people? No matter! In the garden of the Generalife one can afford to be inconsistent. Hum! Put Jimmie Winslow — that important little man who leads cotillions at Sherry's, and believes so consumedly in New York fashion — beside Piers Gilchrist, who looks like an old rover of the Scandinavian seas reincarnate, who is strong in mind and body, whose brain is free of cobwebs and pretense, who thinks nothing of his family's past, of his right place in society, who is simple and kind, who suits me in every fiber of my being! Ah, me — Roger!" she cried, as two people came through the door of the Mirador opening on the hillside behind her, "why did you make me jump? And what is the matter with May?"

"So tiresome!" said May, showing an object in her hand. "The heel of my shoe came off, and I can't walk without it. Mr. Woodbury is good enough to go to our house, and ask old Josefa for another shoe. I will stop with you, with your leave."

For the first time Polly thought she saw in May's ingenuous eyes a desire to avoid hers. She made place for her, however; and when Roger, doffing his hat, and promising to be quick in returning, ran off down the steps, reappearing in their sight from time to time through the bowery groves below, the girls talked of "La Silla del Moro," of the climb thither, the view, the weather, and the provokingness of shoes.

But as May talked, her eyes, no longer avoiding Polly's, became deep with wistfulness. The child's heart was weighed down under the thought that in a few days, at most, the friends who had created for her a new world of feeling and enjoyment were to pass out of her life forever. It was not in the nature of things to be supposed they would meet often again, when an ocean should divide them. That morning May had heard Mrs. Standish speak to Lady Edmund about Polly's and Roger's marriage as a thing of no distant date, and the announcement had made her turn cold. The recent attitude of the cousins to each other, so matter-of-fact, so unemotional, had indeed struck her as strange; but here, all the same, the marriage was going on!

A week later, and May would be gone into her shell again. There would be no merry Polly to entertain her with bright sayings; no kind Mrs. Standish to look out for her health and make suggestions about her toilet; no old Mr. Woodbury to bestow on her his quaint compliments (which, by the way, had been fewer of late, she knew not why); no — Roger! Roger, the first man she had ever known well who was not a father, a music-teacher, or a lecturer in ladies' schools; Roger, whom she had liked in London, liked better at Wooton Magna, welcomed joyfully in Morocco.

Now, after their intimate companionship in knocking about Andalusian cities in the time of the nightingale and rose, May had no words for the strange new feeling that possessed her at thought of parting with him.

It was right that Polly should carry off the prize — Polly, the brilliant little being who ruled every one about her, whom every one admired, indulged; who had never known what it was to give up, or not to have, what she wanted; Polly, the little American princess, wrapped in cottonwool, cradled in rose-leaves,

a great heiress,— so Lady Edmund said,— who had had lovers and offers in plenty, and would hear of none of them.

Also, that morning, when Lady Edmund had seemed to wish to make May understand the inevitableness of Polly's and Roger's match, she had told her how long it had been arranged, how it was to keep intact a splendid fortune, how really fond of each other the young people were; and had ended by saying the wedding would take place at Mr. Woodbury's country-house in Massachusetts in September.

And there was something else paining May; while Polly made her a place at her side, and talked to her so pleasantly, the younger girl was conscious of a certain disloyalty of recent action.

When she and Roger had started to leave the "Moor's Chair," her foot had struck upon a stone, and, the heel of her shoe forsaking it, she had lost her balance, and had fallen into Roger's arms. They were alone, with no one to behold them but a passing bird, and a shepherd on a far-away slope. As Roger restored her to her balance, a lock of May's hair of dazzling gold had been blown by the summer breeze across the young man's lips.

What occurred then is not known to the chronicler. It will never be told by May or Roger. As the little bird that, lighting on an orange-bough above them, trilled and twittered madly during the girls' talk, it may be rightly conjectured to have been telling tales. But it twittered in Spanish, and May was safe.

Something, however, had happened that, as their colloquy progressed, made May feel more and more grieved and guilty.

"Yes, it is sad," Paulina said, "to think of giving up this, and going back to live the life of every day; and my life will be the kind that suits me least — one of over-conventionality. But I suppose Spain is not always green in the valleys."

"No; in summer, Piers says, we must flee to the Basque hills for refuge. If I can only persuade him not to banish me to England!"

"That were a pleasant exile," said Paulina, dreamily.

"My England is not pleasant. I was brought up among people who — don't let me think of them! My one dream of sentiment was to go to Wooton Magna, and see my birthplace, and my mother's picture. My mother died when I was very young, I believe. I have never had any one speak of her to me. I think she must have quarreled with my great-aunt. When I saw her portrait, it was as if some castle of soap-bubbles I had been making all those years had burst. I can't tell you why, but she did not seem to want me. That was my only feeling — she did not want me."

"It was a very distressing one," said Paulina, softly. "From my babyhood I have always loved to think my mother's arms were open to me. I have continued to take all my troubles, little and big, to her. Her tenderness never fails. Indeed, I believe I have never kept anything from her — but one thing," she added, stopping short.

"I envy you. There are so many things I can't speak of to Piers. He is dear and kind, but I can't tell him all. And it is the greatest relief to speak, is it not, when one is sure of sympathy?"

"I think so; but then I am a spoiled child. A kiss, a warm pressure of the hand, will to this day make me smile when I am crying."

"Ah! there is no one for me to take my trouble to — no one!" cried May, bursting into tears.

"May, tell *me*," said Paulina, her face grave, her brows meeting.

"I have not been true to you! I have let some one who belongs to you see that I — care for him. There, I have told you! I could not endure to keep it."

"You do care for him, my poor child?" said Polly, her frown vanished, her voice ineffably tender. "May, let me put my arm around you. Lean your head on my shoulder. Ah, what a great child I have to pet and pardon! That is what mama always does to me when I 'm feeling at my worst. She says nothing, but just strokes me; and soon a little warmth steals into my heart, and melts it, and then all I want is to rest there and be loved — as I love you, May!"

There were no more words upon the subject uppermost in both hearts. They sat side by side, watching the cloud-prints on the Sierra; a lizard ran out on the paved walk to play; a harmless snake glided by them, and disappeared in a bed of pansies. The world seemed glad and brilliant to both the girls once more, and from May a great weight was lifted.

When Roger returned, the young man, looking from one to the other, felt a tremendous twinge of conscience; but unlike May, it did not occur to him to desire to confide his emotion to any one — least of all to Polly.

"GRANDPAPA," said Paulina, linking her arm in Mr. Woodbury's as they went out that same day from luncheon, "I want you to come with me now for a little stroll in the Alhambra gardens."

"Eh? Yes," said Mr. Woodbury, looking to see if they might elude the courier.

Gillson was on hand, in unusual splendor, smoking in the vestibule, in company with a guide like a bandit in appearance, in reality a sentimentalist who, while quoting Théophile

Gautier within the precincts of the palace, did not disdain, under a stress of new arrivals at the hotel, to aid the domestic staff by handing potatoes at *table d'hôte*.

"Gillson," said Mr. Woodbury, "you have nothing laid out for me just now, have you?"

"There his the Cartuja, sir, with hits world-renowned marbles, hits haltars hinlaid with mother o' pearl and daughter o' shell," admitted the grand duke, condescendingly.

"Does he mean tortoise-shell?" whispered Polly. "Now, grandpapa, stand to your guns, and say you won't go there to-day; and I 'll back you up."

"I sha'n't want you this little while, Gillson," said his employer, temporizing.

"Just as you like, sir. Then I shall 'ave the pleasure of hescorting Miss Mills to see some of the points of hinterest she 'as neglected," said the superb Gillson, bowing himself off.

"And who is Miss Mills, Polly?"

"Oh, grandpapa, it is Justina. Do you know, Wilcox, who was quite indifferent to her at home, has become very jealous of Gillson's attentions. I don't doubt he will end by marrying her."

"Who? Wilcox? Ridiculous! Why, the creature 's twice his age!"

"I know," said Polly, dropping her eyes; "but it is all Gillson's fault. And every time he thinks he is detected in being too attentive to her maid, he calls mama 'my lady.' He fancies it flatters her."

"I don't know but Gillson is right," said the old gentleman, chuckling. "These titles, like blackberries,—and worth about as much, humph!—are turning our republican heads."

"You know you like Lord Edmund. How good he is to Lucy, and how happy she is! And you once seemed to like Sir Piers Gilchrist."

"They are accidents. I do like Gilchrist, confoundedly well, too; and I never was so put out in my life as when he was called to Gib by his banker just while we are here. No signs of his coming back, Polly, eh?"

"None that I know of, grandpapa. Am I walking too fast for you up the hill? Don't you love this elm-wood and its everlasting trickling of waters? See there, under the Gate of Judgment, is the vain old gipsy posing as usual, and offering his photographs for sale. How I am growing to love it all! How can I ever leave it!"

"Yet we must get off on Monday. We 've a good deal of Spain to do yet; and we 've promised to stop at Biarritz with Lucy to see the baby."

"On Monday?" said Paulina, growing pale.

Her animation fled. Not until they were inside the little garden called Adarves, built on the rocky bastion under the Vela tower, and she had found for the old man a comfortable bench, did she again speak.

"That is three days, grandpapa."

"What is three days, child? Egad, Polly, this is fine, this view. It takes one's breath away. I don't know but I 'd be satisfied to camp out here for the rest of my life."

"Then stay, dear, stay. We are all so well; it 's cool and enchanting; we 're just beginning to know the Alhambra. Don't take us away yet."

"It will be the same everywhere we go in Spain, little girl. No, I 've decided; and you very well know the one thing I don't do is to change my mind."

Another silence. The tiny garden that Fortuny put into the background of a picture was overflowing with flowers and haunted with booming bees. Upon the ivy-covered wall of the tower behind it were growing Bengal roses of deep velvety red, and under them gleamed the gold of oranges and the blue stars of celestine. The fine, strong countenance of the old man, as he sat bareheaded to let the breeze play with his streaming silver hair, might have daunted another than Polly. But after a brief time of thought she had resolved to play for high stakes—to lose or win.

"Grandpapa," she said, while putting a flower in his coat, "you have often told mama, and she has told me, nothing would give you greater pleasure than to see Roger and me married."

"Yes, child; yes, dear," answered he aloud, shifting uncomfortably. "Devil take that fellow! Has he let her know he 's been after another girl, and is that the reason she 's found out she wants him back?" was what the inner man was saying.

"I would like to make you happy. I want to make every one about me happy. And if Roger and you want it so very, very much, I won't any longer ask to have it put off."

"Life is n't certain, my dear. I found that out this winter, when I made such a narrow shave of it. I should rejoice to see your wedding, as you know, and you are a darling child to offer it."

"Oh, yes; I offer it," said Polly, her heart beating, her temples throbbing, a light mist seeming to come before her eyes. "I will marry Roger to-morrow, if he wants me."

"That would be the best plan, by George! That would rid us of all—hem!—entanglements," cried the old man, exultingly. "Not to-morrow, of course; but soon. There 's no one absent but Toodles, dear lad, and your aunt and cousins. And let me tell you, Paulina, since I have heard that Sophy Low means deliberately to allow her daughter to marry such a

popinjay as that Winslow, I 'm not, so to speak, over-anxious to see any of the lot. Why, I could n't keep a civil tongue in my head if I met Winslow. A dancing, dawdling creature, neither American nor English, an imitation of he knows not what; with no vices, simply because he has n't strength for 'em!"

"Don't talk about Jimmie Winslow now, grandpapa. Talk about Roger and me."

"I 'll do more: I 'll have Roger in my room to-night, and settle the whole thing. But when it 's settled, Miss Weathercock, no changing back again, mind that."

"No, grandpapa," said Polly, submissively. Then, frightened at her own temerity, she awaited its result.

XIV.

"My darling, Wilcox has just come from your grandpapa to say that Roger is with him, and that he wishes to see you at once. I asked Wilcox if grandpapa said anything about me, but he answered no; it was Miss Standish. And, my dear, all your hair is tumbling down, and I can't imagine what grandpapa can have to say at this late hour — 11:30, and time you were in bed. But there! there! run along, and come back as quickly as you can, and tell me all about it."

Paulina walked down the corridor with a brave front, like poor Marie Antoinette on her way to execution. Now was the failure or success of her desperate venture to be proved. If Roger should be so blind, so base, as to take her up, what then?

She tapped at the door, and, entering, found the old gentleman on one side of the round table in his sitting-room, Roger on the other, a candelabrum with six candles burning between them, the room otherwise in darkness, but for a handful of fire on the hearth, made desirable by the cool night air of the mountains.

For the first time Polly could not look a crisis in the face. She sank into the chair placed for her by Roger, and, covering her eyes with her hands, bent her head down upon the table.

For a moment there was no sound but that one never failing in Granada — the murmur of a streamlet rushing down the hill. Then a nightingale in the courtyard surpassed himself in one long trill of beseeching to the rose.

"What shall I say to you, my child? How shall I tell you what he has answered me?" she heard in her grandfather's voice. Nay; was this indeed her grandfather's voice, so low, so fraught with compassionate tenderness?

Polly took courage to lift her head. She saw her grandfather's face, pearly white in the dusk of the room, his silver hair floating about it, all spirit gone out of it, sorrowful, broken — the face of an old, old man.

Then she looked at Roger. She had never thought him so handsome. He held his head aloft; his eyes shone with a strange, new expression, half pride, half timidity.

"Roger! Then you refuse me?" cried Polly, a tremble of rapture in her tones.

"I have long known that you do not love me, dear," he said tranquilly.

"Paulina, is this true?" asked her grandfather, angrily.

"Grandpapa, don't look at me — don't speak to me — like that. It is not my fault. It is not his fault. We have fought for two long years, and failed. To please you we would have done anything but live a lie. *Your* grandchildren could never live a lie!"

"Then you made me do this thing —"

"To prove to you, grandfather, to convince you as no words could convince you, that we shall be happier apart. Do what you like with the money; give it every bit to Roger."

"You know that is impossible, sir," interposed the young man.

"That is a matter, young people, I have, up to the present, thank God! been able to manage for myself," dryly remarked Mr. Woodbury. "Perhaps you will let me ask how long this has been going on?"

"Polly has always alarmed me, sir. I felt uncertain of her since the first. Not of her keeping faith, mind you, but of —"

"Don't ask Roger; ask me," put in Paulina. "He has really been a sufferer for years. He deserves a pillar and a niche. You ought to be doubly indulgent to him, grandpapa, to make up for all he has borne for you."

"So I am the bugbear to both of you, eh?"

"You are not in earnest; you know we love you dearly," cried the girl, running to throw two warm arms around his neck. "Roger, come and take one hand, while I take the other. Let us swear that there never was such a duck of an old grandfather, whose bark is worse than his bite — who has spent his life doing noble and generous things — whom we are proud of, and will be till we die!"

"Paulina, what you and Lucy Blount do not commit in the way of offense against the English speech! Did you ever hear, pray, of a duck that barked? There, go to bed, and let Roger stay and settle me down, while I take a nightcap of hot Scotch."

"One minute! Roger, come with me into the corridor," said Paulina, trying to subdue the dancing of her heart. "Here, my dear boy, is your ring. I want you to promise me that you will give it to some one to whom it will mean a thousand times more than it ever did to me — or than I tried to fancy it did. We made

a great, great mistake; it came near being a terrible one — and we are saved! Don't you make another mistake, and through false shame let go what I know you are longing to grasp."

"I do long for it, Polly. I never knew how much till now," he said simply. "And I meant to speak to you and to my grandfather at once."

"To-morrow!" said Polly, thrusting the ring upon him.

"THERE! it is settled. I've won! I am free; Roger is happy; grandpapa is placated, I can see; and mama will think as he does. But what will become of poor me? If I were not afraid of running upon her Ted, I 'd go to Lucy this minute, while she is having her hair brushed, and send away the maid, and tell her the whole thing. But no — no one before mama!" and opening her mother's door, she carried her surprise in with her.

"I HAVE turned it over in my mind in every way," said Lady Edmund Blount to her husband, as they walked together up and down the terrace before Gilchrist's villa, waiting for their young charge to come out to them. For, after her talk with Roger, May had decided to return to the companionship of old Josefa, and await her father's return.

It was the day preceding that upon which Mr. Woodbury still held to his determination to leave Granada. Lucy, to whom had been referred the question of May and Roger, had decided that in the absence of Sir Piers, the intending suitor had better abandon the casket that contained his gem — less poetically speaking, that Roger should go to Gibraltar, look up Sir Piers, tell him the whole story, and ask for his daughter's hand.

But to Lucy the rub was that by that time the others would be far on their way out of Spain. Remembering Gilchrist's confidences to her at Seville, she longed with all womanly desire to straighten out his complication, too. She did not dare to sound Paulina, who had requested to be left altogether out of discussions regarding May and Roger. Nor could she put it into the already overtaxed brain of Mrs. Standish — who, believing herself heartbroken, was still able to talk by the hour with Lucy over Roger's new affair — that her daughter Polly was in love with Roger's prospective father-in-law.

"They ought to meet; they ought to have a chance," had ruminated Lucy. "Everybody in this world ought to have a chance. And the question is whether Polly will eat me up if I communicate with Gilchrist. Polly can be rather an awful little person, especially if she thinks her maidenly dignity is involved. I know I 'll ask Ted if I may — no! I 'll do it, and then tell Ted!"

May, during these perturbing meditations of her chaperon, had been of little help. With her foot on the first round of the golden ladder to a lover's paradise, she had nothing to wish. Her one stipulation, that she should leave the hotel and return to the shelter of her own modest home, touched Lucy into prompt acquiescence with the scheme. At the door of his lady's bower Roger had not yet ventured to present himself.

"It grieves me to leave May here to-morrow, Ted," Lucy now said to her liege, as she hung on his arm, and poured variations of one theme into his ear. "Just think, when we are crawling away in one of those slow trains from Bobadilla, going north, and Roger is in another train, going south, what her feelings will be, left alone, wondering whether her father will say yea or nay."

"You women are queer creatures," Blount remarked, knocking the ashes from his cigar into the heart of a rose. "Just now May Gilchrist is the center of interest. Until her love-affair is settled, I don't believe any of you will get a good night's rest. It is all May — May. *My* little friend Paulina is of secondary importance. No one talks of her, thinks of her, plans for her coming out all right."

"Ted, what can one do?" cried Lucy, guiltily aware of something already done. "Who knows whether Gilchrist cares for Polly? Do you?"

"There is no doubt of it in my mind. He is as far gone as any fellow I ever saw, and the marriage would be a deuced good one for him. It 's a shame to let the Wooton Magna property run down as it is doing. A good round sum out of old Woodbury's pocket would fetch up its value to equal any in the county."

"You sordid boy! As if it were only a question of money!"

"No, I don't say that; but money makes love last longer and its flame burn brighter, in my opinion. Gilchrist ought to be a somebody, not a nomad; and he shall be, if I can help him."

"Why, Ted, you look as if you mean something. You have been meddling. What can you have done?"

"Wired Gilchrist last night to meet me here on important business before I leave to-morrow."

"Ted, you did n't? Yes, you did! You are the cleverest, sweetest old thing I ever saw! If baby grows up like you, what a blessing he will be to some woman one of these days! Darling baby! When I am happy I always want to see him. Let us fly to-morrow as fast as Spanish steam can carry us to Biarritz. Now I am going to tell you a secret. I wired, too."

"You? To Gilchrist?"

"Yes; I am his confidante, you must know. But it was a most diplomatic message, committing nobody. Polly could n't find anything to object to in it. I think he will believe you have suddenly gone mad, or that we can't afford to pay our hotel bill. But he must come, must he not? Oh, Ted, I see it all! Unless Gilchrist and Polly are too idiotic for anything, they will soon be married. And old Mr. Woodbury will give Polly lots of money. But he will insist on their living in England on their own property part of the time. And so we 'll lose Wooton Magna; for of course we would n't be so mean as to hold on to the lease."

"Easy methods of doing business, yours," said her husband, much amused.

"Listen! But we must go back to Wooton Magna for May's wedding. They can have the house for the affair, and we 'll be guests in it. May must be married in the little church, and the children will strew primroses; and Roger will take her to the ranch for a wedding-journey. What fun she will have with my dear old brother and Paddy! This will work around for your benefit, Ted; for Roger will have to live near his grandfather, and Billy will take Patrick for a partner on the ranch, and they 'll make loads of money, and relieve you of always paying up for Paddy — don't you see? Mr. Woodbury will end by adoring May; and she is so young and unformed she will blend with things over there nicely. I don't doubt Lady Watson-Jones will disinherit May for marrying an American, and leave her money to found a hospital for cats, with an effigy of Tom over the front door. But dear! that little paltry sum beside the great Woodbury estate —"

"I say, Lucy, how you are clipping along!"

"But, Ted, I always do when I 'm excited; and I want you to remember every word I say now, and see if it does n't come true. As to Polly, I am dying to have her Lady Gilchrist, if it were only to be even with her for the horrid things she said when I was first engaged to you. Do you believe, she pretended to think all Englishmen of title ill-treat their wives and squander their substance in riotous living. Oh, yes; that is the common opinion about your class in America, and I often wanted to shake Polly, to persuade her otherwise. I 've bided my time, but I 'll throw that back at her or die!"

"It will be Greek meeting Greek, and may I be there to see. But how will Mrs. Standish submit to having her daughter taken away from her?"

"Dear Mrs. Standish! Her sun rises and sets in Toodles. But Gilchrist and Polly will be chasing back to America every year. He is the kind to pick his wife up like a traveling-bag, and carry her, at a moment's notice, to the land's end."

"Tell me, Lucy, how is it May never suspected Paulina's fancy for her papa?"

"Because, stupid, she thought when Polly had Roger she could want no one else. Anyhow, a fair exchange is no robbery."

"You have settled it admirably, my dear. I hope you won't kick over your own basket of glass, and find all your fine dreams shattered."

"Ted!" she exclaimed, a trifle sobered. "You don't think it possible Gilchrist could *refuse to come?*"

"I don't know. He may consider it folly to expose himself to her attractions."

"Don't talk so loud — there comes May. May, we are just praising your arcade of roses, and the view of the snow hills one gets through it. And what a dear little house! I envy you it; but I suppose we must n't be cuckoos, and want to rent *all* your father's homes."

"I wish old Woodbury could hear you on the subject of cuckoos renting homes," observed Blount, dispassionately.

THAT afternoon our friends decided to make a farewell excursion. A drive through the suburbs, out into the powdered dust of the glaring highway, brought them to a halt under a series of caves burrowed one above the other in the hillside, their black mouths half screened from observation by tufts of ragged cactus.

"They are like the dugouts of our Western frontier," said Roger, "only more picturesque."

In a trice the two carriages were surrounded by a swarm of swart men and women and children, who vociferated prayers for alms. The hill brought forth what seemed myriads of them; the supply appeared to be inexhaustible. Sitting smoking at the cave doors were here and there men in the smart costume of their tribe — head-handkerchief, jacket and breeches with silver buttons, massive earrings of gold and silver.

Chief among the importunate were three little girls whom they had been accustomed to see begging in the Alhambra garden, one of them, of exceeding grace, having the fascination of the 'Serpent of old Nile.' This Vivienne in embryo had been wont daily to plead with them for money, to coax, to dance, to pose, to run beside their carriage, with a vivacity in tone and gesture altogether seductive. If money were given her, she would expand with a fervor of blessing; if refused, she would spit and curse after them with viperish resentment. Now, on her own ground, she was all suavity. Beckoning, beseeching, she conveyed to the "Ingles" an invitation to visit one of the caverns. They acquiesced, and, transformed into a guide efficient and businesslike, she led the way.

In the gipsy home they found three chambers hewn in the rock, the smallest a kitchen with a barred window blackened by escaping smoke, the whole otherwise as neat as a new pin. On the whitewashed wall hung pictures of the saints over a cup of holy water; a shelf held gay crockery, a tambourine, and castanets; there was also a looking-glass, before which a dark woman was engaged in putting a smack of pomatum on her hair.

In the rear chamber were three tidily made beds, to accommodate husband and wife, grandmother, and three children. A table, with rush-bottomed chairs and cooking-utensils, completed the furnishings.

The visitors, received by a bright little woman from whom they had often bought violets at the hotel, were greeted as old acquaintances. Bustling to the door, she beckoned to her husband, who sat outside, giving the air to a baby like a doll of yellow wax.

The baby, reclaimed from the arms of his father, was handed around for inspection with every token of lively hospitality. With her red petticoat, orange spencer, and a carnation in her hair, the little mother darted like a dragonfly about her establishment, showing all her possessions with housewifely pride. She brought in and introduced the crone grandmother, a brother, a sister, some cousins and aunts, till the cave was crowded, and the space outside ringed with dark, merry, greedy faces, against a strip of sky over the red battlements of the Alhambra across the valley.

One of the gipsy wives, identifying May Gilchrist, kissed her hand, and, showing her own white teeth in smiles, poured upon the fair stranger lavish assurances of which puzzled May understood not a word.

"Beg pardon, miss," observed Gillson, who was standing near the cavern's mouth; "she says Sir Piers gave her help when her man was ill, and she can never think enough of him."

"I remember his telling me of some pet gipsy of his," said May. "He knows and likes many of them; but all the same, he does n't think it safe for strangers to come here after dark, or alone and unprotected."

"I hope we may get off with the loss of nothing more than the contents of our pockets," said Roger. "They say a Spanish gipsy can steal the stockings off your feet without touching your shoes."

"She wishes to tell your fortune, miss, through gratitude to your papa," said Gillson.

"Of course, of course, she must do it, May," said Lucy. "I wish we could manage to pass somebody else off for Ted's wife, and let her tell *my* fortune."

"It does n't require gipsy lore to find out that Lord Edmund belongs to you, my Lucy," said Paulina, with satire.

"Oh, Polly, am I so bad? Wait, wait; you will be worse with the husband she 'll give you, for a *peseta*," retorted Lucy, gaily.

To May, from whom the woman refused to receive payment, was allotted as fair a presentment of Roger as could have been expected from the artist offhand — a description punctuated by the laughter and comments of lookers-on, until both young people thought they were ready for the mountain to open and swallow them, as it had been wont to do to visitors in legendary days. But in spite of their embarrassment, each wore an expression of conscious bliss there was no mistaking. Roger, under the new condition of affairs, was especially transfigured.

Polly, with a pang, decided it was not in her to confer happiness like May — May, the guileless, the shy maiden, whom she had at first been rather disposed to patronize from the height of her wider knowledge of mankind.

Already Roger was forgetting her presence in May's. Little unintended words and actions left no doubt as to that.

"Now tell her she may read my hand, Gillson," ventured Lucy, hardily.

"She says, my lady, as how your fortune is made; but she would like the hand of the young lady who is looking at the picture in the corner," interpreted the courier.

"Yes, Polly; it 's no fun where one backs out; and whatever you may say, I really think a great deal of this odd creature's wit in divining that I belong to Ted," cried Lucy. "Must n't Polly have her fortune told, Mr. Woodbury? There, Polly, hold out your hand; she will have to be clever to find a lad for you in the present company."

Paulina, her back to the light, showed her hand carelessly. The gipsy, sitting, scanned its lines with apparently deep consideration, then dropped it with annoyance, and took it up again.

"You are always a problem to the occult, not to be quickly solved," whispered gleeful Lucy. At that juncture a new figure was added to the group around the cavern door, and Sir Piers Gilchrist, who, arriving in Granada unknown to any of the party, had walked out in pursuit of his friends, pushed his way quietly to the front, to stand there looking on.

Before any one else had observed him, the fortune-teller, who claimed him as her benefactor, uttered a quick exclamation of delight. Paulina, following involuntarily the direction of the woman's eyes, saw Gilchrist, and a tremble of joy ran through her. As the others became simultaneously aware of his presence, May sprang to meet him fondly, Lucy greeted him

with cordiality, Mr. Woodbury gave him hearty welcome. Roger and Lord Edmund, who had their own reasons for hesitating as to the manner of opening conversation with the newcomer, separately strolled to the mouth of the cave, and met outside, in evident perturbation.

"What an astonishing little person is that wife of mine!" Blount was saying to his inner self. "Here we have brought this fellow to Granada upon the impulse of the moment, and have put ourselves into the biggest kind of box, and I don't in the least know how I 'm going to get out of it. But she — equally at fault with me — she 's as cool and composed as if in her own drawing-room! Whatever her situation, she has it well in hand. She 'll set the business before him better than I could. By Jove! I believe I 'll just leave the whole thing to Lucy, and not open my jaw."

In the breaking up of the party to go away, Paulina stopped behind to give a present to the woman who had failed to tell her fortune. Gillson, at her elbow to warn her against displaying silver, interposed again to interpret.

"I 'm asked to tell you, miss," he said, with some show of embarrassment, "that when the young lady's fortune was on its way to her the gipsy could not see it."

"That will do, Gillson," said Miss Standish, haughtily, as she walked over and joined her grandfather, slipping her arm in his. It was past a jest when people like these took up her relations to Sir Piers.

At sight of tips, the earth had opened to yield more *gitanos*, who, resuming their interrupted escort of the strangers, clamored with begging. The little Vivienne, liberally recompensed with a peseta, pretended to cry because it was no more, then burst into elfish laughter, and hurled after them vituperations thick and fast. The tumult increased. Men, women, and children started to run with the carriages, according to custom, making a pandemonium to the very outskirts of the town.

"Will nothing stop this din?" cried Lucy, putting her hands over her ears.

Gilchrist smiled, and, after assisting to place the ladies in their vehicles, turned back, and addressed a few words in their own tongue to the rabble, who, also smiling, held off, making no further effort to accompany the visitors.

This self-denial on the part of the gitanos was promptly rewarded by the arrival of more carriages, among them one containing the newly arrived ex-Senator and Mrs. Treat: their courier, half turned upon the box beside the driver, as ever, in the act of oratorical explanation. But for once the judge did not look depressed by the privileges of foreign travel. He held his head erect; animation sat in every line of his keen countenance.

"Well, Mr. Woodbury," he cried, as he came within earshot of that gentleman, "I have news for you. Senator —— from my State is dead, and my friends over there have cabled me to come right home in time for the caucus which will occur when the legislature meets for the election of his successor. Yes, sir; we expect to take the steamer that touches at Gibraltar Wednesday of this week."

"I am sure the country will be the gainer by it, judge," said Mr. Woodbury, politely. "But it 's a pity to cut short your Spanish trip, even for such a patriotic purpose."

"Well, sir, I guess I 've about had the best of it," was the radiant response. "If they could patch up that old palace of Charles V. a bit, the Alhambra, though it 's considerably damaged in spots, might be better worth the journey in those slow cars from Seville. I was glad of an opportunity to inspect the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, though. Well, good day to you. See you at dinner at the Washington Irving, I expect," and the judge, with a gipsy girl hanging on each arm and coaxing sweetly, was last seen cheerfully entering the exhibition cave.

"Sir Piers, you must not walk home. You must come in the carriage with Ted and May and me," said Lucy. "I have something to say to you; and if Ted and May don't object, they can drop us at the Alameda, and we can talk there."

"My little woman is a Trojan," Blount kept thinking, with renewed admiration of her. He had served his Queen as a diplomatist, but as yet had seen no exit from the difficulty still perplexing his brain. And here was Lucy already dominating the affair with charming ease. Here was Gilchrist obeying her, with just a shadow of wonder in his face, which could not keep entirely unrevealed a sort of longing after the carriage that swept Paulina away from him.

And there was Paulina driving off, vaguely aware that a climax was at hand, her one wish and prayer, now that it had come, to escape from Gilchrist, and to keep the others from seeing that this was so!

Sir Piers and Lucy had been talking for half an hour on a secluded bench in the Alameda, and Lady Edmund's expressive face could not conceal a certain blankness of disappointment.

"After what you told me at Seville!" she said, with rebellious intonation.

"I told you, dear lady, that I love her."

"Then —" cried Lucy, interrupting.

"And that I had no right to say so to her. Two weeks have not altered this."

"But I don't understand," said Lucy, pitifully.

"What has passed, although it changes the case immensely for Woodbury, whom I have promised to see on my return to the villa —"

"Roger ought to be grateful to me for opening this door for him. But he won't. They never are," interpolated she. "They think so at the time; but if the match turns out well, they wonder what you could have supposed you ever had to do with it. If they quarrel, they lay it all at your door, and hate you cordially. I wash my hands of lovers!"

"Not all," pursued he, with a smile at her change of tactics. "Don't quite give us up, Lady Edmund."

"You can jest at it! And you persist that while you may try to accept the very surprising idea of Roger (who was never loved by Paulina) having fallen in love with your beautiful daughter, you have no intention of following up that circumstance to your own advantage!"

"Put sentiment aside, and listen to reason from a man of middle age —"

"Oh, don't!" she exclaimed. "You disappoint me horribly. I liked you far better when you were so sad at Seville, and I went to my room and cried over you."

"I hope my recording angel took note of those tears — I need them," he said. "Listen, then, if you like it better, to the voice of a man who, having wrecked his own youth through impulse, does not presume to wreck that of the young girl he loves against his better judgment. What would the world say if I won her to be my wife?"

"That you — that she — why, what do you care what the world says about your marriage? You, an Englishman!" said Lucy, unable to resist this thrust.

"What would Blount say, for example? He's a clear-headed fellow, a man of the world — what has he said when you talked over this with him?"

Lucy was silent. Too well she recalled that her husband had said that a good round sum out of old Woodbury's pocket would bring the Wooton Magna property up to be as good as any in the county.

"One can never discuss with men," she said, generalizing. "They wander from the point, and, when you advance a good argument, knock it down, and jump on it."

"Am I wrong in supposing my friend Blount had an eye to my worldly advancement when he sent that telegram? No, Lady Edmund; you are too frank a woman not to admit that nine persons out of ten of our acquaintance would say I was marrying this girl for her money — was using her to pull me out of vagabondage into respectability; that she was throwing herself away on a moody wanderer twice her age, who had taken advantage of her youth. Her own people — what face could I have before her grandfather?"

"It would surprise Mr. Woodbury, of course. I don't think he has a glimmering suspicion of it; but new experiences and shocks, and so on, seem to be having the best effect on him. Already he looks favorably upon Roger's hopes of getting you to give him May. And if that had been proposed to him at home — well!"

"Paulina's mother has from the first stabbed me with innocent suggestions of our disparity in years."

"Mrs. Standish is at heart a dove," cried Lucy. "She would be bewildered for a while; but let me tell you a secret — I think she would soon be reconciled to Lady Gilchrist."

"You are the most astute of tempters — but no, no! At Italica I fought my fight with myself, and won. I showed her, without glossing, what I am. I made her distrust me. After that, how can I in decency do anything but hear what Woodbury and May have to say for themselves, and then go back into my solitude and try to forget Paulina?"

"You will have ample opportunity," she said, her voice trembling a little with vexation. "To-morrow we leave for good. Be sure I shall do my best to make Paulina forget you. She is not one to be, as it were, offered by her friends —"

"That she is not!" he exclaimed emphatically. "She is lovely, beloved, choice — one can't find the right epithets for her! She has great wealth, unlimited opportunities. She will soon make a marriage worthy of her."

"It is time enough for you to talk of her marriage to another when your conscience acquits you of having tried to make her care for you," said Lucy, rising, and facing him dauntlessly. "Now you will call a carriage, please. Poor Roger will be all impatience awaiting you."

"But you will let me say —"

"Nothing! I speak for Paulina also. Nothing! I think already we have said too much."

He bowed, and they walked together in silence to the pavement, where, placing her in an open cab, he let her go alone, saying he preferred to walk.

"Have we quarreled? I don't know," meditated Polly's champion, as she drove over stony streets. "I only know that if this fails I can do no more."

Gilchrist, picking his way over the short cut upward to his home, asked himself could it be that, in spite of his best intention, he had erred toward the young girl he held more than ever sacred in his heart. Had he, on the occasion of their talk together at Italica, betrayed to her too much of his overmastering passion? Was he, a man of sensitive honor, to be placed in the strange position of profiting by what he had

meant to be an act of renunciation? In the tumult of these doubts, even at the moment when, as it were, he now seemed almost to touch the goal, he felt a new pain — a new temptation to go from her forever.

SUNSET in the Alhambra! It filled halls and courts with splendor, bringing out the old tints of the arabesques, making the *azulejos* glow like jewels, and warming to rose-color the ivory of arch and fretwork.

He had sought for her under the citron-trees in the garden of Lindaraxa, but she was not there. He had come into the Court of Lions, and stood alone in that temple of fairy filigree roofed by the blue sky, while looking about him into the chambers opening out of it. If he should not see her in one of these, he had determined to seek no more.

The snuffy old guardian, who had directed him, now came up to say that, in admitting the señorita (a beautiful child!), she had coaxed him (with a smile like his daughter's, who was dead) to let her visit her favorite spots unattended. He had even unlocked for her the door leading to the Tower of Comares, so that she might go up and view the sunset.

With that, Gilchrist, who had long had the freedom of the place, put a big silver piece into the old man's hand, and told him he would take care the señorita should come down in safety.

Mounting with eager feet the corkscrew of stone stairs where, of old, ascended kings and queens to watch their hosts marshaling for battle in the Vega, he found her upon the battlement, looking toward the west, her companions, the martlets, flying back and forth.

"I have been with Roger," he said, in answer to the query of her look. "Your maid told me you were absent from your room, where the others believe you to be now, and I made sure to find you here."

"Well?" she said, scanning him with quiet eyes.

"It is settled — ridiculously soon, it seemed to me; but what would you have? Woodbury and May are together on the terrace, with old Josefa knitting in the arbor near, to satisfy Spanish notions of propriety. I am to lose my ewe lamb."

"We will have every care of her," Paulina said, with grave gentleness. "And Roger is Roger, as you know."

"I know. It is a most astonishing windfall, this of my new son-in-law; but I don't underrate the value of it. May's future is assured, her happiness certain. Between us, half a globe will make little difference. It will give me a fresh zeal in exploration — something to cross the sea for. But that won't be yet awhile." He ended with a sigh.

Paulina said nothing. Her gaze had turned from him, and was fixed on the great ball of fire sinking into the snows of the sierra.

"Are you thinking that over yonder lies your beautiful Western continent, and that you are going back to be a little uncrowned queen?" he said, with an attempt at playfulness. "Where, before long, you will find yourself ruffling the leaves of your diary to recall the names of the people you met *en voyage*. That 's why I followed you up here above the heads of other mortals, hoping to rise above them in your recollections. If you go to-morrow, in the gray dawn, as is threatened, this is my only chance to be alone with you again. Twice I turned away from the entrance below, and finally let myself be overcome by the wish for a last word undisturbed."

"No more last words, please," she said. "I prefer to melt away from people and places, as you do. Surely it is time to go down. The poor old guardian, who indulges me so much, must be tired of waiting to lock us out."

He was surprised by her calm speech, so devoid of the usual energy of diction.

"One moment, and the sun will have sunk behind the mountain," he cried, yearning to win back the old manner that had enthralled him. "Out of a whole lifetime don't begrudge me one moment more. Smile on me as you used. Mock at me if you like. Tell me I 'm a madman for dwelling a thousand times more fondly on the thought of you since I so sternly put you away from me at Italica. Show me anything that is human, that is Paulina — not that unnatural calm!"

"When it was from you I acquired it — at Italica?" she said, a gleam of her frolic humor coming into her eyes.

"There! There is my will o' the wisp!" he cried exultingly. "The one I 've danced after all these months — that came unsought into my life, to rob me of hard-earned peace — that made me feel the black past would be nothing if I could bring you to nestle in my heart! Fight as I may, you conquer. I love you, Paulina, you, you — I love you — do you hear?"

THE Tower of Comares was forsaken by the sun. The martlets, after consultation among themselves, made bold to hint to the invaders it was full time to go. A deep-mouthed bell in the cathedral called the evening hour, and was answered by other church bells far away upon the Vega. Flowers in the Alhambra gardens folded themselves to rest.

THE END.

Constance Cary Harrison.

TWO SHADOWY RIVALS.

I.

EVERYBODY thought so much of her that she was always called by her Christian name, which was Peninnah, though commonly abbreviated to P'ninny. Old people and familiars said *P'ninny*, just so; others said *Miss* or *Missis* P'ninny, according to relations and circumstances. Many and many a time have I heard old people say that from the time she first grew up, in the more than one interesting relation into which she had been put by destiny, if anybody ever had a better neighbor, all they cared to ask would be what that neighbor's name was, and where he or she lived, as the case might be. Her reputation as a visitor of both well and sick in the day, as a sitter-up with the latter at night, as a layer-out of the dead, as a consoler of weeping survivors, as a thoughtful suggester about the paling in of graves, and the planting around them of shrubs and things, was of the very best. On occasions not so lugubrious — for instance, as a complimentary eater of good dinners at other people's houses, and as a bountiful giver of them at her own — she was unexceptionable. Now that is as nigh as I can honestly state her standing in our neighborhood.

When I had grown old enough to begin to notice with interest things outside of my own domestic circle, she (whose dwelling was about a mile to the south of Hines's store, situated at a corner of our grove) was living in calm enjoyment of her second widowhood. Young as I was, I could not but remark the happy geniality that was exuberant in all her walk and conversation. It was the more surprising to me, therefore, when I learned that during the period extending throughout her married life — or, as I might more justly say, throughout both her married lives — she had indulged in two hostilities which at times inflicted upon her own feelings pain intensely exasperating. Honest woman that she was, she shrank not from admitting frankly that neither of the persons who had become the objects of her repugnance had ever perpetrated — in all human probability had never meditated — injury of any sort upon her rights or feelings. That made no difference: the animosity was in her breast, and there it stayed during two joint lives.

As for these persons, both of her own sex, neither had so much as dreamed of hurting either her or anybody or anything belonging or appertaining to her. Yet it was really stirring to note how this lady, in all respects so excellent, and indeed so happy during the greater part of the time, would occasionally pour forth abusive tirades, threatening, if they ever should perpetrate the atrocity she dreaded, what she would do in case she should be allowed to get at them.

The names of those enemies I cannot, any more than can you, call, inasmuch as they were never handed in to the clerk of the Court of Ordinary, wherein applications of such ladies, or of gentlemen in their behalf, according to the statute in such cases made and provided, were usually filed. Inasmuch as they had not lived up to the time when I began to know her unhurt by foes seen and unseen, she had survived apprehension of their assaults, and was then, as I said in the beginning, as good a neighbor as anybody ever had, or ought ever to wish to have.

At the period of her introduction in this brief tale, if she was a day over forty-five, she would have thanked nobody for saying so. Her full name, before time had wrought its changes upon it, was Peninnah Daniel, the baptismal prenomen being derived from that of the fruitful wife of Elkanah the Ephrathite, with the careers of whom and whose family Bible-readers are more or less familiar.

Now the name Peninnah, "as olde bookes maken memorie," signifies a precious stone; and notwithstanding the infirmities herein told, it is to be questioned if very many times it had been bestowed more worthily than in this instance. Not as pretty as some, but well shaped, industrious, vivacious, one of two daughters of a father who owned a fair tract of land and a good bunch of negroes, she was bound to have beaus; and she had them. From fifteen to seventeen she ruminated over the several offers made to her, and then took that of Jeff Lockett; and everybody said it was a good match for both. What is not always the case in such ties, the longer she lived with Jeff, the deeper she fell in love with him. If any person wanted to please her specially, and add to her pride at the birth of any of her children, it was to say that the baby, when first exposed to view, was Jeff's picture over and over again, from the incipient curl on the summit of his head to the crook of his little toe. Such she was when

there began to arise an apparition that disturbed the otherwise uninterrupted felicity of her existence.

II.

As for Jeff Lockett, he did not wilfully indulge in vanities of any sort. If his children were thought like him, who knew without anybody's telling him so that he was no paragon, well enough. If that idea pleased his wife, also well enough. He admitted having some of the hard-headedness of which his wife playfully accused him sometimes, and he accepted her exuberant devotion just as if he knew he deserved every bit of it. The hard-headedness before hinted at made itself most apparent when, after four of his facsimiles had been born in fast succession, demands were made upon him to promise what he would do, or rather what he would not do, in a certain contingency possible to occur. This contingency was his wife's death. With the thought of dying young, Jeff being young also, came that of another having him for a husband, and neither of them caring a bawbee for her grave, and seldom giving even a piece of memory to the one occupying it. This was more, she felt in her heart, than she ought to be called upon to bear after all her devotion to Jeff, and what she had gone through cheerfully on his account. Foreseeing that marriageable women of all descriptions, no sooner than the breath was out of her body, would be laying snares for Jeff, knowing what a glorious husband he was, she began to regard them as enemies to conquer whom the only chance lay in beginning the attack herself. Yet, like other and more noted diplomats, she began with discussion, and sought to elicit from Jeff a promise that in the event of her death he would not take another wife. Now right there came in that infirmity of Jeff which it is hardly necessary for me to name for the third time. Jeff positively refused to make any such promise, saying that it was all nothing but foolishness. Whereupon Mrs. Peninny conceived for her possible successor a hostility of which no existing woman would have liked to be the object.

Old Mr. Pate, who, from what he believed the best sort of motives, used to find out everything possible about everybody and everybody's business in the neighborhood, became much interested in this case. I remember hearing him say one day:

"I have knewed consider'ble wimming in my time, but nare one as vi'lent as P'ninny Lockett ag'in' the one she supposen Jeff might take for a wife in the ewent she drap off, of which she were as healthy a person as went, and look like they was positive no needcessity to be pesterin' her mind about sech a' unexpected thing for at least a many a year yit awhile. The thing is, she was so took up with Jeff to that she could n't b'ar the thought of him havin' of another wife; and it cut her to the very marrer of the bone, she say, because Jeff would n't make her any promise to the contrairey; and I have heerd her acknowledge that the way she did hate that second wife o' Jeff were a sin, but which she could n't help it because it 's in her heart, and is there to stay; at which Jeff laugh, Jeff did."

One day Peninny fell sick, and grew worse and worse, so that after about a week all her friends, including the doctor, gave her up to die. Moved by solemn duty, a pious aunt informed her of her extreme danger, and suggested that, in view of the approaching change, she should make what preparation she regarded necessary.

Too weak to be greatly shocked by the announcement, she only sighed, and whispered that on her mind were a few things she wished to say to Jeff, and in the hearing of all at her bedside. Jeff, poor fellow, was nigh distracted with grief; yet he had strength to approach, lean his head, and listen to her dying words, which were an appeal for a promise to her, in the presence of all there, that he would never put a stepmother over her children. That scene Mr. Pate, better than I, can describe.

"I were there, and heerd it all, a-wantin' to see the last o' poor P'ninny, as I thought she were mighty nigh gone, and give my advices about things in gen'l. The thing took Jeff so suddent that he were speechless, exceptin' to cry louder and declare that the takin' of another wife have never been on top o' his mind, and he begged P'ninny to please not to name sech a' idee to him any more. But P'ninny kep' at him, and Jeff kep' at her to spar' him the mis'ry; and that is every bit she could git out o' Jeff, till final she got mad, and she fetched a flirt, she did, and as she fetched it, she fa'rly *sung* out, 'Well, thank the good Lord, I ain't dead yit!' And she turned herself over, and she faced herself to the wall, and from that minute she begun to git better, and 't were n't more 'n two days before she could set up in the bed, and wash her face, and comb her ha'r, and in a week's time she were goin' about the house and tendin' to her business same like before she taken down. Doctor Lewis said it were jes what she needed, to git mad and make a' effort; and he say if Jeff have had promised her as she wanted, she 'd been a dead 'oman in less 'n twenty-four hours. And so the very next year poor Jeff he took sick, and doctor's physic nor nothin' else could hender him a-goin' out for good. It seem mighty nigh killin' of P'ninny to see him go; but he never asked for no promise, and well he did n't, because everybody know what followed in jue time."

III.

So that first enemy was forgiven freely, and not another word against her was ever heard to come out of Peninny's mouth, although in Mr. Pate's opinion not very many a cow with a crumpled horn ever looked more forlorn than she did now. Time and time again she declared that she never would get over it. Yet when, in the following year, Billy Gunnell's wife died, leaving two poor little motherless children, she could n't keep, to save her life, from being sorry for them, and thankful they were too young to feel the full extent of their loss. Remembering how Billy had sympathized in her and her orphans' griefs, what time they were freshest and sorest, common gratitude drove her to feel sorry for Billy also. I need not say what was the final outcome of such mutualities. With Billy she fell in love, the same as with Jeff, and when the first Gunnell baby was born, that other woman had, it seemed, no other business to do but to rise, and cast her malignant shadow upon a path that otherwise would have been in renewed continuous sunshine.

"I jest can't help it," often she pleaded; "I love my children, both sets of 'em, so much, and I love Billy the same, that it make me perfect miser'ble to think of another woman coming in to hector over things in this house, and me in the ground, and not able even to turn over in my grave, much less get out and reg'late such things in general. Oh, you may laugh; but it 's so. I actual hate that woman, sinful if it may be, and I acknowledge that I would n't make any strenious objections to the bad man getting possessions of her when her time comes, if not before. Everybody know I were the same in Jeff's lifetime, and Doctor Lewis said it were the thought of it kept me from dying that time I come so nigh a-doing of it. When Jeff died, that he was the very best husband any woman in this world ever did have — of course, excepting of Billy, that at present occepy his place total unexpected — *but* at which then time, every heart I had in my breast was that broke that I had no more idees of getting married again than I had of splunging head foremost into the very bottom o' Rudisill's mill-pond, where the water is knew to be the deepest, solemn as such a thing would have been to people who knoweth not and cannot understandeth how they might be for their own selves in similar case. Why, if any man, be he the finest and richest man that ever walked on two legs, had he have dares n't to even name such a thing to me, if I could n't have got him out the house no other way, I would have positive called up the hounds, sot them on him, and sent him scooting back to his home, wheresomever it might be. That is me, or ruther I might say it *were* me, the day poor Jeff let loose his holt on me and the children, and, as old Brer Sanford expressed it feeling and mod'rate and comfo'ting, was gethered to his fathers; and for months *on* months afterward, until a perfect awful event happened in the drapping off of poor, dear Sally Gunnell, and the leaving of me exposed to have feelings of entire different sort, they is no telling what might happened, that I was thankful Jeff never asked me for a promise of no sort, but said with his dying breath he had no doubts I 'd try to do the best I knewed how. And so, when I saw the orphan and awful condition poor Sally Gunnell left her little children, and when Billy begun to pessecute and *pessecute* me to help take keer of 'em, some women might have stood it and helt out, but not me. But — and yit it is now different; a-supposing and a-acknowledging me to been wrong in the first instant. Because Billy have had two wives already, and me two husbands, which my own private opinion always have been, that 's as many as the good Lord ever want any one woman to have, that I have been good as I knewed how to Sally's children, and Billy the perfect same to Jeff's children; but I has not the confidence to believe likewise of any other woman under the broad sun in the circumstances of the case, as it now stand, or would stand when I die. But yit, when I ask Billy to promise me, he will do nothing of the kind, but say it is all nonsense and foolishness; and it put me on thorns, jest like it did before, against the woman that is to bang my and poor Sally's children about, and tromple over my and her grave. People need n't to talk to me; I jest can't help being mad when I think about it, and that 's a most of the time when I 'm awake and not at my work or my victuals."

No; Billy Gunnell would make no such promise, even at times when his wife lay sick. We shall see what he got by it.

IV.

Mr. Pate being more familiar with the facts of the case than I am, I shall let him talk again.

"If P'ninny Gunnell were n't one of 'em, I don't know any as was. Ev'ybody 'member how bad she hated that unfort'nate female she suspicioned Jeff o' marryin' in ewent she went first, and then how her bristles riz the same ag'in' Billy's third wife. It did seem to me like them wimming, if nothing but sperrits though they be, and not even that, but they actual kep' her alive in both them hard spells she had endurin' first Jeff and then Billy's time. For she were always a resky person about expogin' herself to sickness, wisitin' everybody in the neighbor-

hood that had it, special' poor people, helpin' about everything, down to the very last in the graveyard, and havin' nothin' ag'in' anybody in the wide world exceptin' them aforesaid females. And now she were widder ag'in, and been widder long enough for another weddin', 't were n't she were that oppoged to the very idee of sech a thing, that she declar' she mean to dewote her time to the raisin' o' her children and Sally Gunnell's children the best she know how, with the good Lord's he'p, and doin' what little good it lay in her power to do outside among her neighbors, as ev'ybody acknowledge in that they ain't her ekal. It look strange to me how come a ruther smallish female have buried two big, strong, young husbands, and to all appearance because on her dyin' beds they would n't promise her like she wanted, and jedgment come on 'em, both a-layin' silent side by side there the back o' the gyarden where she planted 'em. And I have give' my advices to Harry Brister and Sammy Pounds, that both of them val'able young men been layin' for her ever sence not so very long arfter Billy Gunnell went, and was now open and aboveboard a-tryin' to over-persuade her, as both of 'em well might, considerin' what a fine ketch she were, and picked up powerful sence she been a widder, like most of 'em tries to do, and does; that my advices to them boys was, the first *I* should say to P'ninny, if it was me, I should promise P'ninny, at the very offstart, that in the ewent of her a-goin' before me, I should never even think about takin' of another companion; and both of 'em done it, but to no e-fects up till yit."

No; not Harry Brister, or Sammy Pounds, or any other one of I could not say how many other widowers and bachelors that lay siege to her gates, could ever take them. To all offers, backed by whatever promises and oaths, she smiled calmly, answering:

"No; the sheer I 've had of marrying is as much as any one woman ought reasonable to wish for in a vale where, as the Scriptur' say, there 's so many tears. I have had a very much happiness with two husbands as good, to my opinions, as any that went; and I do not think I ought to take the resk another and a third time, and have my feelings all worked up in anxiety about stepmothers to my children and Sally Gunnell's the same, that as for them I 've tried to do a good part. I acknowledge such anxiety was vain and foolish, as both my husbands frequent said, that they both went before, and I have tended both their graves as the good Lord give me strength and light. As for them two women that I hated with every bit of heart was in me, a-notwithstanding they was nothing but idle tales in my own mind, I hope the good Lord will not seemeth him meet to let 'em rise up in judgment against me not expected; but my mind is made up final that never — no, never — will I take the resk of another of 'em."

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

REGRET.

MAMZELLE AURÉLIE possessed a good strong figure, ruddy cheeks, hair that was changing from brown to gray, and a determined eye. She wore a man's hat about the farm, and an old blue army overcoat when it was cold, and sometimes top-boots.

Mamzelle Aurélie had never thought of marrying. She had never been in love. At the age of twenty she had received a proposal, which she had promptly declined, and at the age of fifty she had not yet lived to regret it.

So she was quite alone in the world, except for her dog Ponto, and the negroes who lived in her cabins and worked her crops, and the fowls, a few cows, a couple of mules, her gun (with which she shot chicken-hawks), and her religion.

One morning Mamzelle Aurélie stood upon her gallery, contemplating, with arms akimbo, a small band of very small children who, to all intents and purposes, might have fallen from the clouds, so unexpected and bewildering was their coming, and so unwelcome. They were the children of her nearest neighbor, Odile, who was not such a near neighbor, after all.

The young woman had appeared but five minutes before, accompanied by these four children. In her arms she carried little Élodie; she dragged Ti Nomme by an unwilling hand; while Marcéline and Marcélette followed with irresolute steps.

Her face was red and disfigured from tears and excitement. She had been summoned to a neighboring parish by the dangerous illness of her mother; her husband was away in Texas — it seemed to her a million miles away; and Valsin was waiting with the mule-cart to drive her to the station.

"It 's no question, Mamzelle Aurélie; you jus' got to keep those youngsters fo' me tell I come back. *Dieu sait*, I would n' botha you with 'em if it was any otha way to do! Make 'em mine you, Mamzelle Aurélie; don' spare 'em. Me, there, I 'm half crazy between the chil'ren, an' Léon not home, an' maybe not even to fine po' *maman* alive *encore!*"—a harrow-

ing possibility which drove Odile to take a final hasty and convulsive leave of her disconsolate family.

She left them crowded into the narrow strip of shade on the porch of the long, low house; the white sunlight was beating in on the white old boards; some chickens were scratching in the grass at the foot of the steps, and one had boldly mounted, and was stepping heavily, solemnly, and aimlessly across the gallery. There was a pleasant odor of pinks in the air, and the sound of negroes' laughter was coming across the flowering cotton-field.

Mamzelle Aurélie stood contemplating the children. She looked with a critical eye upon Marcéline, who had been left staggering beneath the weight of the chubby Élodie. She surveyed with the same calculating air Marcélette mingling her silent tears with the audible grief and rebellion of Ti Nomme. During those few contemplative moments she was collecting herself, determining upon a line of action which should be identical with a line of duty. She began by feeding them.

If Mamzelle Aurélie's responsibilities might have begun and ended there, they could easily have been dismissed; for her larder was amply provided against an emergency of this nature. But little children are not little pigs: they require and demand attentions which were wholly unexpected by Mamzelle Aurélie, and which she was ill prepared to give.

She was, indeed, very inapt in her management of Odile's children during the first few days. How could she know that Marcélette always wept when spoken to in a loud and commanding tone of voice? It was a peculiarity of Marcélette's. She became acquainted with Ti Nomme's passion for flowers only when he had plucked all the choicest gardenias and pinks for the apparent purpose of critically studying their botanical construction.

"'T ain't enough to tell 'im, Mamzelle Aurélie," Marcéline instructed her; "you got to tie 'im in a chair. It 's w'at *maman* all time do w'en he 's bad: she tie 'im in a chair." The chair in which Mamzelle Aurélie tied Ti Nomme was roomy and comfortable, and he seized the opportunity to take a nap in it, the afternoon being warm.

At night, when she ordered them one and all to bed as she would have shooed the chickens into the hen-house, they stayed uncomprehending before her. What about the little white nightgowns that had to be taken from the pillow-slip in which they were brought over, and shaken by some strong hand till they snapped like ox-whips? What about the tub of water which had to be brought and set in the middle of the floor, in which the little tired, dusty, sunbrowned feet had every one to be washed sweet and clean? And it made Marcéline and Marcélette laugh merrily — the idea that Mamzelle Aurélie should for a moment have believed that Ti Nomme could fall asleep without being told the story of Croque-mitaine or Loup-garou, or both; or that Élodie could fall asleep at all without being rocked and sung to.

"I tell you, Aunt Ruby," Mamzelle Aurélie informed her cook in confidence; "me, I 'd rather manage a dozen plantation' than fo' chil-'ren. It 's *terrassent!* *Bonté!* don't talk to me about chil'ren!"

"'T ain' ispected sich as you would know airy thing 'bout 'em, Mamzelle Aurélie. I see dat plainly yistiddy w'en I spy dat li'le chile playin' wid yo' baskit o' keys. You don' know dat makes chillun grow up hard-headed, to play wid keys? Des like it make 'em teeth hard to look in a lookin'-glass. Them 's the things you got to know in the raisin' an' manigement o' chillun."

Mamzelle Aurélie certainly did not pretend or aspire to such subtle and far-reaching knowledge on the subject as Aunt Ruby possessed, who had "raised five an' bared [buried] six" in her day. She was glad enough to learn a few little mother-tricks to serve the moment's need.

Ti Nomme's sticky fingers compelled her to unearth white aprons that she had not worn for years, and she had to accustom herself to his moist kisses — the expressions of an affectionate and exuberant nature. She got down her sewing-basket, which she seldom used, from the top shelf of the armoire, and placed it within the ready and easy reach which torn slips and buttonless waists demanded. It took her some days to become accustomed to the laughing, the crying, the chattering that echoed through the house and around it all day long. And it was not the first or the second night that she could sleep comfortably with little Élodie's hot, plump body pressed close against her, and the little one's warm breath beating her cheek like the fanning of a bird's wing.

But at the end of two weeks Mamzelle Aurélie had grown quite used to these things, and she no longer complained.

It was also at the end of two weeks that Mamzelle Aurélie, one evening, looking away toward the crib where the cattle were being fed, saw Valsin's blue cart turning the bend of the road. Odile sat beside the mulatto, upright and alert. As they drew near, the young woman's beaming face indicated that her homecoming was a happy one.

But this coming, unannounced and unexpected, threw Mamzelle Aurélie into a flutter that was almost agitation. The children had to be gathered. Where was Ti Nomme? Yonder in the shed, putting an edge on his knife

at the grindstone. And Marcéline and Marcélette? Cutting and fashioning doll-rags in the corner of the gallery. As for Élodie, she was safe enough in Mamzelle Aurélie's arms; and she had screamed with delight at sight of the familiar blue cart which was bringing her mother back to her.

THE excitement was all over, and they were gone. How still it was when they were gone! Mamzelle Aurélie stood upon the gallery, looking and listening. She could no longer see the cart; the red sunset and the blue-gray twilight had together flung a purple mist across the fields and road that hid it from her view. She could no longer hear the wheezing and creaking of its wheels. But she could still faintly hear the shrill, glad voices of the children.

She turned into the house. There was much work awaiting her, for the children had left a sad disorder behind them; but she did not at once set about the task of righting it. Mamzelle Aurélie seated herself beside the table. She gave one slow glance through the room, into which the evening shadows were creeping and deepening around her solitary figure. She let her head fall down upon her bended arm, and began to cry. Oh, but she cried! Not softly, as women often do. She cried like a man, with sobs that seemed to tear her very soul. She did not notice Ponto licking her hand.

Kate Chopin.

A CHAPTER OF MUNICIPAL FOLLY.

THE SQUANDERING OF NEW YORK'S PUBLIC FRANCHISES.

THE importance financially of a proper control and regulation of the valuable public franchises of a city cannot be overestimated. The comptroller of New York, in his report for the year 1892, stated:

> Franchises which the city of New York has yet to offer are immensely valuable; and it is not too much to say that upon the due care-taking and growth of the revenues of the general fund depends the sound prosperity of New York's fiscal future.

In all the large European capitals municipal franchises have been granted under such conditions that they now pay a very large proportion of the total municipal outlay. Gas- and electric-light works, street railroads, and even the cab and omnibus systems, are operated either directly or indirectly by the city, and with a view of contributing largely to the city's revenues. The city of Berlin pays 18 per cent. of its municipal expenditures from revenues derived from such sources, while Paris pays more than 20 per cent. of its expenditures in that way. The net income of Berlin from its gas-works in the year 1892, over and above all the cost of street lighting and the lighting of public buildings, was in excess of $1,250,000, and in the same year it received nearly $300,000 from the street railroads. In the year 1890 the city of Paris obtained from the private gas companies a net revenue of $3,700,000, of which it repaid $1,360,000 for public lighting, so that, over and above all cost of public lighting, the net revenue of the city from this source alone was in excess of $2,300,000. From licenses for omnibuses and cabs, and rentals from the street-car companies, more than $1,030,000 additional was secured for the city's treasury. Of the $34,000,000 necessary to meet municipal expenditures, about $7,500,000, or 22 per cent., was obtained from such sources.

In England the development in this direction for the last twenty years has been very considerable. Dr. Albert Shaw sums up the result in his recent work as follows:

> I can only say that it is almost the universal testimony in Great Britain that municipal gas enterprises are a brilliant success. They have steadily reduced the selling price, and largely increased the consumption. Their management has been as efficient and economical as that of the private companies. They have been able, while selling gas at a low price, to pay expenses and interest, accumulate sinking funds, enlarge the plants, make good all current depreciations, and still pay net profits into the municipal treasuries. The price in each town is generally 50 to 75 cents per thousand feet.

In Great Britain public companies supply more than half the gas consumed outside of London. Almost exactly one third of the mileage of street railways in Great Britain has been constructed, and is owned, by the municipal authorities.

This statement is made in order that it may be clearly understood that the great European cities, and even the smaller ones, have already shown an appreciation of the importance and value of the control or ownership of the street-car companies. The form of control differs. Some of the cities own and operate these public functions; others own, but do not operate, leasing the rights to private companies for very substantial considerations. But none of them

have given away these privileges so as to place them irrevocably beyond their control. Yet New York City pays annually for public lighting more than $800,000, and receives substantially nothing for the franchises it has granted.

In America no city has yet ventured upon the ownership of street railways. Only five cities of first importance are proprietors of gas-works — Philadelphia, Richmond, Danville, Wheeling, and Alexandria (Virginia). New York City has undertaken neither the business of gas-supply nor that of street-car traffic. So far as these public rights have been given away of course nothing can be done, though it may be that future generations will regret that even now, at the present greatly inflated values, the city should fail to buy out the companies in control of these privileges.

In order that the importance and value of the public franchises already granted in New York City may be understood, a few statistics are presented.

The gross earnings of the gas companies can only be estimated, because they are not obliged to, and do not, make any full returns. The earnings of the street railroads, the elevated roads, and the electric-light companies are reported.

The business of the gas companies for the year 1893 shows the following results:

	Capital Stock.	Gross Earnings.	Dividends.
Consolidated	$39,078,000	$7,350,000	$3,126,240
Equitable	4,000,000	1,580,000	480,000
Mutual	3,500,000	1,050,000	250,000

The dividends paid by these companies aggregate nearly $4,000,000,— the Consolidated Gas Company paying 8 per cent. on all its capital stock, the Equitable Gas Company 12 per cent., and the Mutual Gas Company 7 per cent., and these dividends are but a part of the net earnings.

It is too well known to be repeated here that to a very great extent these capitalizations represent little, if any, original investment; or when they do, they show plainly enormous returns: as for example the 12 per cent. dividend of the Equitable Gas Company. In a report of the State Senate Committee of the year 1885 concerning the Consolidated Gas Company it was stated:

> It appears that during the last ten years, in addition to the cost of gas and 10 per cent. on the shares, there has been paid by the consumers of the city of New York about $9,000,000. If these 10 per cent. annual dividends should be calculated upon the capital actually paid in by the stockholders, it would appear that the gas-consumers in ten years have not only contributed such dividend, but a further amount sufficient, in fact, to nearly duplicate the present system of gas-supply.

Notwithstanding this revelation, and in spite of the fact that it is well understood that at the present price paid for gas in New York City the operating cost is less than 30 per cent. of the charge to the public, additional franchises have been given since that time. In fact, as late as the year 1892 a most valuable franchise was given to the East River Gas Company, which obligates it to pay only 3 per cent. of its gross receipts annually into the treasury of the city.

Such legislative folly, or corruption,— whichever it may be,— should be made to cease, and no franchises for the supply of gas should be granted in the future except upon terms which will yield to the city treasury a very large part of the surplus earnings over and above a fair interest on the capital invested.

There was a time when the introduction of gas into New York was a matter of experiment, and capital that was willing to enter into such an enterprise deserved encouragement: it was entitled then to receive more than such fair interest rate. In the diary of Philip Hone mention is made of the introduction of gas into New York in the early part of this century, and the diarist remarks: "Gas is a handsome light in a room like Mr. Russell's on an occasion of this kind, but liable (I should think) at all times to give the company the slip, and illy calculated for the ordinary uses of a family." Those were days when there were great doubts as to the financial results, but for the last thirty or forty years it has been evident to everybody that it is necessary only to obtain a franchise to supply gas in order to secure profits far in excess of those to be realized from purely private enterprises.

When this fact is established beyond doubt, then the city can fairly demand, and undoubtedly secure, the largest share of the extraordinary profit derived from the quasi-public privileges conferred.

The street railroads of New York show exactly the same results. The gross earnings of the leading street-railroad systems of New York for the year 1893 were over $12,000,000; the net earnings were in excess of $5,000,000.

The street-car companies paid for their franchises and for personal tax, in the year 1893, less than $400,000, the franchise tax being only $232,912.60, and the personal tax being only $160,302.66. The Manhattan Elevated Road, with a bonded debt of $36,000,000, and a capital stock of $30,000,000, had gross earnings in excess of $11,000,000, and net earnings in excess of $4,800,000, and yet it paid into the city treasury, aside from its real-

estate tax, only $187,000. The $30,000,000 capital, on which it is paying annual dividends of $1,800,000, represents little if any cash investment. This charge on the citizens of $1,800,000 annually for dividends, and the market value of the stock which is in excess of $30,000,000, are losses traceable directly to reckless waste in administering the city's franchises. The Edison Illuminating Company, with a capital stock amounting to $7,738,000, and a bonded debt of $4,312,000, had gross earnings in excess of $1,400,000, and net earnings in excess of $789,000.

Taken together, these figures show that the gross earnings of corporations supplying gas and electricity and having street-car privileges in New York City exceed $35,000,000 per annum. Their net earnings are in excess of $14,000,000. The amounts paid by them into the treasury of the city are only nominal. The earnings increase from year to year because of the growth of the city. Competition among them is impossible, because street railroads cannot be paralleled; and it would be unwise and impracticable to attempt to charter new gas companies continually. The streets would be constantly torn open, and the health of the citizens endangered; and then no sooner would they be closed up than the two competing companies would enter into an alliance, either for maintenance of rates or for consolidation. This has been the experience of New York, and, in fact, of all great cities.

Private competition being impossible, some kind of public control seems desirable that would either keep the charges down, so that the returns would be reasonable, or that would secure to the treasury of the city the profits beyond fair interest on the capital. The figures given above show the overwhelming importance of control by the city of its valuable franchises.

Therefore the charter granted as late as 1892 to the East River Gas Company, securing to the city only 3 per cent. of the gross receipts, cannot be defended. Neither can the act, passed only two years ago, which gave away practically all the street-car privileges for the annexed district to the favored railroad called the Union Railway Company, but familiarly known as the "Huckleberry Road." This act requires that the Union Railway Company shall pay to the city 1 per cent. of its gross earnings if they exceed $1700 on an average per day, and an additional 1 per cent. on every additional $1700 of gross earnings daily.

This franchise is already so valuable that the company has been able to earn about 3 per cent. on its capital stock of $2,000,000, which represents absolutely no investment. Already within two years the city has lost from this one grant $2,000,000, and of course as this section of the city grows and develops, the earnings will increase, and the loss to the city will constantly become greater.

The time has come to call a halt upon the granting of public franchises in this way. If New York City cannot itself undertake to operate its street railroads, and if it is not practicable, or if it is deemed unwise, that it should supply gas and electricity, certainly it cannot be urged that it should give away these valuable franchises without adequate return; and adequate return can be secured only by granting these privileges to private companies for a limited time, and requiring that at the end of a stated period — not exceeding, say, twenty-one years — there shall be a revision of the compensation to be paid to the city.

The net earnings of any street-railroad or gas company, or even now of any electric-light company, are so well assured that there is no doubt capital would enter into them even under severe restrictions. This is also true of the telephone business.

This is not a new principle, but only the application to these privileges of the practice that has always prevailed in regard to the city's docks, piers, markets, and ferries. The city of New York has wisely retained the ultimate control of its own water-front, and by a readjustment every year of rentals for its docks and piers, and at longer intervals of its ferry privileges, it is deriving the benefit of municipal growth and expansion from these sources. The result is gratifying, even though millions may have been lost by official negligence or corruption. The utmost advantage can at any time be obtained by the city by greater economy and watchfulness on the part of its public officials.

These figures of increased revenue will carry conviction of the value of public franchises in New York City. The Dock Department was organized in 1870, and since then its gross annual revenues have shown an increase from $315,524 in 1871 to $1,839,658 for the year 1894, and its net yearly revenues, which in 1871 amounted to $143,000, had increased twenty-three years later to $1,500,000. The ferry rents, which in the year 1879 were only $64,441, have been increased to $354,280.

We need only record the earnings of the Brooklyn Bridge to realize what has been gained to present and future generations by retaining in public hands the control and ownership of this great highway. The gross earnings have steadily increased from $622,680.31 in 1885 to $1,326,598.85 in 1894.

The profits from public enterprise are so well assured that the public should be continually on guard. Only a few years ago practically an exclusive contract for underground subways

was authorized by the legislature, without substantial consideration to the city, which will make it almost impossible ever to interfere with the monopoly of the Metropolitan Telephone, the Western Union, and the Edison Illuminating companies, the virtual owners of this new corporation controlling the subways.

From time to time, as new uses of the streets and highways become possible through the developments of science, there will be demands for additional privileges; and of course while these enterprises are still new, and their commercial success uncertain, New York must be content to accept small compensation so as not to discourage capital in its efforts to introduce desired improvements. But even then the privilege need be granted only for a limited period, so that when success is assured the city can retain for itself a just proportion of the profits. The attempt to secure this result by requiring that all franchises shall be granted only to the highest bidder at public auction, has not been satisfactory. The end is defeated by combination; and even where the bidding is fair, adequate compensation is not secured. The city's growth is so rapid that what may seem a reasonable payment now will prove wholly inadequate within ten or twenty years. This growth is the true wealth of New York. It enhances greatly the value of its land and its water-front, and adds to the revenues of its great public corporations. A fair proportion of this betterment should be secured for the city treasury. "The sound prosperity of New York's fiscal future" does most assuredly depend upon it; for taxation alone will not support the schools, the parks, the baths, and the many public undertakings demanded for the health, growth, and moral welfare of the population of the great metropolis.

A. C. Bernheim.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

"The Public Safety is the Supreme Law."

THE recent decision of the New York State Court of Appeals sustaining the New York City Board of Health in the enforcement of sanitary laws is of vital importance to every American city, for it marks an era in the progress of sanitary reform.

The steps by which this point has been reached date back many years, and are not without interest. Just before the war there occurred in New York City an epidemic of typhus fever. At that time Dr. Stephen Smith, who for forty years has been connected with sanitary and other reforms, was in charge of the fever hospital on Blackwell's Island. At one period so many cases were received from a single house in East 17th street that he went there himself to find out what was the matter. Dr. Smith's recollection is that fifty cases came from this one house, and that about fifteen of them proved fatal.

The house was an ordinary brick structure, four stories in height, accommodating ten families, or about fifty persons. It was dilapidated, and littered with refuse. Some of the rooms were vacant, and even these had not been cleaned out after the tenants left, and were extremely filthy. The doctor learned that families were accustomed to move into such uncleaned rooms, and settle down in the filth, and after a few days a case of fever would develop, which would be sent to the hospital. Another case of fever would soon occur and be sent away, and then the family would become alarmed and move out, only to be followed by another family, which would repeat the same experience.

With much difficulty Dr. Smith found the agent, but he could not learn from him the name of the owner. He then visited Police Headquarters, and consulted with Commissioner Acton. An examination was made of the laws, but no authority could be found for closing the house, either by the police or by the city physician — "the only semblance of a health official then known in this city." Mr. Hawley, the secretary of the Board of Police, advised the determined doctor to continue his quest for the owner by consulting the tax-books. In this way the owner was finally found to be a bank president, and a member and official of the Rev. Dr. Cheever's church. It is well to quote here Dr. Smith's exact language, in a recent letter written to us in answer to our request for some details concerning this singular experience. The doctor writes: "The case was stated to the owner in very strong terms, but he declined to do anything either toward vacating or repairing his house."

Here we come upon the one grimly pleasing episode in this tragedy of civilization. Dr. Smith, being a law-abiding citizen, did not apply the disinfecting torch to the tenement-house of the exemplary Christian landlord. He simply told the marvelous story to the poet Bryant, editor of "The Evening Post." "Get that man into court on any pretense," said Mr. Bryant, "and I will publish him." Secretary Hawley prepared charges which Dr. Smith confesses were of "doubtful propriety." The scene now shifts to the Jefferson Market Police Court, while the unsuspecting landlord is answering questions in the court-room. Suddenly his eye falls upon Mr. Bryant's young man quietly taking notes. "Who is this, and what is he doing?" queries the typhus landlord. "Oh, it is only a reporter of 'The Evening Post' taking notes, which are to be printed with comments by William Cullen Bryant." Pleadings and deprecations now take the place of stony-hearted refusals. "If this is what is to happen, I will do anything you wish." And he did. The sharp sword of the press was sheathed. Under Dr. Smith's directions all the tenants were removed, and the entire tenement-house was thoroughly renovated. The walls were scraped, the floors were relaid, the cellar was cleansed and cemented, the windows were reset and supplied with green blinds, and the exterior as well as the inte-

rior was painted. When finished it was by far the most inviting tenement-house on the street. And now another point in the story which touches delicately the sense of humor — the landlord was grateful to Dr. Smith! Why? Because the investment paid!

"I watched that house," Dr. Smith tells us, "upward of twenty years, and during that period there was no sickness other than ordinary affections."

But why has this incident even more than a typical value? Dr. Smith states, "This was the origin of the agitation that resulted in our present health laws," of which Professor E. R. L. Gould of Johns Hopkins, in his testimony before the Tenement-house Committee of 1894, said, "New York has the best sanitary law in existence."

The "agitation" referred to above was protracted. It was after the above incident that a legislative investigation was made into the capacity and methods of the health wardens who had charge of the various districts into which the city was divided. These gentlemen were usually chosen rather for their ability to conduct the business of selling liquor than for their training as sanitary experts. During this examination, at which one health warden after another had given valuable evidence of his own ignorance and inefficiency, a particularly bright fellow, who had picked up a good deal of information on sanitary subjects during the hearings, and who seemed to be about the most capable man of the lot, let fall the remark, as he was leaving the stand, that he, unlike some of his predecessors, knew the meaning of the word "hygiene." He was recalled and asked to explicate the talismanic word. Imagine his surprise at the unexpected character of the reception of his definition on the part of the physicians and others present! "Hygiene," declared the warden, with the air of a conqueror —"hygiene is the effluvia arising from stagnant water!"

It is a long way from those days to the present — not only in years, but by the measure of public opinion and the statute-book. Our health laws and sanitary code have for years been models for the world. But the past winter has marked a still further advance, emphasized by the judicial opinion of the Court of Appeals. The Tenement-house Commission which preceded the recent one by ten years recommended a law, subsequently enacted, securing an adequate water-supply for domestic purposes on each story of a tenement-house. The New York Board of Health was resisted in the enforcement of the law by Trinity Church, in connection with some of the smaller and older tenement-houses owned by that corporation. The church succeeded in obtaining a ruling from the General Term of the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York to the effect that the law was unconstitutional. The board carried the case to the Court of Appeals, and there the appeal was presented by Mr. Roger Foster (who was a member of the Tenement-house Committee of 1894) in an argument interesting both for the clarity and vigor of its English and for its grasp of constitutional principles. The result was an opinion, delivered on February 26 by Judge Peckham (Judge Bartlett only dissenting), which places not merely the so-called "water law," but all similar legislation in regard to tenement-houses in particular, and on every question of public health and safety in general, upon the firmest constitutional ground. The special value of the decision rests in the fact that it emphasizes the importance of the tenement-house question, and recognizes the power of the State to enact and enforce laws which are for the immediate benefit of the occupants of tenement-houses, but which also prevent the spread of contagious diseases to other parts of the city, and preserve not only tenement-houses but other property from destruction by fire.

The opinion explains with great clearness, for the first time, that it makes no difference in the constitutionality of a law regulating the use and construction of buildings whether it applies to buildings already constructed, or to those to be constructed. It is, moreover, the first decision that recognizes the validity of a statute which compels the owner of a house to alter it at substantial expense to himself. Previous decisions had compelled corporations such as railroad companies to incur great expense in the alteration of roads already constructed by building bridges, crossings, etc., and telegraph or other corporations using electric wires to rebuild lines by removing them from poles and placing them underground; and had forbidden the subsequent use, as breweries for example, of buildings already constructed for specified purposes; and had compelled landowners to incur slight expenses, such as surveys, cleaning sidewalks, etc. But none except the Massachusetts water-closet case had sustained statutes compelling house-owners to make additions to houses already built. The constitutionality of the statute rests upon the fact that it tends to improve the health and increase the security against fire of all members of the community. In the course of his opinion Judge Peckham said:

> Those occupants require it more than their more favored brethren living in airy, larger, more spacious, and luxurious apartments. Their health is a matter of grave public concern. The legislature cannot in practice enforce a law so as to make a man wash himself; but when it provides facilities therefor, it has taken a long step toward the accomplishment of that object. . . .
>
> The tenement-house in New York is a subject of great thought and anxiety to the residents of that city. The number of people that live in such houses, their size, their ventilation, their cleanliness, their liability to fires, the exposure of their occupants to contagious diseases, and the consequent spread of the contagion through the city and country, the tendencies to immorality and crime where there is very close packing of human beings of the lower order in intelligence and morals,—all these are subjects which must arouse the attention of the legislator, and which it behooves him to see to in order that such laws are enacted as shall directly tend to the improvement of the health, safety, and morals of those men and women that are to be found in such houses.
>
> Some legislation upon this subject can only be carried out at the public expense, while some may be properly enforced at the expense of the owner. We feel that we ought to inspect with very great care any law in regard to tenement-houses in New York, and to hesitate before declaring any such law invalid, so long as it seems to tend plainly in the direction we have spoken of, and to be reasonable in its provision.
>
> If we can see that the object of this law is without doubt the promotion or the protection of the health of the inmates of these houses, or the preservation of the houses themselves, and, consequently, much other property, from loss or destruction by fire, and if the act can be enforced at a reasonable cost to the owner, then, in our opinion, it ought to be sustained. We believe this statute fulfils these conditions.

Thus it is that civilization advances, at times over strange and unexpected obstacles which become but stepping-stones on its persistent pathway.

The West and her Vanishing Forests.

THE adjournment of Congress without passing Representative McRae's bill for the better preservation of the public forests, or even Senator Kyle's inadequate bill for the establishment of a national forest commission to study the subject and make recommendations, postpones for another year, at least, one of the most pressing reforms now before the people. The McRae bill,—an all too moderate measure of conservation,—after having been injuriously modified to meet the objections of Western members, and then having passed the House of Representatives by a large majority, was defeated in the upper chamber by the hostility of a Western senator. The result is to leave the national forests almost defenseless against the greed and carelessness of those who exist by plunder of the public domain, and to invite, through a weak policy toward offenders, a continuance of the depredations. During the last six years we have not omitted to call frequent attention to the local and national dangers involved in the neglect of this subject, and the collection of opinions of forestry experts which we printed in the February CENTURY affords abundant evidence that we have not exaggerated these dangers. It is disheartening to find that the chief opposition to a reform of such vital interest to the West comes from her own representatives.

We are much mistaken in our estimate of the public spirit of the West if her larger-minded men do not make an effective protest against this betrayal of their future. We shall particularly look for some restiveness on the part of that large body of practical idealists who are aiming at the reclamation of our arid domain through irrigation, for they have already formally recognized that the first and fundamental condition of water-supply is a thorough system of forest preservation. In the present CENTURY we give a hearing to one of their number, and we commend his suggestive paper to the thoughtful perusal of our readers. If we cannot share the enthusiasm of some of those who believe it practicable to readjust State and Territorial limits along the lines of watersheds, in order to obviate future disputes as to the control of the rainfall, it is not because that peril is either imaginary or remote. The question is already a bone of contention between Colorado on the one hand, and Kansas and Nebraska on the other, and the prosperity of these States is bound up with its practical settlement. It is time that the real voice of these commonwealths should cease to be drowned in the clamor of private corporations. But unless the destruction of the public forests is soon stayed there will before long be little water in the streams to contend for. Unless the National Irrigation Congress shall succeed in bringing Western senators and representatives into line for a scientific and honest forest policy, it may as well abandon its efforts to get national attention, for its cause will be a reform against nature. Meantime, it is a matter for congratulation that so large a number of influential men are devoting themselves to the study of a problem of such colossal proportions and such possible benefits to the race.

Remembering the accomplishments of American pioneers in the middle West, the imagination need not stagger even at the new civilization which we are promised in the heart of Arid America. There is a great deal of foolish and unpatriotic talk about the hostility of the East to the West. We believe that the East will not prove to be so indifferent to Western interests as may be suspected — certainly not so indifferent as the Western contingent in Congress has been in the forestry matter. Webster's words, in the reply to Hayne, are still true: "The Government has been no stepmother to the new States. She has not been careless of their interests, nor deaf to their requests." Let the West once be heard on this subject, and her appeal will not fail of recognition and sympathy. Forestry and irrigation are topics which may well enlist the attention of every newspaper, every educational institution, and every chamber of commerce west of the Mississippi. Moreover, as the social and commercial welfare of the East and that of the West are interdependent, the whole country is interested in the adoption of a far-sighted policy. More than one decadent civilization along the Mediterranean warn us that to be great as a people we must be not only just, but wise.

OPEN LETTERS.

Southern Dialect.

THE post-bellum prose literature of the South consists largely of dialect stories of negro and rural life, Richard Malcolm Johnston being the pioneer in the latter field, while Sherwood Bonner probably first wrote distinctive and characteristic negro sketches. And now in the track of these two marches a steadily increasing legion of Southern short-story writers, and so popular has the negro become — the negro of the minstrel stage, however, not the genuine article — that he furnishes the material for a large percentage of the comic drawings in the humorous publications of the whole country. These fantastic creations are usually accompanied by a few lines of dialogue, in which the author evidently thinks that by introducing a sufficient number of *obs* and *berys* he acquits himself in the dialectic arena with the dash and precision of a Harris or a Cable.

To be capable of correctly — that is, phonetically — writing any form of dialect, one must have acquired it by absorption, so to speak: the vivid impressions of early childhood and long-continued association having so familiarized it that it comes naturally to the tongue in conversation. But even some of our Southern authors, to the manner born, blunder repeatedly and persistently in their rendering of "cracker" and African speech.

Let us first consider *ob* and *bery*, those time-honored linguistic badges, the absence of which would render the recorded conversation of the darky unrecognizable to a majority of the reading public. No negro ever said *ob* for *of* from the emptying of the first barracoon on the Congo to the present day, and *I* have never heard *bery* used for *very*. The negroes, like all careless or illit-

erate people, slur and elide in speaking, and attain their vocal goal by the shortest and easiest route. It requires a distinct effort to say *ob*, even more than *of*, and so with all words where a *b* is commonly substituted for a *v*. The true pronunciation is *er* or *uv*, according, apparently, to the succeeding word, the former if followed by a consonant, the latter when a vowel comes after, though occasionally no method is discernible; *e. g.*, "A peck *er* peaches," "A peck *uv* onions."

The pronunciation of *it*, on the contrary, seems to be governed by the preceding word: when that ends in a vowel, no *h* is introduced, for it would interfere with the liquid coalescing of the two vowels; but when immediately following a consonant, or when placed at the beginning of a sentence, *it* is pronounced *hit*. The dropping of the *h* in the personal pronouns *him* and *her* is determined by similar considerations — "I see *'im*"; "I seen *him*."

The insertion of *d* for *th*, as *dat* and *dem* in lieu of *that* and *them*, is readily grasped, and, therefore, made to do yeoman and universal service. But, as a matter of fact, it is far from being a common practice, since it is confined chiefly to what may be termed the lower classes,—the ignorant plantation hands,—while many of the dwellers in cities and towns articulate the *th* distinctly. As far as that goes, however, the same criticism applies to almost every irregularity, there being all manner of grades in the degree of abuse meted out to Uncle Sam's English by the wards of the nation, just as there are with their Caucasian brethren.

Another striking error is encountered when we find *yo'* and *yo's* doing duty respectively for *you* and *your*. *You* should be left unmolested in the mouth of the darky. *Your* should be written *yo'*, and *yo's* only in place of *yours*, and that but rarely, for the negro and "poor white" alike are much more apt to say *your-all's* or *yourn*.

Then there are *massa* and *missy*, prefixed to proper names (as "*Massa* Tom," "*Missy* Sue"), and *sah*. *Massa* and *missy* by themselves, as "No, *massa*," "Yes, *missy*," may be occasionally used in all sections, and, even as first cited, by the half-civilized toilers in the rice-fields along the coast, but rarely, if ever, by the superior and cleaner-tongued negroes of the interior. *Marster*, *marse*, or *mas'*, are frequently heard, and the feminine title of respect — impartially applied to maid and matron — is simply *miss*. *Sah*, I think, is purely imaginary; *seh* would be preferable, but the point made in regard to *you* applies here also: the correct spelling, *sir*, is phonetic enough for all purposes, and has the merit of tending toward simplification.

Another favorite word on the lips of the comic-weekly and minstrel negro is *brack*, for *black*, a conception as unreal as the prevalent fallacy that the negro's lips are a brilliant red. Iconoclastic though the assertion be, the lips of a negro are not as red as those of a white man, and just so surely does he never say *brack* for *black*. The articulatory effort is in evidence here again, and wherever such is patent it is proof positive that the dialect is unnatural.

These constitute some of the most flagrant misdemeanors of which depicters of the negro life of the South are guilty. Of course there are many more eccentricities and subtleties of pronunciation and idiom that are too frequently overlooked or distorted, but a discussion of their intricacies would probably interest only a philologist.

Dialect stories dealing with the homely country folk of the Cotton States, the "crackers" of Georgia, the "Coveites" of Tennessee, etc.,— the "po' white trash" of the negro,— are seldom undertaken save by those who are conversant with the localities of which they write, and hence are less apt to offend a critical eye, though even in these mistakes are occasionally met. One of the ablest gleaners of this especial literary field, and the one who is perhaps best qualified for the work, constantly inserts a *w* in place of a *v* in the dialect of his Georgia crackers. An enthusiastic admirer of Dickens, it must be that his mind is so familiar with the conversational peculiarities of the master's cockney creations that his pen unconsciously ingrafts them upon Southern speech.

There is also a universal and marked propensity on the part of most writers of dialect to overdo it: to write "more natural than life," as a darky would say. Unique or droll substitutions suggest themselves, and truthfulness is sacrificed to effect. This is a most insidious proclivity, for the very reason that it is the natural tendency, and should, therefore, be carefully eschewed.

As I have said before, any unnecessary departure from established orthography should be avoided. A page of dialect, to those unaccustomed to it, is sufficiently hard reading under any circumstances, and the difficulty should not be increased merely through a desire, apparently, to give them their money's worth. What, for instance, is gained by using *skool* for *school*, *rite* for *write*, *way* for *weigh*, *bild* for *build*, *biskit* for *biscuit*, etc., when the sound conveyed by the abnormal spelling differs in no essential particular from that ordinarily accepted as the proper pronunciation of the word? Of course the primary object should be to give an exact idea of the sound, but when that end can be attained without indulging in alphabetical pyrotechnics, let us by all means adopt the less involved method of procedure.

The negro of ante-bellum days, with all of his picturesque characteristics, his merriment and misery, his patience and pathos, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Only a few, a very few, of the faithful old "maumers" and loyal house- and body-servants remain; the others have already drifted away into the shadows, leaving only a tender recollection in the memories of the grown-up children whom they cherished. Very soon there will be citizens of differing admixtures of African blood, but the negro, as a class, will have disappeared, while the rude, yet upright and manly, denizens of the country districts — from Major Jones to Mr. Bill Williams — will not long survive him. Future generations will know them solely through the pen-portraits of to-day. Hence a plea for conscientious and careful delineation should surely not be out of place.

In the mother country the various dialects of the shires are esteemed interesting and worthy of study, and even Lord Tennyson has not hesitated to clothe certain flights of his fancy in their rugged warp and woof.

Val. Starnes.

COMMENTS.

I HAVE read with interest Mr. Starnes's paper on "Southern Dialect," and if he intends to lay down only general rules, he is very nearly right, in my opinion. I

do not spell certain negro words after his fashion, but we may not hear alike; probably the words were not pronounced alike in our respective sections.

The common error of people who write upon this subject is to consider "dialect" as a language in itself, and not as the abuse of a language; their efforts to establish a standard are based upon this assumption, and they forget that the "negroes," so called, do not constitute a race, but are the descendants of many races. Their speech cannot be described as a "dialect"; "dialects" is better, and the mere statement removes many difficulties. There can be no rule laid down for correct mispronunciation. The English language has a standard pronunciation, yet the educated people of different sections do not agree, in daily use, upon any standard. Is it not absurd, then, to demand that the mispronunciations of the ignorant shall be consistent? Suppose we take a glance at the South: there are neighborhoods that preserve in a measure something of English, or Scotch, or Irish, or Moravian, or French, or Spanish, or New England, or Congo traditions, tendencies, and (faintly) ideas. Naturally these affect the ignorant directly — especially the remarkably imitative and dependent negro. What the evolutionists call the "environment" has determined or does determine the dialect in communities, in families, and lastly in individuals. Who can hope to bring this conglomeration of effects, springing from so many causes, under fixed rules?

The nearest we can approach to a rule in this matter is to adopt the phonetic principle. The muscles and vocal organs of the negro are always relaxed, his facial muscles lazy and immobile, and his tongue action is in speech reduced to a minimum. He has no incentive to speak accurately; the result is, he never pronounces a consonant he can avoid, and has an especial objection to *th* and *r*, one of which requires the tip of the tongue against the upper front teeth, the other its elevation to within a fraction of the palatal arch. So, for *this* and *that* he gives us, to be exact, "*tdis*" and "*tdat*," and for *war*, "*wah*" ("Befo' de wah"). But the phonetic rule is entirely suspended by the negro's mood and by his emphasis; for he knows how to pronounce the common, every-day words about as well as most people about him, and can succeed by a distinct and well-calculated effort. To illustrate, "Marster, yer goin' ter tek 'er ter town?" (referring to a mare). This is according to Mr. Starnes's rule, and is good dialect. Suppose, however, the negro is surprised. He would then say, "Marster, *you* goin' ter tek 'er ter town?" or, "Marster, yer goin' ter tek *her* ter town?" Why? Because he can't express himself in any other way. The rule is therefore subject to important qualifications, and there are individuals who represent the effects of odd extraneous influences, and cannot be included under any rule at all. These are the people who generally figure in song and story.

The safest way to write dialect is to write some particular person's dialect after indicating the environment. If this is impossible, don't write in dialect, for it will illustrate nothing. In the stories I have written, every person who speaks, speaks after the fashion of some real person selected for that purpose. And, after all, I do not think that the spelling of certain words is what affects one unpleasantly in reading the productions to which Mr. Starnes has reference. It is the words and thoughts that do not suit the characters.

If any one who is acquainted with the average Southern negro stops to analyze the unpleasant impressions which the burnt-cork minstrel and the humorous publications make upon him, he will probably find that it is *what* the negro is made to say and the *words* he is made to use, not the variations of spelling and pronunciation, that jar. Accepting this as true, the place for most negro verse would seem to be the "comic weekly," though occasionally some of it gets into high-class magazines.

The country negro in Georgia is nearly always voluble and indirect; he approaches his point as a turkey hen does her nest — after many manœuvers, and from the opposite side. This seems to be characteristic, and when the negro minstrel succeeds best, he does it by falling into this habit. The "comic weekly" generally fails because it is direct. I append an illustration showing how little the spelling and how much the style and thought have to do with dialect-writing in handling the negro. Let us imagine a negro hunter counting out wild ducks to a purchaser:

UP-COUNTRY NEGRO: Hyah one; hyah nuther; hyah nuther on top er de other; hyah nuther wid es foot tied togedder.

LOW-COUNTRY NEGRO: Dey wan; dey ner'r; dey ner'r 'n top er ter-r; dey ner'r wid 'e foot tie' terge'ar.

RICE-PLANTATION (ISLAND) NEGRO: Yarry wan; yarry narrer; yarry narrer 'pan tap er tarrer; yarry narrer widdy futt tie' tergarrer.

The spelling and pronunciation vary, and yet all three are negro and characteristic. A white man of any class would simply have said, "One, two, three," etc.

In touching upon the Georgia "cracker," Mr. Starnes unwittingly indorses while he criticizes one of our Southern writers who "constantly inserts a *w* in place of a *v*," when he attributes this habit to close reading of Dickens. It is true that the cracker of to-day has largely gotten over this variation; but even now, in the backwoods, it is still to be heard.

The Georgia cracker is the least Americanized Englishman we possess. The South Atlantic States received the cockney direct from London. Georgia had him by the ship-load from the slums, the workhouses, and the debtors' prison. He is here to-day in shiftlessness, in his exasperating *h*'s, and in his adherences to the peculiarities which mark Sam Weller's vocabulary. He says "rayly" for really, "keer" for care, "that 'ere" for that there, "ain't" for are not, "'ooman" for woman, "wimmens" for women, "yourn" for yours, "wos" for was, "kiver" for cover, "fetch" for bring, "wot" for what, "o'" for of, "ha'" for have, "missis" for mistress, "unbeknown" for unknown, "sitch" for such, "drowndin'" for drowning, "afeerd" for afraid, "gal" for girl, "arter" for after, "'u'd" for would, "Lor'" for Lord, "p'int" for point, "I never heerd the like o' that," and "ag'in" for again,— just as Mr. Weller and his friends did; and those who write about him, when they come to such words as "very," for instance, exercise the latitude that Sam allowed the judge in recording his name — they spell it with a *v* or a *w*, according to the taste

and fancy of the speller. The point is that, allowing for the environment and consequent change of ideas and similes, and allowing for the dulling of wits due to want of association, the Georgia cracker is the cockney; and the closer one follows Dickens's treatment of him, the closer he gets to the truth, in spelling at least. And that *v* and *w*! Draw the under lip against the lower teeth, and pronounce lazily simple words beginning with either — using just as little lip action as possible, and see how easily the sounds blend! It is just so that the cracker speaks; and by the cracker I do not mean our hard-working country folk, but him of the backwoods, whose cabin is between "wood and water," who has until recently never heard the shriek of a locomotive, nor beheld a brick chimney.

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

Judge Taney and the Dred Scott Decision.

MR. NOAH BROOKS, on page 735 of the March number of THE CENTURY, repeats the old story with regard to Chief Justice Taney in saying:

> Many years had passed since that time [*i. e.*, since the appointment of Mr. Taney as chief justice by President Jackson], and the incidents of Taney's earlier career were well-nigh forgotten, when he once more made his name conspicuous by his decision to the effect that "the negro has no rights that a white man is bound to respect."

To the few who are unacquainted with the facts of the case, and as to what *was* decided in the "Dred Scott case," it will hardly seem credible when I say, which I do emphatically, that Chief Justice Taney never decided anything of the kind, and that when he made use of some of the words in question he was speaking of a state of things existing long before the time at which he was speaking. The expression occurs in the opinion of the court, delivered by Chief Justice Taney, in the case of Scott *v.* Sanford (commonly known as the "Dred Scott case"), 19 Howard U. S. Rep., on page 407. Judge Taney there says, referring to the negro race (the italics being mine):

> It is difficult *at this day* to realize the state of public opinion, in relation to that unfortunate race, which prevailed in the civilized and enlightened portions of the world *at the time of the Declaration of Independence*, and *when the Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted*. But the public history of every European nation displays it in a manner too plain to be mistaken. They had *for more than a century before* been regarded as beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations; and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect; and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit. He was bought and sold, and treated as any ordinary article of merchandise and traffic whenever a profit could be made of it. This opinion *was at that time* fixed and universal in the civilized portion of the white race. It was regarded as an axiom, in morals as well as in politics, which no one thought of disputing, or supposed to be open to dispute; and men in every grade and position in society daily and habitually acted upon it in their private pursuits as well as in matters of public concern, without doubting for a moment the correctness of this opinion. And in no nation was this opinion more firmly fixed or more uniformly acted upon than by the English Government and the English people. They not only seized them on the coast of Africa and sold them or held them in slavery for their own use, but they took them as ordinary articles of merchandise to every country where they could make a profit upon them, and were far more extensively engaged in this commerce than any nation in the world. The opinion thus entertained and acted upon in England was naturally impressed upon the colonies they founded on this side of the Atlantic; and accordingly a negro of the African race was regarded by them [*i. e.*, the colonies] as an article of property, and held and bought and sold as such in every one of the thirteen colonies which united in the Declaration of Independence, and afterwards formed the Constitution of the United States.

This was Judge Taney's *language*. The decision of the court in the case was "that the plaintiff in error [Dred Scott] is not a citizen of Missouri in the sense in which that word is used in the Constitution; and that the Circuit Court of the United States, for that reason, has no jurisdiction in this case, and could give no judgment in it."

The decision, when made at the December term, 1856, of the Supreme Court of the United States, caused considerable comment. Many leading lawyers thought that the plea in abatement — that is, the plea denying the plaintiff's right to sue in the United States Court — was improperly brought before the court. But this objection was technical. The weight of legal opinion was in favor of the decision, as correctly defining the position of the "negro of the African race" at the common law.

Any attentive student of English history knows well that immediately after the revolution of 1688, by which English freedom was established on a firm basis,— that is, in the year 1690,— those great patriots Lord Chancellor Somers and Chief Justice Treby, on the question of settling the terms of the "assiento" with Spain on the subject of the slave-trade, formally decided that "negroes [not *slaves*, it will be noted, but *negroes*] are merchandise, and can no more be exported under the act [*i. e.*, the Navigation Act of 12 Charles II., chapter 18] than any *other goods*." On the question of the same "assiento" in 1689, those great jurists and patriots Lord Chief Justice Holt and the other judges appointed by William and Mary decided in so many words that "negroes are merchandise," holding that under the common law of England the natural state of the African negro was that of subjection and slavery, though from economic motives it was forbidden to bring these slaves to England.

And long after Lord Mansfield's fantastic dictum about the air of England, etc., Lord Stowell, in the case of the slave Grace (2 Haggard's Ecclesiastical Reports, page 94), held that a negro was property in England, the same as in the West Indies. And even as late as 1846, in the case of Buron *v.* Denman (2 Exchequer Reports), English judges held the same doctrine.

Daniel Defoe was one of the great patriot Whigs of 1688, and yet in "Robinson Crusoe" he speaks as coolly and as business-like about selling the Moresco Xury, who had aided him to escape from captivity, as about selling the lion's hide and the long-boat.

In the treaty of Utrecht, made in 1713, which put an end to the War of the Spanish Succession, this "assiento," or contract for a virtual monopoly in the English Government to carry on the trade in negroes, was carefully guarded and protected, as a matter of sufficient importance to be inserted in a treaty between all the great powers of Europe concerning the "balance of power," etc. This treaty was effected by a Tory administration in England; and although when the Whigs came into power, soon after, they denounced the treaty

as the sum of villainies, and pursued its authors with unrelenting bitterness, even to the extent of impeachment, yet no word of criticism was ever uttered against the "assiento," the slave-trade part of the treaty.

All this shows plainly not what *was* right, but what was universally *regarded* as right, up to a comparatively late date. It was Judge Taney's purpose to show how people thought a century or so before. Was not Judge Taney right in saying that from the earliest days of English and American history down to the Declaration of Independence and the formation of our Constitution, the negroes *had been regarded* "so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect"?

'T is true 't is pity;
And pity 't is 't is true.

James Buchanan once, in a speech on currency, casually remarked that money might be made so scarce and dear that ten cents a day would be good wages for a workingman; and we all remember the howl that was raised against the man "who wanted to starve the laboring man on ten cents a day."

E. H. Bristow.

Infancy in Art.

IN M. Hovelaque's article on the French sculptor Carriès, published in the March number of THE CENTURY, particular stress is laid upon his treatment of childish figures. I do not question the great charm or personality of the artist's work in this direction, but is it true that he thus showed himself a pioneer — that "through him infancy entered into art"?

Even those who are ignorant of Greek and Roman art must know that as soon as Christianity entered into art it necessitated the portrayal of infant forms. Had no child but the Christ-child been represented, we should still have an immense gallery of baby forms, treated with the widest diversity in conception, the most versatile charm and power in realization; and to the Christ-child were added the infant Baptist and those troops of little angels which are prominent in religious scenes of many kinds. Then, with the resuscitation of pagan ideals at the time of the Renaissance, came new troops of *putti;* and as naturalism gained the day over idealism, such simple realistic portrayals of babyhood as, for example, those which made the Della Robbia family famous.

But in addition to his general assertion that no one before Carriès had made infancy conspicuous in art, M. Hovelaque makes the direct and very misleading statement that "there are no children in Greek art." There are a great many of them in that minor branch of sculpture which is represented by what we call "Tanagra figurines." And in art of a more monumental sort they also had an important place. They frequently occur in those tombstone reliefs which reproduce domestic scenes. Pliny and Pausanias both speak of the great fame of two boyish figures by Lykios — one blowing embers, and another, holding a holy-water basin, which was prominent on the Athenian Acropolis; Pericles dedicated to Athena another statue of an ember-blowing child by Stypax; a boy pulling a thorn from his foot is preserved to us in two ancient copies; the children of Niobe and of Laocoön need hardly be called to mind, nor the *putti* which overrun the great figure of the Nile in the Vatican Gallery, nor the numerous representations of Eros as a child. And if it be said that some of these are half-grown children, there is the famous infant Hercules with the serpent, and the "Babe Struggling with a Goose" attributed to Boëthos. Moreover, the finest antique statue which we have in the original — the Hermes of Praxiteles at Olympia — bears the infant Bacchus on its arm. Here, indeed, the special characteristics of babyhood are not very well reproduced; but this was probably a work of Praxiteles's youth, and we have in the Louvre a copy of his "Silenus Tending the Infant Bacchus," where the baby is beautifully successful. Pliny and Pausanias speak of another "Hermes and Bacchus" wrought by Kephisodotos, the father of Praxiteles, and of a Tyche (or Goddess of Fortune) with the child Plutos on her arm, the work of Xenophon and Kallistonikos. And more famous still was the "Eirene with the Infant Plutos" of Kephisodotos. An old copy of this is now in the Munich Museum, and fragments of another have been found on the Acropolis, while the fact that it was reproduced on Athenian coins proves the high value its contemporaries set upon it.

This is but a hasty mention of those Greek portrayals of infancy which chance to be best known to us. When we remember how famous they were, and how scanty is our knowledge of the art that gave them birth, we may well believe that many more were executed. And, at all events, we can confidently say that there *were* children in Greek art, as well as at all periods in Roman and in Christian art, and that no one should claim "originality" for any modern man simply because he has portrayed them.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

The Haskell Multicharge Gun.

THE CENTURY for February, 1895, contains an article on new American guns, by Victor Louis Mason, which contains some statements in relation to the Haskell multicharge gun that I wish to correct. Mr. Mason says:

> This gun, like the second one of similar design, is of 8-inch caliber. The second Haskell gun, made of steel, has a reduction in the number of its additional powder-chambers, and was constructed, as was also the first one, by direction of Congress.

This last statement is not correct. The first of the Haskell multicharge guns mentioned was constructed of cast-iron, but lined with steel. It was not of 8-inch caliber, and was not built by direction of Congress. It was of 6-inch bore, and was built at the expense of Mr. J. R. Haskell and his associates. The second Haskell multicharge gun was of 8-inch caliber, made of steel, and was constructed and paid for by the United States Government. Mr. Mason says, "The 8-inch Haskell gun weighs more than the 10-inch steel built-up gun." So it does weigh a little more, but it throws a projectile weighing considerably more, with a much heavier amount of powder. The Haskell multicharge guns of the same caliber as the single-charge guns throw a projectile weighing twice as much, with three times the weight of powder.

A half-inch multicharge gun was constructed about two years ago at Reading, Pennsylvania. It was made so that it could discharge six charges of powder in succession behind the projectile as it passed along the bore of the gun. This gun was constructed to demonstrate the absolute success of the multicharge system, and to what extent it could be applied. The experiments with it demonstrated that the multicharge guns have three and one half times the power of the single-charge guns. These experiments have been repeated many times.

This 6-inch multicharge gun was manufactured by the inventor and his associates, and was made principally of cast-iron, simply lined with steel; and although made of inferior metal, it exceeded in power and range single-charge guns made entirely of the best steel, of the same bore, and also of much larger bore (see official reports).

With the Haskell multicharge dynamite gun shells charged with high explosives can be thrown at great ranges, with gunpowder as the propelling force, and with no danger of premature explosion of the shells in the gun.

J. R. Haskell.

PASSAIC, N. J.

Where the Regiments Came From.

I HAVE wondered that General D. H. Hill's theory of the dual names attached to so many of our battle-fields has so long passed unchallenged; and Dr. J. Harvie Dew, writing on the "Yankee and Rebel Yells" in the April (1892) CENTURY, seems to be laboring under a somewhat similar and, as I think, erroneous impression that, the Northern regiments "being drawn and recruited chiefly from large cities and towns," while the Southern soldiers came mainly from rural districts, many of the differences in the attributes and belongings of the two armies are to be accounted for thereby.

General Hill, in THE CENTURY "War Series," made the discovery that in nearly every instance where two names were given to the same battle-field, the name given by the Northern soldiers was that of some *natural* object upon the field. "Being recruited chiefly from the cities," they were attracted more by objects of nature; hence Bull Run, Pittsburg Landing, South Mountain, Antietam, etc., became their names of great battles; while the Southern soldiery, "coming from the rural districts," found greater attractions in towns, buildings, etc.; so the same battles were called by them Manassas, Shiloh, Boonsboro', Sharpsburg, etc.

It is a surprise to me that the general's logical mind did not recognize the further fact that in each case each side adopted the name of some object or feature of the field prominent on his side of the line, and frequently unknown upon the other.

Probably Dr. Dew is correct in his supposition that the Southern people are more given to loud calling or hallooing than those of the North; but I wish he would dispel the delusion that the Northern soldiers were drawn chiefly from large cities and manufacturing centers, and consisted largely of clerks and mechanics. Of course more regiments were recruited from the populations of the cities North than South — simply for the reason that a greater population of that kind existed in the North; but for the same reason there was a larger rural representation in the ranks of the Northern army. The plow, the ax, and the pick were abandoned for arms as well as were the yard-stick, the loom, and the hammer.

SHOTWELL, MO. *H. Calkins.*

Note on the Civil Service.

MR. LEWIS N. DEMBITZ of Louisville, Kentucky, writes as follows:

As a champion of reform in the civil service in 1876, I succeeded in putting into the national platform on which Hayes was elected a clause which locates the evil of the spoils system in the distribution of the patronage by congressmen, and seeks the remedy in its restoration to the President and heads of department, to whom it is intrusted by the Constitution.

Mr. Dembitz says, "Nothing is left to cure the bite but a hair from the same dog," and he suggests the establishment of a school for the consular and diplomatic service, to which nominations shall be officially made by members of Congress, giving to the members for each of the 356 districts, "in one of four terms, in alternate years in each class, the nomination of a consular pupil, say, forty-four or forty-five a year." He adds: "But, unlike West Point, the school should furnish nothing free of cost but tuition, books, and stationery, the students to board where they like."

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A Puzzle.

ALAS! I am a graybeard;
My years are fifty-three;
I 'm old and grave, but Bessie ne'er
Will sit upon my knee.

Yet once this dimpled maiden,
With birdlike sounds of glee,
And sweet proprietary airs,
Would perch upon my knee.

And oft we 've romped together,
When summer winds blew free,
But evening stars and sleepy eyes
Brought Bessie to my knee.

But now I cannot coax her;
What *can* the difference be?
Her gowns are long, she romps no more,
Nor sits upon my knee.

James B. Kenyon.

Curtain!

VILLAIN shows his indiscretion;
Villain's partner makes confession;
Juvenile with golden tresses
Finds her pa, and dons long dresses;
Scapegrace comes home money-laden;
Hero comforts tearful maiden;
Soubrette marries loyal chappie;
Villain skips, and all are happy.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Scene: The Realm of Fiction.

THE HERO AND HEROINE IN HEATED DISCUSSION.

THE HERO: I have sworn, before generations of readers, never to give you up. But I must say you are going too far!

THE HEROINE: I 'm advancing, that 's all. And you 'll have to follow.

THE HERO: I 've been following you ever since the world began. But you are so exasperating nowadays. I remember the dear old times when you wore white muslin and a rose in your hair, and used to sing ballads to me. You were always beautiful then, with starry eyes and luxuriant tresses; your shape had an elastic grace, and your features were cast in the rarest mold of symmetry. You leaned from moonlit balconies, wreathed with passion-flowers, while I serenaded you. Those were the days when I loved you fondly, madly, and *you* — you worshiped me!

THE HEROINE: True. I was too young to know better. I was always eighteen then, and now I am usually thirty. Besides, you were much nicer in those days — handsome and chivalrous, sometimes sublimely heroic, sometimes superbly bad and bold, but always a personage. Whereas now you don't amount to anything but to give me my cue.

THE HERO: You need n't twit me with it. I can't see how it has all happened. When I first remember you, back in Miss Burney's time, you were humble enough; you trembled and blushed when I looked at you, and nearly fainted with emotion when I held an umbrella over you in a shower. And under Harry Fielding you did n't dare to call your soul your own where I was concerned.

THE HEROINE: Oh, that was centuries ago, in the Dark Ages!

THE HERO: Well, then, take Thackeray. You were a trifle jealous and small-minded in his day, but then, how pretty you were, with your white shoulders, and pink cheeks, and ringlets! And how sweet and cheerful you looked as you sat by Dickens's fireside, with your dancing eyes and your dimples!

THE HEROINE: It is n't my fault that firesides have gone out; and one can't sit by a register. I tried hard to love you in Charlotte Brontë's time, I 'm sure; but you trampled on me so that I got tired. And then George Eliot showed me what you really were, though she had a lingering weakness for you, too.

THE HERO: I thought her pretty severe then; but I 've learned to submit. I 've turned the other cheek so many times that I 've none left now. Ah! if Charles Reade had only lived, I should n't be where I am today. When he wrote about you, you had n't much sense, but you were the loveliest creature, full of the sweetest inconsistencies and ignorances and caprices; and how you did worship me! It was too good to last. (*Sighing.*) I suppose you 're perfectly satisfied with yourself nowadays. You ought to be. You 've perfect health, undaunted courage to discuss and decide everything, a superlative intellect, and an unconquerable will. You bully me, you know you do.

THE HEROINE: Well, you deserve it. You 're very bad and very weak. You are n't even handsome any more. And I am strong and sane and beautiful and conquering. The star of progress is on my forehead. I carry the Future in my hand, and —

THE HERO: Do stop! You 're not on exhibition at present. I 've heard all that dozens of times, and I don't believe it. For one thing, you are not half as pretty as you used to be.

THE HEROINE: O-oh! (*hysterically*) you *horrid* thing! You mean wretch! I 'm as beautiful as I ever was! — I 'm the Eternal Womanly! — and I 'll pay you up! (*Exit tempestuously.*)

THE HERO: Good gracious! What *is* she going to do next?

Priscilla Leonard.

"Wrap your Old Cloak about Me."

"THE black clouds drift about the hills,
The day is dying fast;
I fear for you, my sweet vourneen,
The long night's chilly blast."
"Nay, fear not; while true love is ours,
E'en poverty is blest:
Wrap your old cloak about me,
I 'll sleep upon your breast.

"In dreams we 'll roam the sunny fields,
We 'll pluck the flow'rets fair,
We 'll list the little singing birds,
Without a breath of care;
And when we wake, we 'll wake to love;
Hope shall our hearts invest:
Wrap your old cloak about me,
I 'll sleep upon your breast."

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

Anita.

SHE'S a pretty puss in boots,
With a saucy name that suits
Every glance.
Is it whispered, is it sung,
Still it ripples on the tongue
In a dance.

Oh, she walks so pit-a-pat,
And she talks of this and that
Such a way,
Just to watch her witching blush
Even Socrates would hush
Half a day.

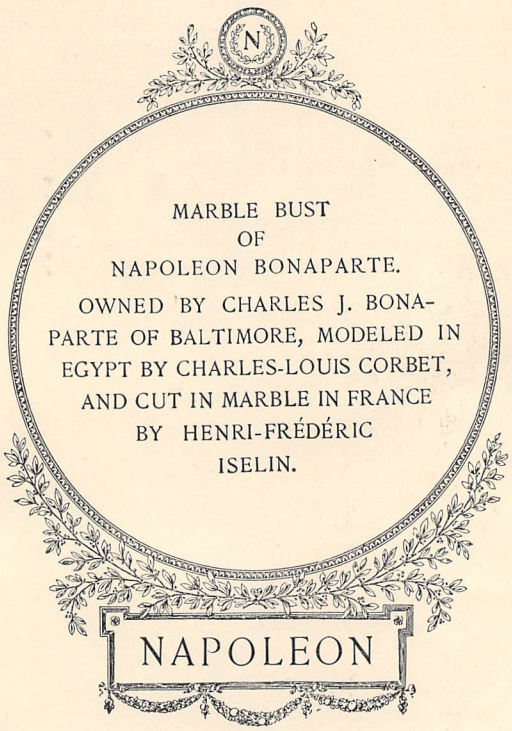
She is not an angel; no!
They are out o' place below,
Let us grieve.
Yet perchance there is a wing
Hid beneath that puffy thing
Styled a sleeve.

Her singing makes me think
Of a tricksy bobolink
All delight,
With his silver strain aflow
Where the apple-blossoms blow
Pink and white.

Like a wild rose, newly born,
Bursting into bloom at morn,
Dew agleam,
So entrancing is her smile,
Lo, it haunts me all the while
In a dream.

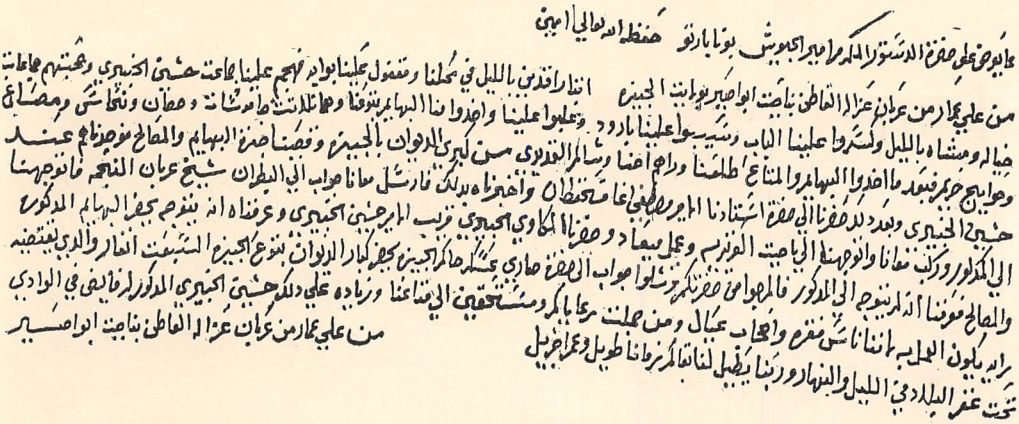
Samuel Minturn Peck.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

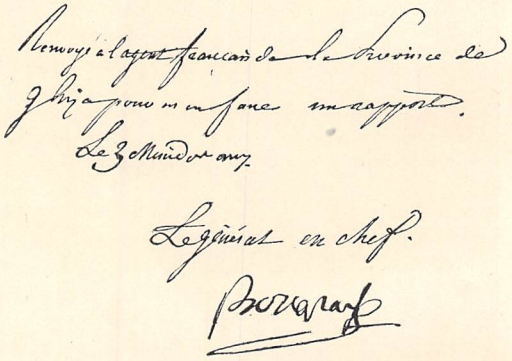

N
MARBLE BUST
OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.
OWNED BY CHARLES J. BONA-
PARTE OF BALTIMORE, MODELED IN
EGYPT BY CHARLES-LOUIS CORBET,
AND CUT IN MARBLE IN FRANCE
BY HENRI-FRÉDÉRIC
ISELIN.
NAPOLEON







[A French version of the Arabic appears here, of which the English, below, is a translation.]



FACSIMILE OF AN ARABIC PETITION PRESENTED TO BONAPARTE WHILE IN EGYPT, WITH THE INDORSEMENT, OVER HIS OWN SIGNATURE, REFERRING THE PAPER TO THE FRENCH AGENT OF THE PROVINCE OF GIZEH. FROM THE COLLECTION OF W. C. CRANE.

TRANSLATION:

To the General-in-chief Bonaparte, whom God preserve:

THE undersigned, Ali Ammao, Arab of the tribe Azzalé, living in the village of Abousio, province of Gizeh, very humbly has the honor to inform you that being at home retired for the night and abed with the door closed, there came into my house Hassein el Habiry, accompanied by many cavalry and some infantry. They broke down the door, and fired upon me with guns and other firearms. As they were stronger than I, they carried off various cattle, three buffaloes, a horse, cooking-utensils, jewelry, linen, and dresses belonging to the women. They having then retired with their capture, we ran after them with Salem Habiry, one of the foremost members of the Divan of Gizeh. From information given us we learned that all my property had been taken to the house of Hassein el Habiry. At once we went to Cairo to lay an information before Moustafa Aga, . . . patron of our village. He advised us to write a letter to Hassein Habiry, by which I ordered him to bring back and render account of the stolen effects. He will not surrender them, and has made a harsh reply. In consequence we pray your Highness to very kindly write a letter to the commander at Gizeh, calling together the assembly of the Divan in order that he shall make restitution of my property. As we are your faithful subjects we flatter ourselves that you are willing to render us justice. Moreover, we are very poor, and you will succor a numerous family. Hassein Habiry has carried on his depredations, by night and day, in many villages established for the safety of the peasants. I finish by desiring for you, with profound respect, a long life and all the prosperity a subject can be allowed to wish his superior.

[Signed] ALI AMMAO,
Arab of the tribe Azzalé, living in the village of Abousio.

[Indorsement.] Sent back to the French agent of the province of Gizeh to report upon.
The General-in-chief,
BONAPARTE.

JUNE 21, 1799.

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THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE AT ORANGE.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

I.

AFTER a lapse of nearly fifteen centuries, the Roman theater at Orange — founded in the time of Marcus Aurelius, and abandoned, two hundred years later, when the Northern barbarians overran the land — seems destined to arise reanimate from its ruins, and to be the scene of periodic performances by the Comédie Française: the first dramatic company of Europe playing on the noblest stage in the world. During the past five-and-twenty years various attempts have been made to compass this happy end. Now — as the result of the representations of "Œdipus" and "Antigone" at Orange, in August last, under government patronage and by the leading actors of the national theater — these spasmodic efforts have crystallized into a steadfast endeavor which promises to restore and to repeople that long-abandoned stage.

If they know about it, over there in the shades, I am sure that no one rejoices more sincerely over this revival than do the Romans by whom the theater at Orange was built, and from whom it has come down to us as one of the many proofs of their strong affection for that portion of their empire which now is the south-east corner of France. To them this region, although ultimately included in the larger Narbonensis, always was simply Provincia — *the* province: a distinguishing indistinction which exalted it above all the other dependencies of Rome. Constantine, indeed, was for fixing the very seat of the empire here; and he did build, and for a time live in, the palace at Arles, of which a stately fragment still remains. Unluckily for the world of later periods, he was lured away from the banks of the Rhone by the charms of the Bosporus; and so, without knowing it, opened the Eastern Question, that ever since has been fought over, and that still demands for its right answering at least one more general European war.

Thus greatly loving their province, the Romans gladly poured out their treasure in adding to its natural beauties the adornments of art. Scattered through this region — through the Provence of to-day, and, over on the other side of the Rhone, through Languedoc — are the remnants of their magnificent creations: the Pont du Gard; the arena, and the baths, and the Tour Magne, and the beautiful Maison Carrée, at Nîmes; at Arles the arena, the palace of Constantine, and the wreck of the once exquisite theater; the baths at Aix; the triumphal arches at Orange and Carpentras; the smaller but more perfectly graceful arch and the charming monument at St. Remy — all these relics of Roman splendor, with many others which I have not named, still testify to Roman affection for this enchanting land.

The theater at Orange — the Arausio of Roman times, colonized by the veterans of the Second Legion — was not the best of these many noble edifices. Decidedly, the good fortune that has preserved so large a part of it would have been better bestowed upon the far more beautiful, because more purely Grecian, theater at Arles, which the blessed St. Hilary and the priest Cyril of holy memory fell afoul of in the fifth century and destroyed because of its inherent idolatrous wickedness, and then used as raw material for their well-meant but injudicious church-building. But the Orange theater —

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having as its only extant rival that at Pompeii — has the distinction of being the most nearly perfect Roman theater surviving until our day; and, setting aside comparisons with things non-existent, it is one of the most majestic structures to be found in the whole of France. Louis XIV., who styled it "the most magnificent wall of my kingdom," placed it first of all.

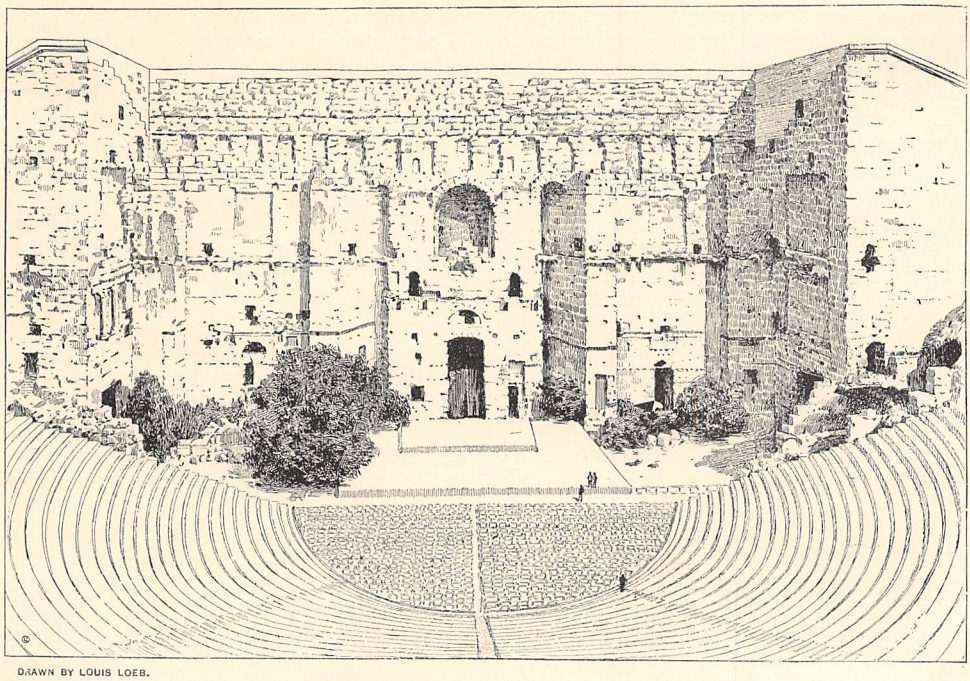
II.

THE unknown architect who wrought this great work traversed the usual Roman custom of erecting a complete building upon level ground, and followed the Grecian custom of hollowing out a hillside, and of facing the open cutting with a structure of masonry, which completed the tiers of seats cut in the living rock; provided in its main body the postscenium, and in its wings the necessary dressing-rooms; and, rising in front to a level with the colonnade which crowned and surrounded the auditorium, made at once the outer façade and the rear wall of the stage.[1]

Save that the colonnade and some of the upper courses of masonry on the lateral walls are gone, and that the wooden portico which extended across the whole width of the front has been destroyed, the exterior of the building remains substantially intact — a great parallelogram jutting out into the very heart of the little town. Its dominant characteristic is its powerful mass. The enormous façade is severely simple: a stony height based upon a cornice surmounting open Tuscan arches, and broken only by a few strong lines. The essential principle of the whole is stability. It is the Roman style with all its good qualities exaggerated. Elegance is replaced by a heavy grandeur; purity by force.

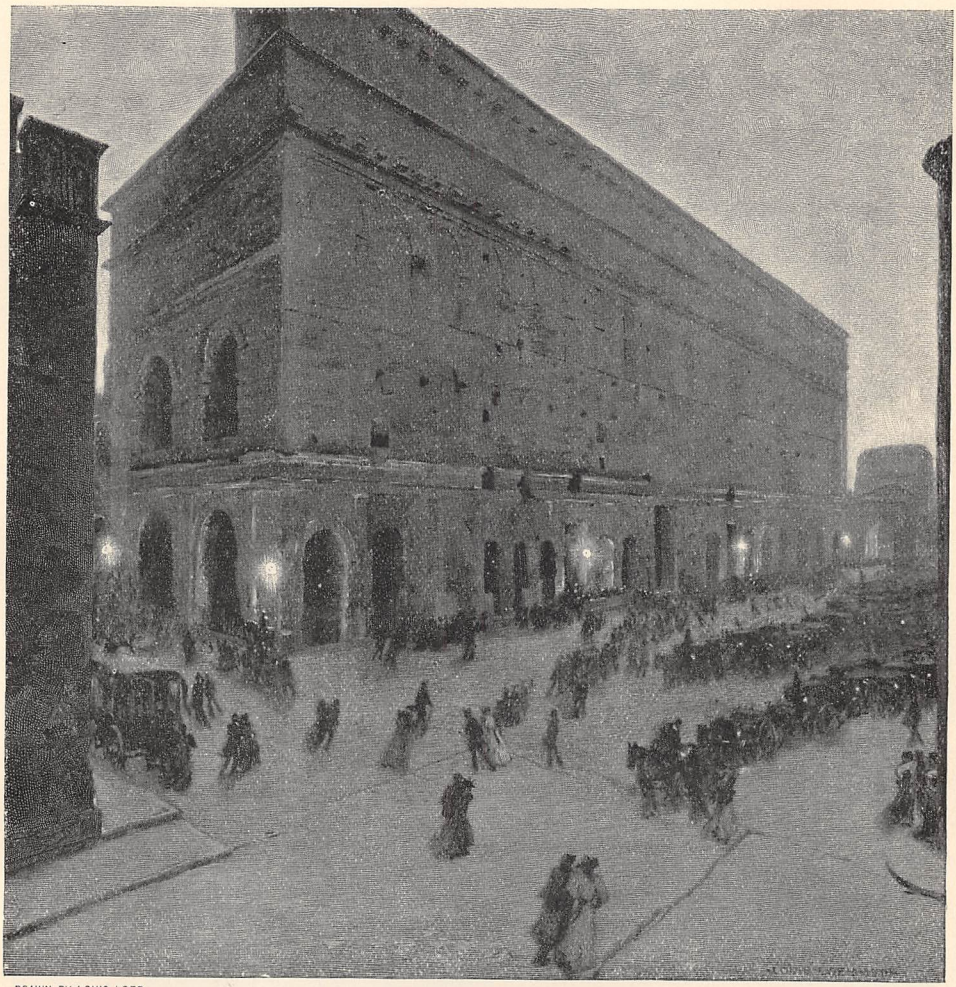
The auditorium, as originally constructed,— save for the graceful colonnade which surmounted it, and for the ornamentation bestowed upon the front wall of the stage, and also, probably, upon the wall inclosing the lowest tier,— was as severe as the exterior: simply bare benches of stone rising, in three distinct stages, in a great semicircle. But on the walls forming the back and the sides of the stage decoration was bestowed lavishly. Following the Grecian tradition, this permanent set represented very magnificently — being, indeed, a reality — a royal palace, or, on occasion, a temple: a façade flanked by projecting wings, adorned with carved and gilded marbles — columns, pilasters, cornices; its flat surfaces covered with richly colored mosaics; above each of its five portals an arched alcove containing a statue — that over the central royal portal being a colossal representation of the emperor or of a god.

[1] The dimensions of the theater are: width, 338 feet; depth, 254 feet; height of façade and of rear wall of stage, 120 feet; radius of auditorium, 182 feet.



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE ROMAN THEATER AT ORANGE, SHOWING RESTORED SEATS AND TEMPORARY STAGE.



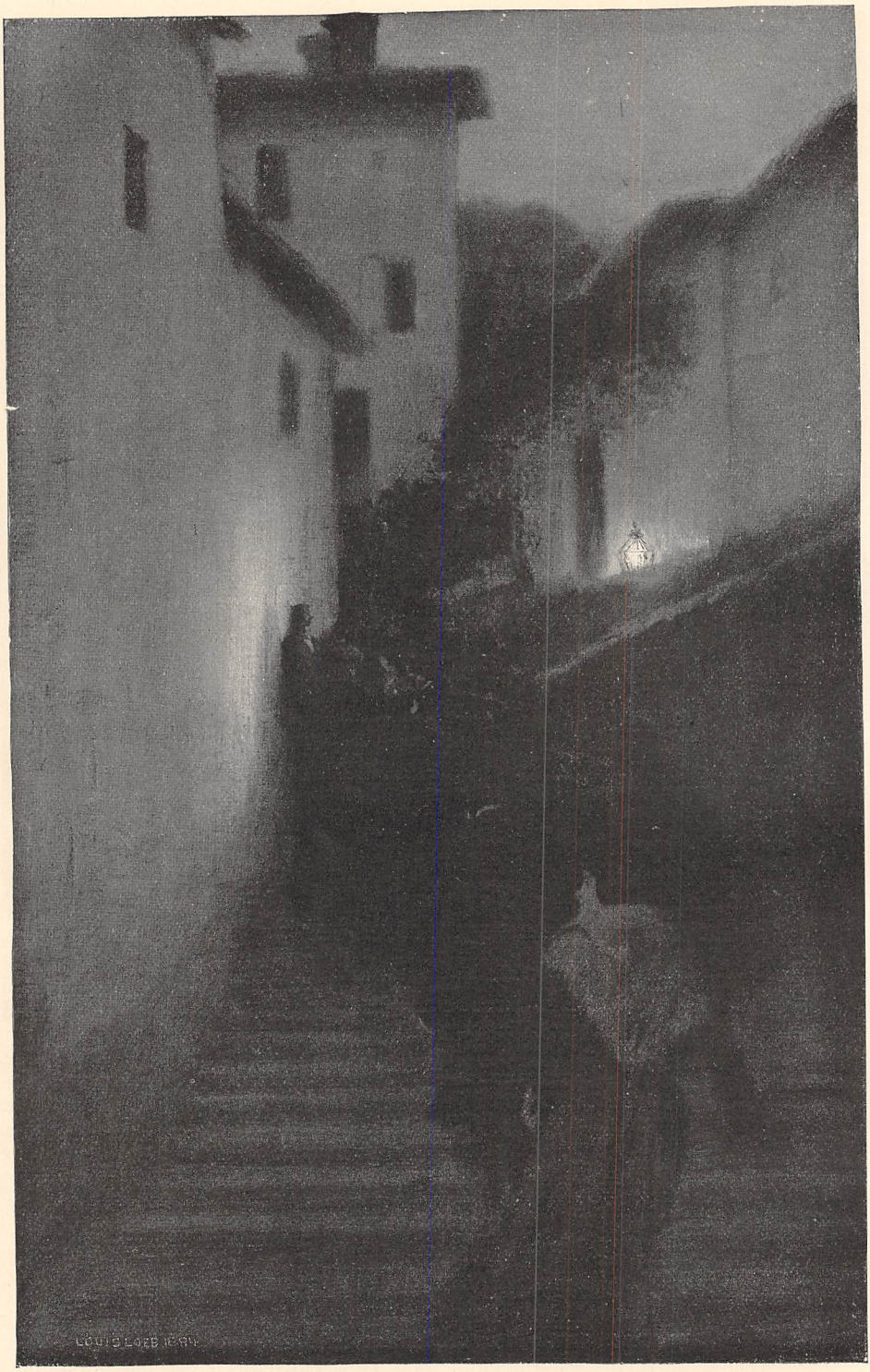
DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

THE AUDIENCE BEGINNING TO ARRIVE.

The stage extended across the whole front of this wall, entirely filling the space between the wings. Ninety feet above it, also filling the space between the wings, was a wooden roof (long since destroyed), which flared upward and outward, at once adding to the acoustic properties of the building and protecting the stage from rain. Still further to strengthen the acoustic effect, two curved walls, in the nature of lateral sounding-boards, extended outward from the rear of the stage, and partly embraced the space upon which the action of the play mainly went on. I shall not enter into the vexed question of scenery. It is sufficient to say that this permanent set, in regard to which there can be no dispute,—a palace that also would serve as a temple,—made an entirely harmonious framework for most of the plays which must have been presented here. Indeed, a more fitting or a more impressive setting could not have been devised for the majority of the tragedies of that time, which were filled always with a solemn grandeur, and which had usually for their chief personages priests or kings. Above all, the dignity of this magnificent permanent scene was in keeping with the devotional solemnity of the early theater, when an inaugural sacrifice was celebrated upon an altar standing in front of the stage (where now sits the leader of the orchestra), and when the play itself was in the nature of a religious rite.

III.

CERTAINLY for two centuries, possibly for a longer period, the people of Arausio maintained and enjoyed their theater. Then came the break-up of the empire, and the descent upon this rich region of the lean barbarians of the North. After the second German invasion, in the year 406



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

ENTRANCE OF THE UPPER TIER.

of our era, there was little left in Gaul of Roman civilization; and after the coming of the Visigoths, four years later, Roman civilization was at an end.

Yet during this period of disintegration the theater was not injured materially; and it actually remained almost intact — although variously misused and perverted — nearly down to our own day. The Lords of Baux, in the twelfth century, made the building the outguard of their fortress on the hilltop in its rear; and from their time onward little dwellings were erected within it, the creation of which nibbled away its magnificent substance to be used in the making of pygmy walls. But the actual wholesale destruction of the interior did not begin until the year 1622, when Prince Maurice of Nassau and Orange, in manner most unprincely, used the building as a quarry from which to draw material for the system of fortifications devised for his little capital by his Dutch engineers. In later times the theater was used as a quarry on a smaller scale; but, practically, it has remained as this outrageous prince left it, save that, until the work of restoration began, the whole of its interior was infested with mean little dwellings which choked it like offensive weeds, and that rain and frost steadily were eating into its unprotected masonry, and so were hastening its general decay.

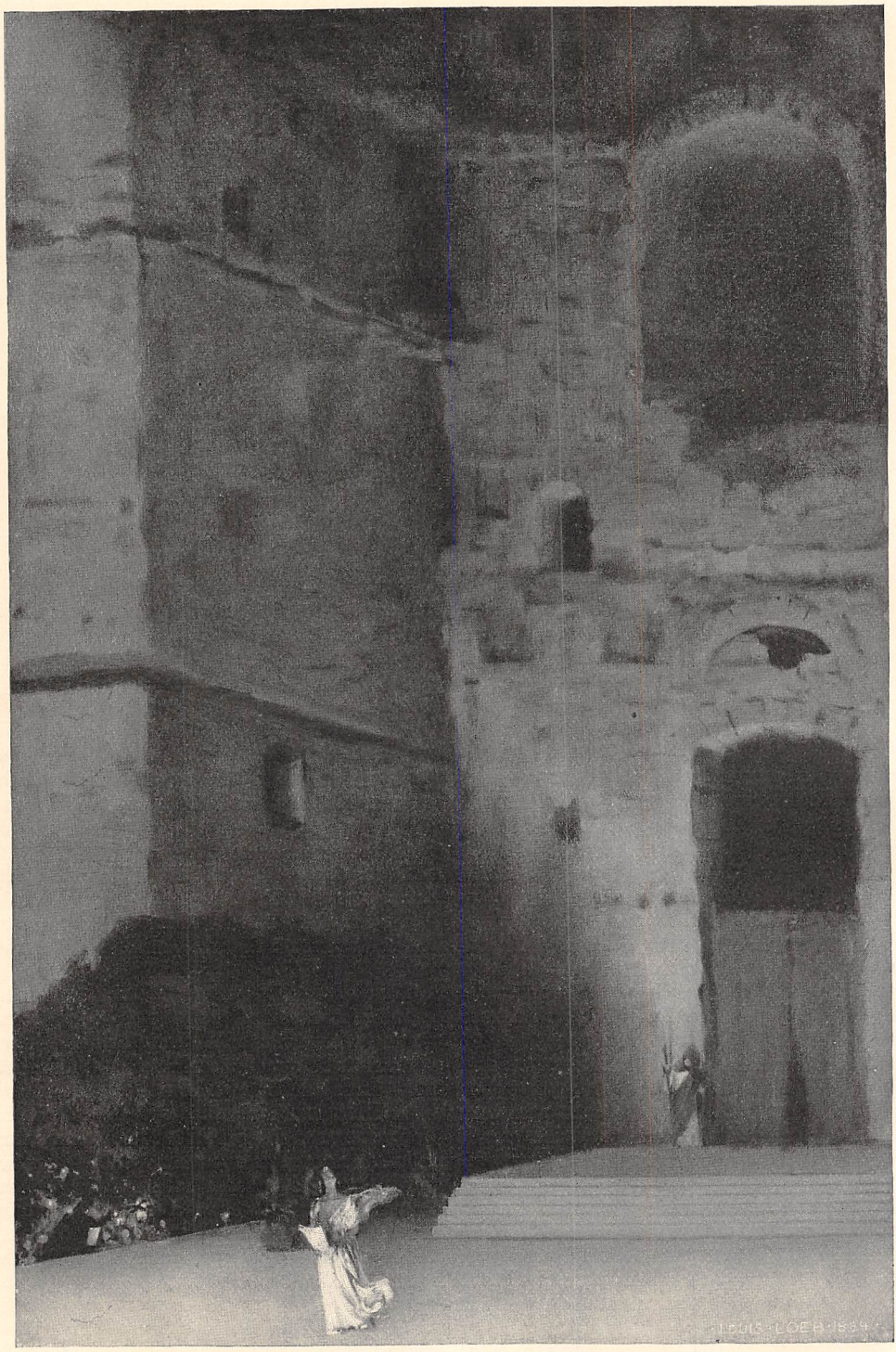
This was its evil condition when, happily, the architect Auguste Caristie, vice-president of the commission charged with the conservation of historical monuments, came down to Orange early in the present century, and immediately was filled with an enthusiastic determination that the stately building should be purified and restored. The theater became with him a passion — yet a steadfast passion which continued through more than a quarter of a century. Practically, by removing the mean little dwellings which defiled the interior, and by protecting with new masonry the crumbling walls, he cleansed and preserved it. His theoretical work was not less valuable. As the result of his patient researches he reëstablished the building, on paper, substantially as the Roman architect created it; and upon the lines of the plan thus lovingly made the present architect in charge, M. Formigé, working in the same loving and faithful spirit, is making the restoration in stone. Most righteously, as a principal feature of the ceremonies of last August, a bust of Auguste Caristie was set up at Orange close by the theater to save and to restore which he worked with so strong a heart.

Another enthusiast — they are useful in the world, these enthusiasts — took up the work at the point where Caristie had laid it down. This was Fernand Michel, more widely known by his pseudonym of Antony Réal. By a lucky calamity — the great inundation of the Rhone in the year 1840 — Michel was detained for a while in Orange, and so was enabled to give to the theater more than the ordinary tourist's passing glance. By that time the interior of the building had been cleared, and its noble proportions fully revealed; and as the result of his first long morning's visit he became, as Caristie had become before him, fairly infatuated with it.

For my part, I am disposed to believe that a bit of Roman enchantment still lingers in those ancient walls; that the old gods who presided over their creation, and who continue to live on very comfortably, though a little shyly and in a quiet way, here in the south of France, have still an alluring power over those of us who, being at odds with existing dispensations, are open to their genial influences. But without discussing this side issue, it is enough to say that Michel, lightly taking up what proved to be the resolute work of half a lifetime, then and there vowed himself to the task of restoring and reanimating that ruined and long-silent stage.

For more than twenty years he labored without arriving at any tangible result; and the third decade of his propaganda almost was ended when at last, in August, 1869, his dream was made a reality, and the spell of silence was broken by the presentation of Méhul's "Joseph" at Orange. And the crowning of his happiness came when, the opera ended, his own ode, composed for the occasion, "Les Triomphateurs," set to music by Imbert, echoed in the ancient theater, and the audience of more than seven thousand burst into enthusiastic cheering over the victory that he had won. Truly, to be the hero of such a triumph was worth the work of nine-and-twenty years.

Half a decade later, M. Michel and his group of enthusiastic colaborers — prominent among whom was M. Antony Réal *fils*, upon whom has descended worthily his father's mantle — arranged for a performance of grand and light opera at Orange, to which attached a curious importance in that it brought into strong relief an interesting feature of the theater's psychology — its absolute intolerance of small things. "Norma" was received with a genuine furor. Two pretty little operas given on the ensuing evening, "Le Chalet" and "Galathée," practically were failures. The audience, profoundly stirred by the graver work, seemed to understand instinctively that so majestic a setting was suited only to dramas inspired by the noblest passions and dealing only with the noblest themes. And a like result has followed each subsequent attempt to present the minor drama on this major stage.



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

MADEMOISELLE BREVAL SINGING THE "HYMN TO PALLAS ATHENE."

IV.

In August, 1886, in direct defiance of the modern French canons of centralization, a new play demanding positive and strong recognition — the magnificent "Empereur d'Arles," by the Avignon poet Alexis Mouzin — was given its first presentation, not at Paris, but at Orange. Silvain, of the Comédie Française, was the *Maximien;* Madame Caristie-Martel, of the Odéon (a granddaughter of Caristie, the architect who saved the theater from ruin), was the *Minervene.* The support was strong. So presented, the play went on in a whirl of enthusiastic approval to a triumphant end. There was no question of ratifying the opinion of Parisian critics: an opinion was delivered at first hand. In other words, the defiance of conventions was an artistic victory, a decentralizing success.

Then it was that the Félibres — the poets of Languedoc and Provence who for forty years have been combating the Parisian attempt to focus in Paris the whole of France — perceived how the Orange Theater could be made to advance their anti-centralizing principles, and so took a hand in its fortunes with the avowed intention of establishing outside of Paris a national theater wherein should be given in summer dramatic festivals of the highest class. With the Félibres to attempt is to accomplish; and to their efforts was due the presentation at Orange in August, 1888, of "Œdipus" and Rossini's "Moses," with Mounet-Sully and Boudouresque in the respective title-rôles. And then was planted the strong seed that now is germinating.

The members of the two Félibrien societies of Paris — the Félibrige and the Cigaliers — were present in force at the performances so timed as to be a part of their customary biennial summer festival in the Midi; and their command of the Paris newspapers (whereof the high places largely are filled by these brave writers of the South) enabled them to make all Paris and all France ring with their account of the beauty of the Orange spectacle.

Out of their enthusiasm came practical results. A national interest in the theater was aroused,— and so strong an interest that the deputy from the Department of the Drôme — M. Maurice Faure, a man of letters who finds time to be also a statesman — brought to a successful issue his long-sustained effort to obtain from the Government a grant of funds to be used not merely for the preservation of the building, but toward its restoration. Thanks to his strong presentation of the case, forty thousand francs was appropriated for the beginning of the work: a sum that has sufficed to pay for the rebuilding of twenty of the tiers. And thus, at last, a substantial beginning was made in the recreation of the majestic edifice; and more than a beginning was made in the realization of the Félibrien project for establishing a national theater in provincial France.

The festival of last August — again promoted by the Félibres, and mainly organized by M. Jules Claretie of the Comédie Française — was held, therefore, in celebration of specific achievement; and in two other important particulars it differed from all other modern festivals at Orange. First, it was directly under Government patronage — M. Leygues, minister of public instruction and the beaux arts, bringing two other cabinet ministers with him, having come down from Paris expressly to preside over it; and, second, its brilliantly successful organization and accomplishment under such high auspices has gone far toward creating a positive national demand for a realization of the Félibrien dream — that the theater, again perfect, shall become the home of the highest dramatic art, and a place of periodic pilgrimage, biennial or even annual, for the whole of the art-loving world.

And I am disposed to regard myself as rather more than usually fortunate in that I was able to be present at what will pass into history as the first of these festivals: a piece of good fortune that I owe to the thoughtfulness of my Provençal brethren, who sent me early word of what was forward among them, and so enabled me to get from New York to Paris in time to go down with the Félibrige and Cigaliers by train to Lyons, and thence — as blithe a boat-load of poets as ever went lightheartedly afloat — on southward to Avignon on the galloping current of the Rhone.

V.

Avignon was crowded with dignitaries and personages: M. Leygues, who was to preside over the festival; the ministers of justice and of public works, who were to increase its official dignity; artistic and literary people without end. Of these last — who also, in a way, were first, since to them the whole was due — our special boat from Lyons had brought a gay contingent three hundred strong. With it all, the City of the Popes fairly buzzed like a hive of poetic bees got astray from Hymettus Hill.

From Avignon to Orange the distance is less than eighteen miles, not at all too far for driving; and the intervening country is so rich and so beautiful as to conform in all essentials — save in its commendable freedom from serpents — to the biblical description of Paradise. Therefore, following our own wishes and the advice of several poets,— they all are poets down there,— we decided to drive to the play rather



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB

SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF "ŒDIPUS."

than to expose ourselves to the rigors of the local railway service: the abject collapse of which, under the strain of handling twelve or fifteen hundred people, the poets truthfully prophesied.

It was five in the afternoon when we got away from Avignon. A mistral — the winter bane and summer blessing of Provence — was blowing briskly; the sun was shining; the crowded Cours de la République was gay with flags and banners and streamers, and with festoons of colored lanterns which later would be festoons of colored fire. We passed between the towers of the gateway, left the ramparts behind us, and went onward over the perfect road. Plane-trees arched above us; on each side of the road were little villas deep-set in gardens, and bearing upon their stone gate-posts the names of saints. As we increased our distance from the city, we came to market-gardens, and then to vineyards, olive-orchards, farms. Rows of bright-green poplars and of dark-green cypress — set up as shields against the mistral — made formal lines across the landscape from east to west. The hedges on the lee-side of the road were white with dust — a lace-like effect, curious and beautiful. Above them, and between the trees, we caught glimpses of Mont Ventour, already beginning to glow like a great opal in the nearly level sun-rays. Old women and children stood in the gateways staring wonderingly at the long procession of vehicles, of which our carriage was a part, all obviously filled with pleasure-seekers and all inexplicable. Pretty girls, without stopping to wonder, accepted with satisfaction so joyous an outburst of merrymaking, and unhesitatingly gave us their smiles.

We crossed the little river Ouvèze, and as we mounted from it to the northward the tower of the ruined Château-neuf du Pape came into view. A new key was struck in the landscape. The broad, white road ran through a brown solitude — a level upland broken into fields of sun-browned stubble and of gray-brown olive-orchards; and then, farther on, through a high, desolate plain tufted with sage-brush, whence we had outlook to wide horizons far away. Off to the eastward, cutting against the darkening sky, was the curious row of sharp peaks called the Rat's Teeth. All the range of the Alpilles was taking on a deeper gray. Purple undertones were beginning to soften the opalescent fire of Mont Ventour.

Presently the road dipped over the edge of the plain, and began a descent, in a perfectly straight line but by a very easy grade, of more than a mile. Here were rows of plane-trees again, which, being of no great age and not meeting over the road, were most noticeable as emphasizing the perspective. And from the crest of this acclivity — down the long dip in the land, at the end of the loom of gray-white road lying shadowy between the perspective lines of trees — we saw rising in somber mass against the purple haze of sunset, dominating the little city nestled at its base, and even dwarfing the mountain at its back, the huge fabric of the theater.

VI.

Dusk had fallen as we drove into Orange, thronged with men and beasts like a Noah's ark. All the streets were alive with people, and streams of vehicles of all sorts were pouring in from the four quarters of the compass, and discharging their cargoes on the public squares to a loud buzzing accompaniment of vigorous talk — much in the way that the ark people, thankful to get ashore again, must have come buzzing out on Ararat.

I am sorry to say that the handling of a small part of this crowd by the railway people, and of the whole of it by the local management, was deplorably bad. The trains were inadequate and irregular; the great mistake was made of opening only three of the many entrances to the theater; and the artistic error was committed (against the protest of M. Mounet-Sully) of filling the orchestra with chairs instead of reserving it for the chorus: with the result that these so-called first-class seats — being all on the same level, and that level four feet lower than the stage — were at once the highest-priced and the worst seats in the building. Decidedly the best seats, both for seeing and hearing, were those of the so-called second class — the newly erected tiers of stone. But so excellent are the acoustic properties of the theater, even now when the stage is roofless, that in the highest tier of the third-class seats (temporary wooden benches filling the space not yet rebuilt in stone in the upper third of the auditorium) all the well-trained and well-managed voices could be clearly heard.

Naturally, the third-class seats were the most in demand; and from the moment that the gates were opened the way to them was thronged: an acute ascent — partly rough stairway, partly abrupt incline — which zigzagged up the hill between the wall of the theater and the wall of an adjacent house, and which was lighted, just below its sharpest turn, by a single lamp pendent from an outjutting gibbet of iron. By a lucky mischance, three of the incompetent officials on duty at the first-class entrance — whereat, in default of guiding signs, we happened first to apply ourselves — examined in turn our tickets, and assured us that the way to our second-class places was up this stairway path. But we heartily forgave, and even blessed, the stupidity of those officials, because it put us in the way of seeing quite the most



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

SCENE FROM THE LAST ACT OF "ŒDIPUS."

picturesque bit that we saw that night outside of the theater's walls: the strong current of eager humanity, all vague and confused and somber, pressing upward through the shadows, showing for a single moment the hurrying mass resolved into individual hurrying figures as it passed beneath the hanging lamp, and in the same breath swept around the projecting corner and was lost to view. It looked, at the very least, treasons, conspiracies, and mutinous outbursts — that shadowy multitude surging up that narrow and steep and desperately crooked dusky footway. I felt that just around the lighted turn, where the impetuous forms appeared clearly in the moment of their disappearance, surely must be the royal palace they were bent upon sacking; and it was with a sigh of unsatisfied longing that I turned away (when we got at last the right direction) before word came to me that over the swords of his dying guardsmen they had pressed in and slain the king!

The soldiers on guard at the ascent, and thickly posted on the hillside above the highest tiers, gave color to my fancy. And, actually, it was as guards against assassins that the soldiers were there. Only a little more than two months had passed since the slaying of President Carnot at Lyons; and the cautionary measures taken to assure the safety of the three ministers at Orange were all the more rigid because one of them was the minister of justice — of all the government functionaries the most feared and hated by anarchists, because he is most intimately associated with those too rare occasions when anarchist heads are sliced off in poor payment for anarchist crimes. This undercurrent of real tragedy, with its possibility of a crash, followed by a cloud of smoke rising slowly above the wreck of the gaily decorated ministerial box, drew out with a fine intensity the tragedy of the stage, and brought into a curious psychological coalescence the barbarisms of the dawn and of the noontime of our human world.

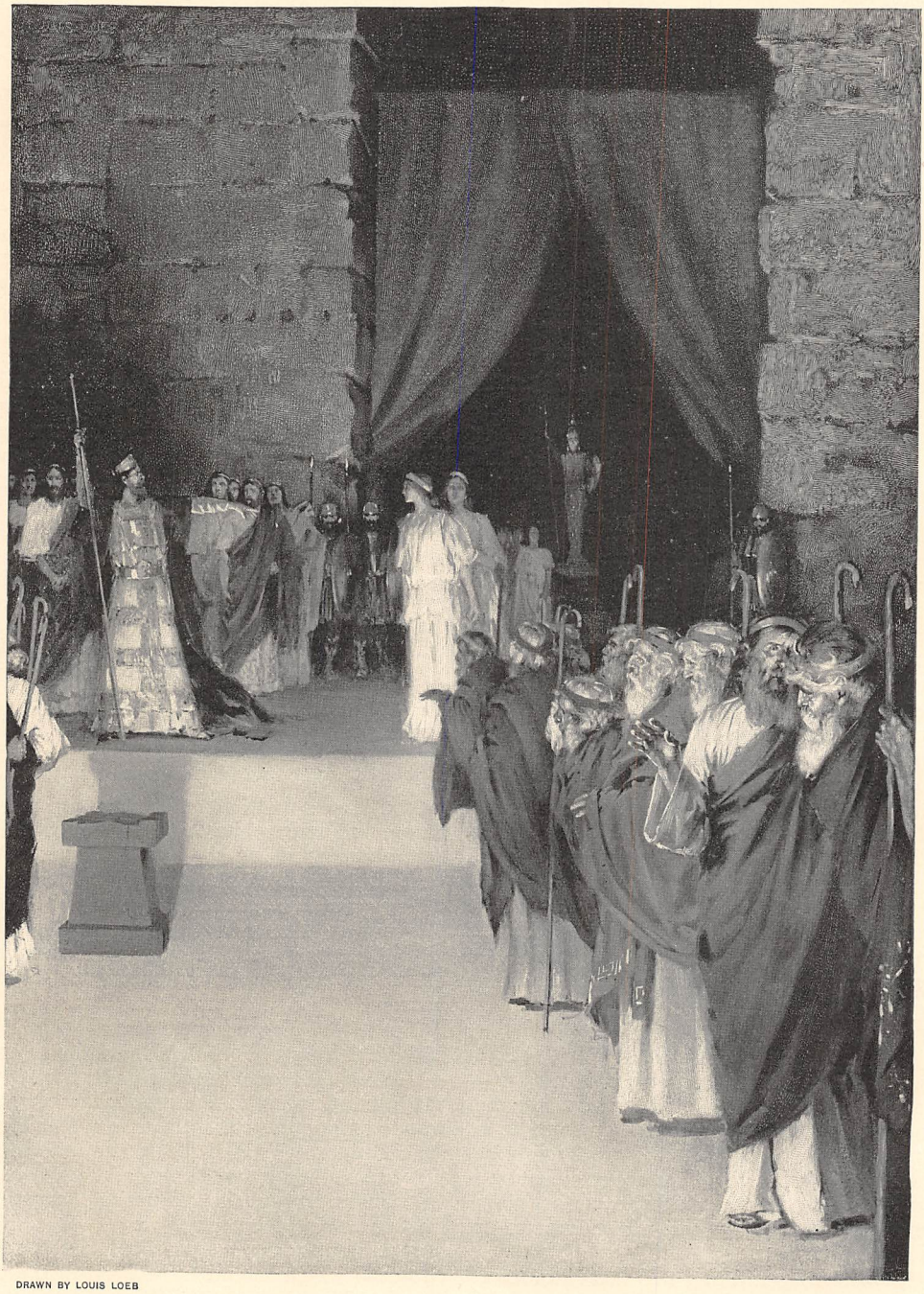
VII.

We came again to the front of the theater — to an entrance, approached between converging railways, which brought the crowd to an angry focus, and so passed its parts singly between the ticket-takers, leading into what once was the postscenium, and thence across where once was the "court" side of the stage to the tiers of stone seats.

However aggravating was this entrance effect in the matter of composition, its dramatically graded light and shade was masterly. From the outer obscurity, shot forward as from a catapult by the pushing crowd, we were projected through a narrow portal into a dimly lighted passage more or less obstructed by fallen blocks of stone, and thence onward, suddenly, into the vast interior glaring with electric lamps; and in the abrupt culmination of light there flashed up before us the whole of the auditorium: a mountain-side of faces rising tier on tier; a vibrant throng of humanity which seemed to go on and on, forever upward, and to be lost at last in the star-depths of the clear, dark sky.

Notwithstanding the electric lamps,— partly, indeed, because of their violently contrasting streams of strong light and fantastic shadow,— the general effect of the auditorium was somber. The dress of the audience — cloaks and wraps being in general use because of the strong mistral that was blowing — in the main was dark. The few light gowns and the more numerous straw hats stood out as spots of light, and only emphasized the dullness of the background. The lines of faces, following the long curving sweep of the tiers, produced something of the effect of a gray-yellow haze floating above the surface of a sable mass; and in certain of the strange, sharp combinations of light and shade gave a weird suggestion of such a bodiless assemblage as might have come together, in the time of the Terror, at midnight in the Place du Grêve. The single note of strong color — all the more effective because it was a very trumpet-blast above the drone of bees — was a brilliant splash of red running halfway around the mid-height: the crimson draperies in front of the three tiers set apart for the ministerial party and the Félibres. And for a roof over all was the dark star-set sky, whence looked down upon us gallantly the belted Orion, and whence the Great Bear gazed wonderingly upon us with his golden eyes. We were in close touch with the higher regions of the universe. At the very moment when the play was beginning there gleamed across the upper firmament, and thence went radiantly downward across the southern reaches of the heavens, a shooting-star.

Not until we were in our seats — at the side of the building, a dozen tiers above the ground — did we fairly see the stage. In itself, this was almost mean in its simplicity: a bare wooden platform, a trifle over four feet high, and about forty by sixty feet square, on which, in the rear, was another platform, about twenty feet square, and reached from the lower stage by five steps. The upper level, the stage proper, was for the actors; the lower, for the chorus — which should have been in the orchestra. The whole occupied less than a quarter of the space primitively given to the stage proper alone. Of ordinary theatrical properties there was absolutely nothing — unless in that category could be placed the plain curtain which hung loosely across the lower half



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB

SCENE FROM THE SECOND ACT OF "ANTIGONE."

of the ragged gap in the masonry where once the splendid royal portal had been.

But if the stage were mean in itself, it was heroic in its surroundings, being flanked by the two castle-like wings abutting upon huge half-ruined archways, and having in its rear the scarred and broken mighty wall, that once was so gloriously magnificent, and that now, perhaps, is still more exalted by its tragic grandeur of divine decay. And yet another touch of pathos, in which also was a tender beauty, was supplied by the growth of trees and shrubs along the base of the great wall. Over toward the "garden" exit was a miniature forest of figs and pomegranates, while on the "court" side the drooping branches of a large fig-tree swept the very edge of the stage — a gracious accessory which was improved by arranging a broad parterre of growing flowers and tall green plants upon the stage itself so as to make a very garden there; while, quite a masterstroke, beneath the fig-tree's wide-spreading branches were hidden the exquisitely anachronistic musicians, whose dress and whose instruments alike were at odds with the theater and with the play.

Two ill-advised electric lamps, shaded from the audience, were set at the outer corners of the stage; but the main illumination was from a row of screened footlights which not only made the whole stage brilliant, but cast high upward on the wall in the rear — above the gaping ruined niche where once had stood the statue of a god — a flood of strong yellow light that was reflected strongly from the yellow stone, so making a glowing golden background whence was projected into the upper darkness of the night a golden haze.

VIII.

WITH a nice appreciation of poetic effect, and of rising to strong climax from an opening note struck in a low key, the performance began by the appearance in that heroic setting of a single figure — Mademoiselle Bréval, in flowing white draperies, who sang the "Hymn to Pallas Athene," by Croze, set to music by Saint-Saëns — the composer himself, hidden away with his musicians beneath the branches of the fig-tree, directing the orchestra.

The subduing effect produced by Mademoiselle Bréval's entrance was instantaneous. But a moment before, the audience had been noisily demonstrative. As the ministerial party entered, to the music of the "Marseillaise," everybody had roared; there were more roars when the music changed (as it usually does change in France nowadays) to the Russian anthem; there were shouts of welcome to various popular personages — notably, and most deservedly, to M. Jules Claretie, to whom the success of the festival so largely was due; from the tiers where the Parisians were seated came good-humored cries (reviving a legend of the "Chat Noir") of "Vive notre oncle!" as the excellent Sarcey found his way to his seat among the Cigaliers; and when the poet Frédéric Mistral entered — tall, stately, magnificent — there broke forth a storm of cheering that was not stilled until the minister (rather taken aback, I fancy, by so warm an outburst of enthusiasm) satisfied the subjects of this uncrowned king by giving him a place of honor in the ministerial box.

And then suddenly the shouting ceased, the confusion was quelled, a hush fell upon the multitude, as that single figure in white swept with fluttering draperies across from the rear to the front of the stage, and paused for a moment before she began her invocation to the Grecian goddess whose altar-fires went out in ancient ages, but who was a living and a glorious reality when the building in which was this echo of her worship came new from the hands of its creators — 1700 years ago. The mistral, just then blowing strongly and steadily, drew down upon the stage and swept back the singer's Grecian draperies in entrancing folds. As she sang, standing in the golden light against the golden background, her supple body was swayed forward eagerly, impetuously; above her head were raised her beautiful bare arms; from her shoulders the loose folds of her tunic floated backward, wing-like; and before us, in the flesh, as in the flesh it was of old before the Grecian sculptors, was the motive of those nobly impulsive, urgent statues of which the immortal type is the Winged Victory.

The theory has been advanced that the great size of the Greek stage, and of the palace in its rear which was its permanent set of scenery, so dwarfed the figures of the actors that buskins and padding were used in order to make the persons of the players more in keeping with their surroundings. With submission, I hold that this theory is arrant nonsense. Even on stilts ten feet high the actors still would have been, in one way, out of proportion with the background. If used at all in tragedy, buskins and pads probably were used to make the heroic characters of the drama literally greater than the other characters.

In point of fact, the majestic height of the scene did not dwarf the human figures sustaining serious parts. The effect was precisely the contrary. Mademoiselle Bréval, standing solitary in that great open space, with the play of golden light upon her, became also heroic. With the characters in "Œdipus" and "Antigone" the result was the same: the somber grandeur of the tragedies was enlarged by the

majesty of the background, and play and players alike were upraised to a lofty plane of solemn stateliness by the stately reality of those noble walls, which themselves were tragedies because of the ruin that had come to them with age.

Upon the comedy that so injudiciously was interpolated into the program the effect of the heroic environment was hopelessly belittling. M. Arène's "Helot" and M. Ferrier's "Revanche d'Iris" are charming of their kind, and to see them in an ordinary theater, with those intimate accessories of house life which such sparkling trifles require, would be only a delight. But at Orange their sparkle vanished, and they were jarringly out of place. Even the perfect excellence of the players — and no Grecian actress, I am confident, ever surpassed Mademoiselle Rachel-Boyer in exquisitely finished handling of Grecian draperies — could not save them. Quite as distinctly as each of the tragedies was a success, the little comedies were failures, being overwhelmed utterly by the stately surroundings, and lost in the melancholy bareness of that great stage. It was all the more, therefore, an interesting study in the psychology of the drama to perceive how the comparatively few actors in the casts of the tragedies — how even, at times, only one or two figures — seemed entirely to fill the stage; and how at all times these plays and their setting absolutely harmonized.

IX.

Of scenery, in the ordinary sense of the word, there was none at all. What we saw was the real thing. In the opening scene of "Œdipus," the *King* — coming forward through the royal portal, and across the raised platform in the rear of the stage — did literally "enter from the palace," and did "descend the palace steps" to the "public place" where *Creon* and the priests awaited him. It was a direct reversal of the ordinary effect in the ordinary theater, where the play loses in realism because a current of necessarily appreciated, but purposely rejected, antagonistic fact underruns the conventional illusion, and compels us to perceive that the palace is but painted canvas, and, even on the largest stage, only four or five times as high as the prince. The palace at Orange — towering up as though it would touch the very heavens, and obviously of veritable stone — was a most peremptory reality.

The fortuitous accessory of the trees growing close beside the stage added to the outdoor effect still another very vivid touch of realism; and this was heightened by the swaying of the branches, and by the gracious motion of the draperies, under the fitful pressure of the strong gusts of wind. Indeed, the mistral took a very telling part in the performance. Players less perfect in their art would have been disconcerted by it; but these of the Comédie Française were quick to perceive and to utilize its artistic possibilities. In the very midst of the solemn denunciation of *Œdipus* by *Tiresias*, the long white beard of the blind prophet suddenly was blown upward so that his face was hidden and his utterance choked by it; and the momentary pause, while he raised his hand slowly, and slowly freed his face from this chance covering, made a dramatic break in his discourse, and added to it a naturalness which vividly intensified its solemn import. In like manner the final entry of *Œdipus*, coming from the palace after blinding himself, was made thrillingly real. For a moment, as he came upon the stage, the horror which he had wrought upon himself — his ghastly eye-sockets, his blood-stained face — was visible; and then a gust of wind lifted his mantle and flung it about his head so that all was concealed; and an exquisite pity for him was aroused — while he struggled painfully to rid himself of the encumbrance — by the imposition of this petty annoyance upon his mortal agony of body and of soul.

In such capital instances the mistral became an essential part of the drama; but it was present upon the stage continuously, and its constant play among the draperies — with a resulting swaying of tender lines into a series of enchanting folds, and with a quivering of robes and mantles which gave to the larger motions of the players an undertone of vibrant action — cast over the intrinsic harshness of the tragedy a softening veil of grace.

And an enlargement of the same soft influences was due to the entrancing effects of color and of light. Following the Grecian traditions, the flowing garments of the chorus were in strong yet subdued color-notes perfectly harmonized: against which rich tones the white-robed figures of the leading characters stood out with a brilliant intensity. And these groups had always a golden background, and over them always the golden glow from the footlights cast a warm radiance that again was strengthened by the golden reflections from the wall of yellow stone, so that the whole symphony in color had for its under-note a mellow splendor of golden tones.

X.

In this perfect poetic setting the play went on with a stately slowness that yet was all too fast for the onlookers, and with the perfection of finish that such actors naturally gave to their work amidst surroundings by which they were at once stimulated and inspired. Even the

practical defects of the ruinous theater were turned into poetical advantages which made the tragic action still more real. The woeful entrance of *Œdipus* and the despairing retreat of *Jocasta* were rendered the more impressive by momentary pauses in the broken doorway, that emphasized by its wreck their own wrecked happiness. In "Antigone" a touching beauty was given to the entry of the blind *Tiresias* by his slow approach from the distant side of the theater, led by a child through the maze of bushes and around the fallen fragments of stone; and Mademoiselle Bartet (*Antigone*), unable to pass by the door that should have been but was not open for her, made a still finer exit by descending the steps at the side of the stage and disappearing among the trees.

But the most perfect of these artistic utilizations of chance accessories — which were the more effective precisely because they were accidental, and the more appreciated because their use so obviously was an inspiration — was the final exit of *Œdipus:* a departure into desert regions that Mounet-Sully was able to make very literally real.

Over in the corner beside the "garden" exit, as I have said, was a tangled growth of figs and pomegranates; and thence, extending almost to the stage, was a light fringe of bushes growing along the base of the rear wall among the fragments of fallen stone. It was through this actual wilderness that *Œdipus*, crossing half the width of the theater, passed from the brilliant stage into shadow that grew deeper as he advanced, and at last, entering the gap in the stonework where once the doorway had been, disappeared into the dark depth beyond.

An accident of the moment — the exhaustion of the carbons of the electric lamps — gave to this exit a still keener dramatic intensity. The footlights alone remained burning, flooding with a golden splendor the stage and the great yellow wall, and from the wall reflected upward and outward upon the auditorium, casting over the faces in the orchestra a soft golden twilight, and a still fainter golden light over the more remote hillside of faces on the tiers, which rose through the golden dusk, and vanished at last in a darkness that still seemed to be a little softened by the faint suggestion of a golden haze.

Interest and light thus together were focused upon the climax of the tragedy. Leaving the light, and with it love and hope and life, behind him, *Œdipus* descended the steps of the palace, leaning upon the shoulder of a slave, and moved toward the thickening shadows. Watching after him with a profoundly sorrowful intensity was the group upon the stage: a gorgeous mass of warm color, broken by dashes of gleaming white and bathed in a golden glow. Slowly, painfully, along that rough and troublous way, into an ever-deepening obscurity merging into darkness irrevocable, the blinded king went onward toward the outer wilderness where would be spent the dreary remnant of his broken days. Feeling his way through the tangled bushes; stumbling, almost falling, over the blocks of stone; at times halting, and in his desperate sorrow raising his hands imploringly toward the gods whose foreordered curse had fallen upon him because of his foreordered sin, he went on and on: while upon the great auditorium there rested an ardent silence which seemed even to still the beatings of the eight thousand hearts. And when, passing into the black depths of the broken archway, the last faint gleam of his white drapery vanished, and the strain relaxed which had held the audience still and silent, there came first from all those eager breasts — before the roar of applause which rose and fell, and rose again, and seemed for a while to be quite inextinguishable — a deep-drawn sigh.

XI.

"ANTIGONE," played on the second evening, — being a gentler tragedy than "Œdipus," and conceived in a spirit more in touch with our modern times, — was received with a warmer enthusiasm. No doubt to the Greeks, to whom its religious motive was a living reality, "Œdipus" was purely awe-inspiring; but to us, for whom the religious element practically has no existence, the intrinsic qualities of the plot are so repellent that the play is less awe-inspiring than horrible. And even in Grecian times, I fancy, — human nature being the same then as now in its substrata, — "Antigone," with its conflict between mortals, must have appealed more searchingly to human hearts than ever "Œdipus" could have appealed with its conflict between a mortal and the gods. Naturally, we are in closer sympathy with the righteous defiance of a man by a woman — both before our eyes, passionately flaming with strong antagonistic emotions — than we are with a man's unrighteous defiance of abstract and invisible Fate.

And, as given at Orange, the softening influences which had subdued the harshness of "Œdipus" were still further extended, and served to make the tenderness of "Antigone" more tender still. The inspersion of music of a curiously penetrating, moving sort — composed by Saint-Saëns in an approximation to Grecian measures — added a poetic undertone to the poetry of the situations and the lines; and a deeper feeling was given to the crises of the play — an artistic reproduction of the accident of the night before — by extinguishing the electric lamps, and so bringing the action to a focus in the mellow radiance

with which the golden footlights overflowed the stage.

The poetic key-note was struck in the opening scene, when *Antigone* and *Ismene*, robed all in white, entered together by the royal doorway, and stood upon the upper plane of the great stage, alone — and yet so filled it that there was no sense of emptiness nor of lack of the ordinary scenery. Again, the setting was not an imitation, but the real thing. The palace from which the sisters had come forth rose stately behind them. Beside the stage, the branches of the fig-tree waved lightly in the breeze. In the golden glow of the footlights and against the golden background the two white-robed figures — their loose vestments, swayed by the wind, falling each moment into fresh lines of loveliness — moved with an exquisite grace. And all this visible beauty reinforced with a moving fervor the penetrating beauty of *Antigone's* avowal of her love for her dead brother,— tender, human, natural,— and of her purpose, born of that love, so resolute that to accomplish it she would give her life.

Again, the utter absence of conventional scenery was a benefit rather than a disadvantage. When *Creon* entered upon the upper plane, attended by his gorgeous guard, and at the same moment the entrance of the chorus filled the lower plane with color less brilliant but not less strong, the stage was full, not of things, but of people, and was wholly alive. The eye was not distracted by painted scenery, — in the ordinary theater a mechanical necessity, and partly excusable because it also supplies warmth and richness of tone,— but was entirely at the service of the mind in following the dramatic action of the play. The setting being a reality, there was no need for mechanism to conceal a seamy side; and the color-effects were produced by the actors themselves, whose draperies made a superb color-scheme of strong hues perfectly harmonized, of gleaming white, of glittering golden embroideries, which constantly was rearranged by the shifting of the groups and single figures into fresh combinations, to which every puff of wind and every gesture gave fresh effects of light and shade, and over which the golden light shed always its warm radiance.

Of all these beautiful groupings, the one which most completely fulfilled the several requirements of a picture — subject, composition, color, light, and shade — was that of the fourth episode: the white-robed *Antigone* alone upon the upper plane, an animate statue, a veritable Galatea; the chorus, a broad sweep of warm color, on the lower plane; the electric lights turned off, leaving the auditorium in semi-obscurity, and concentrating light and thought upon the golden beauty of the stage. With the entry of *Creon* and his guards both the dramatic and the picturesque demands of the situation were entirely satisfied. In the foreground, a mass of strong, subdued color, were the minor figures of the chorus; in the background, a mass of strong, brilliant color, were the minor figures of the guards; between these groups — the subject proper — were *Creon* and *Antigone*, their white robes, flashing with their eager gestures and in vivid relief against the rich background, making them at once the center and the culmination of the magnificent composition. And the beauty and force of such a setting deepened the pathos and intensified the cruelty of the alternately supplicating and ferocious lines.

There was, I regret to say, an absurd anti-climax to this noble scene. *Antigone*, being recalled and made the center of a volley of bouquets, ceased to be *Antigone* and became only Mademoiselle Bartet; and the Greek chorus, breaking ranks and scampering about the stage in order to pick up the leading lady's flowers, ceased to be anything serious, and became only ridiculous. For the moment French gallantry rose superior to the eternal fitness of things, and in so doing partially destroyed one of the most beautiful effects ever produced upon the stage. Even in the case of minor players so complete a collapse of dignity would not easily have been forgiven. In the case of players so eminent, belonging to the first theater in the world, it could not be excused.

XII.

BUT it could be, and was, for the time being forgotten, as the play went on with a smooth perfection and with a constantly increasing dramatic force, as the action strengthened and quickened in accord always with the requirements of dramatic art.

Without any apparent effort to secure picturesque effect, with a grouping seemingly wholly unstudied and always natural, the stage presented a series of pictures ideal in their balance of mass, and in their color and tone, while the turning off and on of the electric lights produced effects analogous to those in music when the soft and hard pedals are used to give to the more tender passages an added grace and delicacy, and to the stronger passages a more brilliant force. And always, be it remembered, the play thus presented was one of the most tenderly beautiful tragedies possessed by the world, and the players — by natural fitness and by training — were approximately perfect in their art.

Presently came the end — not a climax of action; not, in one sense, a climax at all. With a master-touch, Sophocles has made the end of "Antigone" the dead after-calm of evil ac-

tion — a desolate despair. Slowly the group upon the stage melted away. *Creon*, with his hopeless cry upon his lips, "Death! Death! Only death!" moved with a weary languor toward the palace, and slowly disappeared in the darkness beyond the ruined portal. There was a pause before the chorus uttered its final solemn words. And then — not as though obeying a stage direction, but rather as though moved severally by the longing in their own breasts to get away from that place of sorrow — these others also departed, going slowly, in little groups and singly, until at last the stage was bare.

The audience was held still in reality by the feeling which had seemed to hold still the chorus after *Creon's* exit. Some moments passed before the spell was broken, before the eight thousand hearts beat normally again, and the eight thousand throats burst forth into noisy applause, which was less, perhaps, an expression of gratitude for an artistic creation rarely equaled than of the natural rebound of the spirit after so tense a strain. In another moment the seats were emptied and the multitude was flowing down the tiers — a veritable torrent of humanity — into the pit, there to be packed for a while in a solid mass, before it could work its way out through the insufficient exits, and so return again to our modern world.

And then the Roman Theater, to whose roll of the centuries had been added a fresh legend of beauty, was left desert beneath the bright silence of the eternal stars.

Thomas A. Janvier.

TRIBULATIONS OF A CHEERFUL GIVER.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIRST.

I.

SOME months ago, as I was passing through a down-town street on my way to the elevated station, I saw a man sitting on the steps of a house. He seemed to be resting his elbows on his knees, and holding out both his hands. As I came nearer I perceived that he had no hands, but only stumps, where the fingers had been cut off close to the palms, and that it was these stumps he was holding out in the mute appeal which was his form of begging. Otherwise he did not ask charity. When I approached him he did not look up, and when I stopped in front of him he did not speak. I thought this rather fine, in its way; except for his mutilation, which the man really could not help, there was nothing to offend the taste; and his immobile silence was certainly impressive.

I decided at once to give him something; for when I am in the presence of want, or even the appearance of want, there is something that says to me, "Give to him that asketh," and I have to give, or else go away with a bad conscience — a thing I hate. Of course I do not give much, for I wish to be a good citizen as well as a good Christian; and as soon as I obey that voice which I cannot disobey, I hear another voice reproaching me for encouraging street beggary. I have been taught that street beggary is wrong, and when I have to unbutton two coats and go through three or four pockets before I can reach the small coin I mean to give in compliance with that imperative voice, I certainly feel it to be wrong. So I compromise, and I am never able to make sure that either of those voices is satisfied with me. I am not even satisfied with myself; but I am better satisfied than if I gave nothing. That was the selfish reason I now had for deciding to yield to my better nature, and to obey the voice which bade me "Give to him that asketh"; for, as I said, I hate a bad conscience, and of two bad consciences I always choose the least, which, in a case like this, is the one that incensed political economy gives me.

I put my hand into my hip-pocket, where I keep my silver, and found nothing there but half a dollar. This at once changed the whole current of my feelings; and it was not chill penury that repressed my noble rage, but chill affluence. It was manifestly wrong to give half a dollar to a man who had no hands, or to any sort of beggar. I was willing to commit a small act of incivism, but I had not the courage to flout political economy to the extent of fifty cents; and I felt that when I was bidden "Give to him that asketh," I was never meant to give so much as a half-dollar, but a cent, or a half-dime, or at the most a quarter. I wished I had a quarter. I would gladly have given a quarter, but there was nothing in my pocket but that fatal, that inexorably indivisible half-dollar, the continent of two quarters, but not practically a quarter. I would have asked anybody in sight to change it for me, but there was no one passing; it was a quiet street of brownstone dwellings, and not a thronged thoroughfare at any time. At that hour of the late afternoon it was deserted, ex-

cept for the beggar and myself; and I am not sure that he had any business to be sitting there, on the steps of another man's house, or that I had the right to encourage his invasion by giving him anything. For a moment I did not know quite what to do. To be sure, I was not bound to the man in any way. He had not asked me for charity, and I had barely paused before him; I could go on, and ignore the incident. I thought of doing this, but then I thought of the bad conscience I should be certain to have, and I could not go on. I glanced across the street, and near the corner I saw a decent-looking restaurant; and "Wait a minute," I said to the man, as if he were likely to go away, and I ran across to get my half-dollar changed at the restaurant.

I was now quite resolved to give him a quarter, and be done with it; the thing was getting to be a bore. But when I entered the restaurant I saw no one there but a young man quite at the end of a long room; and when he had come all the way forward to find what I wanted, I was ashamed to ask him to change my half-dollar, and I pretended that I wanted a package of Sweet Caporal cigarettes, which I did not want, and which it was a pure waste for me to buy, since I do not smoke, though doubtless it was better to buy them and encourage commerce, than to give the half-dollar and encourage beggary. At any rate, I instinctively felt that I had political economy on my side in the transaction, and I made haste to go back to the man on the steps, and secure myself with Christian charity too. On the way over to him, however, I decided that I would not give him a quarter, and I ended by poising fifteen cents on one of his outstretched stumps.

He seemed very grateful, and thanked me earnestly, with a little note of surprise in his voice, as if he were not used to such splendid charity as that; and in fact, I suppose very few people gave so handsomely to him. He spoke with a German accent; and when I asked him how he had lost his hands, he answered, "Frost. Frozen off, here in the city." I could not go on and ask him for further particulars, for I thought it but too likely that he had been drunk when exposed to weather that would freeze one's hands off, and that he was now paying the penalty of his debauchery. I was in no wise so much at peace with myself as I had expected to be; and I was still less so when a young girl halted as she came by, and, seeing what I had done, and hearing what the man said, put a dime on the other stump. She looked poor herself; her sack was quite shabby about the seams. I did not think she could afford to give so much to a single beggar, and I was aware of having tempted her to the excess by my own profusion. If she had seen me giving the man only a nickel, she would perhaps have given him a cent, which was probably all she could afford.

II.

I CAME away feeling indescribably squalid. I perceived now that I could have taken my stand upon the high ground of discouraging street beggary, and given nothing; but having once lowered myself to the level of the early Christians, I ought to have given the half-dollar. It did not console me to remember the surprise in the man's gratitude, and to reflect that I had probably given him at least three times as much as he usually got from the tenderest-hearted people. I perceived that I had been the divinely appointed bearer of half a dollar to his mutilation and his misery, and I had given him fifteen cents out of it, and wasted ten, and kept the other twenty-five; in other words, I had embezzled the greater part of the money intrusted to me for him.

When I got home, and told them at dinner just what I had done, they all agreed that I had done a mighty shabby thing. I do not know whether the reader will agree with them or not — perhaps I would rather not know; and on the other hand, I shall not ask him what he would have done in the like case. Now that it is laid before him in all its shameless nakedness, I dare say he will pretend that he would have given the half-dollar. But I doubt if he would; and there is a curious principle governing this whole matter of giving, which I would like him to consider with me. Charity is a very simple thing when you look at it from the standpoint of the good Christian, but it is very complex when you look at it from the standpoint of the good citizen; and there seems to be an instinctive effort on our part to reconcile two duties by a certain proportion which we observe in giving. Whether we say so to ourselves or not, we behave as if it would be the wildest folly to give at all in the measure Christ bade; and by an apt psychological juggle we adjust our succor to the various degrees of need that present themselves. To the absolutely destitute it is plain that anything will be better than nothing, and so we give the smallest charity to those who need charity most. I dare say people will deny this, but it is true, all the same, as the reader will allow when he thinks about it. We act upon a kind of logic in the matter, though I do not suppose many act consciously upon it. Here is a man whispering to you in the dark that he has not had anything to eat all day, and does not know where to sleep. Shall you give him a dollar to get a good supper and a decent lodging? Certainly not: you shall give him a dime, and trust that some one else will give

him another; or if you have some charity tickets about you, then you give him one of them, and go away feeling that you have at once befriended and outwitted him; for the supposition is that he is a fraud, and has been trying to work you.

This is not a question which affects the excellence of the charities system. I know how good and kind and just that is; but it is a question that affects the whole Christian philosophy of giving. A friend, whom I was talking the matter over with, was inclined to doubt whether Christ's doctrine was applicable, in its sweeping simplicity, to our complex modern conditions; whether it was final, whether it was the last word, as we say. Of course it does seem a little absurd to give to him that asketh, when you do not know what he is going to do with the money, and when you do not know whether he has not come to want by his own fault, or whether he is really in want.

III.

I MUST say that his statement of his own case is usually incoherent, and sometimes seems even a little fabulous. The poor fellows have very little imagination or invention; they might almost as well be realistic novelists. I find that those who strike me for a night's lodging, when they stop me in the street at night, come as a rule from Pittsburg, and are iron-workers of some sort; the last one said he was a puddler, "A skilled mechanic," he explained—"what is called a skilled mechanic"; and of course he was only watching for some chance to get back to Pittsburg, though there was no chance of work, from what he told me, after he got there. On the other hand, I find that most of those who ask by day for money to get a dinner are from Philadelphia, or the rural parts of eastern Pennsylvania, though within six months I have extended hospitality (I think that is the right phrase) to two architectural draftsmen from Boston. They were both entirely decent-looking, sober-looking young men, who spoke like men of education, and they each gratefully accepted a quarter from me. I do not attempt to account for them, for they made no attempt to account for themselves; and I think the effect was more artistic so.

I am rarely approached by any professed New Yorker, which is perhaps a proof of the superior industry or prosperity of our city; but now and then a fellow-citizen who has fallen out asks me for money in the street, and perhaps goes straight and spends it for drink. Drink, however, is as necessary in some forms as food itself, and a rich, generous port wine is often prescribed for invalids. These men, without exception, look like invalids, and I have no doubt that they would prefer to buy a rich, generous port wine if I gave them money enough. I never do that, though I have a means of making my alms seem greater, to myself at least, by practising a little cordiality with the poor fellows. I do not give grudgingly or silently, but I say, if I give at all, when they ask me, "Why, of course!" or "Yes, certainly"; and sometimes I invite them to use their feeble powers of invention in my behalf, and tell how they wish me to think they have come to the sad pass of beggary. This seems to flatter them, and it makes me feel much better, which is really my motive for doing it.

Now and then they will offer me some apology for begging, in a tone that says, "I know how it is myself"; and once there was one who began by saying, "I know it 's a shame for a strong man like me to be begging, but—" They seldom have any devices for working me, beyond the simple statement of their destitution; though there was a case in which I helped a poor fellow raise a quarter upon a postal order, which he then kept as a pledge of my good faith. Their main reliance seems to be lead-pencils, which they have in all inferior variety. I find that they will take it kindly if you do not want any change back when you have given them a coin worth more than they asked for the pencil, and that they will even let you off without taking the pencil after you have bought it. In the end you have to use some means to save yourself from the accumulation of pencils, unless you are willing to burn them for kindling-wood; and I find the simplest way is not to take them after you have paid for them. It is amusing how quickly you can establish a comity with these pencil people; they will not only let you leave your pencils with them, but they will sometimes excuse you from buying if you remind them that you have bought of them lately. Then, if they do not remember you, they at least smile politely, and pretend to do so.

IV.

OUGHT one to give money to a hand-organist, who is manifestly making himself a nuisance before the door of some one else? I have asked myself this when I have been tempted, and I am not yet quite clear about it. At present, therefore, I give only to the inaudible street minstrels, who earn an honest living, and make no noise about it. I cannot think that a ballad-singer on Sixth Avenue, who pours forth his artless lay amid the roar and rattle of the elevated trains, the jangle and clatter of the horse-cars, the bang of the grocers' carts, and the thunder of the express-wagons, is practically molesting anybody; and

I believe that one can reward his innocent efforts without wronging the neighbors. It is always amusing to have him stop in his most effective phrase to say, "Thank you, thank you, sir," and then go on again. The other day, as I dropped my contribution into the extended hat, I asked, "How is business?" and the singer interrupted himself to answer, "Nothing-to-brag-of-sir-thank-you," and resumed with continuous tenderness the "ditty of no tone" that he was piping to the inattentive uproar of the street.

It may be doubted whether a balladist who is not making himself heard is earning his money; but, on the other hand, it may be asked if he is not less regrettable for that reason. A great many good people do not earn their money, and yet by universal consent they seem to have a right to it. We cannot oblige the poor to earn their money, any more than the rich, without attacking the principle on which society is based, and classing ourselves with its enemies. If people get money out of other people, we ought not to ask how they get it, whether it is much or little; and I, at any rate, will not scan too closely the honesty of the inaudible balladist of the avenue. Neither will I question the gains of those silentious minstrels who grind small, mute organs at the corners of the pavement, with a little tin cup beside them to receive tribute. They are usually old, old women, and I suppose Italians; but they seem not to be very distinctively anything. How they can sit upon the cold stone all day long without taking their deaths, passes me to say; and I am inclined to think that they do really earn their money, if not as minstrels, then as monuments of human endurance. The average American grandmother would sneeze in five seconds, under the same conditions, and be laid up for the rest of the winter. But these hardy aliens remain unaffected by cold or wet, light or dark. One night I came upon one sleeping on her curbstone,—such a small, dull wad of outworn womanhood!—her gray old head bent upon her knees, and her withered arms wound in her thin shawl. It was very chill that night, with a sharp wind sweeping the street that the Street Department had neglected; but this poor old thing slept on, while I stood by her, trying to imagine her short and simple annals: a dim, far-off childhood in some peasant hut, a girlhood with its tender dreams, a motherhood with its cares, a grandmotherhood with its pains — the whole round of woman's life, with want through all, wound into this last result of houseless age at my feet. How much of human life comes to no more — if indeed, one ought not to say how little comes to so much! I sighed, as people of feeling used to do in the eighteenth century, and dropped a dime into the tin cup. The sound startled the beldam, and I hope that before she woke and looked up at me she had time to dream riches and luxury for the rest of her life. "*Bella musica!*" I said, with a fine irony, and she smiled and shrugged, and began to feel for the handle of her organ, as if she were willing to begin giving me my money's worth on the spot. If we did not see such sights every day, how impossible they would seem!

V.

THE whole spectacle of poverty, indeed, is incredible. As soon as you cease to have it before your eyes,— even when you have it before your eyes,— you can hardly believe it, and that is perhaps why so many people deny that it exists, or is much more than a superstition of the sentimentalist. When I get back into my own comfortable room, among my papers and books, I remember it as I remember something at the theater. It seems to have been turned off, as Niagara does, when you come away. The difficulty here in New York is that the moment you go out again, you find it turned on, full tide. I used to live in a country supposed to be peculiarly infested by beggars; but I believe I was not so much asked for charity in Venice as I am in New York. There are as many beggars on our streets, and as for the organized efforts to get at one's compassion, there is no parallel for New York anywhere. The letters asking aid for air funds, salt and fresh, for homes and shelters, for reading-rooms and eating-rooms, for hospitals and refuges, for the lame, halt, and blind, for the old, for the young, for the anhungered and ashamed, of all imaginable descriptions, storm in with every mail, so that one hates to open one's letters nowadays; for instead of finding a pleasant line from a friend, one finds an appeal, in print imitating typewriting, from several of the millionaires in the city for aid of some good object to which they have lent the influence of their signatures, and inclosing an envelop, directed but not stamped, for your subscription. You do not escape from the proof of poverty even by keeping indoors amidst your own luxurious environment; besides, your digestion becomes impaired, and you have to go out, if you are to have any appetite for your dinner; and then the trouble begins on other terms.

One of my minor difficulties, if I may keep on confessing myself to the reader, is with a very small pattern of newsboys, whom I am tempted to make keep the change, when I get a one-cent paper of them, and give them a five-cent piece. I see men, well dressed, well brushed, with the air of being exemplary citizens, fathers of families, and pillars of churches,

wait patiently or impatiently while these little fellows search one pocket and another for the pennies due, or run to some comrade Chonnie or Chimmie for them; and I cannot help feeling that I may be doing something very disorganizing or demoralizing in failing to demand my change. At first I used to pass on without apparently noticing that I had given too much, but I perceived that then these small wretches sometimes winked to their friends, in the belief that they had cheated me; and now I let them offer to get the change before I let them keep it. I may be undermining society, and teaching them to trust in a fickle fortune rather than their own enterprise, by overpaying them; but at least I will not corrupt them by letting them think they have taken advantage of my ignorance. If the reader will not whisper it again, I will own that I have sometimes paid as high as ten cents for a one-cent paper, which I did not want, when it has been offered me by a very minute newsboy near midnight; and I have done this in conscious defiance of the well-known fact that it is a ruse of very minute newsboys to be out late when they ought to be in bed at home, or at *the* Home (which seems different), in order to work the sympathies of unwary philanthropists. The statistics in regard to these miscreants are as unquestionable as those relating to street beggars who have amassed fortunes and died amidst rags and riches of dramatic character. I am sorry that I cannot say where the statistics are to be found.

VI.

THE actual practice of fraud, even when you discover it, must give you interesting question, unless you are cock-sure of your sociology. I was once met by a little girl on a cross-street in a respectable quarter of the town, who burst into tears at sight of me, and asked for money to buy her sick mother bread. The very next day I was passing through the same street, and I saw the same little girl burst into tears at sight of a benevolent-looking lady, whom undoubtedly she asked for money for the same good object. The benevolent-looking lady gave her nothing, and she tried her woes upon several other people, none of whom gave her anything. I was forced to doubt whether, upon the whole, her game was worth the candle, or whether she was really making a provision for her declining years by this means. To be sure, her time was not worth much, and she could hardly have got any other work, she was so young; but it seemed hardly a paying industry. By any careful calculation, I do not believe she would have been found to have amassed more than ten or fifteen cents a day; and perhaps she really had a sick mother at home. Many persons are obliged to force their emotions for money, whom we should not account wholly undeserving; yet I suppose a really good citizen who found this little girl trying to cultivate the sympathies of charitable people by that system of irrigation, would have had her suppressed as an impostor.

In a way she was an impostor, though her sick mother may have been starving, as she said. It is a nice question. Shall we always give to him that asketh? Or shall we give to him that asketh only when we know that he has come by his destitution honestly? In other words, what is a deserving case of charity — or, rather, what is not? Is a starving or freezing person to be denied because he or she is drunken or vicious? What is desert in the poor? What is desert in the rich, I suppose the reader would answer. If this is so, and if we ought not to succor an undeserving poor person, then we ought not to succor an undeserving rich person. It will be said that a rich person, however undeserving, will never be in need of our succor, but this is not so clear. If we saw a rich person fall in a fit before the horses of a Fifth Avenue omnibus, ought not we to run and lift him up, although we knew him to be a man whose life was stained by every vice and excess, and cruel, wanton, idle, luxurious? I know that I am imagining a quite impossible rich person; but once imagined, ought not we to save him all the same as if he were deserving? I do not believe the most virtuous person will say we ought not; and ought not we, then, to rescue the most worthless tramp fallen under the wheels of the Juggernaut of want? Is charity the reward of merit?

William Dean Howells.

THE WORLD'S NEED.

SO many gods, so many creeds —
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNÉ.

XXVI.

DONNA FRANCESCA had put off her mourning, and went into the world again during that winter. The world said that she might marry if she so pleased, and was somewhat inclined to wonder that she did not. She could have made a brilliant match if she had chosen. But instead, though she appeared everywhere where society was congregated together, she showed a tendency to religion which surprised her friends.

A tendency to religion existed in the Braccio family, together with various other tendencies not at all in harmony with it, nor otherwise edifying. Those other tendencies seemed to be absent in Francesca, and little by little her acquaintances began to speak of her as a devout person. The Prince of Gerano even hinted that she might some day be an abbess in the Carmelite convent at Subiaco, as many a lady of the great house had been before her. But Francesca was not prepared to withdraw from the world altogether, though at the present time she was very unhappy.

She suspected herself of a great sin, besides reproaching herself bitterly with many of her deeds which deserved no blame at all. Yet she was by no means morbid, nor naturally inclined to perpetual self-examination. On the contrary, she had always been willing to accept life as a simple affair which could not offer any difficulties provided that one were what she meant by "good" — that is, honest in word and deed, and scrupulous in doing thoroughly and with right intention those things which her religion required of her, but in which only she herself could judge of her own sincerity.

Of late, however, she had felt that there was something very wrong in all her recent life. The certainty of it dawned by degrees, and then burst upon her suddenly one day when she was with Reanda.

She had long ago noticed the change in his manner, the harassed look, and the sad ring in his voice, and for a time his suffering was her sorrow, and there was a painful pleasure in being able to feel for him with all her heart. He had gone through a phase which had lasted many months, and the change was great between his former and his present self. He had suffered, but indifference was creeping upon him. It was clear enough. Nothing interested him but his art, and perhaps her own conversation, though even that seemed doubtful to her.

They were alone together on a winter's afternoon in the great hall. The work was almost done, and they had been talking of the more mechanical decorations, and of the style of the furniture.

"It is a big place," said Francesca; "but I mean to fill it. I like large rooms; and when it is finished, I shall take up my quarters here, and call it my boudoir."

She smiled at the idea. The hall was at least fifty feet long by thirty wide.

"All the women I know have wretched little sitting-rooms in which they can hardly turn round," she said. "I will have all the space I like, and all the air, and all the light. Besides, I shall always have the dear Cupid and Psyche to remind me of you."

She spoke the last words with the simplicity of absolute innocence.

"And me?" he asked, as innocently and simply as she. "What will you do with me?"

"Whatever you like," she said, taking it quite for granted, as he did, that he was to work for her all his life. "You can have a studio in the house, just as it used to be, if you please. And you can paint the great canvas for the ceiling of the dining-room. Or shall I restore the old chapel? Which should you rather do — oil-painting or fresco?"

"You would not want the altarpiece which I should paint," he said, with sudden sadness.

"Santa Francesca?" she asked. "It would have to be Santa Francesca. The chapel is dedicated to her. You could make a beautiful picture of her — a portrait, perhaps —" She stopped.

"Of yourself? Yes; I could do that," he answered quickly.

"No," she said, and hesitated. "Of your wife," she added rather abruptly.

He started, and looked at her, and she was sorry that she had spoken. Gloria's beautiful face had risen in her mind, and it had seemed generous to suggest the idea. Finding a diffi-

culty in telling him, she had thought it her duty to be frank.

He laughed harshly before he answered her.

"No," he said. "Certainly not a portrait of my wife. Not even to please you. And that is saying much."

He spoke very bitterly. In the few words he poured out the pent-up suffering of many months. Francesca turned pale.

"I know; and it is my fault," she said in a low voice.

"Your fault? No But it is not mine."

His hands trembled violently as he took up his palette and brushes and began to mix some colors, not knowing what he was doing.

"It is my fault," said Francesca, still very white, and staring at the brick floor. "I have seen it. I could not speak of it. You are unhappy — miserable. Your life is ruined, and I have done it — I!"

She bit her lip almost before the last word was uttered; for it was stronger and louder than she had expected it to be, and the syllable rang with a despairing echo in the empty hall.

Reanda shook his head, and bent over his colors with shaking hands, but said nothing.

"I was so happy when you were married," said Francesca, forcing herself to speak calmly. "She seemed such a good wife for you — so young, so beautiful. And she loves you —"

"No." He shook his head energetically. "She does not love me. Do not say that, for it is not true. One does not love in that way — to-day a kiss, to-morrow a sting; to-day honey, to-morrow snake-poison. Do not say that it is love, for it is not true. The heart tells the truth, all alone in the breast. A thousand words cannot make it tell one lie. But for me — it is finished. Let us speak no more of love. Let us talk of our good friendship. It is better."

"Eh, let us speak of it, of this friendship! It has cost tears of blood!"

Francesca, in the sincerity of what she felt, relapsed into the Roman dialect. Almost all Romans do, under any emotion.

"Everything passes," answered Reanda, laying his palette aside, and beginning to walk up and down, his hands in his pockets. "This also will pass," he added, as he turned. "We are men. We shall forget."

"But not I; for I did it. Your sadness cuts my heart, because I did it — I — I alone. But for me you would be free."

"Would to Heaven!" exclaimed the artist, almost under his breath. "But I will not have you say that it is your fault," he cried, stopping before her. "I was the fool that believed. A man of my age — oh, a serious man — to marry a child! I should have known. At first, I do not say. I was the first. She thought she had paradise in her arms. A husband! They all want it, the husband. But I, who had lived and seen, I should have known. Fool! fool! ignorant fool!"

The words came out vehemently in the strong dialect, and the nervous, heart-wrung man struck his breast with his clenched fist, and his eyes looked upward.

"Reanda, Reanda! What are you saying? When I tell you that I made you marry her! It was here, — I was in this very chair, — and I told you about her. And I asked her here with intention, that you might see how beautiful she was. And then, neither one nor two, she fell in love with you! It would have been a miracle if you had not married her. And her father, he was satisfied. May that day be accursed when I brought them here to torment you!"

She spoke excitedly, and her lip quivered. He began to walk again with rapid, uncertain strides.

"For that — yes!" he said. "Let the day bear the blame. But I was the madman. Who leaves the old way and follows the new knows what he leaves, but not what he may find. I might have been contented. I was so happy! God knows how happy I was!"

"And I!" exclaimed Francesca, involuntarily; but he did not hear her.

She felt a curious sense of elation, though she was so truly sorry for him, and it disturbed her strangely. She looked at him and smiled, and then wondered why the smile came. There is a ruthless cruelty in the half-unconscious impulses of the purest innocence, of which vice itself might be ashamed in its heart. It is simply humanity's assertion of its prior right to be happy. She smiled spontaneously because she knew that Reanda no longer loved Gloria, and she felt that he could not love her again; and for a while she was too simply natural to quarrel with herself for it, or to realize what it meant.

He was nervous, melancholy, and unstrung, and he began to talk about himself and his married life for the first time, pouring out his sufferings, thoughtless of what Francesca might think and feel. He, too, was natural. Unlike his wife, he detested emotion. To be angry was almost an illness to his over-finely organized temperament. In a way Griggs had been right in saying that Reanda seemed to paint as an agent in the power of an unseen, directing influence. Beauty made him feel itself, and feel for it in his turn with his brush. The conception was before him, guiding his hand, before a stroke of the work was done. There was the lightning-like correspondence and mutual reaction between thought and execution, which has been explained by some to be the simultaneous action of two minds in

man, the subjective and the objective. In doing certain things he had the patience and the delicacy of one for whom time has no meaning. He could not have told whether his hand followed his eye or his eye followed his hand. His whole being was of excessively sensitive construction, and emotion of any kind, even pleasure, jarred upon its hair-fine sensibilities. And yet behind all this there was the tenacity of the great artist, and the phenomenal power of endurance, in certain directions, which is essential to prize-winning in the fight for fame. There was the quality of nerve which can endure great tension in one way, but can bear nothing in other ways.

He went on, giving vent to all he felt, talking to himself rather than to Francesca. He could not reproach his wife with any one action of importance. She was fond of Paul Griggs. But it was only Griggs! He smiled. In his eyes the cold-faced man was no more than a stone. In their excursions into society she had met men whom he considered far more dangerous — men young, handsome, rich, having great names. They admired her, and said so to her in the best language they had, which was no doubt often very eloquent. Had she ever looked twice at one of them? No. He could not reproach her with that. The Duchess of Astradente was not more cold to her admirers than Gloria was. It was not that. There were little things, little nothings, but in thousands. He tried to please her with something, and she laughed in his face, or found fault. She had small hardnesses and little vulgarities of manner that drove him mad.

"I had thought her like you," he said suddenly, turning to Francesca. "She is not. She is coarse-grained. She has the soul of a peasant, with the face of a Madonna. What would you have? It is too much. Love is an illusion. I will have no more of it. Besides, love is dead. It would be easier to wake a corpse. I shall live. I may forget. Meanwhile there is our friendship. That is of gold."

Francesca listened in silence, thoughtful and with downcast eyes, as the short, disjointed sentences broke vehemently from his lips, each one accusing her in her own heart of having wrought the misery of two lives, one of which was very dear to her — too dear, as she knew at last. The scarlet shame would have burned her face if she had owned to herself that she loved this man whom she had married to another, believing that she was making his happiness. She would not own it. Had she admitted it then, she would have been capable of leaving him within the hour, and of shutting herself up forever in the convent at Subiaco to expiate the sin of the thought. It was monstrous in her eyes, and she would still refuse to see it.

But she owned that there was the suspicion, and that Angelo Reanda was far dearer to her than anything else on earth. Her innocence was so strong and spotless that it had a right to its one and only satisfaction. But what she felt for Reanda was either love or it was blasphemy against the holy thing in whose place he stood in her temple. It must not be love, and therefore, as anything else, it was too much. And the strange joy she felt because Gloria was nothing to him still filled her heart, though it began to torment her with the knowledge of evil which she had never understood.

There was much else against him, too, in her pride of race; and it helped her just then, for it told her how impossible it was that she, a princess of the house of Braccio, should love a mere artist, the son of a steward, whose forefathers had been bondsmen to her ancestors from time immemorial. It was out of the question, and she would not believe it of herself. Yet as she looked into his delicate, spiritual face, and watched the shades of expression that crossed it, she felt that it made little difference whence he came, since she understood him and he understood her.

She became confused by her own thoughts, and grasped at the idea of a true and perfect friendship with a somewhat desperate determination to see it and nothing else in it for the rest of her life, rather than part with Angelo Reanda.

"Friends," she said thoughtfully. "Yes — always friends, you and I. But as a friend, Reanda, what can I do? I cannot help you."

"The time for help is past, if it ever came. You are a saint — pray for me. You can do that."

"But there is more than that to be done," she said, ready to sacrifice anything or everything just then. "Do not tell me it is hopeless. I will see your wife often, and I will talk to her. I am older than she, and I can make her understand many things."

"Do not try it," said Reanda, in an altered tone. "I advise you not to try it. You can do no good there, and you might find trouble."

"Find trouble?" repeated Francesca, not understanding him. "What do you mean? Does she dislike me?"

"Have you not seen it?" he asked, with a bitter smile.

Francesca did not answer him at once, but bent her head again. Once or twice she looked up as though she were about to speak.

"It is as I tell you," said Reanda, nodding his head slowly.

Francesca made up her mind, but the scarlet blood rose in her face.

"It is better to be honest and frank," she said. "Is Gloria jealous of me?" She was so

much ashamed that she could hardly look at him just then.

"Jealous! She would kill you!" he cried; and there was anger in his voice at the thought. "Do not go to her. Something might happen."

The blush in Francesca's face deepened and then subsided, and she grew very pale again.

"But if she is jealous, she loves you," she said earnestly and anxiously.

He shrugged his high, thin shoulders, and the bitter smile came back to his face.

"It is a stage jealousy," he said cruelly. "How could she pass the time without something to divert her? She is always acting."

"But what is she jealous of?" asked Francesca. "How can she be jealous of me? Because you work here? She is free to come if she likes, and to stay all day. I do not understand."

"Who can understand her? God, who made her, understands her. I am only a man. I know only one thing, that I loved her, and do not love her. And she makes a scene for every day. One day it is you, and another day it is the walls she does not like. You will forgive me, princess. I speak frankly what comes to my mouth from my heart. The whole story is this. She makes my life intolerable. I am not an idle man, the first you may meet in society, to spend my time from morning to night in studying my wife's caprices. I am an artist. When I have worked I must have peace. I do not ask for intelligent conversation like yours. But I must have peace. One of these days I shall strangle her with my hands. The Lord will forgive me and understand. I am full of nerves. Is it my fault? She twists them as the women wring out clothes at the fountain. It is not a life; it is a hell."

"Poor Reanda! Poor Reanda!" repeated Francesca, softly.

"I do not pity myself," he said scornfully. "I have deserved it, and much more. But I am human. If it goes on a little longer, you may take me to Santo Spirito, for I am going mad. At least I should be there in holy peace. After her, the madmen would all seem doctors of wisdom. Do you know what will happen this evening? I go home. 'Where have you been?' she will ask. 'At the Palazzetto.' 'What have you been doing?' 'Painting — it is my trade.' 'Was Donna Francesca there?' 'Of course. She is mistress in her own house.' 'And what did you talk of?' 'How should I remember? We talked.' Then it will begin. It will be an inferno, as it always is. 'Leave hope behind, all ye that enter here!' I can say it, if ever man could! You are right to pity me. Before it is finished you will have reason to pity me still more. Let us hope it may finish soon. Either San Lorenzo or Santo Spirito — with the mad, or with the dead."

"Poor Reanda!"

"Yes — poor Reanda, if you like. People envy me; they say I am a great artist. If they think so, let them say it. It seems to them that I am somebody." He laughed almost hysterically. "Somebody! Stuff for Santo Spirito! That is all she has left me in two years — not yet two years."

"Do not talk of Santo Spirito," said Francesca. "You shall not go mad. When you are unhappy, think of our friendship, and of all the hours you have here every day." She hesitated, and seemed to make an effort over herself. "But it is impossible that it should be all over so hopelessly and so soon. She is nervous, perhaps. The climate does not suit her —"

Reanda laughed wildly, for he was rapidly losing all control of himself.

"Therefore I should take her away and go and live somewhere else!" he cried. "That would be the end. I should tear her to pieces with my hands —"

"Hush! hush! You are talking madly —"

"I know it. There is reason. It will end badly one of these days, unless I end first, and that may happen also. Without you it would have happened long ago. You are the good angel in my life, the one friend God has sent me in my tormented existence, the one star in my black sky. Be my friend still, always, for ever and ever, and I shall live forever only to be your friend. As for love — the devil and his demons will know what to do with it — they will find their account in it. They have lent it, and they will take their payment in blood and tears of those who believe them."

"But there is love in the world, somewhere," said Francesca, gently.

"Yes — and in hell! But not in heaven — where you will be."

Francesca sighed unconsciously, and looked long away toward the great windows at the end of the hall. Reanda gathered up his palette and brushes with a steadier hand. His anger had not spent itself, but it made him suddenly strong, and the outburst had relieved him, though it was certain that it would be followed by a reaction of profound despondency.

All at once he came close to Francesca. She looked up, half startled by his sudden movement.

"At least it is true — this one thing," he said. "I can count upon you."

"Yes; you can count upon me," she answered, gazing into his eyes.

He did not move. The one hand held his palette, the other hung free by his side. All at once she took it in hers, still looking up into his eyes.

"I am very fond of you," she said earnestly. "You can count upon me as long as we two live."

"God bless you!" he said more quietly than he had spoken yet, and his hand pressed hers a little.

There could be no harm in saying as much as that, she thought, when it was so true, and so simply said. It was all she could ever say to him, or to herself, and there was no reason why she should not say it. He would not misunderstand her. No man could have mistaken the innocence that was the life and light of her clear eyes. She was glad she had said it, and she was glad long afterward that she had said it on that day, quietly, when no one could hear them in the great, still hall.

XXVII.

REANDA went home that evening in a very disturbed state of mind. He had been better so long as he had not given vent to what he felt; for, as with many Southern men of excitable temper and weak nerves, his thoughts about himself, as distinguished from his pursuits, did not take positive shape in his mind until he had expressed them in words. Among the Latin races the phrase 'he cannot think without speaking' has more truth as applied to some individuals than the Anglo-Saxon can easily understand.

For many months the artist had been most unhappy. His silence concerning his grief had been almost exemplary, and had been broken only now and then by a hasty exclamation of annoyance when Gloria's behavior had irritated him beyond measure. He was the gentlest of men; and even when he had lost his temper with her, he had never spoken roughly.

"You are hard to please, my dear," he had sometimes said.

But that had been almost the strongest expression of his displeasure. It was not, indeed, that he had exercised very great self-control in the matter, for he had little power of that sort over himself. If he was habitually mild and gentle in his manner with Gloria, it was rather because, like many Italians, he dreaded emotion as something like an illness, and could avoid it to some extent merely by not speaking freely of what he felt. Silence was generally easy to him; and he had not broken out more than two or three times in all his life, as he had done on that afternoon alone with Francesca.

The inevitable consequence followed immediately — a consequence as much physical as mental, for when he went away from the Palazzetto his clear, dark eyes were bloodshot and yellow, and his hands had trembled so that he had hardly been able to find the armholes of his greatcoat in putting it on. He walked with an uncertain and agitated step, glancing to right and left of him as he went, half fiercely, half timidly, as though he expected a new adversary to spring upon him from every corner. The straight lines of the houses waned and shivered in the dusk as he looked at them, and he saw flashes of light in the air. His head was hot and aching, and his hat hurt him. Altogether he was in a dangerous state, not unlike that which, with Northern men, sometimes follows hard drinking.

He hated to go home that evening. So far as he was conscious, he had neither misrepresented nor in any way exaggerated the miseries of his domestic existence; and he felt that it was before him now precisely as he had described it. There would be the same questions, to which he would give the same answers, at which Gloria would put on the same expression of injured hopelessness, unless she broke out and lost her temper, which happened often enough. The prospect was intolerable. Reanda thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his overcoat, and glared about him as he turned the corner of the Via degli Astalli, and saw the Corso in the distance. But he did not slacken his pace as he went along under the gloomy walls of the Austrian Embassy,— the Palace of Venice,— the most grim and fortress-like of all Roman palaces.

He felt as a poor man may feel when, hot and feverish from working by a furnace, he knows that he must face the winter storm of freezing sleet and piercing wind in his thin and ragged jacket to go home — a plunge, as it were, from molten iron into ice, with no protection from the cold. Every step of the homeward way was hateful to him. Yet he knew his own weakness well enough not to hesitate. Had he stopped, he might have been capable of turning in some other direction, and of spending the whole evening with some of his fellow-artists, going home late in the night, when Gloria would be asleep. The thought crossed his mind. If he did that, he was sure to be carried away into speaking of his troubles to men with whom he had no intimacy. He was too proud for that. He wished he could go back to Francesca, and pour out his woes again. He had not said half enough. He should like to have it out to the very end, and then lie down, and close his eyes, and hear Francesca's voice soothing him and speaking of their golden friendship. But that was impossible, so he went home to face his misery as best he could.

There was exaggeration in all he thought, but there was none in the effect of his thoughts upon himself. He had married a woman unsuited to him in every way, as he was unsuited

to her. The whole trouble lay there. Possibly he was not a man to marry at all, and should have led his solitary life to the end, illuminated from the outside, as it were, by Francesca Campodonico's faithful friendship and sweet influence. All causes of disagreement, considered as forces in married life, are relative in their value to the comparative solidity of the characters on which they act — a truism which ought to be the foundation of social charity, but is not. Reanda could not be blamed for his brittle sensitiveness, nor Gloria for a certain coarse-grained streak of cruelty which she had inherited from her father, and which had combined strangely with the rare gifts and great faults of her dead mother — the love of emotion for its own sake, and the tendency to do everything which might produce it in herself and those about her. Emotion was poison to Reanda. It was his wife's favorite food.

He reached his home, and went up the well-lighted marble staircase, wishing that he were ascending the narrow stone steps at the back of the Palazzetto Borgia, taper in hand, to his old bachelor quarters, to light his lamp, to smoke in peace, and to spend the evening over a sketch, or with a book, or dreaming of work not yet done. He paused on the landing before he rang the bell of his apartment. The polished door irritated him, with its brass fittings, and all that it meant of married life and irksome social obligation. He never carried a key, because the Roman keys of those times were large and heavy; but he had been obliged to use one formerly, when he had lived by himself. The necessity of ringing the bell irritated him again, and he felt a nervous shock of unwillingness as he pulled the brass knob. He set his teeth against the tinkling and jangling that followed, and his eyelids quivered. Everything hurt him. He did not feel sure of his hands when he wanted to use them. He was inclined to strike the silent and respectful man-servant who opened the door merely because he was silent and respectful. He went straight to his own dressing-room, and shut himself in. It would be a relief to change his clothes. He and Gloria were to go to a reception in the evening, and he would dress at once. In those days few Romans dressed for dinner every day.

He dropped a stud, for his hands were shaking so that he could hardly hold anything, and he groped for the thing on his knees. The blood went to his head, and hurt him violently, as though he had received a blow.

Gloria's room was next to his, and she heard him moving about. She knocked, and tried the door, but it was locked; and she heard him utter an exclamation of annoyance as he hunted for the stud. She thought it was meant for her, and turned angrily back from the door. On any other day he would have called her, for he had heard her trying to get in. But he shrugged his lean shoulders impatiently, glanced once toward her room, found his stud, and went on dressing.

He really made an effort to get control of himself while he was alone; but to all intents and purposes he was actually ill. His face was drawn and sallow; his eyes were yellow and bloodshot; and there were deep, twitching lines about his mouth. His nostrils moved spasmodically when he drew breath, and his long, thin hands fumbled helplessly at the studs and buttons of his clothes. At last he was dressed, and he went into the drawing-room. Gloria was already there, waiting by the fireside, with an injured and forbidding expression in her beautiful face.

Reanda came to the fireside, and stood there, spreading out his trembling hands to the blaze. He dreaded the first word, as a man lying ill of brain fever dreads each cracking explosion in a thunderstorm. Strained as their relations had been for a long time, he had never failed to kiss Gloria when he came home. This evening he barely glanced at her, and stood watching the dancing tongues of the wood fire, not daring to think of the sound of his wife's voice. It came at least, cool and displeased.

"Are you ill?" she asked, looking steadily at him.

"No," he answered with an effort, and his outstretched hands shook before the fire.

"Then what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing." He did not even turn his eyes to her, as he spoke the single word.

A silence followed, during which he suffered. Nevertheless, the first dreaded shock of hearing her voice was over. Though he had barely glanced at her, he had known from her face what the sound of the voice would be.

Gloria leaned back in her chair and watched the fire, and sighed. Griggs had been with her in the afternoon, and she had been happy, quite innocently, as she thought. The man's dominating strength and profound earnestness, which would have been intolerably dull to many women, smoothed Gloria, as it were. She said that he ironed the creases out of her life for her. It was not a softening influence, but a calming one, bred of strength pressing heavily on caprice. She resisted it, but took pleasure in finding that it was irresistible. Now and then it was not merely a steady pressure. He had a sledge-hammer among his intellectual weapons, and once in a while it fell upon one of her illusions. She laughed at the destruction, and had no pity for the fragments. They were not illusions integral with her vanity, for he thought her perfect, and he would not have

struck at her faults if he had seen them. Her faults grew, for they had root in her vital nature, and drew nourishment from his enduring strength, which surrounded them and protected them in the blind wholeheartedness of his love. For the rest, he had kept his word. She had seen him turn white and bite his lip, sometimes, and more than once he had left her abruptly, and had not come back again for several days; but he had never forgotten his promise in any word or deed since he had given it.

It is a dangerous thing to pile up a mountain of massive reality from which to look out upon the fading beauty of a fleeting illusion. In his influence on Gloria's life, the strong man had overtopped the man of genius by head and shoulders. And she loved the strange mixture of attraction and repulsion she felt when she was with Griggs — the something that wounded her vanity because she could not understand it, and the protecting shield that overspread that same vanity, and gave it freedom to be vain beyond all bounds. She would not have admitted that she loved the man. It was her nature to play upon his pity with the wounds her love for her husband had suffered. Yet she knew that if she were free she should marry him, because she could not resist him, and there was pleasure in the idea that she controlled so irresistible a force. The contrast between him and Reanda was ever before her, and since she had learned how weak genius could be, the comparison was enormously in favor of the younger man.

As Reanda stood there before the fire that evening, she despised him, and her heart rebelled against his nature. His nervousness, his trembling hands, his almost evident fear of being questioned, were contemptible. He was like a hunted animal, she thought. Two hours earlier her friend had stood there, solid, leonine, gladiatorial, dominating her with his square, white face, and still, shadowy eyes, quietly stretching to the flames two hands that could have torn her in pieces — a man imposing in his stern young sadness, almost solemn in his splendid physical dignity.

She looked at Reanda, and her lip curled with scorn of herself for having loved such a thing. It was long since she had seen the gentle light in his face which had won her heart two years ago. She was familiar with his genius, and it no longer surprised her into overlooking his frailty. His fame no longer flattered her. His gentleness was gone, and had left, not hardness nor violence in its place, but a sort of irritable palsy of discontent. That was what she called it as she watched him.

"You used to kiss me when you came home," she said suddenly, leaning far back in her chair.

Mechanically he turned his head. The habit was strong, and she had reminded him of it. He did not wish to quarrel, and he did not reason. He moved a step to her side, and bent down to kiss her forehead. The automatic conjugality of the daily kiss might have a good effect. That was what he thought, if he thought at all.

But she put up her hands suddenly, and thrust him back rudely.

"No," she said. "That sort of thing is not worth much if I have to remind you to do it."

Her lip curled again. His high shoulders went up, and he turned away.

"You are hard to please," he said, and the words were as mechanical as the action that had preceded them.

"It cannot be said that you have taken much pains to please me of late," she answered coldly.

The servant announced dinner at that moment, and Reanda made no answer, though he glanced at her nervously. They went into the dining-room and sat down.

The storm brewed during the silent meal. Reanda scarcely ate anything, and drank a little weak wine and water.

"You hardly seem well enough to go out this evening," said Gloria, at last; but there was no kindness in the tone.

"I am perfectly well," he answered impatiently. "I will go with you."

"There is not the slightest necessity," replied his wife. "I can go alone, and you can go to bed."

"I tell you I am perfectly well," he said, with unconcealed annoyance. "Let me alone."

"Certainly. Nothing is easier."

The voice was full of that injured dignity which most surely irritated him, as Gloria knew. But the servant was in the room, and he said nothing, though it was a real effort to be silent. His tongue had been free that day, and it was hard to be bound again.

They finished dinner almost in silence, and then went back to the drawing-room by force of habit. Gloria was still in her walking-dress, but there was no hurry; and she resumed her favorite seat by the fire for a time, before going to dress for the reception.

XXVIII.

THERE was something exasperating in the renewal of the position exactly as it had been before dinner. To make up for having eaten nothing, Reanda drank two cups of coffee in silence.

"You might at least speak to me," observed Gloria as he set down the second cup. "One would almost think that we had quarreled!"

The hard laugh that followed the words jarred upon him more painfully than anything that had

gone before. He laughed, too, after a moment's silence, half hysterically.

"Yes," he said; "one might almost think that we had quarreled!" And he laughed again.

"The idea seems to amuse you," said Gloria, coldly.

"As it does you," he answered. "We both laughed. Indeed, it is very amusing."

"Donna Francesca has sent you home in a good humor. That is rare. I suppose I ought to be grateful."

"Yes; I am in a fine humor. It seems to me that we both are." He bit his cigar, and blew out short puffs.

"You need not include me. Please do not smoke into my face."

The smoke was not very near her, but she made a movement with her hands as though brushing it away.

"I beg your pardon," he said politely, and he moved to the other side of the fireplace.

"How nervous you are!" she exclaimed. "Why can you not sit down?"

"Because I wish to stand," he answered, with returning impatience. "Because I am nervous, if you choose."

"You told me that you were perfectly well."

"So I am."

"If you were perfectly well you would not be nervous," she replied.

He felt as though she were driving a sharp nail into his brain.

"It does not make any difference to you whether I am nervous or not," he said, and his eye began to lighten as he sat down.

"It certainly makes no difference to you whether you are rude or not."

He shrugged his shoulders, said nothing, and smoked in silence. One thin leg was crossed over the other, and swung restlessly.

"Is this sort of thing to last forever?" she inquired coldly, after a silence which had lasted a full minute.

"I do not know what you mean," said Reanda.

"You know very well what I mean."

"This is insufferable!" he exclaimed, rising suddenly, with his cigar between his teeth.

"You might take your cigar out of your mouth to say so," retorted Gloria.

He turned on her, and an exclamation of anger was on his lips, but he did not utter it. There was a remnant of self-control. Gloria leaned back in her chair, and took up a carved ivory fan from among the knickknacks on the little table beside her. She opened it, shut it, and opened it again, and pretended to fan herself, though the room was cool.

"I should really like to know," she said presently, as he walked up and down with uneven steps.

"What?" he asked sharply.

"Whether this is to last for the rest of our lives."

"What?"

"This peaceful existence," she said scornfully. "I should really like to know whether it is to last. Could you not tell me?"

"It will not last long if you make it your principal business to torment me," he said, stopping in his walk.

"I?" she exclaimed, with an air of the utmost surprise. "When do I ever torment you?"

"Whenever I am with you, and you know it."

"Really! You must be ill, or out of your mind, or both. That would be some excuse for saying such a thing."

"It needs none. It is true." He was becoming exasperated at last. "You seem to spend your time in finding out how to make life intolerable. You are driving me mad. I cannot bear it much longer."

"If it comes to bearing, I think I have borne more than you," said Gloria. "It is not little. You leave me to myself. You neglect me. You abuse the friends I am obliged to find rather than be alone. You neglect me in every way — and you say that I am driving you mad. Do you realize at all how you have changed in this last year? You may have really gone mad, for all I know; but it is I who have to suffer and bear the consequences. You neglect me brutally. How do I know how you pass your time?"

Reanda stood still in the middle of the room, gazing at her. For a moment he was surprised by the outbreak. She did not give him time to answer.

"You leave me in the morning," she went on, working her coldness into anger. "You often go away before I am awake. You come back at midday, and sometimes you do not speak a word over your breakfast. If I speak, you either do not answer, or you find fault with what I say; and if I show the least enthusiasm for anything but your work, you preach me down with proverbs and maxims, as though I were a child. I am foolish, young, impatient, silly, not fit to take care of myself, you say! Have you taken care of me? Have you ever sacrificed one hour out of your long day to give me a little pleasure? Have you ever once, since we were married, stayed at home one morning, and asked me what I would do — just to make one holiday for me? Never! Never once! You give me a fine house and enough money, and you think you have given me all that a woman wants."

"And what do you want?" asked Reanda, trying to speak calmly.

"A little kindness, a little love — the least

thing of all you promised me and of all I was so sure of having! Is it so much to ask? Have you lied to me all this time? Did you never love me? Did you marry me for my face or for my voice? Was it all a mere empty sham from the beginning? Have you deceived me from the first? You said you loved me. Was none of it true?"

"Yes; I loved you," he answered, and suddenly there was a dullness in his voice.

"You loved me—"

She sighed, and, in the stillness that followed, the little ivory fan rattled as she opened and shut it. To his ear the tone in which she had spoken had rung false. If only he could have heard her voice speaking as it had once sounded, he must have been touched.

"Yes," she continued; "you loved me, or at least you made me think you did. I was young, and I believed you. You do not even say it now — perhaps because you know how hard it would be to make me believe you."

"No; that is not the reason."

She waited a moment, for it was not the answer she had expected.

"Angelo —" she began, and waited; but he said nothing, though he looked at her. "It is not true; it cannot be true!" she said, suddenly turning her face away, for there was a bitter humiliation in it.

"It is much better to say it at once," he said, with the supernaturally calm indifference which sometimes comes upon very sensitive people when they are irritated beyond endurance. "I did love you, or I should not have married you. But I do not love you any longer. I am sorry. I wish I did."

"And you dare to tell me so!" she cried, turning upon him suddenly.

A moment later she was leaning forward, covering her face with her hands, and speaking through them.

"You have the heart to tell me so, after all I have been to you — the devotion of years, the tenderness, the love no man ever had of any woman! Oh, God! It is too much!"

"It is said now. It is of no use to go back to a lie," observed Reanda, with an indifference that would have seemed diabolical, even to himself, had he believed her outbreak to be quite genuine. "Of what use would it be to pretend again?"

"You admit that you have only pretended to love me?" She raised her flushed face and gleaming eyes.

"Of late — if you call it a pretense —"

"Oh, not that — not that! I have seen it — but at first. You did love me. Say that, at least."

"Certainly. Why should I have married you?"

"Yes — why? In spite of her, too — it is not to be believed."

"In spite of her? Of whom? Are you out of your mind?"

Gloria laughed in a despairing sort of way.

"Do not tell me that Donna Francesca ever wished you to be married!" she said.

"She brought us together. You know it. It is the only thing I could ever reproach her with."

"She made you marry me?"

"Made me? No! You are quite mad."

He stamped his foot impatiently, and turned away to walk up and down again. His cigar had gone out, but he gnawed at it angrily. He was amazed at what he could still bear, but he was fast losing his head. The mad desire to strangle her tingled in his hands, and the light of the lamp danced when he looked at it.

"She has made you do so many things!" said Gloria.

Her tone had changed again, growing hard and scornful when she spoke of Donna Francesca.

"What has she made me do that you should speak of her in that way?" asked Reanda, angrily, recrossing the room.

"She has made you hate me — for one thing," Gloria answered.

"That is not true!" Reanda could hardly breathe, and he felt his voice growing thick.

"Not true! Then, if not she, who else? You are with her there all day; she talks about me, she finds fault with me, and you come home and see the faults she finds for you —"

"There is not a word of truth in what you say —"

"Do not be so angry, then! If it were not true, why should you care? I have said it, and I will say it. She has robbed me of you. Oh, I will never forgive her! Never fear! One does not forget such things! She has got you, and she will keep you, I suppose. But you shall regret it! She shall pay me for it!"

Her voice shook, for her jealousy was real, as was all her emotion while it lasted.

"You shall not speak of her in that way!" said Reanda, fiercely. "I owe her and her family all that I am, all that I have in the world —"

"Including me!" interrupted Gloria. "Pay her, then — pay her with your love and yourself! You can satisfy your conscience in that way, and you can break my heart."

"There is not the slightest fear of that," answered Reanda, cruelly.

She rose suddenly to her feet, and stood before him, blazing with anger.

"If I could find yours,— if you had any,— I would break it!" she said. "You dare to say that I have no heart, when you can see that every word you say thrusts it through like a

knife, when I have loved you as no woman ever loved man! I said it, and I repeat it — when I have given you everything, and would have given you the world if I had it! Indeed, you are utterly heartless, and cruel, and unkind — "

"At least I am honest. I do not play a part, as you do. I say plainly that I do not love you, and that I am sorry for it. Yes — really sorry." His voice softened for an instant. "I would give a great deal to love you as I once did, and to believe that you loved me — "

"You will tell me that I do not — "

"Indeed, I will tell you so, and that you never did — "

"Angelo — take care! You will go too far!"

"I could never go far enough in telling you that truth. You never loved me. You may have thought you did. I do not care. You talk of devotion, and tenderness, and all the like! Of being left alone and neglected! Of going too far! What devotion have you ever shown to me, beyond extravagantly praising everything I painted, for a few months after we were married? Then you grew tired of my work. That is your affair. What is it to me whether you admire my pictures, or Mendoza's, or any other man's? Do you think that is devotion? I know far better than you which are good and which are bad. But you call it devotion! And it was devotion that kept you away from me when I was working, when I was obliged to work,— for it is my trade, after all,— and when you might have been with me day after day! And it was devotion to meet me with your sour, severe look every day when I came home, as though I were a secret enemy, a conspirator, a creature to be guarded against like a thief,— as though I had been staying away from you on purpose, and of my will — instead of working for you all day long! That was your way of showing your love! And to torment me with questions, everlastingly believing that I spend my time in talking against you to Donna Francesca — "

"You do!" cried Gloria, who had not been able to interrupt his incoherent speech. "You love her as you never loved me — as you hate me — as you both hate me!"

She grasped his sleeve in her anger, shaking his arm, and staring into his eyes.

"You make me hate you!" he answered, trying to shake her off.

"And you succeed, between you — you and your —"

In his turn he grasped her arm with his long, thin fingers, with nervous roughness.

"You shall not speak of her —"

"Shall not? It is the only right I have left — that and the right to hate you — you and that infamous woman you love — yes — you and your mistress — your pretty Francesca!" Her laugh was almost a scream.

His fury overflowed. After all, he was the son of a countryman, of the steward of Gerano. He snatched the ivory fan from her hand, and struck her across the face with it. The fragile thing broke to shivers, and the fragments fell between them.

Gloria turned deadly white, but there was a bright-red bar across her cheek. She looked at him a moment, and into her face there came that fateful look that was like her dead mother's.

Then, without a word, she turned, and left the room.

XXIX.

THE daughter of Angus Dalrymple and Maria Braccio was not the woman to bear a blow tamely, or to hesitate long as to the surest way of resenting it. Before she had reached the door she had determined to leave the house at once, and ten minutes had not passed before she found herself walking down the Corso, veiled, and muffled in a cloak, and having all the money she could call her own in her pocket, together with a few jewels of little value, given her by her father.

Reanda had sunk into a chair when the door had closed behind her, half stunned by the explosion of his own anger. He looked at the bits of broken ivory on the carpet, and wondered vaguely what they meant. He felt as though he had been in a dream of which he could not remember the distorted incidents at all clearly. His breath came irregularly, his heart fluttered and stood still, and fluttered again, and his hands twitched at the fringe on the arms of the chair. By and by the butler came in to take away the coffee-cups, and he saw that his master was ill. Under such circumstances nothing can equal the gentleness of an Italian servant. The man called some one to help him, and got Reanda to his dressing-room, and undressed him, and laid him upon the long leathern sofa. Then they knocked at the bedroom door, but there was no answer.

"Do not disturb the signora," said Reanda, feebly. "She wishes to be alone. We shall not want the carriage."

Those were the only words he spoke that evening, and the servants understood well enough that something had happened between husband and wife, and that it was best to be silent and to obey. No one tried the door of the bedroom. If any one had turned the handle, it would have been found to be locked. The key lay on the table in the hall, among the visiting-cards. Dalrymple's daughter had inherited some of his quick instinct and presence of mind. She had felt sure that if she locked the door of her room when she left the house, her husband would naturally suppose that she had shut herself in, not wishing to be disturbed,

and would respect her desire to be alone. It would save trouble, and give her time to get away. He could sleep on the sofa in his dressing-room, as he actually did, in the illness of his anger, treated as Italians know how to treat such common cases, of which the consequences are sometimes fatal. Many an Italian has died from a fit of rage. A single blood-vessel in the brain, a little weaker than the rest, and all is over in an apoplexy. But Reanda was not of an apoplectic constitution. The calming treatment acted very soon; he fell asleep, and did not wake till daylight, quite unaware that Gloria was not in the next room sleeping off her anger as he had done.

She had gone out in her first impulse to leave the house of the man who had so terribly insulted her. Under her veil the hot blood scorched her where the blow had left its red bar; and her rage and wounded pride chased each other from her heart to her head, while with every beating of her pulse the longing for revenge grew wilder and stronger.

She had left the house with one first idea — to find Paul Griggs, and tell him what had happened. No other thought crossed her mind, and her steps turned mechanically down the Corso, for he still lived in his two rooms in the Via della Frezza.

It was early still. People dined at six o'clock in those days, and it was not yet eight when Gloria found herself in the street. It was quiet, though there were many people moving about. During the hours between dinner and the theater there were hardly any carriages out, and the sound of many footsteps and of many low voices filled the air. Gloria kept to the right, and walked swiftly along, never turning her head. She had never been out in the streets alone at night in her life, and even in her anger she felt a sort of intoxication of freedom that was quite new to her, a beginning of satisfaction upon him who had injured her. There was Highland blood in her veins as well as Italian passion.

The southeast wind was blowing down the street behind her, that same strange and tragic wind, tragic and passionate, that had blown so gustily down upon Subiaco from the mountains on that night long ago when Maria Addolorata had stood aside by the garden gate to let Dalrymple pass, bearing something in his arms. Gloria knew this wind by its sad whisper, and by the faint taste of it and smell of it through her close-drawn veil.

On she went, down the Corso, till she came to the Piazza Colonna, and saw far on her left, beyond the huge black shaft of the column, the brilliant lights from the French officers' club. She hesitated then, and slackened her speed a little. The sight of the club reminded her of society, of what she was doing, and of what it might mean. As she walked more slowly the wind gained upon her, as it were, from behind, and tried to drive her on. It seemed to be driving her from her husband's house with all its might, blowing her skirts before her and her thick veil. She passed the square, keeping close to the shutters of the shops under the Palazzo Piombino — gone now, to widen the open space. A gust, stronger than any she had felt yet, swept down the pavement. She paused a moment, leaning against the closed shutters of the clockmaker Ricci, whose shop used to be a sort of landmark in the Corso. Just then a clock within struck eight strokes. She heard them all distinctly through the shutters.

She hesitated an instant. It was eight o'clock. She had not realized what time it was. If she found the street door shut in the Via della Frezza, it would be hard to get at Griggs. She had passed the house more than once in her walks, and she knew that Griggs lived high up in the fifth story. It might be already too late. She hesitated, and looked up and down the pavement. A young French officer of Zouaves was coming toward her; his high, wrinkled, and varnished boots gleamed in the gaslight. He had a black beard and bright young eyes, and was smoking a cigarette. He was looking at her, and slackened his pace as he came near. She left her place, and walked swiftly past him down the Corso.

All at once she felt in the gust that drove her a cool drop of rain just behind her ear, and a moment later, passing a gas-lamp, she saw dark round spots on the gray pavement. In her haste she had brought no umbrella. She hurried on, and the wind blew her forward with all its might, so that she felt her steps lightened by its help. The Corso was darker, and there were fewer people. The rain fell fast when she reached San Carlo, where the street widens, and she gathered her cloak about her as well as she could, and crossed to the other side, hoping to find more shelter. She was nearing the Via della Frezza, and she knew some of the ins and outs of the narrow streets behind the tribune of the great church. It was very dark as she turned the semicircle of the apse, and the rain fell in torrents; but it was shorter to go that way, for Griggs lived nearer to the Ripetta than to the Corso, and she followed a sort of crooked diagonal in the direction of his house. She thought the streets led by that way to the point she wished to reach, and she walked as fast as she could. The flare of an occasional oil-lamp swung out high at the end of its lever showed her the way, and showed her, too, the rush of the yellow water down the middle channel of the street. She looked in vain for the turn-

ing she expected on her right. She had not lost her way, but she had not found the short cut she had looked for. Emerging upon the broad Ripetta, she paused an instant at the corner, and looked about, though she knew which way to turn. Just then there were heavy splashing footsteps close to her.

"Permit me, Signora," said a voice that was rough and had an odd accent, though the tone was polite, and a huge umbrella was held over her head.

She shrank back against the wall quickly, in womanly fear of a strange man.

"No, thank you!" she exclaimed in answer.

"But yes!" said the man. "It rains. You are getting an illness, Signora."

The faint light showed her that she would be safe enough in accepting the offer. The man was evidently a peasant from the mountains, and he was certainly not young. His vast black cloak was turned back a little by his arm, and showed the lining of green flannel and the blue clothes with broad silver buttons which he wore.

"Thank you," she said; for she was glad of the shelter, and she stood still under the enormous blue cotton umbrella, with its battered brass knob and its colored stripes.

"But I will accompany you," said the man. "It is certainly not beginning to finish. Apoplexy! It rains in pieces!"

"Thank you. I am not going far," said Gloria. "You are very kind."

"It seems to be the act of a Christian," observed the peasant.

She began to move, and he walked beside her. He would have thought it bad manners to ask whither she was going. Through the torrents of rain they went on in silence. In less than five minutes she had found the door of Griggs's house. To her intense relief it was still open, and there was the glimmer of a tiny oil-lamp from a lantern in the stairway. Gloria felt for the money in her pocket. The man did not wait, nor speak, and was already going away. She called him.

"I wish to give you something," said Gloria.

"To me?" exclaimed the man, in surprise. "No, Signora. It seems that you make a mistake."

"Excuse me," Gloria answered. "In the dark I did not see. I am very grateful to you. You are from the country?"

She wished to repair the mistake she had made by some little civility. The man stood on the door-step, with his umbrella hanging backward over his shoulder, and she could see his face distinctly — a typical Roman face with small aquiline features, keen dark eyes, a square jaw, and iron-gray hair.

"Yes, Signora — Stefanone of Subiaco, wine merchant, to serve you. If you wish wine of Subiaco, ask for me at Piazza Montanara. Signora, it rains columns. With permission, I go."

"Thank you again," she answered.

He disappeared into the torrent, and she was left alone at the foot of the gloomy stairs, under the feeble light of the little oil-lamp. She had thrown back her veil; for it was soaked with water, and stuck to her face. Little rivulets ran down upon the stones from her wet clothes, which felt intolerably heavy as she stood there, resting one gloved hand against the damp wall, and staring at the lantern. Her thoughts had been disturbed by her brief interview with the peasant; the rain chilled her, and her face burned. She touched her cheek with her hand where Reanda had struck her. It felt bruised and sore, for the blow had not been a light one. The sensation of the wet leather disgusted her, and she drew off the glove with difficulty, turning it inside out over her full white hand. Then she touched the place again, and patted it softly, and felt it. But her eyes did not move from the lantern.

There was one of those momentary lulling pauses in the rush of events which seem sent to confuse men's thoughts and unsettle their purposes. Had she reached the house five minutes earlier, she would not have hesitated a moment at the foot of the stairs. Suddenly she turned back to the door, and stood there, looking out. It looked very black. She gathered her dripping skirt back as she bent forward a little and peered into the darkness. The rain fell in sheets now, with the unquavering sound of a steadily rushing torrent. It would be madness to go out into it. A shiver ran through her, and another. She was very cold and miserable. No doubt Griggs had a fire up-stairs, and a pleasant light in his study. He would be there, hard at work. She would knock, and he would open; and she would sit down by the fire, and dry herself, and pour out her misery. The red bar was still across her face — she had seen it in the looking-glass when she had put on her hat.

To go back, to see her husband that night — it was impossible. Later, perhaps, when he should be asleep, Griggs would find a carriage and take her home. No one would ever know where she had been; and she would never tell any more than Griggs would. She felt that she must see him, and tell him everything, and feel his strength beside her. After all, he was the only friend she had in the world, and it was natural that she should turn to him for help in her father's absence. He was her father's friend, too.

She shivered again and again from head to foot, and she drew back from the door. For a moment she hesitated. Then with a womanly

action she began to shake the rain out of her cloak and her skirts as well as she could, wetting her hands to the wrists. As she bent down, shaking the hem of the skirt, the blood rushed to her face again, and the place Reanda had struck burned and smarted. It was quite a different sensation from what she had felt when she had touched it with her cool, wet hand. She straightened herself with a spring, and threw back her head, and her eyes flashed fiercely in the dark. The accidents of fate closed round her, and the hands of her destiny had her by the throat, choking her as she breathed.

There was no more hesitation. With quick steps she began to ascend the short, steep flights. It was dark beyond the first turning, but she went on, touching the damp walls with her hands. Then there was a glimmer again, and a second lantern marked the first landing, and shone feebly upon a green door with a thin little square of white marble screwed to it for a door-plate, and a name in black. She glanced at it, and went on; for she knew that Griggs lived on the fifth floor. She was sure-footed, like her father, as she went firmly up, panting a little, for her drenched clothes weighed her down. There was one more light, and then there were no more. She counted the landings, feeling the doors with her hands as she went by, dizzy from the constant turning in the darkness. At last she thought she had got to the end, and, groping with her hands, she found a worsted string, and pulled it, and a cracked little bell jangled and beat against the wood inside. She heard a pattering of feet, and a shrill, nasal child's voice called out the customary question, inquiring who was there. She asked for Griggs.

"He is not here," answered the child; and she heard the footsteps running away again, though she called loudly.

Her heart sank. But she groped her way on. The staircase ended, for it was the top of the house, and she found another door, and felt for a string like the one she had pulled; but there was none. Something told her that she was right, and with the sudden, desperate longing to be inside, with her strong protector, in the light and warmth, she beat upon the door with the palms of her hands, her face almost touching the cold painted wood studded with nails that smelled of wet iron.

Then came the firm, regular footsteps of the strong man, and his clear, stern voice spoke from within, not in a question, but in a curt refusal to open.

"Go away!" he said in Italian. "You have mistaken the door."

But she beat with her hands upon the heavy wood.

"Let me in!" she cried in English. "Let me in!"

There was a deep exclamation of surprise, and the oiled bolt clanked back in its socket. The door opened inward, and Paul Griggs held up a lamp with a green shade, throwing the light into Gloria's face.

XXX.

GLORIA pushed past Griggs, and stood beside him in the narrow entry. He shut the door mechanically, and turned slowly toward her, still holding up the lamp so that it shone upon her face.

"What has happened to you?" he asked slowly and steadily, his shadowed eyes fixed upon her.

"He has beaten me, and I have come to you. Look at my face."

He saw the red bar across her cheek. He did not raise his voice, and there was little change in his features, but his eyes glowed suddenly, like the eyes of a wild beast, and he swore an oath so terrible that Gloria turned a little pale, and shrank from him. Then he was silent, and they stood together. She could hear his breath. She could see him trying to swallow, for his throat was suddenly as dry as cinders. Very slowly his frown deepened to a scowl, and two straight furrows clove their way down between his eyes, his dark eyebrows were lifted evilly, upward and outward, and little by little the strong, clean-shaven upper lip rose at the corners and showed two gleaming, wolfish teeth. The smooth, close hair bristled from the point where it descended upon his forehead.

Gloria shrank a little. She had seen such a look in an angry lion — just the look, without a motion of the limbs. Then it all disappeared, and the still face she knew so well was turned to hers.

"Will you come in?" he asked in a constrained tone. "It is my work-room. I will light a fire, and you must dry yourself. How did you get so wet? You did not come on foot?"

He opened the door while he was speaking, and led the way with the lamp. Gloria shivered as she followed, for there was a small window open in the entry, and her clothes clung to her in the cold draft. She closed the door behind her as she went in. It was very little warmer within than without, and the small fireplace was black and cold. Instinctively she glanced at Griggs. He wore a rough pilot coat that had seen much service, buttoned to his throat. He set the little lamp with its green shade down upon the table amidst a mass of papers and books, and drew forward the only easy-chair there was, a dilapidated piece of furniture covered with faded yellow reps and ragged fringes that dragged on the floor. He

took a great cloak from a clothes-horse in the corner and threw it over the chair, smoothing it carefully with his hands.

"If you will sit down, I will try and make a fire," he said quietly.

She sat down as he bade her, wondering a little at his calmness, but remembering the awful words that had escaped his lips when she had spoken, and the look of the wild beast and incarnate devil that had been one moment in his face. She looked about her while he began to make a fire, not hindering him, for she was shivering. The room was large, but very poorly furnished. There were two great tables, covered with books and papers; there was a deal bookcase along one wall, and an antiquated cabinet between the two windows, one of its legs propped up with a dingy, faded paper. The coarse green carpet was threadbare, but still whole. There were half a dozen plain chairs, with green and white rush seats, in various parts of the room. On the narrow white marble mantel-shelf stood two china candlesticks, in one of which there was a piece of candle that had guttered when last burning. In the middle a cheap American clock of white metal ticked loudly, and the hands pointed to twenty minutes before nine. In one corner was the clothes-horse, with two or three overcoats hanging on it, and two hats, one of which was hanging half over on one side. It looked as though two cloaked skeletons in hats were embracing. In another corner by the door a black stick and an umbrella stood side by side. But for the books the place would have had a desolate look. The air smelt of strong tobacco.

Gloria looked about her curiously, though her heart was beating fast. The man was familiar to her, dear to her in many ways, and over much in her life. The place where he lived contained a part of him which she did not know. Her breath came quickly in the anticipation of an emotion greater even than what she had felt already; but her eyes wandered in curiosity from one object to another. Suddenly she heard the loud cracking of breaking wood. There was a blaze of paper from the fireplace, illuminating all the room, and some light pieces he was throwing on kindled quickly. He was breaking them — she looked — it was one of the rush-bottomed chairs.

"What are you doing?" she cried, leaning suddenly far forward.

"Making a good fire," he answered. "There happened to be only one bit of wood in my box, so I am taking these things."

He broke the legs and the rails of the chair in his hands, as a child would break twigs, and heaped them upon the blaze.

"There are five more," he observed. "They will make a good fire."

He arranged the burning mass to suit him, looked at it, and then turned.

"You ought to be a little nearer," he said; and he lifted the chair, with her in it, and set her before the fireplace.

It had all looked and felt desperately desolate half a minute earlier. It was changed now. He went to a corner, and filled a small glass with wine from a straw-covered flask, and brought it to her. She thanked him with her eyes, and drank half of it eagerly. He knelt down before the fire again; for as the paper burned away underneath, the light sticks fell inward, and might go out. When he had arranged it all again, he looked round, still kneeling, and met her eyes.

"Is that better?" he asked quietly.

"You are so good," said Gloria, letting her eyelids droop as she looked from him to the pleasant flame.

He put out his hand, and gently touched the hem of her cloth skirt.

"You are drenched," he said.

Then, before she realized what he was doing, he bent down, and kissed the wet cloth, and, without looking at her, rose to his feet, got another chair, and sat down near her. A soft blush of pleasure had risen in her cheeks. They were little things that he did, but they were like him, unaffected, strong, direct. Another man would have made apologies for having no wood, and would have tried to make a fire of the single stick. Another man would have made excuses for the disorder of his room, or for the poverty of its furniture, perhaps. The other man she thought of was her husband, and possibly she had her father in her mind, too.

"When you are rested, tell me your story," he said, and his face hardened all at once.

She began to speak in a low and uncertain voice, reciting almost mechanically many things which she had often told him before. He listened without moving a muscle. Her voice was dear to him, whether she repeated the endless history of her woes for the tenth or the hundredth time. Where she was concerned he had no judgment, and he had no criterion; for he had never loved another woman with whom he could compare her. All that was of her was of paramount interest and weighty importance. He could not hear it too often. But to-night her first words had told him of the violent crisis in her life with Reanda, and he listened to all she said, before she reached that point, with an interest he had never felt before. But he would not look at her, for he must have taken her in his arms, as he had once, months before now. She had come for protection and for help, and her need was the life-spring of his honor.

As she went on, her voice took color from her emotion, her hands moved now and then in short, swift gestures, and her dark eyes burned. The marvelous dramatic power she possessed blazed out under the lash of her wrongs, and she found words she had only groped for until that moment. She described the miserably nervous feebleness of the man with scathing contempt, her tone made evil deeds of his shortcomings, her scorn made his weakness a black crime; her jealous anger fastened upon Francesca Campodonico, and tore her honor to shreds and her virtues to rags of abomination; and her flaming pride blazed out in searing hatred and contempt for the coward who had struck her in the face.

"He broke my fan across my face!" she cried, with the ascending intonation of a fury rising still and still more fiercely beautiful. "He slashed my face with it, and broke it, and threw the bits down at my feet! There, look at it! That is his work — oh, give it back to him, kill him for me, tear him to pieces for me — make him feel what I have felt to-day!"

She had pushed her brown hat and veil back from her head, and her wet cloak had long ago fallen from her shoulders. One straight, white hand shot out and fastened upon her companion's arm, as he sat beside her, and she shook it in savage confidence of his iron strength.

A dead silence followed, but the fire made of the broken chairs roared and blazed on the low brick hearth. The man kept his eyes upon it fixedly, as though it were his salvation, for he felt that if he looked at her he was lost. She had come to him not for love, but for protection, of her own free will. Yet he felt that his honor was burning in him with no longer life, if she stayed there, than the short, quick fire itself. His voice was thick when he answered, as though he were speaking through a velvet pall.

"I will kill him, if he will fight," he said, with an effort. "I will not murder him, even for you."

She started, for she had not realized how he would take literally what she said. She had no experience of desperate men in her limited life.

"Murder him? No!" she said, snatching back her hand from his arm. "No, no! I never meant that."

"I am glad you did not. If you did, I should probably break down, and do it to please you. But if he will fight like a man, I will kill him to please myself. Now I will go and get a carriage and take you home."

He rose to his feet, and, turning, turned away from her, going toward the corner to get an overcoat. She followed him with her eyes, in silence.

"You are not afraid to be left alone for a quarter of an hour?" he asked, buttoning his coat, and looking toward his umbrella.

"Do not go just yet," she answered softly.

"I must. It is getting late. I shall not find a carriage if I wait any longer. I must go now."

"Do not go."

She heard him breathe hard once or twice. Then with quick strides he was beside her, and speaking to her.

"Gloria, I cannot stand it — I warn you. I love you in a way you cannot understand. You must not keep me here."

"Do not go," she said again in the deep, soft tone of her golden voice.

"I must!"

He turned from her, and went toward the door. Soft and swift she followed him, but he was in the entry before her hand was on his arm. It was almost dusk out there. He stopped.

"I cannot go back to him," she said, and he could see the light in her eyes, and very faintly the red bar across the face he loved.

"You should — there is nowhere else for you to go," he said; and in the dark his hand was finding the bolt of the door to the stairs.

"No — there is nowhere else — I cannot go back to him," she answered, and the voice quavered uncertainly as the night breeze sighing among reeds.

"You must — you must," he tried to say.

Her weight was all upon his arm, but it was nothing to him. He steadily drew back the bolt. He turned up his face so that he could not see her.

With sudden strength her white hands went round his sinewy dark throat as he threw back his head.

"You are all I have in the world!" she half said, half whispered. "I will not let you go!"

"You?" His voice broke out as through a bursting shell.

"Yes. Come back!"

His arm fell like lead to his side. Gently she drew him back to the door of the study. The blaze of the fire shot into her face.

"Come," she said. "See how well it burns."

"Yes," he said mechanically; "it is burning well."

He stood aside an instant at the door to let her pass. His eyelids closed, and his face became as rigid as the death-mask of a man dead in passion. One moment only; then he followed her, and softly shut the door.

(To be continued.)

F. Marion Crawford.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

STEFANONE AND GLORIA.

A BUSINESS TRANSACTION.

"IN THE DAYS OF VAN TROMP."

TO Amsterdam and its Commodore,
Over his pipe and his eau-de-vie,
A flibote skimming the Texel shore
Brought serious news for the Zuyder Zee:

Forty sail of the Channel fleet,
With a high-born Admiral of the Blue,
Holland's bravest had come to greet,
And settle an ancient score or two.

Frugal of speech was the Commodore.
"I will meet their wishes," he briefly said,
And straight to the offing his squadron bore,
With a broom at the flag-ship's mainmast-head.

Quickly to work, in a business way,
Went old Van Dam and his captains stout,
Broadside for broadside, half the day;
But the sturdy foeman still held out;

Till about four bells in the afternoon
The English suddenly ceased their fire,
And Van Dam hailed: "Have you struck so soon?
Is the score then settled, may I inquire?"

And the answer came: "No; we have not struck,
But our powder is spent; we can fight no more."
"Ah, that is a matter of evil luck,
In a case like this," said the Commodore.

Then he stroked his beard, and he closed his eyes:
"'T were a pity to mar so sweet a fight
On a beggarly question of supplies.
Diable! it spoils one's pleasure quite."

With the thrifty blood of his Holland sire
A stream of a warmer fluid ran,
From a Norman mother with heart of fire —
And the mother it is that makes the man.

"To win or to lose," said the blood of France,
"Were a problem simple as life or death;
But to win by an enemy's dull mischance!"
He damned the lubbers below his breath.

Then: "Send me your boat aboard," he cried,
"If you will not strike and you cannot fight.
Pity your stubborn bull-dog pride
Should bark so loud, with so small a bite!"

The Admiral came in his gig of state;
A captain by right of heritage,
Favor had made him all but great,
And Nature had never marred the page.

Dutchman all was the Commodore
At once when he saw his wondrous guest,
Marveling much and marveling more
As he listed the visitor's request.

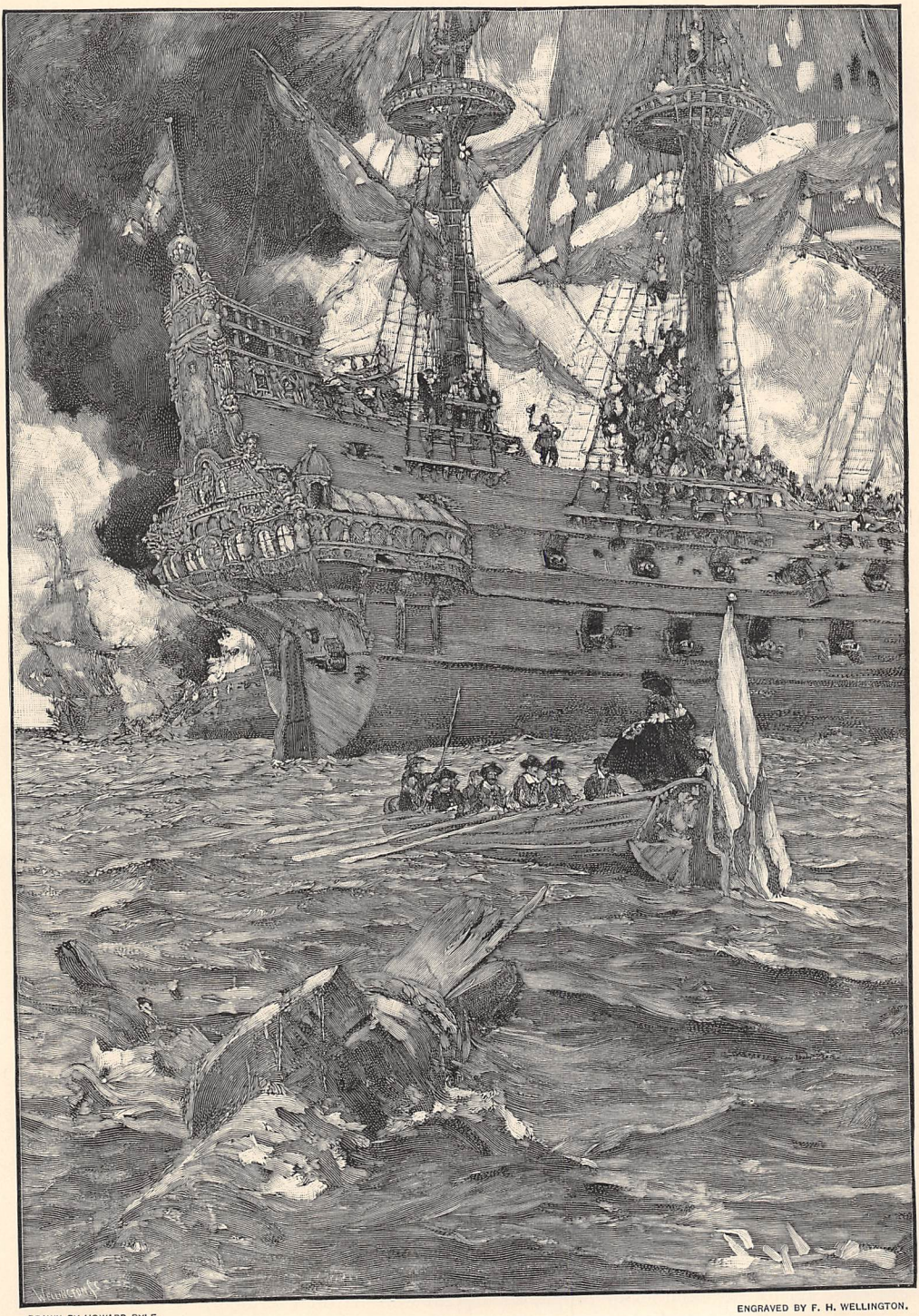
Never was such proposal made
To sailor before, on land or sea:
"'T is awkward to dabble in vulgar trade;
But have you some powder to sell to me?"

Dutch diplomacy struggled hard,
But Gallic chivalry won the day.
The sale was made, and the bill was paid,
And the guns went back to their pleasant play.

Ill had it gone with the Commodore
Had pluck or fortune deceived him then;
But he fought as he never fought before,
And he brought his investment back again.

The great States-General, solemn folk,
When old Van Dam came home next day,
With his prizes in tow, forgave the joke,
Or never perceived it — who can say?

James Jeffrey Roche.



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"THE ADMIRAL CAME IN HIS GIG OF STATE."



BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS. FROM A CONTEMPORARY LITHOGRAPH BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.

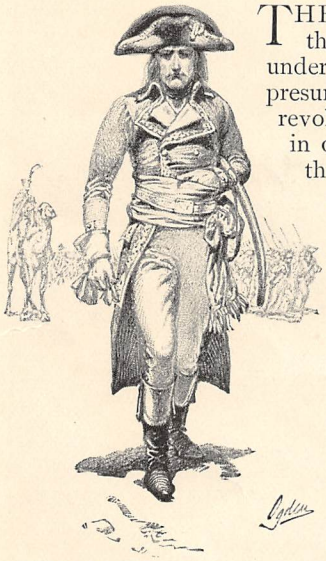
LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON THE STUDENT OF OPPORTUNITY.

THE FRENCH EXECUTIVE AGAIN RESCUED BY THE ARMY — THE TREATY OF CAMPO FORMIO — BONAPARTE AND TALLEYRAND — PORTENTS OF POLITICAL CONVULSION IN EUROPE — PLANS FOR AN EXPEDITION TO EGYPT — THE LANDING IN EGYPT.

THE FRENCH EXECUTIVE AGAIN RESCUED BY THE ARMY.



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.
BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY IN EGYPT.

THE fact was that the fine charter under which Paris had presumably closed the revolutionary epoch in order to live for the first time under a constitutional government, was about to display its fatal weakness in the production of a deadlock. The spring elections of 1797 were the first held under the new constitution without any restrictions, and the Jacobin majority in the legislature disappeared. Barthélemy, the new director chosen to replace Letourneur, was a moderate democrat with royalistic leanings, who, like his predecessor, joined his fortunes with those of Carnot. The Five Hundred, therefore, as well as the Ancients, now represented the great majority of the French people, who hated Jacobinism, who were opposed to any republican propaganda in foreign countries, and who, more than anything else, wanted peace, in order to restore their fortunes and to secure leisure for their amusements. An attack on the executive policy which had been dictated by the three radical members of the Directory began at once. Nothing escaped: assaults were made on their attitude toward the emigrants and the clergy, on their loss of the colonies, on their commercial failures, and, above all, on their conduct of foreign affairs, which appeared to have as its aim the continuance of the war, and the overthrow of monarchy throughout Europe. The leaders of the majority in the two councils frequented a club in the Clichy quarter, which was the center of royalist intrigue. Though no match in ability for their opponents, these men were quite clever enough to taunt the directors with their impotence to stop royalist agitations. Internal affairs were desperate. Suicides from starvation were sadly frequent among the officers in the navy, while their colleagues in the Army of Italy were not only growing rich on plunder, but defiant as well. The French commander in Italy had first made peace on his own terms, and had then declared war without consulting the chambers, thus not only annihilating friendly commonwealths, but evincing a contempt for the constitution, for the duly elected representatives of the people, and for the popular demand that there should be, not a particular, but a general pacification. On June 23, 1797, in a memorable interpellation of the government by Dumolard, all these matters were thoroughly ventilated in the Five Hundred. Even Pontécoulant — Bonaparte's former protector — joined in the demand for an explanation. Paris and the country in general were left in a ferment.

It was with reference to such conditions that the celebration, in Milan, of July 14 was arranged. Each detail was nicely calculated to

strengthen the self-esteem of every soldier, to intensify his military pride, and to prejudice him against the conservative royalists who wanted peace only that they might restore the monarchy. After all, the soldiers of Bonaparte were still in their own estimation the soldiers of the same republic which survived in Barras, Rewbell, and Larevellière, and it was a republican constitution which was menaced by the illegal interference of the legislature with the executive. In such a crisis it was easy to confuse in the minds of plain men the love of military glory with the enthusiasm for liberty. "Soldiers, I know that you are deeply moved by the misfortune which threatens our country"—so ran the proclamation of their idolized general. "But our country is in no real danger. The men who have enabled her to triumph over united Europe are on hand. Mountains separate us from France: you would surmount them with the swiftness of the eagle, if it were needful, in order to maintain the constitution, to defend liberty, to protect the government and the republicans. Soldiers, the government guards the laws of which it is the depositary. If royalists show their heads, that moment is their last. Dismiss your fears, and let us swear by the spirits [*manes*] of the heroes who have fallen at our side in defense of liberty—let us swear by our new banners: 'Never ending war on the enemies of the republic, and of the constitution of the year III.'"



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

A WAYSIDE SHRINE IN THE IONIAN ISLES DEDICATED TO BONAPARTE. (SEE PAGE 211.)



DRAWN BY EUGÈNE COURBOIN.

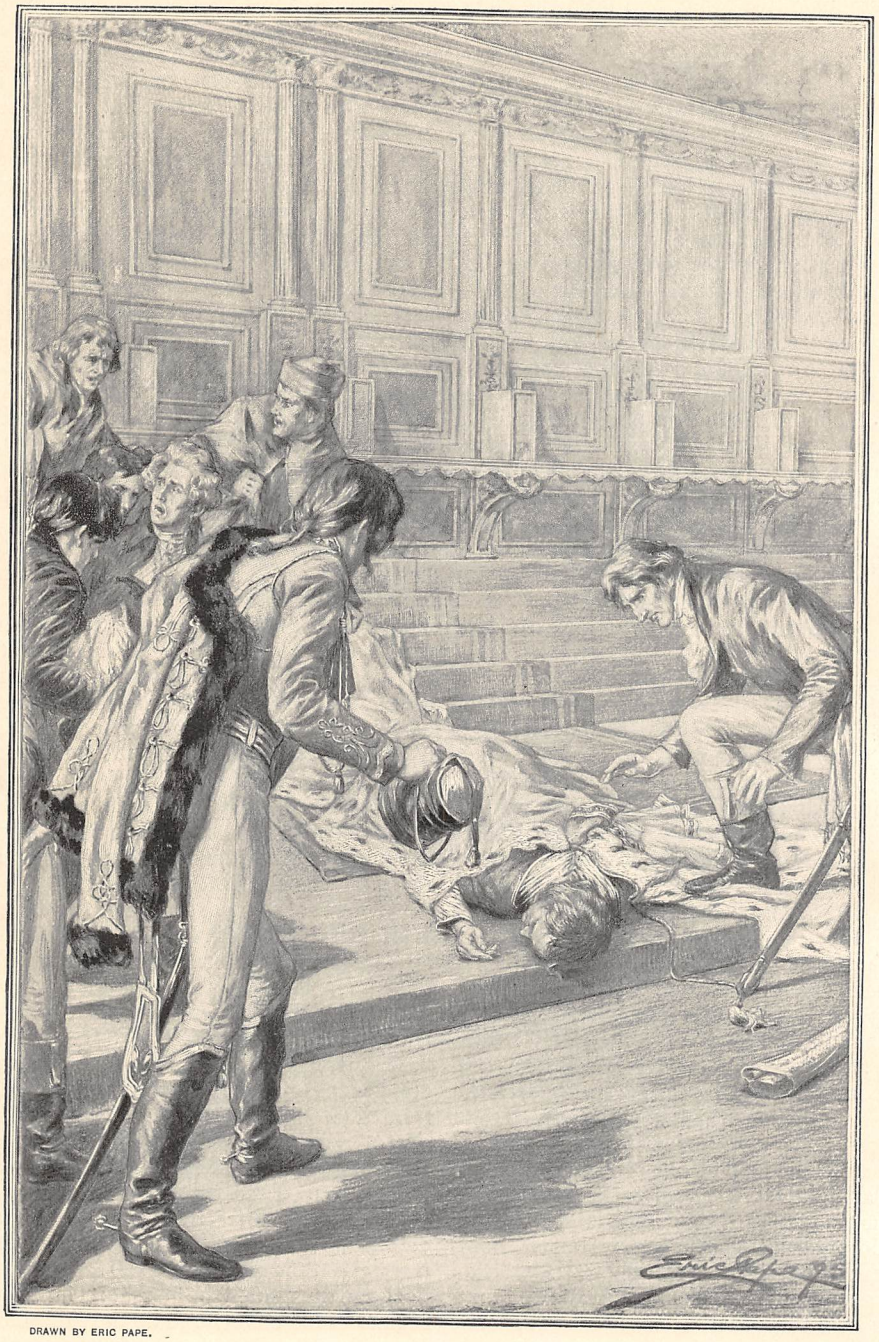
BONAPARTE'S TERMINATION OF THE INTERVIEW WITH THE AUSTRIAN ENVOY.

(SEE PAGE 212.)

This call had exactly the effect desired. From the divisions of the army, and from the chief garrisons, came addresses declaring the adhesion of the troops to the principles of the Revolution. As for the reproaches heaped upon Bonaparte for the overthrow of Venice, he was little concerned. To pacify the clamor, however, he invented and printed a number of half-true explanations cleverly adapted to the charges brought, but of a sardonic nature. The real bolt, the weapon destined to crush his enemies, was one forged in that very city. On its fall, a leading emigrant — the Comte d'Antraigues — had been captured. Treated with the highest distinction by his captors, he was led to write a confession of all that concerned the hitherto suspected, but unproved, treachery of Pichegru two years before. From his banishment at Blankenburg, in the Hartz Mountains, the pretender — Louis XVIII.— had slowly and painfully built up the party which has been mentioned, and from its meeting-place was known, as the Clichy faction; he had also bought Pichegru's adhesion to his cause, and had laid the complicated train of a plot whereby, when the fated and foreseen moment should arrive in which the exasperated Directory would employ force with the legislative councils, Pichegru, now president of the Five Hundred, was to appear in his uniform as the conqueror of Holland, and, assuming the chief command, turn the army, the chosen bulwark of the directors, against themselves. The Paris royalists had talked and behaved so as to betray many details regarding this ingenious scheme; but the possession of such knowledge by the directors did not render the situation any less menacing. To save themselves and the constitution, the radical members felt that they must secure, and that speedily, a capable and devoted general to command in Paris.

They had consulted Moreau, Hoche, and Bonaparte. Moreau showed little zeal: the army on the Rhine, which he commanded, had not been paid; the men were destitute, and, like their leader, sullen on account of their enforced inaction. So unsympathetic and cold was the general's attitude toward the Directory that although, as appears certain, he had in his possession positive proof of Pichegru's desertion to the enemy, he kept silence, and allowed matters to take their course. The brilliant Hoche was willing to aid the directors, and had gladly lent himself to execute a plan arranged by Barras for bringing troops to Paris under the pretext of a scheme for the complete transformation of the home and Northern armies by a change of stations for the various divisions. To this end the general had been nominated minister of war. It turned out, however, that, being not yet thirty, he was too young under the constitution, and could not be confirmed. Simultaneously the new dispositions in the army began to excite suspicion, the entire plan was discredited, and Hoche was so closely identified with it that he became an object of distrust to the masses, and therefore unavailable. There remained only Bonaparte or one of his lieutenants. His very strength was a menace to the executive, and they felt the danger; but a general they must have. Accordingly, bitter as the decision was, they asked Bonaparte to send them such a commander as they needed — one of his own men. Bonaparte was ready for the emergency; he had already sent despatches to Paris promising a new remittance of 3,000,000 francs, the strongest French army in the field had been used in a brilliant demonstration in favor of the Directory, and now most opportunely the ambitious, blustering, and fearless Augereau asked leave to depart for Paris on his private affairs. He was intrusted with the enthusiastic address to the Directory from the army, which had been prepared as part of the patriotic celebration. No better tool could have been selected. On his arrival in Paris,— "sent," as he boasted, "to kill the royalists,"— he was appointed to command the Army of the Interior; and the confession of D'Antraigues having been communicated to Barras, through Bernadotte, a short time previously, the Directory felt ready for the coming crisis. Again they owed everything to Bonaparte; he was free to do as he chose in the further negotiations with Austria, and in the rearrangement of Italy.

With such weapons in hand, the Directory was for the moment invulnerable. But the royalist majority in the councils rushed madly on their fate. Infuriated by the presence so near to Paris of the soldiers brought in from the Army of the Sambre and the Meuse, they put their own guard under a royalist commander, closed the constitutional clubs which had been formed to offset that of Clichy, and in the session of September 3 a proposition of General Willot to rise next day and destroy the government was received with applause. That night Augereau put himself at the head of about 12,000 troops. With these he mounted guard throughout the city, seized the legislative chambers, and thus ended the first short constitutional régime of his country. The next morning (18 Fructidor) the Directory had entire control of the city and of the country. Of course all this was done in the name of public safety. Carnot, who had been kept in ignorance of Barras's dealings with Hoche, and had been reasoning with Bonaparte by letter as if his correspondent were an honest patriot, was rudely awakened from his illusion that others were as honest and



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

PROSTRATION OF THE LAST DOGE OF VENICE ON TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO AUSTRIA.

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sincere as he, and seeing too late the snare which had been spread, took refuge in flight. Barthélemy was seized and imprisoned. Two radicals, Merlin and Neufchâteau, were appointed to the vacancies. Barbé-Marbois, the royalist president of the Ancients, with 11 members of that body, Pichegru with 42 deputies from the Five Hundred, and 148 other persons, mostly journalists, were proscribed. All these, with the exception of a few who escaped by flight, were sent to languish in the pestilential swamps of Cayenne, where there was already a colony of transported priests. Although the guillotine was not again erected, yet the 18 Fructidor brought in a revolutionary government — an administration resting on force, though under the forms of the constitution. The Fructidorians claimed to be strict constitutionalists, and posed as such before the country. But facts were more convincing than their professions. Their rallying-point was the Directory, and the Directory having twice appealed to the army, the army was now its real support. The liberty of the press was abolished and martial law was proclaimed wherever the executive thought best. Moreover, Bonaparte had shown the way and furnished the general; he had taken another step toward his eventual appearance as the ruler of the army, and through it of the country. Such a forced relation led to mutual distrust, and finally to hatred.

Augereau, who had fondly hoped to enter the Directory, was made commander, in Moreau's place, of an army whose campaigns were over. The premature death of Hoche about the same time quenched the only military genius in France comparable to that of Bonaparte, and removed a political rival as well. The Army of the Alps was then combined with that of Italy, and with this simplification of the military machine he who until peace was made would be virtually its mover could well say to his enemies: "I speak in the name of 80,000 men. The time is past when scoundrelly lawyers and mere talkers can guillotine soldiers." Napoleon, in his intimate conversations with Mme. de Rémusat, said that at this time he "became a personage in Europe. On one side, by my orders of the day, I supported the revolutionary system; on the other, I secretly dealt with the emigrants, permitting them to cherish some hope. It is easy to deceive that party, for it always sets out not from what actually is, but from what it wishes there were. I received splendid offers in case I were willing to follow the example of General Monk. The pretender himself wrote me in his halting, florid style. I conquered the Pope more completely by keeping away from Rome than if I had burned his capital. At last I became influential and strong."

With many men the success of the 18 Fructidor would have been glory enough for a single season. But the indomitable and feverish energy of Bonaparte was not exhausted even by such minute provision as was needed for this; in fact, the political campaign was only a considerable part of the summer's labor. While mastering France, he was preparing to master Italy, and, after Italy, Europe. Concurrently with the management of French politics went not only the negotiations with the emperor, but the completion of his contemplated labors in Italy. Two constitutions were needed for new-born states — the republics known thus far as the Transpadane and the Cispadane. Neither was strong enough for their creator's purpose. By the preparation of almost identical charters, based upon the French constitution of the year III, the way for their union had already been prepared. These papers were now most carefully elaborated; and not only so, but every agent, every administrator for every post, from the highest to the lowest, was, after a minute scrutiny of his character, selected and then instructed according to his abilities. Most of these new officials were men of integrity and high purpose; but nevertheless they owed their appointment to the dictator, and were in consequence his tools, conscious or unconscious. The combination of the two temporary states into the Cisalpine Republic was thus made ready to be recognized in the final treaty with Austria.

Then there was Genoa. Bonaparte had told the Directory in May that her people were clamoring for liberty. She was destined by him for the same fate which had overtaken Venice. The identical machinery was set to work for a similar result. Faypoult, the diplomatic agent of France, began his agitations very much as Lallemant had done, although in comparison with his Venetian colleague he was but a bungler. The democratic club of Genoa first demanded from the Senate that aristocracy should be abolished, and when their request was denied, seized the arsenal and the harbor. The populace rose to the support of the aristocracy, and temporarily triumphed. La Valette, Bonaparte's adjutant, appeared in due time on the floor of the Genoese Senate with a peremptory message from his commander like that which in similar dramatic circumstances Junot read to the patricians of Venice. The intervention of the French, it said, was only to protect life and property, while assuring their own communications with France. But within twenty-four hours all political prisoners must be released, the people disarmed, and the enemies of France surrendered; otherwise the senators would answer with their lives. Thus menaced, the government obeyed every command. Then Fay-

poult repeated his demand for the substitution of a democratic constitution in place of the old one. The Senate felt how futile further opposition would be, but sent an embassy to Montebello. They were courteously received, and were probably not greatly amazed to find Bonaparte already occupied with the details of a constitution which was to reconstruct their commonwealth under the name of the Ligurian Republic. It was soon complete in all its parts, and with its adoption Genoa the Superb was no more.

As for Sardinia, the constant agitation carried on by her radicals kept the king in fear; and propositions from Bonaparte for an alliance, which would increase his army by the full effective of the excellent Piedmontese troops, were favorably entertained. The health of the Pope had become so feeble that his death could not long be postponed. The opportunity was seized to display further respect for his ecclesiastical power by requesting, on August 3, a reconciliation between the French government and the clergy for the common advantage of State and Church. A quarrel between the Valtellina and the Grisons gave the great man at Montebello his first chance to intervene in Switzerland as an arbiter whose word was law, and thus to begin the reconstruction of that country. In England, moreover, Leoben had made a profound impression, and Pitt became more anxious than ever for peace. In July Malmesbury reopened his negotiations, this time at Lille. The proffered terms were far more favorable than before. Belgium might be incorporated in France, and Holland made a dependency, if the French would renounce their claim to the most important among the Dutch colonies which England had conquered, including the Cape of Good Hope. There was no good will on the part of the French commissioners from the beginning, and the new ones who were appointed after the 18 Fructidor proved to be utterly impracticable. It was a dispirited embassy which soon returned to England.

The season was as busy on the military as it had been on the political side. Day and night the soldiers in the conquered Venetian lands wrought with ceaseless labor until the whole territory was in perfect order as a base of military operations. Not a single strategic point there or elsewhere was overlooked. Even the little island of St. Peter in the Mediterranean was taken from Piedmont, and garrisoned with 200 men. It was generally understood that war might break out at any moment. Every contribution under treaty obligations was exacted to the utmost farthing. As a single illustration of the French dealing, jewels and gems estimated by the Pope as worth ten millions of francs were accepted by the French experts at a valuation of five. Within the previous twelve months Bonaparte had sent to Paris 7,000,000 francs, of which he destined 2,000,000 for the outfit of a fleet. It was but a moiety of what he had raised. During this summer, on the contrary, he kept everything: even the 3,000,000 francs promised to Barras were not paid. It is therefore likely that he had in hand upward of 30,000,000 francs in cash, and commissary stores to the extent of several millions more.

The size of his army is difficult to estimate. By the records of the War Office he had in April 141,223 effectives, of whom 121,420 were fit for service. On September 3 he wrote to Carnot that he had 75,000 effective men, of whom 15,000 were in garrison; but a fortnight later he admitted a total of 83,800, of whom he declared, however, that only 49,000 were effective. He likewise admitted that he had 1000 Italians and 2000 Poles. No one can believe that these figures are of the slightest value. Conservative estimates put his fighting force at 70,000 French soldiers ready for the field, and 15,000 Piedmontese, Cisalpines, and Poles in like condition. The French were by this time such veterans as Europe had seldom seen; the others were of medium quality only, excepting, of course, the Piedmontese, who were fine. Bonaparte's correspondence for the period was intended to convey the idea that he was preparing to enforce the terms of Leoben by another appeal to arms, if necessary. In fact, Austria was well-nigh as active as he was, and he had need to be ready. But subsequent events proved that all these preparations were really for another end. An advantageous peace was to be made with Austria, if possible, and Italy was to be properly garrisoned. But, on the old principle, one member of the coalition having been quieted, the other was to be humbled. The goal of his further ambition already appears to have been nothing less than the destruction of England.

THE TREATY OF CAMPO FORMIO.

BONAPARTE was a child of the Mediterranean. The light of its sparkling waters was ever in his eyes, and the fascination of its ancient civilizations was never absent from his dreams of glory. His proclamations ring with classic allusions, his festivals were adorned with classic ceremony. In infancy he had known of Genoa, the tyrant of his island, as strong in the splendid commercial enterprises which stretched eastward through the Levant, and beyond into the farther Orient; in childhood he had fed his imagination on the histories of Alexander the Great, and his conquest of Oriental empires; in youth he had thought to find an open door for

his ambition, when all others seemed closed, by taking service with England to share the renown of those who were building up her Eastern empire. Disappointed in this, he turned with the same lack of success to Russia, already England's rival on the continent of Asia. It is perfectly comprehensible that throughout his early manhood his mind should have occasionally reverted to the same ideals. The conqueror of Italy and Austria might hope to realize them. Was he not master of the two great maritime commonwealths which had once shared all Eastern trade between them? England's intrusion upon the Mediterranean basin was a never ceasing irritation to all the Latin powers. Her commercial prosperity and her mastery of the seas aggravated the exasperation of France, as threatening even her equality in their ancient rivalry. From the days of the first crusade all Frenchmen had felt that leadership in the reconstruction of Asia belonged to them by virtue of preoccupation. Ardent republicans, moreover, saw France's mission incomplete in the liberalizing of the Continent, and the Department of Marine under the Directory stamped its paper with the motto, "Liberty of the Seas." Imaginative forces, the revolutionary system, and the national ambition all combined to create ubiquitous enthusiasm for the conquest of the Mediterranean. To this the temperament and training of Bonaparte were as the spark to the tinder. It was with willing ears that the Directory heard his first suggestions about the Venetian isles, and subsequently his plans for the capture of Malta, which was to be followed by a death-blow to England's supremacy in the seizure of Egypt and the dismemberment of Turkey.

As early as May 14, 1797, a letter of Bonaparte's informed the Directory what naval stores they might hope to seize in the dismemberment of Venice; in the previous year similar estimates had been made with regard to Genoa, Tuscany, and Naples. It was with a Franco-Venetian fleet that Gentili established French administration in the Ionian Isles, whose people, weary of Venetian tyranny, welcomed him as a liberator. The more intelligent among them desired home rule under French protection; the gratitude of the ignorant was shown in the erection of rude shrines where lamps were kept alight before pictures of Bonaparte. About the same time the discontented Greeks on the mainland were given to understand that the great annihilator of tyrants would gladly hear their cries. For months an extensive secret correspondence was carried on between the French headquarters in Italy and the disaffected in Turkey, wherever found. No fewer than three rebellious pashas were ready to seek French assistance: one of whom, he of Janina, had actually twelve thousand men in the field. The archives of the French foreign office abound in careful studies by its diplomatic agents of the revolutionary forces and elements in the Ottoman empire. Ways and means to dissolve the ancient friendship between France and the Porte were discussed; a political program, based on the maltreatment of French merchants in the Levant and the scandals of Mameluke administration in Egypt, was elaborated; and on September 13, 1797, the first formal proposition for the seizure of that country was made by Bonaparte to Talleyrand, now minister of foreign affairs. The government at Paris redoubled its energies, and recruited its powers, for the object in view.

In fact, after Fructidor there is a ring in the words of Bonaparte's letters, especially those to Talleyrand, which shows how risky it would have been to neglect his unexpressed but evident wishes. The 2,000,000 francs sent from Italy in the previous year for fitting out the fleet had been used for another purpose, much to the irritation of Bonaparte, whose language in regard to the upbuilding of a sea power had been vigorous. At last, by his contributions of material from Italy, and the efforts of the administration at home, something had been accomplished. Admiral Brueys was in the Adriatic with a force able, it was believed, to meet even the English. By clever diplomacy the Spaniards and Neapolitans had been set to neutralize each other. With time the latter had grown bold, and were making extortionate demands. The Directory offered to send 5000 French soldiers to reinforce the Spanish army which was contending with Portugal, if an equal number of the Spanish troops in Italy would mingle with the French soldiers to conquer the Papal States. The latter would then be given to the Grand Duke of Parma, in return for his old duchy, which was to form part of the new republic.

In this far-reaching plan of Bonaparte's, which comprehended the whole basin of the Mediterranean, and by throwing French troops into Spain opened the way for further interference, lies the germ of all his future dealing with the Castilian monarchy. The focal point of the whole system, he had explained as early as May, was the island of Malta, the citadel of the Mediterranean. The grand master of the Knights was at the point of death; the King of Naples claimed the island as an ancient appanage; but a German was the most prominent among the candidates for the succession. Bonaparte's proposal was that the Maltese should first be bribed to revolt, and that then the French or Spanish fleet should seize Valetta, compel the election of a Spaniard, and thus secure a bulwark in the heart of

the Mediterranean against Turkey on one side and England on the other.

Such were some of the summer's avocations. Its real business was supposed to be the conclusion of a peace with the empire. But Austria was far from being exhausted, and her agents protracted the negotiations while the Vienna government was recruiting its forces, hoping all the time for a triumph of the royalist party in Paris. Until after the 18 Fructidor this was not entirely distasteful to Bonaparte, in view of the desire of Carnot for peace on the basis of the preliminaries. Nevertheless, a spirited comedy was playing all the time, the French general mystifying both Merveldt, one of the Austrian plenipotentiaries, and Clarke, who had finally been admitted to the negotiations as agent of the Directory, by outbursts of feigned impatience, and, by pretended confidences, coquetting with Gallo, who, though the second Austrian plenipotentiary, was a Neapolitan, minister of that kingdom at Vienna, and has by some been thought to have been Bonaparte's own creature, and to have accepted his bribes. Attempted bribery and counter-bribery, at any rate, there were; for the conqueror himself was offered by the emperor a principality in the empire with not less than 250,000 subjects, and an independent income. Had Francis known the projects of his opponent he would have reviled himself as an artless simpleton. In May it was agreed that the congress to determine the territorial transfers within the Germanic body should sit at Rastatt in Baden. But the demands of the conqueror in amplification of the articles signed at Leoben were so extortionate that the Austrian minister for foreign affairs doubted the good faith of his representatives, and recalled from Russia Count Cobenzl, his most skilful diplomatist, in order to secure something like equality in the negotiations. This gave a temporary pause to the proceedings, which thus dragged on without significance until after Fructidor, when Barras wrote from Paris: "Peace, peace, but an honorable and lasting one. No more of Carnot's worthless suggestions."

When, therefore, the negotiations were again renewed in the first days of September, Bonaparte earnestly longed for at least a temporary peace. He arranged that the plenipotentiaries should meet at Udine, not far from his military headquarters at Passariano, so that he might secure the greatest possible advantage from the attitude of a conqueror ready at a moment to resume hostilities. The Directory, suspecting that Clarke had become too facile an instrument in the hands of the ambitious soldier, chose this moment to recall him. For a month the conflict of wits between the formal diplomatists and the determined, unhampered French general was hot and furious. Even the veteran Cobenzl, who did not arrive until October 1, was but a toy in Bonaparte's hands. More than once the latter had recourse to his old tactics of barbaric rudeness, and once, toward the close, he wilfully brought on a fit of anger, in which he dashed to pieces the furniture and porcelain ornaments of the meeting-room, and left, declaring that the truce was ended. Both sides were anxious to make the doubtful language of Leoben as elastic as possible — each, naturally enough, for its own advantage. Proposition and counter-proposition, rejoinder and surrejoinder, followed one another through those weeks so pregnant of consequence to both sides. Twice it appeared as if no conclusion could be reached, and as if a breach were imminent. Finally in October a compromise was made, and on the 17th the treaty was signed, being dated from Campo Formio, a hamlet neutralized for the purpose.

The terms were far more favorable to France than Bonaparte probably had hoped to obtain. The Austrian Netherlands and the Rhine frontier from Basel to Andernach were surrendered by the emperor, and in token of good faith he was immediately to deliver into French hands the commanding fortress of Mainz. In return he received the Italian lands eastward from the Adige, by the head of the Adriatic, to the frontiers of Dalmatia, including, of course, the city of Venice. France kept the Ionian Islands and the Venetian factories opposite on the mainland. All the Venetian territory to the west of the Adige, together with Mantua, Modena, Lombardy, Massa-Carrara, Bologna, Ferrara, and the Romagna, was incorporated into the new Cisalpine Republic; and Genoa, receiving from the emperor the remnants of his feudal rights in the surrounding country, was transformed into the Ligurian Republic, with a constitution similar to that of the Cisalpine. The various arrangements for the redistribution of German lands necessary to compensate princes who must abandon territories on the left bank of the Rhine, were to be made by the congress to be held at Rastatt. French plenipotentiaries, under Bonaparte's leadership, were to be members of the congress; and Rastatt, as a border town, and therefore more favorable to French interests than Bern, was to be further neutralized by the departure of the emperor's troops from all German lands except his own hereditary dominions. When the news of Campo Formio reached Vienna, the peace party was delighted, and the populace broke out in a jubilee. But Thugut was not deceived. "Peace! Peace!" said he. "Where is it? I cannot recognize it in this treaty."

In Paris the negotiations had produced some

uneasiness. It is now generally said that Fructidor was exclusively the work of Bonaparte: or, rather, that the 13 Vendémiaire was the work of Barras, assisted by Bonaparte; that the 18 Fructidor was the work of Bonaparte, assisted by Barras. This is only a half-truth based on an exaggerated estimate of the facts. While, on the whole, Bonaparte was at the moment pleased with the results of this second political stroke, there was much connected with it utterly repugnant to his wishes. The so-called Fructidorians — among them Mme. de Staël and her friends — were still favorable, in the main, to Bonaparte; but they were thorough republicans, and considered the day as the victory, not of a man, but of a cause. Later, Bonaparte expressed his sorrow for the share he had taken in arranging it, for the cause and its few supporters proved to be hostile. The wholesale proscription which followed their success destroyed the personal popularity of the Directory and its friends, strengthened the adherents of the monarchy, and weakened the prestige of the army, which was the real support of the new revolution. As far as the repression of conservative royalist and moderate influence in the Directory and the chambers was concerned, Bonaparte's interests were identical with those of Barras, Rewbell, and the bigoted Larevellière. He would gladly have ended public agitation in a nation the majority of whom had become royalists again. To this end, he would willingly have broken the presses of the newspapers and have closed the Clichy club: he was anxious for any extreme course necessary to preserve the revolutionary model in government until, in his own phrase, "the pear was ripe" for him. The events of Fructidor, on the one hand, confirmed the constitutionalists in the policy of letting other countries alone, and at the same time put an end to all enthusiasm for republican principles even in the radical executive, necessarily substituting in its place the merest self-interest. This new situation, though not inimical to Bonaparte's interests, made the Fructidorians the most determined opponents of his ambitions.

Almost immediately after the events of Fructidor the new Directory had sent instructions to Passariano that Venice was to be preserved from the hands of Austria. The removal of Clarke had followed. At once began a war of words and a conflict of purposes. Bonaparte's despatches depicted the situation of the Italian peoples in the darkest light, so as to set forth their unfitness for independence, while in every letter he dwelt on his own feeble and broken health as a reason for his immediate recall. What expressions must have passed over his sallow features as he dictated the form and nature of the several commissions which would be necessary to replace him in the multiform activities he had been performing alone and unassisted! Meantime he was driving the machinery of negotiation to its utmost speed and capacity. The Directory finally took its stand on the determination that Italy must be free as far eastward as the Isonzo, and the subtle Talleyrand agreed to win Bonaparte to their wishes. The courier with this ultimatum from Paris reached Passariano exactly twelve hours after Monge and Berthier had carried the treaty of Campo Formio in the opposite direction for the sanction of the Directors. It was bitter, indeed, for Barras and his colleagues to surrender, but the logic of their position made resistance impossible. They approved with what grace they could muster, and, the warfare on the Continent being over, appointed Bonaparte to a post significantly entitled that of commander of the Army of England, but otherwise with indefinite duties. Thirty thousand soldiers began their march from Milan to Picardy on the English Channel. As for the now distracted Venetians, they asked permission to continue the war against Austria on their own account. Bonaparte imprisoned the deputies who presented the petition, and Sérurier delivered Venice into the emperor's hands, after destroying the arsenals and such vessels as were no longer useful for war. Among these was the stately barge in which the doge had from immemorial times been wont to woo the Adriatic — the famous *Bucentaur*. Manin, the last official of that rank, was compelled to swear allegiance to Austria in the name of his compatriots. With a broken heart he made ready for the ceremony, but as he stepped forward at the appointed time to pronounce the fatal words, his strength and his faculties gave way together. He fell senseless at the feet of his foes, and died not long afterward.

BONAPARTE AND TALLEYRAND.

In these circumstances the return of Bonaparte to Paris was a matter of consequence, to be managed with diplomacy and an eye to dramatic effect. To appease the Directory he explained in his despatches that he had acted as he did because Austria had made herself stronger than ever in the long interval, which was probably true; and that the possibility of further successful warfare had been jeopardized by the early arrival of winter, which had left him no choice in hastening the conclusion. This was untrue, for one of his secretaries noted in his diary that the first snow did not fall on the Alpine peaks until October 13, and the treaty was signed on the 17th. In his rôle as an Italian deliverer, Bonaparte remained until the middle of November to consolidate



MAP OF THE CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT AND SYRIA.

the new republics and await the meeting of delegates at Rastatt. Then, traveling sedately by Turin and the Mont Cenis pass through Chambéry, he reached Geneva. Switzerland was ripe for his presence. The first step was to arrest Bontemps, a Genevese banker who had assisted Carnot in his flight to Nyon, where he was still in concealment. The second was to focus the revolutionary movement in the canton of Vaud, and to strengthen its preparations to throw off the Bernese dominion by organizing an ovation for himself at Lausanne. "Nothing too far" being manifestly his motto at this period, he then passed by easy stages to Rastatt, where he arrived on November 25, and immediately asserted for himself a nominal supervision of the arrangements. The King of Sweden had claimed representation both as Duke of Pomerania and as a guarantor of the peace of Westphalia: to that end he had sent as his delegate Count Fersen, a shrewd agent, once Swedish ambassador in Paris, the friend of Marie Antoinette, and known everywhere as an intimate counselor of the Bourbons. Bonaparte, outraged at such effrontery, summoned the envoy to his presence, and, trampling on the forms of a hollow politeness, informed him with a few biting words that his presence was not desired. The envoy tarried long enough to assure himself that Austria was quite as hostile as France, and returned to Stockholm. It annoyed Bonaparte even more to find that the imperial delegates had not yet arrived. But he passed the interval with considerable satisfaction in pleasantries with the various personages who were on the ground. "How," said he to a canon of Würzburg, "can the station of an ecclesiastical prince of the empire, a man who is both warrior and spiritual minister, accord with the precepts of the Scriptures, with

the poverty and lowliness of early Christianity?" "Where will your master live?" he said to the agent from the Bishop of Mainz, "when he loses his present residence?" The hollow shells of worn-out institutions rattled wherever this innovator stepped. At last Cobenzl arrived, and the urgent affair of the transfer of Mainz was promptly concluded. Then, leaving his subordinate plenipotentiaries in a position of arrogant superiority to their colleagues, he set out for Paris, and after a triumphal progress throughout northern France,—a region not before familiar to him,—arrived, on December 5, at his residence on Chantereine street. With its usual facility in that line, the Paris municipality soon after dubbed this rather insignificant byway the Street of Victory. Mme. Bonaparte, who had been visiting Rome, where her brother-in-law Joseph was now French minister, rejoined her husband at Christmas.

In the papers of the Comte d'Antraigues was found a pen portrait of Bonaparte as he appeared at Venice, and it will no doubt, with due allowances, stand for the few months later when he became the idol of Paris. It was Sucy, a government commissioner, who, overpowered by the magnitude of passing events, wrote in August to a friend that he could not enter upon such voluminous details as would be necessary to depict the man, but warned his correspondent against supposing that Bonaparte had attained the height of his ambition, and used the words previously quoted in another connection, "I can even add that I know no other end for him but the throne or the scaffold." But Antraigues was fortunately more communicative: "Bonaparte is a man of small stature, of sickly hue, with piercing eyes, and something in his look and mouth which is cruel, covert, and treacherous; speaking little, but very talkative when his vanity is engaged or thwarted; of very poor health because of violent humors in his blood [*par suite d'une âcreté prodigieuse dans le sang*]. He is covered with tetter, a disease of such a sort as to increase his vehemence and his activity. He is always full of his projects, and gives himself no recreation. He sleeps but three hours every night, and takes no medicine except when his sufferings are unendurable. This man wishes to master France, and, through France, Europe. Everything else, even in his present successes, seems but a means to the end. Thus he steals without concealment, plunders everything, is accumulating an enormous treasure of gold, silver, jewels, and precious stones. But he cares for it only as a means. This same man, who will rob a community to the last cent, will without a thought give a million to any person who can assist him. If such a person has hate or vengeance to gratify, he will give him every opportunity to do so. Nothing stands in the way of his prevailing with a man he thinks will be useful; and with him a bargain is made in two words and two minutes, so great is his seductive power. The reverse side of his methods is this: the service rendered, he demands a complete servility, or he becomes an implacable enemy; and when he has bought traitors, their service rendered, he observes but little secrecy concerning them. This man abhors royalty: he hates the Bourbons, and neglects no means to wean his army from them. If there were a king in France other than himself, he would like to have been his maker, and would desire the royal authority to rest on the tip of his own sword; that sword he would never surrender except to plunge it into the king's heart, should he cease for a moment to be subservient."

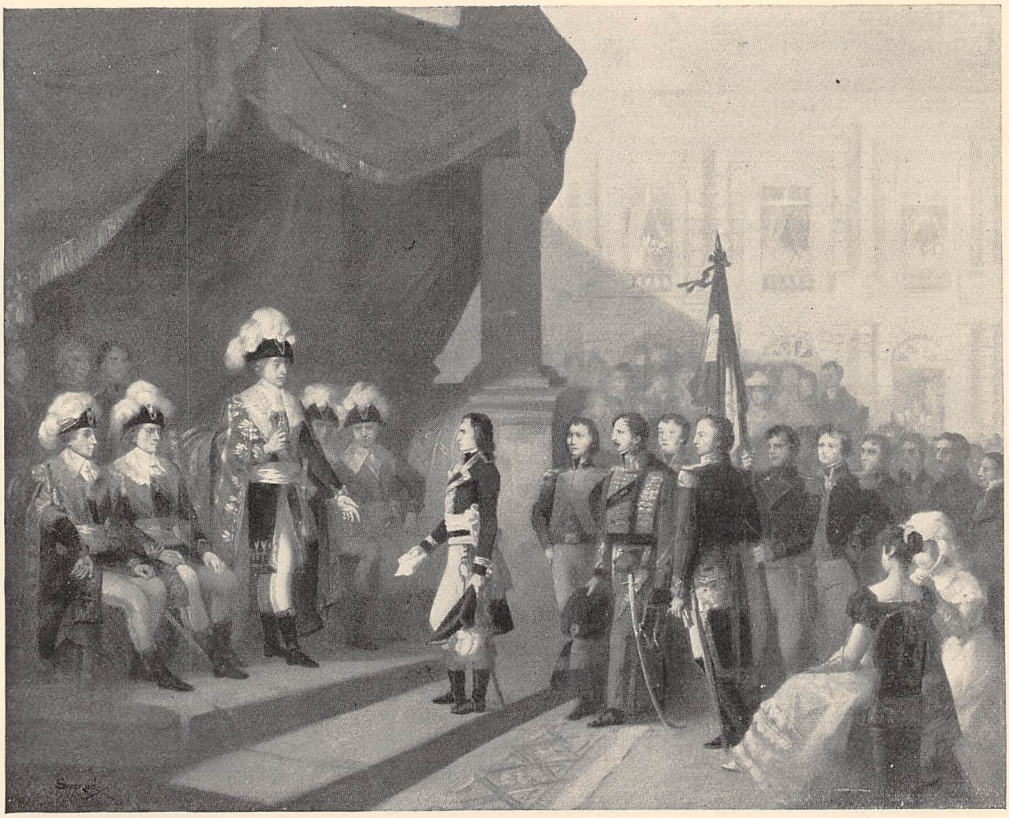
On Bonaparte's passage through Chambéry, he had been visibly affected by a shout from the multitude hailing him as the father of his soldiers. There were countless homes in France into which the letters of absent sons had sent the same epithet, and the nation at large thought of him in that part as a simple, benevolent man, devoted to his country and to her liberties. His histrionic talents, like his other gifts, were of the highest order, and for the moment this ideal must not be shattered. He therefore appeared to the French public as a devotee to the principle of equality, which the Revolution considered the corner-stone of free institutions. In the "Moniteur," the official journal of the time, may be read every detail of his conduct. Instead of waiting for visits from those in place, he made the advances. His clothes were plain, his manners were simple, his dignity was moderated to a proper respect for himself and others. The carriage in which he drove had but two horses, and there was no suite in attendance, either abroad or at home. Often the passers-by saw him walking alone in the small garden of his unostentatious dwelling, apparently resting from the fatigues of his campaigns. In short, there was nothing recognizable of the conquering potentate who had kept such state at Milan, except the affected simplicity of his personal life and conduct. "At first sight," wrote Talleyrand, whose acquaintance Bonaparte sought immediately on reaching Paris, "he struck me as a charming figure; the laurels of twenty victories are so becoming to youth, a handsome eye, a pale complexion, and a certain tired look."[1] There were a few proper assumptions of great dignity, as for instance when, on December 10, 1797, a great festival was organized in the classic style for the formal reception by the Directory of the

[1] THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, Vol. XLI, p. 615; "Mémoires du Prince de Talleyrand," i, 259.

treaty of Campo Formio from the hands of its maker. Talleyrand pronounced a glowing eulogium. Bonaparte, with impressive mien, replied in a few short, terse sentences, which closed with the significant utterance: "When the happiness of the French people shall rest upon the *best* organic laws, all Europe will become free." Barras closed with a long, dreary tribute to the Directory, and at the end imprinted the kiss of fraternity on the young general's brow. The other members of the executive hurried to display a feigned cordiality in following his example. The two councils united in a great dinner to the hero of the hour. The public was overpowered by the harmony among their rulers. Bonaparte's studied modesty might have shown the directors how false was their position with reference to him. As had been said long before to Pepin, the title of king belongs to him who has the power. In private the skilful minister of foreign affairs was no less adroit than the young conqueror, and lavished his courtier arts in the preservation of apparent unity.

The greatest danger to Bonaparte's ambitions was that he should by some mishap become identified with a party. Thus far, chiefly by absence from the scene of government, he had successfully avoided that pitfall. The Parisian populace did not even identify him with the Fructidorians; and, though not entirely forgetful of the Day of the Sections, they flocked to see him wherever it was known he would be. When asked if their interest did not gratify him, he replied that it meant nothing: they would crowd in the same way to stare if he were on his way to the scaffold. He appears to have felt that long residence would diminish his prestige, which for his purposes would be a disaster, and consequently he seems carefully to have conveyed the impression that he was but a visitor. Some believed — and among them was Sandoz-Rollin, the Prussian minister — that the soldiers sent into France from Italy were intended for use in Paris itself. Exactly what was planned he did not know, for Bonaparte, like Hoche, was not yet thirty, and therefore ineligible, at least under the constitution, to the Directory. Others believed that Austria having been vanquished, England was to be struck first through a fight between the two fleets, and then by the landing on her shores of a large body of veterans from the Army of Italy, under their victorious commander. In fact, Monge had formally stated on December 10 that "the government of England and the French republic cannot both continue to exist"; and during the winter Thomas Paine exercised his powers as a pamphleteer on the theme of England's approaching bankruptcy, while the public flocked to the theater to stare at stage pictures representing the invasion of England. As Bonaparte's superhuman diligence had ever open and ready two possibilities, this direct invasion may have been an alternative. But his dealings with every Italian power and with Austria had shown a definite policy of striking, not at the heart to produce desperation, but at the limbs, where the blow would be quite as deadly and resistance less furious. All the natural and successive steps of preparation for such an enterprise had been taken by the government during the summer of 1797. Corfu and Zante, and with them the empire of Venice in the Levant, were secured and kept; a fleet was collected and equipped from the spoils of northern Italy; Naples was temporarily neutralized; and plans had then been carefully elaborated with experts, among whom was Monge, for the seizure of Malta and the disruption of Turkey by an attack on Egypt.

In all this Talleyrand had been a brilliant and unscrupulous agent. Born of a noble family, his lameness closed other careers and drove him for distinction into the Church, where, under the old régime, the traditions of ecclesiastical feudalism still lingered. In his youth he was the friend of the infamous Madame du Barry, and owed his early promotion to her influence. When he was treasurer of the French clergy and bishop of Autun, Mirabeau said of him that he would "offer his very soul at a price, and he would do well, for he would exchange dung for gold." During the first years of the Revolution he led the liberal clergy; finally he went to such extremes in secularizing the Church that the Pope excommunicated him. His private life had been scandalous from the first, and he was avowedly a passionate gambler. It was with a sense of relief that he abandoned the Church to become the most unscrupulous statesman and the most adroit diplomatist of his time. It was he who in 1791 laid before the Legislative Assembly the dazzling scheme of national education which afterward was adopted by Napoleon. He forecast the years of radical excess, and had himself sent in 1792 as a secret diplomatic agent to London, where, with occasional visits to Paris, he resided in the main for two years. The English could not endure his duplicity, and finally drove him from their country. The Convention having declared him an emigrant, he sailed for America, and spent some time in the United States, where, being coldly treated in political and social circles, he devoted himself to an analytical study of the people and their institutions. The revocation in 1796 of the decree pronouncing him an emigrant was finally obtained by Mme. de Staël's influence, and he immediately returned to France. It is characteristic of the man that during these years he was successively a repre-



DRAWN BY GUSTAVE SURAND.

THE PRESENTATION BY BONAPARTE OF THE TREATY OF CAMPO FORMIO TO THE DIRECTORY.

sentative of the king, of Danton, and of the Directory.

To the Institute of France, of which learned body he had been made a member during his absence, he presented on his return his brilliant studies of colonization in general, and of the respective relations between the United States and the rival powers of France and England. But politics, not literature, was his trade. At once he began to study the situation of his own land, and observed with profound penetration both the instability of the government and the straits of the Directory. Accordingly, though nominally their man, and accepting from them the ministry of foreign affairs, he attached himself at once to Bonaparte, in the hope, as he explains in his memoirs, of using the conqueror to restore the monarchy. The latter had the perspicacity to encourage the relation, and from that moment possessed in the very center of affairs an able and congenial representative. It is known that Talleyrand's public letters to Bonaparte were accompanied with a private supplement which often ran in a sense quite opposite to that of the main sheet. For instance, nothing could be more satisfactory to the directors than his open account of Fructidor; but it is known that the private letter mercilessly analyzed the situation as impossible and unstable. Attempting a corrupt bargain with the American envoys, Pinckney, Marshall, and Gerry, in regard to the protection of American commerce, he was mercilessly exposed by the indignant ministers, and finally compelled by public opinion to resign. But even in disgrace he continued in Paris as the unscrupulous prime mover in French politics, until restored to power by Bonaparte, when he again accepted the position from which he had been driven, and successfully elaborated in practice the schemes of his superior.

There were, however, two other men—Barras and Sieyès—who, after the 18 Fructidor, were left in an unendurable position. Both these men were also boundlessly venal. The former was Bonaparte's "ancient friend"; Fructidor made him the general's creature. Like Talleyrand, both were for the present the devoted satraps of a master who could pay not only with prospective power, but with present cash; ultimately they also hoped to use him for their own ends in the restoration of monarchy. Sieyès, now president of the Ancients, was both weak and vain. But, posing as an oracular

constitution-maker, he was admitted as such to the councils of Talleyrand and Barras. His vanity had been flattered by confidentially consulting him as to the remedy for the weaknesses of the existing constitution not only with regard to France, but in its application to Italy. He was even invited to journey into Italy for the purpose of studying the necessary changes while the new measures were still fluid. Both his pride and his interests being thus engaged, he had apparently become as ardent a follower of Bonaparte as were the other two. Rewbell was so occupied with the foreign policy of the Revolution, and Merlin with the internal administration on Jacobin lines, that neither one nor the other gave any thought to the ulterior consequences of Fructidor. Neufchâteau was posing as the wit of the epoch, Larevellière was its prophet; neither was of even the slightest importance. Augereau, seeing himself duped by the disbanding of the Rhine army, had been disenchanted, and was for a while the relentless enemy of his old chief. A few mediocrities both in the army and in politics were in sympathy with Augereau; but as England was the one foe left, the general of the Army of England was virtually the commander of the whole. Not one of the heads of division disobeyed his orders.

PORTENTS OF POLITICAL CONVULSION IN EUROPE.

During the winter of 1797–98 it was the custom of Bonaparte, as the constructive commander-in-chief, to share in the deliberations of the various civil powers; sometimes they seemed uneasy under his influence, but a threat of resignation generally brought them to terms. The truth was, every faction believed that the unrelenting attitude of the Directory toward royalists, emigrants, and ecclesiastics would revive the hatred of Jacobinism in the country, and give its enemies a victory in the spring elections of 1798, the more so that the press had been virtually throttled by closing during the winter the offices of some sixteen papers, in addition to many already silenced. In that case the chambers would certainly attempt a civil revolution, and Bonaparte with his troops would be the arbitrator. The royalists, therefore, made approaches to him once more, this time through Mme. Bonaparte, who diplomatically procrastinated, and kept them in expectancy. But while all was movement and plot under the surface, the Parisian populace only occasionally had evidence of aught but perfect harmony in all parts of the government. They were fond of contrasting the brilliant results of Campo Formio with the unostentatious demeanor of the great general who had humbled Austria, and, as he himself had said in his festival speech, had brought two centers of light, "the finest parts of Europe," — Italy and the Netherlands,— under the brighter rays of French illumination.

In later years the unexampled capability of Bonaparte for scheming and machination unfolded itself to such unheard-of limits that it is customary in our day to attribute every detail of European history in those times to his manipulation. This is the more natural because the events of that winter, beyond the boundaries of France, contributed in the highest degree to that political conflagration which preceded the ascendancy of Napoleon and the complete rebuilding of the European state system. And yet the acutest historians often overlook the most evident causes in their search for hidden ones; in this case the former are sufficient to account for the results. With the Italian campaign republican armies ceased to fight either for the integrity of France, for her "natural" frontiers, or for the revolutionary system. They were often self-deceived, and thought they were propagating the revolution system; but glory and plunder were thenceforward the mainsprings of action in the majority of both officers and men.

Accordingly, what might have been foreseen actually occurred. Augereau, during the autumn of 1797, sought to emulate in southwestern Germany the political policy begun by Bonaparte in Italy. But his rude blundering compelled his recall, a step which was softened by his transfer to the Pyrenees to command an army ready to intervene in Spain whenever opportunity should be ripe. The movement in Germany spent itself in the most shameless plundering on both sides of the Rhine —a double disgrace in view of the fact that the war was ended, that Mainz was surrendered, that the whole left bank was in French possession, and that the Congress of Rastatt was sitting to determine how compensatory boundaries should be arranged within the limits of the empire.

The course of affairs in the Low Countries was equally disastrous to the prestige of the Revolution. Holland had not only lost all her colonies, including the Cape of Good Hope, by her compulsory enrolment in the republican system, but at Camperdown on October 11, 1797, her fleet was battered to pieces. The Batavian Republic was thus rendered contemptible and made entirely dependent on France. Twenty-five thousand soldiers were already quartered on her citizens, and now she was held to enormous contributions of ships, money, and men for the proposed landing in England. Delacroix and Joubert were the respective civil and military agents in these exactions.



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

EUGÉNIE-BERNARDINE-DESIRÉE CLARY, WIFE OF JEAN-BAPTISTE-JULES BERNADOTTE.

Bonaparte's departure from Italy made no change in French policy or conduct with regard to her. The Venetian possessions had been literally stripped by Berthier of every valuable article before their definitive surrender to Austria. Formal negotiations for a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with the Cisalpine Republic were opened as soon as the new state was recognized, but the same pillage continued as during its conquest. By that treaty, which was not concluded until March, 1798, the new "free" state was bound to support 25,000 French troops, and to raise 18,000,000 francs a year to pay them. As to the new Ligurian Republic, its boundaries were incomplete without Piedmont. Before the end of June, 1798, revolutionary fires having been kindled in Turin by the old efficient methods, two French armies under Jacobin generals seized Piedmont, and incorporated it with the other "free" state, which was then bound to France in the same terms as Cisalpina. Charles Emmanuel IV., having thus lost all his possessions on the mainland, retired to Sardinia, where he was destined to become, under protection of the English fleet, the focus of a new coalition against France.

Rome had called to her service, for the reorganization of her army, Provera, one of the Austrian generals who had been active in the last campaign. Joseph Bonaparte demanded his dismissal. This spark fired the revolutionary spirit of the few determined liberals at the capital, and a rising took place in which General Duphot, who was expecting soon to become Joseph's brother-in-law, was killed. The insurgents were defeated, and sought refuge in the French Embassy. The papal authorities humbled themselves to make restitution, but Joseph would not be appeased, and demanded his passports. Within a month, on February 10, 1798, Berthier and his soldiers entered the Eternal City, and proclaimed the Roman Republic. With no consideration for his estimable personal character, the French agents stripped Pius VI., the aged and feeble Pope, of all his jewels: his very rings were drawn from his fingers by their hands. The papal government was declared at an end, and the cardinals were forbidden to elect a successor. The Pope himself was allowed to withdraw to Siena; but disappointing his captors' expectations of his speedy demise, he was removed at their convenience from place to place, until at last he died in the following year at Valence. Naples, of course, was in an agony of fear, but her hour had not yet struck.

Finally the flames caught in Switzerland, where the democratic canton of Vaud declared its independence of the Bernese aristocracy. The fire was fanned by Bonaparte's agent, Peter Ochs, the liberal burgomaster of Basel. France intervened nominally in order to compel Bern to liberate all her political prisoners and to emancipate Vaud, but really to plunder and remodel the whole country. The entering army pillaged friend and foe alike. The desperate resistance of Bern, in which even women and children shared, was of no avail. At its close the Helvetian Republic was constituted under a new charter, like those of Cisalpina and Batavia; it likewise entered at once into an offensive and defensive alliance with France. Bern's indemnity was the surrender of her "treasure," or reserve,— a sum of 6,500,000 francs. Three millions of this was sent at once to Toulon, where the fleet was fitting out; the rest went to the army and its commander, General Brune. Fribourg, Solothurn, and Zurich were likewise stripped for the benefit of the military chest. It is thought that from all the enormous sums seized during the winter nothing reached the national treasury. But more serious still were the contemplated changes of territory. The Valtellina had already been incorporated with the Cisalpine Republic; the Frick valley was soon to be delivered to Austria along with the Inn Quarter; and eventually Geneva, with the upper Rhone valley, was to become a part of France itself, in order that the Simplon, another gateway into Italy, might be assured to her armies in case the difficult passes on the Mediterranean shore should ever be closed.

The effect of all this upon the politics of Europe was like that of a torch in dead stubble. The German-Roman Empire was an antiquated institution. Prussia had risen to importance as the representative of a new Protestant German nationality. Frederick the Great, inheriting his shrewd father's army and policy, thoroughly understood that for the attainment of this end Roman Catholic Austria must be humbled and reduced to a secondary position. His success was only partial, but it told. The relations, between these two great rivals in the Germanic body, therefore, were so strained that Prussia, in her antagonism to Austria, naturally leaned toward France. But the seizure of German lands not only beyond the Rhine, but of some even on the east bank, together with the behavior of the French armies not only in southwestern Germany, but again in Bern, created consternation at Berlin. Sieyès was sent to allay, if possible, the fears of Frederick William III., and to woo him to the French alliance. Meantime, the radical Directory, looking on the ecclesiastical principalities of the empire as an anachronism, had been planning their entire secularization. This would indemnify the secular powers; and the sentiment of both Prussia and Austria favored this solution of the problem. But Bonaparte, fore-



FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY RAFFET, LENT BY MR. CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

NAPOLEON IN EGYPT — A MARCH IN THE DESERT.

seeing that it would also temporarily unify public opinion in Germany, and give France no ground for meddling, declared in Italy that if the Germanic body were non-existent, France should create it for her own purposes; and he impressed upon the French plenipotentiaries at Rastatt how important it was that they should at least prevent a complete secularization of the great bishoprics.

This was the first bone of contention thrown into that congress; and Austria soon began to see that the treaty of Campo Formio was to be not merely an armistice, but a very short one. Bonaparte had formed in Italy a legion of 5000 Poles. They were still under arms, awaiting the event. It was notorious that French agents were fomenting discontent in both Poland and Hungary. The Army of Italy had carefully spared the hereditary dominions of the emperor while pressing toward Leoben, and Bonaparte, repressing pillage with relentless severity, had explained that France made war not with the good people of Europe, but with their oppressive dynasties. Even in Carinthia some enthusiasm for revolutionary principles had been created. Thugut had cleverly prevented Clarke from entering Vienna, because he feared the presence of a republican among the inflammable elements of his capital; and the emperor had refused, on the conclusion of peace, to send a diplomatic agent to Paris, because he did not wish, by receiving a French minister at Vienna, to create in his capital such a focus of revolutionary agitation as existed wherever a French legation or embassy had been established. But now it was suddenly announced that the French republic had accredited Bernadotte to his court. Talleyrand instructed the ambassador to see whether the emperor would not accept a dismemberment of Turkey in lieu of the further indemnity he expected, and to ascertain how he would look upon the possible reconstruction of Poland. He was to prevent any interference by Austria in behalf of Rome, and to insist on being treated with the same punctilio as had been shown to the royal ambassadors of France. On the other hand, for the sake of the radicals among the Fructidorians, he was to be conciliatory, because it was of vital importance that France should learn the inner workings of the court of Vienna before war broke out again, especially if the directors were to forestall Bonaparte's complete ascendancy. There is not a scintilla of evidence that, as some have suggested, Barras, Sieyès, or Talleyrand tampered with Bernadotte. He was still a rude soldier, and not the adroit man of affairs he afterward became. They could rely upon his making a mess of his mission, and he did so. In a haughty tone he at once demanded, as he had been instructed to do, the suppression

of the Bourbon orders in Austria, and likewise the omission from the royal almanac of that family as reigning sovereigns still of France. At the same time he made such an undue display of the tricolor and the republican cockade as to arouse all latent antagonisms to the Revolution. These and other similar indiscretions were successful in agitating the populace to such a degree that finally the ambassador's residence was attacked by a mob. Knowing that his mission regarding Poland and Turkey was likewise in vain, Bernadotte demanded his recall. He returned to Paris, having brought the relations of France and Austria to the verge of rupture. Arriving in April, 1798, he was married soon afterward to Joseph Bonaparte's sister-in-law, who quickly comforted herself after the death of Duphot.

By that time Prussia had been virtually checkmated; for although Sieyès could not bring the court of Berlin to an alliance with the Directory, yet he prevented her adhesion to their enemies. She was promised that revolutionary propaganda should cease in Germany. In return she agreed to observe the old strict neutrality, and to recognize the Cisalpine Republic. This decision has been severely criticized in recent years as a virtual delivery of herself to Napoleon after he should have devoured Austria. It has even been suggested that her statesmen should have looked a hundred years ahead, and should have anticipated by a century the Prussian alliance with the house of Savoy, which was at this later date the only liberal monarchy in Europe. As Europe was in 1798, such a conception was impossible.

In the spring of that year, therefore, everything presaged the general outbreak which was soon to occur. It may be that Bonaparte had foreordained it, and had regulated to the minutest detail events as they occurred. Taking each division of them into separate consideration, a credulous admirer might believe that so much was within the powers of a single man; but the complexity of the whole makes the demoniac power to produce a crash in this way seem beyond the capacities of even a Bonaparte, although he may have cherished the desire for one. It is clear that he rode triumphant in the swift rush of the times, and took every advantage from the instability of European institutions in their moribund condition. To complete the picture of Europe in 1798, we must recall that Augereau was now in the Pyrenees with 40,000 men, ready, when French agents should have done their work of agitation, to cross the border at a moment's notice, and liberate Spain from her Bourbon rulers. Such arbitrary emancipation was possible elsewhere. Why did it eventually fail in Spain? The answer is that there were no favorable antecedent conditions beyond the Pyrenees. All the strange story of transformation and change in Italy, and in western and northern Europe, would seem a lying fiction except for the memory of a still more thorough antecedent transformation in the spirit of their inhabitants by the intellectual agitations of the century. These had left Spain, Russia, and eastern Europe almost untouched. It was for this reason that the schemes of Bonaparte as to Poland and Turkey at once healed the breach between Russia and Austria, neither of which was deeply influenced by the idealism of the age, and both of which were moved only by dynastic motives. Elsewhere Napoleon seemed like a magician; in those lands his spell was vain. In culture and intelligence England was an age ahead of him, as those were an age behind him; and the two opposing forces of ignorance and enlightenment crushed him in the end like the upper and the nether millstones.

PLANS FOR AN EXPEDITION TO EGYPT.

TAKEN in its largest sense, the social life of the world has been due to the relations of commerce, thought, and religion between the Orient and the Occident. The short road from one to the other is the waterway of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. The controlling site on that great thoroughfare is Egypt. From the crusades onward the domination of the countries and lands in that great basin was the prize for which France and England were always contending. Pierre du Bois proposed the seizure of Egypt to Philip le Bel in the fourteenth century; Leibnitz sought to draw Louis XIV. out of Germany by explaining to him the dazzling advantage of the same enterprise; D'Argenson suggested the Suez Canal in 1738; and Choiseul kept the plan of occupying Egypt alive. The republic had inherited the notion of world conquest which had occupied both Philip le Bel and Louis XIV., although in another form. Bonaparte, in the double rôle of Raynal's disciple and supplanter of the Revolution, was full of the same idea. It was his early study of the "Philosophical and Political History of the Two Indies" which made him in one of his conversations, even before Campo Formio, designate Europe as a molehill when compared with the 600,000,000 of men in the East. In these same pages, as in Plutarch, he had read of Alexander the Great, and had learned to admire his example; there, too, he was told that with a proper population and a firm administration Alexandria would rise to greater eminence than London, Paris, Constantinople, or Rome. These opinions he never changed, and he reiterated them even at St. Helena, where he also confessed that but for



FROM THE PAINTING BY ÉDOUARD DETAILLE.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

BONAPARTE IN EGYPT.

the repulse at Acre he would have founded an Oriental empire. The policy of the Directory was no doubt partly his; but to a far greater extent it mirrored the feeling abroad in the entire nation, and among all its agents, that the times were ripe for the seizure of Egypt. Talleyrand had called the attention of the Institute to its feasibility, and Magallon, the French consul at Cairo, filled his despatches with suggestions as to ways and means. By the spring of 1798 the preparations of the Directory were finished. Under Talleyrand's supervision a policy, with its historical justification, had been made ready for publication, while the secret outfit of ships and men at Toulon and other points was complete.

The justification of the expedition to the Sultan and to Europe was the plea that Egypt no longer belonged to Turkey. Mameluke usurpers were holding it in disgraceful bondage; France would liberate it. To enforce this view with the Porte, every insurgent of the disintegrating Ottoman empire had for months past, as has already been related, been receiving more or less direct encouragement from Bonaparte's letters and agents, and now the grand vizir was given to understand that if an attempt were made to interfere with the French forces, these rebels would be unchained in his rear; on the other hand, he was encouraged to regard the invaders as auxiliaries to suppress rebellion both on the Danube and on the Nile. Bonaparte was playing for high stakes; he probably believed that in the event of success he could secure Turkey as an ally against Russia and Austria, or at the worst obtain a share for France in the partition of Turkey. Otherwise it is impossible to explain why he so managed as to leave France helpless against her Continental enemies; why all the gathered treasures of Italy and Switzerland were spent in his own preparations; why almost every general of ability and every regiment of prowess was destined for Egypt, while in the face of an impending European crash the national treasury was depleted, the inferior troops at his own disposal were left at home, and the remaining veterans of Hoche and Moreau scattered in various divisions between the Rhine and the Pyrenees. Temporarily the Army of England assembled in the North was in a state of atrophy. It was held in readiness for a landing in England as a subordinate move, if the British should be overpowered in the Levant and compelled to divide their fleet. Otherwise, thought Bonaparte, after a visit in February to the shores of the Channel, it would be too hazardous to attempt a landing in face of the tremendous armament afloat under the English flag. He felt that in any case it would be best to spend the summer in fitting out the fleet at Brest for an invasion of Ireland during the autumn. Two questions which present themselves in this connection cannot be answered categorically: Was it of his own free will that Bonaparte accepted the command of the Egyptian expedition, or did the directors force it on him? What was the ultimate design of the great schemer if the imminent war broke out while his best troops were in Africa?

In considering the probabilities as to both these queries, it appears as if Bonaparte had convinced himself that the open assumption of authority was as yet impossible. He could not be a director; for under the constitution candidates for that office must be forty years old. He dared not take Barras's suggestion and seize the dictatorship, even temporarily, because the Jacobin members of the Directory made it plain, in certain very disorderly sessions of that body, that they would not tolerate such a plan. These scenes, which were not kept secret, and were described in the coffee-houses, led the Paris populace to suspect Bonaparte. They were enjoying a temporary repose which it would have been dangerous at the moment even for a royalist aspirant to break; and, moreover, the middle classes sometimes called to mind his part in the Day of the Sections. It must have seemed plain that a change in the constitution was essential to anything like the speedy realization of his personal ambition, which had already taken definite form. As early as September 19, 1797, Bonaparte wrote Talleyrand a letter containing what he called his complete code of politics. His sphinx-like demeanor and the mysterious allusions already quoted from the festival speech, taken in connection with that outline, confirm the notion that Talleyrand, Barras, and Sieyès were preparing for a new constitution, which should be ready for use when the spring elections should increase the number of royalist delegates, and eventually bring the clash between the executive and the legislature. He expresses to Talleyrand in that letter the same contempt for all antecedent French political speculation felt by Sieyès. Even Montesquieu had but arranged and analyzed the results of his reading and travels; though doubtless capable, he had done nothing really constructive. The English had confused the respective functions of the various powers in government. In view of their history it was easy to see why the taxing power was in the House of Commons. But why should it also declare war or make peace? Great Britain, being a state whose constitution was compounded of privileges (a black ceiling with a gilt edge), was quite different from France, where these had been abolished, and all power proceeded directly from the sovereign people. Why, then, as in the constitution of that time,



FROM THE PAINTING BY G. BOURGAIN. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

SUBMISSION OF THE MAMELUKES TO BONAPARTE.

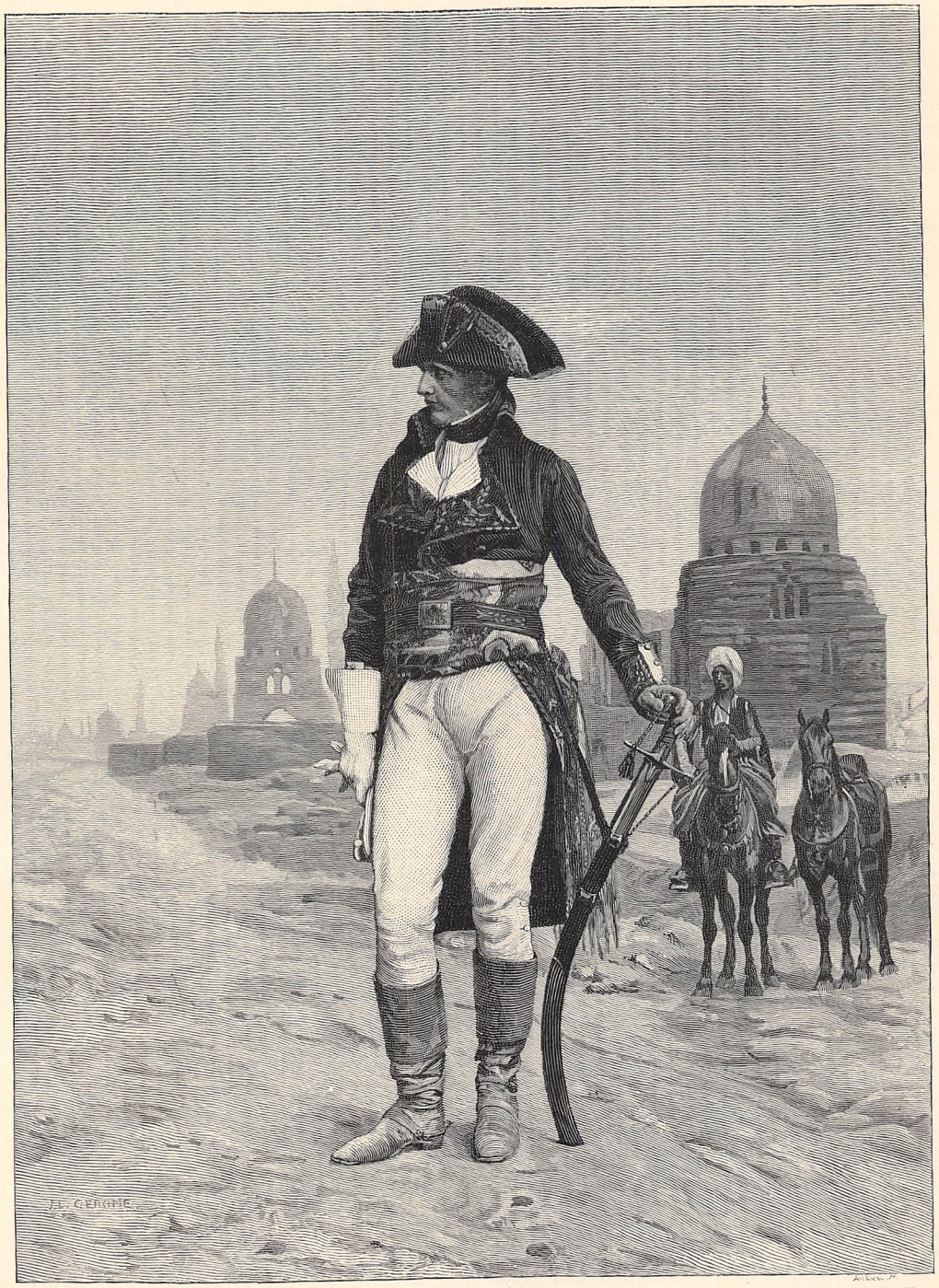
should the French legislative alone have rights which belonged to government in its totality? This sovereign power, he continued, "falls, I think, naturally into two magistracies quite distinct: one that supervises, but does not act, to which what we now call the executive power should be compelled to submit important measures — the legislation of execution, so to speak. This great magistracy would be truly the chief council of the nation; it would have all that part of administration or of execution which is by our constitution intrusted to the legislative." This body should be numerous, and composed only of men who had already held positions of public trust. The legislative should make and change the organic laws, but not in two or three days, as at present; for after an organic law has once been made operative, it should not be changed without four or five months of discussion. "This legislative power, without rank in the Republic, impassive, without eyes or ears for what is about it, would have no ambition, and would not inundate us with more than a thousand specific statutes which, by their absurdity, destroy their own validity, and make us, with three hundred tomes of laws, a nation without law." Is this effusion a recurrence to youthful crudities of ideal politics, or does it hint at the exercise by that upper magistracy of its unchecked powers through some single executive agent like himself? Certain it is that this very concept, though sensibly changed, had a direct influence on the institutions of the empire.

In the absence of sufficient evidence as to the facts, there is but one complex theory which explains the consequences. The Egyptian expedition, as its commander publicly said in leaving Toulon, was the right wing of the Army of England; at the same time it was consonant with the ancient French policy, and appealed to the romantic Oriental side of Bonaparte's own temperament, while also giving his practical nature a chance to await with distinction the outcome of affairs in Paris, whether it should be, as he said to Bourrienne, "for a few months or for six years." At the same time it was an anchor to windward. In consequence of the Bernadotte incident, the Austrian plenipotentiaries at Rastatt had refused even the entire left bank of the Rhine to France, and European sentiment was apparently consolidating for another coalition. "I go to the Orient," Napoleon said to Joseph, "with every means to guarantee success. If France needs me; if the number of those who think like Talleyrand, Sieyès, and Rœderer increases; if war breaks out, and is unlucky for France, then I shall return, more certain of public opinion than now. If, on the other hand, the Republic is successful in war; if a political general like me appears and centers the hopes of the people in himself, good; then still in the Orient I shall do greater service perhaps to the world than he."

Everything indicates that in the months immediately preceding his departure there was friction between Bonaparte and the Directory. It is said that in one of their sessions, called to consider the situation, Bonaparte proposed to reknit the negotiations of Rastatt by himself returning thither, but that Neufchâteau was designated to go in his stead. Thereupon the worn-out scene of threatening resignation was rehearsed by him once more. "Here is a pen," said Rewbell; "you need rest." But Merlin snatched it; and as the furious aspirant, seeing his supremacy jeopardized, left the room, the others heard the words, "The pear is not yet ripe." "Believe me, it is good advice I give you," said Barras, in a private interview immediately after: "Leave the country as soon as you can." There was abundant room for such scenes in a committee which considered as its own the policy of indirect attack on England through the East, while all its members were chafing under the dictatorial presence of an embodied and dissatisfied ambition which Talleyrand declares had really devised the scheme, but was now uncertain as to which was the best to take of not two or three, but of half a dozen, courses. The cast of the die decided for Egypt. The secrecy of preparation had kept even the French in doubt. England for a time was entirely misled, and made the nearly fatal blunder of concentrating her naval force in the Channel, and of guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean with only the few ships she could spare, while on the waters of that sea itself she had virtually no force.

THE LANDING IN EGYPT.

MEANTIME the great fleet at Toulon, nearly the equal of any France had ever launched, was entirely ready. To convoy the four hundred overloaded transports, there were 15 ships of the line, 15 frigates, 7 corvettes, and 30 minor armed vessels. It was a surprise even to the initiated that at the last moment the expedition was found to number not 25,000, as originally proposed, but 40,000, comprising the flower of the republican armies. Of division generals there were D'Hilliers, Vaubois, Desaix, Kléber, Menou, Reynier, and Dugua; of brigadiers, Lannes, Davout, Murat, and Andréossy; of colonels, Marmont, Junot, Lefebvre-Desnouettes, and Bessières. The most novel spectacle of all was a carefully organized and equipped expedition of a hundred or more scholars, who, according to what was then the fashion, were destined to gather the treasures of the Pharaohs and of the Ptolemies for the collec-



FROM THE PAINTING BY J. L. GÉRÔME.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

BONAPARTE AT CAIRO.

tions of Paris. Their apparatus for discovery was the best obtainable, their learning was at least respectable, and their library was a mixture of the ancient classics with those of the modern romanticism, of medieval lore with modern atheism. Homer and Vergil jostled Ossian and Tasso, while Rousseau's "Héloïse" stood neighbor to Goethe's "Werther." Among other "political" works were Montesquieu, the Vedas, the Koran, and the Bible. Caroline Bonaparte gave her brother as a farewell gift a little pocket library, among the volumes of which were Bacon's "Essays," Mme. de Staël's "Influence of the Passions," and Mercier's "Philosophic Visions." The curious have examined these volumes, and found in their well-worn pages a few passages specially marked. In his hours of solitude the great solitary read in Bacon how he who dominates others loses his own liberty; in Mme. de Staël how hard it is to keep the acquisitions of ambition; in Mercier of an Oriental visionary who, after the glories of temporary success, ended his days in exile and forgetfulness.

And yet the departure of the Egyptian expedition from Toulon, on May 19, 1798, was thus far the greatest occasion of Bonaparte's life. Josephine, apparently no longer the light Creole, but seemingly transformed by the successes and responsibilities of the last two years into a fond and outwardly judicious helpmate, bade him a tender farewell. In public life the checks in a brilliant career had so far been temporary; and as for the present hour, he believed, as he afterward told Mme. de Rémusat, that it might be his last in France. Mental fabrics of an Oriental splendor, visions of an empire bestriding three continents, dreams of potentates and powers far eclipsing those of western Europe—license like this intoxicates the imagination and disorders common minds. Such plans seem fantastic to the multitude, but what else than their realization is in sober reality the British empire of to-day? The rank and file of Bonaparte's army might not see a reward for this hazardous expedition in sentimental or distant returns, but they understood perfectly the words of a harangue delivered at Toulon before embarking, which, besides being a reminder of their Italian plunder, contained the blunt promise that this time every man should return with money enough to buy seven acres of land. Sailors and soldiers alike were thrilled by the call to establish liberty on the plains of the ocean, as they had on the plains of Lombardy. They even dimly apprehended the meaning of a proclamation, issued at sea, in which their destination was finally revealed, and certain success was foretold, if they would respect the women, the goods, and the faith of the Mohammedans.

Yes; it was a sanguine expedition "which, all unconscious of its danger, sailed away for Malta." The geographical situation of that island makes it in proper hands the citadel of the Mediterranean, the bulwark of Christendom against heathendom. But the military monks to whom it had been intrusted had grown corrupt and licentious. French agents had already been among them, and such was their timidity at the approach of Bonaparte that after the merest show of resistance to his demands, the gates of an almost impregnable fortress were dishonorably opened to the French republic without a blow. Waiting only to garrison this easy conquest and to establish a French administration, Bonaparte hastened on, and the entire fleet in good condition anchored off Alexandria on June 30. With a few casualties the troops were landed, and the vessels were left to cruise along the shore and to destroy the English when they should appear.

News of the great preparations at Toulon had finally convinced the English admiralty that their supremacy in the Mediterranean was endangered. Nelson, with a small squadron, sailed in due time from Cadiz, and arrived off the French coast before the departure of the expedition. Driven from his position by a storm, he took refuge in the lee of Sardinia, where he remained until reinforced. Such was the overcharge of the French ships in troops and stores that even with a few active vessels Nelson could have crippled, if not entirely disabled, his enemy's great armament. With a new force which in the mean time he had received, he was prepared to dispute their passage wherever found, and his orders were stringent to destroy the enemy's fleet at any hazard. Returning to Toulon only to find that the French had escaped him, he sailed thence to Sicily, and perceiving at last the destination of the foe to be Egypt, passed swiftly to the south of Crete, and arrived off Alexandria to be disappointed in finding its roadstead empty. Supposing that he had been deceived, he hastened away toward Syria. In the desire to find his foe, he had passed him. Bonaparte, learning off Crete that he was pursued, sailed northward through the Candian Sea, while Nelson took the direct line on the other side. So it happened that thus far the good fortune of the invaders had not deserted them.

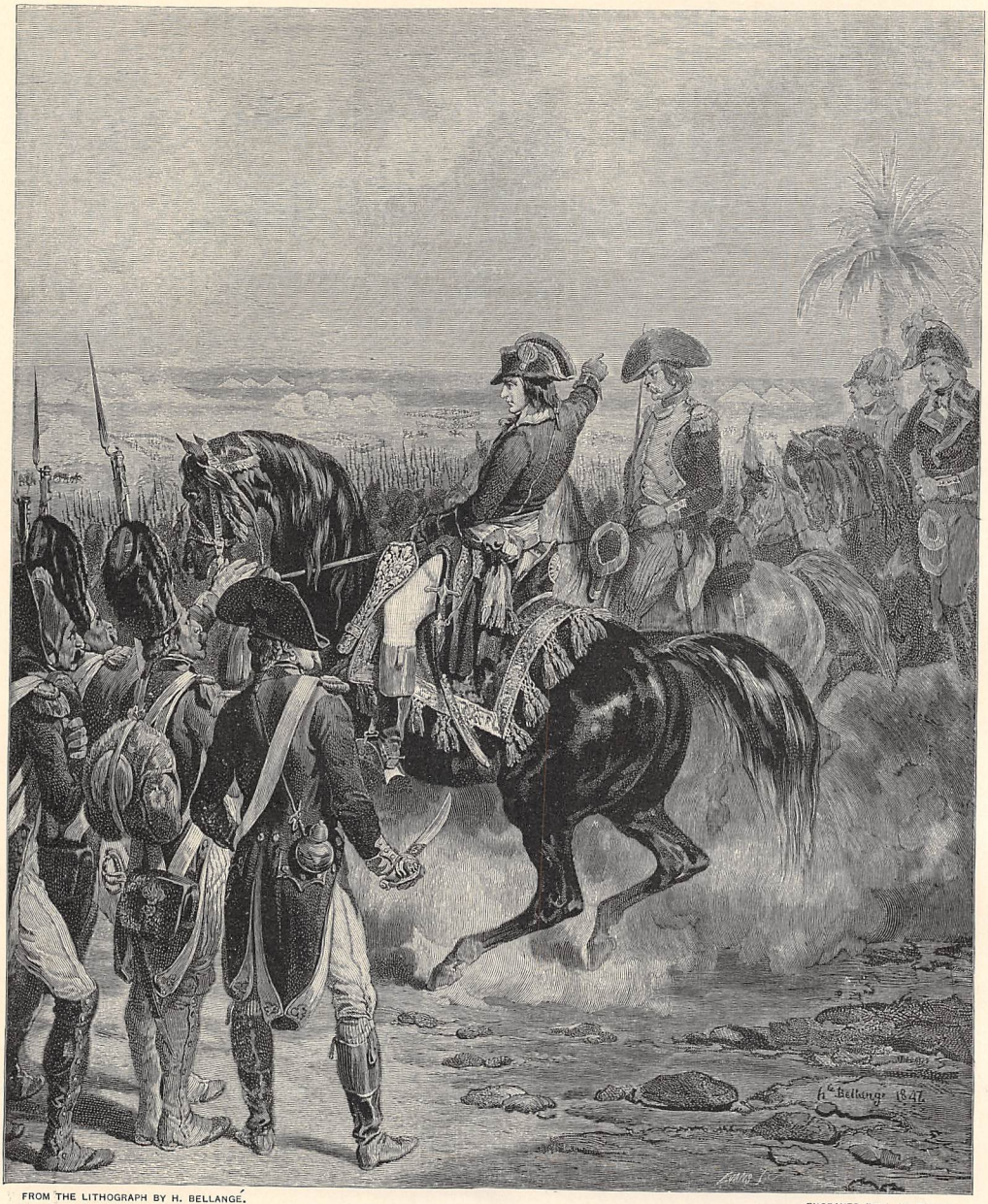
The denizens of the great Egyptian towns were not a warlike people; the great mass of the population, the down-trodden agricultural workers, or fellaheen, were even less so. Their strongest weapon was that Oriental stolidity which, like a fortress of mud, closes over hostile missiles without crumbling under their blows. Accordingly, the city of Alexandria, after a feeble and ineffectual resistance, yielded.



FROM THE PAINTING BY J. L. GÉRÔME.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

BONAPARTE BEFORE THE SPHINX. ("L'ŒDIPE.")



FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY H. BELLANGÉ. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

BONAPARTE AT THE BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

Bonaparte, ever conciliatory, issued a proclamation to the people, which was translated by one of his savants into the vernacular. It was clear and concise, but had little influence on the populace. The condition of Egypt at the time seeks in vain a parallel in history. Saladin had followed a tradition of Eastern despotism in the formation of a bodyguard destitute of all ties except those which bound them to his person. Purchased as infants in Georgia or Circassia, they were, like the janizaries at Constantinople, trained to arms as an exclusive profession, and, mounted on the finest steeds of Arabia, became the élite of his army. In time this body of acute and powerful men transformed itself into a warrior caste, was divided into twenty-four companies, and obeyed no authority except that of its captains. These were known in Oriental phrase as beys, the subordinates were themselves what we call the Mamelukes, and the whole formed a kind of chivalry which governed the land



FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES, ARTIST UNKNOWN.

FRANÇOIS-PAUL BRUEYS D'AIGALLIERS.

with despotic power, and, caring nothing for the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan, bade defiance to his shaky authority. The first portion of Bonaparte's proclamation sketched the evils of Mameluke tyranny, the second called on the populace to aid their liberators. "We too are true Mussulmans. Is it not we who have destroyed the Pope that said war must be made on the Mussulmans? Is it not we who have destroyed the Knights of Malta because those insensate chevaliers believed God wanted them to make war on Mussulmans? Thrice happy they who are on our side! They shall prosper in their fortune and in their place. Happy those who are neutral! They shall have time to understand us, and shall array themselves with us. But woe, thrice woe, to those who shall take up arms for the Mamelukes and fight against us! There shall be no hope left for them; they shall perish." The contrast between this language and that which its author had used in Italy concerning the Church shows how much sincerity there was in either.

The march through Egypt from Alexandria to Cairo was an awful trial to the French soldiers. The sky was brass, their feet sank in the hot sand, and mounted guerrillas tormented them from behind the low hillocks on each side of their line of march. No enemy more redoubtable than a few half-naked fellaheen disputed their progress; but even when, on July 10, they came within sight of the Nile and their sufferings were about mitigated, it was in vain that their general sought to silence their bitter cries of disheartened anger. Three days later they were attacked at Shebreket by the mounted outposts of the Mamelukes, under Murad, chief bey of the force. The irreg-



PAINTED BY HEINRICH FÜGER IN 1800 AT VIENNA. NOW IN THE BRITISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

LORD NELSON.

ular and individual attacks of the well-armed and gorgeously equipped cavalry broke harmlessly against the serried ranks of the French veterans, and the desultory firing of the Turkish artillery was quickly silenced: the rusty cannon, though aimed point-blank at the gunboat flotilla which was ascending the river, did little or no damage. The enemy withdrew, and concentrated their forces for a final stand before Cairo, behind the lines of Embabeh. On July 21 Bonaparte ordered his troops in squares six men deep, as before. They were to advance so as to cut off the enemy's retreat southward, and were to halt only to receive a charge. "Soldiers," cried the general, "forty centuries look down upon you from the summit of the Pyramids!" The resistance was scarcely worthy of the name. Five thousand horsemen and as many fellaheen were behind the weak ramparts. Murad and his men dashed forward with desperate courage against the phalanx of Desaix, but only to rebound from its iron sides against the equally impassive lines of Reynier and Dugua. Ibrahim, the other Mameluke leader, fled eastward across the river, and Murad toward the south; the undisciplined infantry scattered and ran like frightened sheep. Cairo was in the hands of the French. (See map, page 214.)

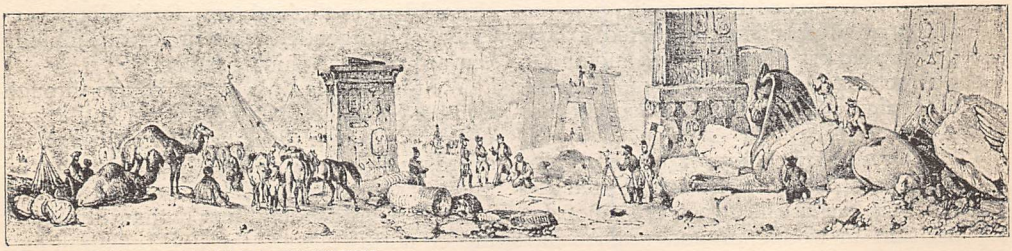
This so-called battle of the Pyramids will ever have a fictitious and romantic fame. Its results were temporarily important. The idea that East and West were fighting under the shadow of those monuments which, now hoary with age, were among the first achievements of civilized human intelligence, thrilled the "great nation," and added new luster to Bonaparte's laurels in the minds of a people which revels in great conceptions; and yet but 30 French soldiers were killed, and only 120 were wounded. It was a skirmish, much more decisive than that at Shebreket, to be sure, and somewhat more bloody, but only a skirmish. Both were repre-

sented to the Directory as great battles, the five Mamelukes killed in the first being magnified to 300. The camp at Embabeh furnished rich spoils to the victorious leaders, but the fabled wealth of Cairo, destined for the soldiery, proved to be like apples of Sodom. The army had been angry and disheartened; deprived of its accustomed booty, it became sullen and mutinous. There was no news from home. Oriental apathy long defied even Bonaparte's administrative powers. Egypt was subdued, but the situation of the general and of his troops was apparently desperate.

Nothing daunted by what would have broken a feebler spirit, the disillusioned conqueror turned to the conquest of another world. Africa had failed him, but Asia was near, and a revolution might be effected there. The maltreatment of French merchants in Syria had been one of the Directory's original grounds of complaint; it must serve another turn, and if the Sultan were sufficiently humbled, he might be compelled to an alliance against the menacing league of Russia and Austria. The plan was further confirmed by the awful news which soon came from Alexandria. Nelson, having scoured in vain the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, had returned first to Sicily, then to Greece, and finally to Egypt. Bonaparte had left instructions for Admiral Brueys to work the fleet into the old port of the Ptolemies; but if the anchorage or water draft should prove insufficient, he was to sail for Corfu. It was believed that with his splendid new eighty-gun ships, and unhampered by the transports, he was more than a match for the inferior squadron of Nelson, whose largest vessels had but seventy-four guns. But Brueys, finding it impossible to enter the harbor with his war-ships, and fearing to sail for Corfu without the provisions promised by the general, disobeyed his orders, and took up what he believed to be an impregnable position near by in the bay of Aboukir, his line being parallel with the shoaling beach, and his rear protected by shore batteries. The strongest ships in the center and van were stationed seaward. Nelson descried the anchored fleet on August 1, about midday; before evening his daring plan was formed and completed. The English ships advanced in two divisions, one attacking the enemy's center and rear from the sea side, while the other, performing by skilful steering what Brueys had believed an impossible feat, entered the shoal waters, and, cutting off the shore defense, simultaneously attacked on that side. The French van was at anchor, and could not come to the assistance of its sister ships. The entrapped sailors fought with cool and desperate courage, but they were outmanœuvered, and the English cross-fire was deadly. Moreover, with Nelson a new temper had entered the British navy. At Bastia he had determined the result by his personal daring, for the men of the *Agamemnon*, when led by him, "minded shot as little as peas"; at Cadiz he had lost an eye in a desperate venture; at Cape St. Vincent he had boarded two opposing Spanish ships at the head of his own *Captain's* crew, with the cry, "Westminster Abbey or victory!" and now, in the battle of the Nile, his greatest fight, he inspired the whole fleet with such audacious bravery that to this day his countrymen sing the proud boast of the ballad-writer, "At the battle of the Nile, I was there all the while." Though he had as many vessels as the French, they were of inferior quality and strength; but the result was never doubtful. The brave Brueys went down in his own *Orient* as the dauntless crew shouted, "Long live the Republic!" and Rear-Admiral Villeneuve barely escaped with two ships of the line and two frigates. Two others had been towed into the harbor; all the rest were destroyed. From that awful day the modern maritime ascendancy of England became a menace to continental Europe. France had struck Great Britain deadly blows in the annihilation of her allies ashore, and was to do so again. England, however, on her own chosen element, seemed thenceforward indomitable.

William M. Sloane.

(To be continued.)

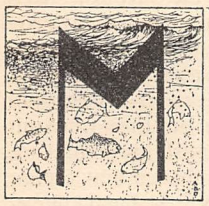


FROM A CONTEMPORARY LITHOGRAPH, BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.

"EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS DESTINED FOR FRANCE."

THE DISCOVERY OF GLACIER BAY.

BY ITS DISCOVERER.



Y first visit to the now famous Glacier Bay of Alaska was made toward the end of October, 1879, when young ice was beginning to form in the branch inlets occupied by the glaciers, and the mountains were mantled with fresh snow all the way down from the highest peaks and ridges of the Fairweather Range nearly to the level of the sea.

I had spent most of the season exploring the cañon of the Stickeen River and its glaciers, and a small portion of the interior region beyond the Coast Mountains, on the divide of some of the southerly tributaries of the Yukon and Mackenzie rivers. When I got back to my headquarters at Fort Wrangel, about the beginning of October, it seemed too late for new undertakings in this icy northland. The days were growing short, and winter, with its heavy storms, was drawing nigh, when avalanches would be booming down the long white slopes of the peaks, and all the land would be buried. But, on the other hand, though this white wilderness was new to me, I was familiar with storms, and enjoyed them, knowing well that in right relations with them they are ever kindly. The main inland channels, extending in every direction along the coast, remain open all winter; and their shores being well forested, it would be easy to keep warm in camp, while in a large canoe abundance of provisions could be carried. I determined, therefore, to go ahead as far north as possible, with or without companions, to see and learn what I could, especially with reference to future work. When I made known my plans to Mr. Young, the Wrangel missionary, he offered to go with me, and with his assistance I procured a good canoe and a crew of Indians, gathered a large stock of provisions, blankets, etc., and on October 14 set forth, eager to welcome whatever wildness might offer, so long as food and firewood should last.

Our crew numbered four: Toyatte, a grand old Stickeen nobleman, who was elected captain, not only because he owned the canoe, but for his skill in woodcraft and seamanship; Kadechan, the son of a Chilcat chief; John, a Stickeen who acted as interpreter; and Sitka Charlie. Mr. Young is one of those fearless and adventurous evangelists who in seeking to save others save themselves, and it was the opportunities the trip might afford to meet the Indians of the different tribes along our route that induced him to join me.

After all our bundles were stowed aboard, and we were about to cast loose from the wharf, Kadechan's mother, a woman of great natural dignity and force of character, came down the steps alongside the canoe, oppressed with anxious fears for the safety of her son. Standing silent for a few moments, she held the missionary with her dark, bodeful eyes, and at length, with great solemnity of speech and gesture, accused him of using undue influence in gaining her son's consent to go on a dangerous voyage among tribes that were unfriendly to the Stickeens. Then, like an ancient sibyl, she foretold a long train of disasters from storm-winds and ice, and in awful majesty of mother-love finished by saying: "If my son comes not back, on you will be his blood, and you shall pay. I say it." Mr. Young tried in vain to calm her fears, promising Heaven's care as well as his own for her precious son, assuring her that he would faithfully share every danger that might assail him, and, if need be, willingly die in his defense. "We shall see whether or not you die," she said as she turned away.

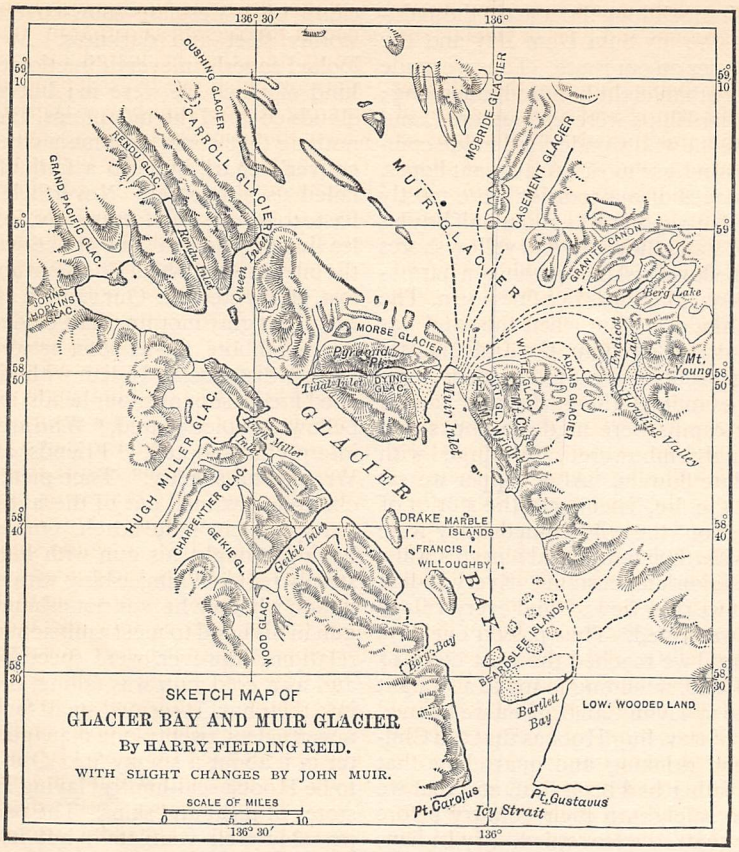
Toyatte also encountered domestic difficulties in getting away. When he stepped into the canoe I noticed a cloud on his grand old face, as if his sad doom, now drawing near, was already beginning to overshadow him. When he took leave of his wife she wept bitterly, saying that the Chilcat chiefs would surely kill him in case he should escape the winter storms. But it was not on this trip that the old hero was to meet his fate, and when we were fairly free in the wilderness these gloomy forebodings vanished, and a gentle breeze pressed us joyfully onward over the shining waters.

We first pursued a westerly course through Sumner Strait, between Kupreanof and Prince of Wales islands; then, turning northward, we sailed up the charming Kiku Strait, through the midst of innumerable picturesque islets, across Prince Frederick Sound, up Chatham Strait, and thence northwestward through Icy Strait and around Glacier Bay. Thence, returning through Icy Strait, we urged our way up the grand Lynn Canal to the Davidson Glacier and Chilcat, and

returned to Wrangel along the coast of the mainland, visiting the icy Sum Dum Bay and the Le Conte Glacier on our route. Thus we made a journey more than eight hundred miles long; and though hardships were encountered, and a few dangers, the wild wonderland made compensation beyond our most extravagant hopes.

The first stages of our journey were mostly enjoyment. The weather was about half bright, and we glided along the green and yellow shores in comfort, the lovely islands passing in harmonious succession, like ideas in a fine poem. The rain did not hinder us, but when the wind was too wild we stayed in camp, the Indians usually improving such storm times in deer-hunting, while I examined the rocks and woods. Most of our camps were made in nooks that were charmingly embowered, and fringed with bushes and late flowers. After supper we sat long around the fire, listening to the stories of the Indians about the wild animals they were acquainted with, their hunting adventures, wars, traditions, religion, and customs. Every Indian party we met we interviewed, and every village we came to we visited. Thus passed our days and nights until we reached the west coast of Admiralty Island, intending to make a straight course thence up Lynn Canal, when we learned from a party of traveling Hoonas that the Chilcats had been drinking and quarreling, that Kadechan's father had been shot, and that we could not go safely into their country before these whisky quarrels were settled. My Indians evidently believed this news, and dreaded the consequences; therefore I decided to turn to the westward through Icy Strait, and to go in search of the wonderful ice-mountains to which Sitka Charlie, the youngest of my crew, had frequently referred. Having noticed my interest in glaciers, he told me that when he was a boy he had gone with his father to hunt seals in a large bay full of ice, and that he thought he could find it if I cared to have him try. I was rejoiced to find all the crew now willing to go on this adventure, judging, perhaps, that ice-mountains under the present circumstances might prove less dangerous than Chilcats.

On the 24th, about noon, as we came near a small island in Icy Strait, Charlie said that we must procure some dry wood there, for in the ice-mountain country which we were now approaching not a single tree of any kind could be found. This seemed strange news to the rest of the crew, and I had to make haste to end an angry dispute that was rising by ordering as much wood to be taken aboard as we could carry. Then we set sail direct for the ice-country, holding a northwesterly course until long after dark, when we reached a small inlet that sets in near the mouth of Glacier Bay, on the west side. Here we made a cold camp on a desolate snow-covered beach in stormy sleet and darkness. At daybreak I looked eagerly in every direction to learn what kind of place we were in; but gloomy rain-clouds covered the mountains, and I could see nothing that could give me a clue, while Vancouver's chart, hitherto a faithful guide, here failed us altogether. Nevertheless, we made haste to be off; and fortunately, just as we were leaving the shore, a faint smoke was seen across the inlet, toward which Charlie, who now seemed lost, gladly steered. Our sudden appearance so early that gray morning had evidently alarmed our neighbors, for as soon as we were within hailing distance an Indian with his face blackened fired a shot over our heads, and in a blunt, bellowing voice roared, "Who are you?" Our interpreter shouted, "Friends and the Fort Wrangel missionary." Then men, women, and children swarmed out of the hut, and awaited our approach on the beach. One of the hunters having brought his gun with him, Kadechan sternly rebuked him, asking with superb indignation whether he was not ashamed to bring a gun in his hand to meet a missionary. Friendly relations, however, were speedily established, and as a cold rain was falling, they invited us into their hut. It seemed small for two persons; nevertheless, twenty-one managed to find shelter in it about a smoky fire. Our hosts proved to be Hoona seal-hunters laying in their winter stores of meat and skins. The packed hut was passably well ventilated, but its oily, meaty smells were not the same to our noses as those of the briny, sprucy nooks we were accustomed to, and the circle of black eyes peering at us through a fog of reek and smoke made a novel picture. We were glad, however, to get within reach of information, and of course asked many questions concerning the ice-mountains and the strange bay, to most of which our inquisitive Hoona friends replied with counter-questions as to our object in coming to such a place, especially so late in the year. They had heard of Mr. Young and his work at Fort Wrangel, but could not understand what a missionary could be doing in such a place as this. Was he going to preach to seals and gulls, they asked, or to the ice-mountains? and could they take his word? Then John explained that only the friend of the missionary was seeking ice-mountains; that Mr. Young had already preached many good words in the villages we had visited on our way, in their own among the rest; that our hearts were good; and that every Indian was our friend. Then we gave them a little rice, sugar, tea, and tobacco, after which they began to gain confidence and to speak freely. They told us that the main bay was called by them Sit-a-da-kay, or Ice Bay; that there were many large ice-mountains in it, but no gold-



mines; and that the ice-mountain they knew best was at the head of the bay, where most of the seals were found.

Notwithstanding the rain, I was anxious that we should push and grope our way beneath the clouds as best we could, in case worse weather should come; but Charlie was ill at ease, and wanted one of the seal-hunters to go with us, for the place was much changed. I promised to pay well for a guide, and in order to lighten the canoe proposed to leave most of our heavy stores with our friends until our return. After a long consultation one of them consented to go. His wife got ready his blanket and a piece of cedar matting for his bed, and some provisions — mostly dried salmon, and seal sausage made of strips of lean meat plaited around a core of fat. She followed us to the beach, and just as we were pushing off said with a pretty smile: "It is my husband that you are taking away. See that you bring him back." We got under way about 10 A. M. The wind was in our favor, but a cold rain pelted us, and we could see but little of the dreary, treeless wilderness which we had now fairly entered. The bitter blast, however, gave us good speed; our bedraggled canoe rose and fell on the icy waves, solemnly bowing to them, and mimicking the gestures of a big ship. Our course was northwestward, up the southwest side of the bay, near the shore of what seemed to be the mainland, some smooth marble islands being on our right. About noon we discovered the first of the great glaciers — the one I afterward named for Geikie, the noted Scotch geologist. Its lofty blue cliffs, looming up through the draggled skirts of the clouds, gave a tremendous impression of savage power, while the roar of the new-born icebergs thickened and emphasized the general roar of the storm. An hour and a half beyond the Geikie Glacier we ran into a slight harbor where the shore is low, dragged the canoe beyond the reach of drifting icebergs, and, much against my desire to push ahead, encamped, the guide insisting that the big ice-mountain at the head of the bay could not be reached before dark, that the landing there was dangerous even in daylight, and that this was the only safe harbor on the way to it. While camp was being made I strolled along the shore to examine the rocks and the fossil timber that abound here. All the rocks are freshly glaciated even below the sea-level, nor have the waves as yet worn

off the surface polish, much less the heavy scratches and grooves and lines of glacial contour.

The next day being Sunday, the minister wished to stay in camp; and so, on account of the weather, did the Indians. I therefore set out on an excursion, and spent the day alone on the mountain slopes above the camp, and to the north of it, to see what I might learn. Pushing on through rain and mud and sludgy snow, crossing many brown, boulder-choked torrents, wading, jumping, wallowing in snow to my shoulders, I had a desperately hard and dangerous time. After crouching cramped and benumbed in the canoe, poulticed in wet clothes and blankets night and day, my limbs had been long asleep. This day they were awake, and in the hour of trial proved that they had not lost the cunning learned on many a mountain peak of the high Sierra. I reached a height of 1500 feet, on the ridge that bounds the second of the great glaciers on the south. All the landscape was smothered in clouds, and I began to fear that I had climbed in vain, as far as wide views were concerned. But at length the clouds lifted a little, and beneath their gray fringes I saw the berg-filled expanse of the bay, and the feet of the mountains that stand about it, and the imposing fronts of five of the huge glaciers, the nearest being immediately beneath me. This was my first general view of Glacier Bay, a solitude of ice and snow and new-born rocks, dim, dreary, mysterious. I held the ground I had so dearly won for an hour or two, sheltering myself as best I could from the blast, while with benumbed fingers I sketched what I could see of the landscape, and wrote a few lines in my note-book. Then I breasted the snow again, crossed the muffled, shifting avalanche tali, forded the torrents in safety, and reached camp about dark, wet and weary, but rich in a notable experience.

While I was getting some coffee, Mr. Young told me that the Indians were discouraged, and had been talking about turning back, fearing that I would be lost, or that in some way the expedition would come to grief if I persisted in going farther. They had been asking him what possible motive I could have in climbing dangerous mountains when blinding storms were blowing; and when he replied that I was only seeking knowledge, Toyatte said, "Muir must be a witch to seek knowledge in such a place as this, and in such miserable weather." After supper, crouching about a dull fire of fossil wood, they became still more doleful, and talked in tones that accorded well with the growling torrents about us, and with the wind and rain among the rocks, telling sad old stories of crushed canoes and drowned Indians, and of hunters lost and frozen in snow-storms. Toyatte, dreading the treeless, forlorn appearance of the region, said that his heart was not strong, and that he feared his canoe, on the safety of which our lives depended, might be entering a skookum-house (jail) of ice, from which there might be no escape; while the Hoona guide said bluntly that if I was so fond of danger, and meant to go close up to the noses of the ice-mountains, he would not consent to go any farther: for we should all be lost, as many of his tribe had been, by the sudden rising of bergs from the bottom. They seemed to be losing heart with every howl of the storm, and fearing that they might fail me now that I was in the midst of so grand a congregation of glaciers, which possibly I might not see again, I made haste to reassure them, telling them that for ten years I had wandered alone among mountains and storms, and that good luck always followed me; that with me, therefore, they need fear nothing; that the storm would soon cease, and the sun would shine; and that Heaven cared for us, and guided us all the time, whether we knew it or not: but that only brave men had a right to look for Heaven's care, therefore all childish fear must be put away. This little speech did good. Kadechan, with some show of enthusiasm, said he liked to travel with good-luck people; and dignified old Toyatte declared that now his heart was strong again, and he would venture on with me as far as I liked, for my "wawa" was "delait" (my talk was very good). The old warrior even became a little sentimental, and said that if the canoe were crushed he would not greatly care, because on the way to the other world he would have pleasant companions.

Next morning it was still raining and snowing, but the wind was from the south, and swept us bravely forward, while the bergs were cleared from our course. In about an hour we reached the second of the big glaciers, which I afterward named for Hugh Miller. We rowed up its fiord, and landed to make a slight examination of its grand frontal wall. The berg-producing portion we found to be about a mile and a half wide. It presents an imposing array of jagged spires and pyramids, and flat-topped towers and battlements, of many shades of blue, from pale, shimmering, limpid tones in the crevasses and hollows, to the most startling, chilling, almost shrieking vitriol blue on the plain mural spaces from which bergs had just been discharged. Back from the front for a few miles the surface is rendered inaccessible by a series of wide, weathered crevasses, with the spaces between them rising like steps, as if the entire mass of this portion of the glacier had sunk in successive sections as it reached deep water, and the sea had found its way beneath it. Beyond this

the glacier extends indefinitely in a gently rising prairie-like expanse, and branches among the slopes and cañons of the Fairweather Range.

From here a run of two hours brought us to the head of the bay, and to the mouth of the northwest fiord, at the head of which lie the Hoona sealing-grounds, and the great glacier now called the Pacific, and another called the Hoona. The fiord is about five miles long, and is two miles wide at the mouth. Here the Hoona guide had a store of dry wood, which we took aboard. Then, setting sail, we were driven wildly up the fiord, as if the storm-wind were saying: "Go, then, if you will, into my icy chamber; but you shall stay until I am ready to let you out." All this time sleety rain was falling on the bay, and snow on the mountains; but soon after we landed the sky began to open. The camp was made on a rocky bench near the front of the Pacific Glacier, and the canoe was carried beyond reach of the bergs and berg-waves. The bergs were now crowded in a dense pack against the ice-wall, as if the storm-wind had determined to make the glacier take back her crystal offspring and keep them at home.

While camp affairs were being attended to, I set out to climb a mountain for comprehensive views; and before I had reached a height of a thousand feet the rain ceased, and the clouds began to rise from the lower altitudes, slowly lifting their white skirts, and lingering in majestic, wing-shaped masses about the mountains that rise out of the broad, icy sea. These were the highest and whitest of all the white mountains, and the greatest of all the glaciers I had yet seen. Climbing higher for a still broader outlook, I made notes and sketched, improving the precious time while sunshine streamed through the luminous fringes of the clouds, and fell on the green waters of the fiord, the glittering bergs, the crystal bluffs of the two vast glaciers, the intensely white, far-spreading fields of ice, and the ineffably chaste and spiritual heights of the Fairweather Range, which were now hidden, now partly revealed, the whole making a picture of icy wildness unspeakably pure and sublime.

Looking southward, a broad ice-sheet was seen extending in a gently undulating plain from the Pacific Fiord in the foreground to the horizon, dotted and ridged here and there with mountains which were as white as the snow-covered ice in which they were half, or more than half, submerged. Several of the great glaciers flow from this one grand fountain. It is an instructive example of a general glacier covering the hills and dales of a country that is not yet ready to be brought to the light of day — not only covering, but creating, a landscape with all the features it is destined to have when, in the fullness of time, the fashioning ice-sheet shall be lifted by the sun, and the land shall become warm and fruitful. The view to the westward is bounded and almost filled by the glorious Fairweather Mountains, the highest of them springing aloft in sublime beauty to a height of nearly 16,000 feet, while from base to summit every peak and spire and dividing ridge of all the mighty host was of a spotless, solid white, as if painted. It would seem that snow could never be made to lie on the steepest slopes and precipices unless plastered on when wet, and then frozen. But this snow could not have been wet. It must have been fixed by being driven and set in small particles like the storm-dust of drifts, which, when in this condition, is fixed not only on sheer cliffs, but in massive overcurling cornices. Along the base of this majestic range sweeps the Pacific Glacier, fed by innumerable cascading tributaries, and discharging into the head of the fiord by two mouths, each nearly a mile wide. This is the largest of all the Glacier Bay glaciers that are at all river-like, the trunk of the larger Muir Glacier being more like a lake than a river. After the continuous rainy or snowy weather which we had had since leaving Wrangel, the clear weather was most welcome. Dancing down the mountain to camp, my mind glowing like the sun-beaten glaciers, I found the Indians seated around a good fire, entirely happy now that the farthest point of the journey had been reached. How keenly bright were the stars that night in the frosty sky, and how impressive was the thunder of the icebergs, rolling, swelling, reverberating through the solemn stillness! I was too happy to sleep.

About daylight next morning we crossed the fiord, and landed on the south side of the island that divides the front wall of the Pacific Glacier. The whiskered faces of seals dotted the water between the bergs, and I could not prevent John and Charlie and Kadechan from shooting at them. Fortunately, they were not skilled in this kind of hunting, and few, if any, were hurt. Leaving the Indians in charge of the canoe, I climbed the island, and gained a good general view of the glacier. At one favorable place I descended about fifty feet below the side of the glacier, where its denuding, fashioning action was clearly shown. Pushing back from here, I found the surface crevassed and sunken in steps, like the Hugh Miller Glacier, as if it were being undermined by the action of the tide-waters. For a distance of fifteen or twenty miles the river-like ice-flood is nearly level, and when it recedes the ocean water will follow it, and thus form a long extension of the fiord, with features essentially the same as those

now extending into the continent farther south, where many great glaciers once poured into the sea, though scarce a vestige of them now exists. Thus the domain of the sea has been, and is being, extended in these ice-sculptured lands, and the scenery of the shores is enriched. The dividing island is about a thousand feet high, and is hard beset by the glacier, which still crushes heavily against and around it. A short time ago its summit was at least two thousand feet below the surface of the over-sweeping ice; now three hundred feet of the top is free, and under present climatic conditions it will soon be wholly free from the ice, and will take its place as a glacier-polished island in the middle of the fiord, like a thousand others in this magnificent archipelago. Emerging from its icy sepulcher, it gives a most telling illustration of the birth of a marked feature of a landscape. In this instance it is not the mountain, but the glacier, that is in labor, and the mountain itself is being brought forth.

The Hoona Glacier enters the fiord on the south side, a short distance below the Pacific, displaying a broad and far-reaching expanse, over which many of the lofty peaks of the Fairweather Range are seen; but the front wall, thrust into the fiord, is not nearly so interesting as that of the Pacific, and I did not observe any bergs discharged from it.

After we had seen the unveiling of the majestic peaks and glaciers that evening, and their baptism in the down-pouring sunbeams, it was inconceivable that nature could have anything finer to show us. Nevertheless, compared with what was coming the next morning, all that was as nothing. As far as we could see, the lovely dawn gave no promise of anything uncommon. Its most impressive features were the frosty clearness of the sky, and a deep, brooding calm, made all the more striking by the intermittent thunder of the bergs. The sunrise we did not see at all, for we were beneath the shadows of the fiord cliffs; but in the midst of our studies we were startled by the sudden appearance of a red light burning with a strange, unearthly splendor on the topmost peak of the Fairweather Mountains. Instead of vanishing as suddenly as it had appeared, it spread and spread until the whole range down to the level of the glaciers was filled with the celestial fire. In color it was at first a vivid crimson, with a thick, furred appearance, as fine as the alpenglow, yet indescribably rich and deep — not in the least like a garment or mere external flush or bloom through which one might expect to see the rocks or snow, but every mountain apparently glowing from the heart like molten metal fresh from a furnace. Beneath the frosty shadows of the fiord we stood hushed and awe-stricken, gazing at the holy vision; and had we seen the heavens open and God made manifest, our attention could not have been more tremendously strained. When the highest peak began to burn, it did not seem to be steeped in sunshine, however glorious, but rather as if it had been thrust into the body of the sun itself. Then the supernal fire slowly descending, with a sharp line of demarkation separating it from the cold, shaded region beneath, peak after peak, with their spires and ridges and cascading glaciers, caught the heavenly glow, until all the mighty host stood transfigured, hushed, and thoughtful, as if awaiting the coming of the Lord. The white, rayless light of the morning, seen when I was alone amid the silent peaks of the Sierra, had always seemed to me the most telling of the terrestrial manifestations of God. But here the mountains themselves were made divine, and declared his glory in terms still more impressive. How long we gazed I never knew. The glorious vision passed away in a gradual, fading change through a thousand tones of color to pale yellow and white, and then the work of the ice-world went on again in every-day beauty. The green waters of the fiord were filled with sun-spangles; with the upspringing breeze the fleet of icebergs set forth on their voyages; and on the innumerable mirrors and prisms of these bergs, and on those of the shattered crystal walls of the glaciers, common white light and rainbow light began to glow, while the mountains, changing to stone, put on their frosty jewelry, and loomed again in the thin azure in serene terrestrial majesty. We turned and sailed away, joining the outgoing bergs, while "Gloria in excelsis" still seemed to be sounding over all the white landscape, and our burning hearts were ready for any fate, feeling that whatever the future might have in store, the treasures we had gained would enrich our lives forever.

When we arrived at the mouth of the fiord, and rounded the massive granite headland that stands guard at the entrance on the north side, another large glacier, now named the Reid, was discovered at the head of one of the northern branches of the bay. Pushing ahead into this new fiord, we found that it was not only packed with bergs, but that the spaces between the bergs were crusted with new ice, compelling us to turn back while we were yet several miles from the discharging frontal wall. But though we were not then allowed to set foot on this magnificent glacier, we obtained a fine view of it, and I made the Indians cease rowing while I sketched its principal features. Thence, after steering northeastward a few miles, we discovered still another great glacier, now named the Carroll. But the fiord into which this glacier flows was, like the last, utterly in-

accessible on account of ice, and we had to be content with a general view and a sketch of it, gained as we rowed slowly past at a distance of three or four miles. The mountains back of it and on each side of its inlet are sculptured in a singularly rich and striking style of architecture, in which subordinate peaks and gables appear in wonderful profusion, and an imposing conical mountain with a wide, smooth base stands out in the main current of the glacier, a mile or two back from the great ice-wall.

We now turned southward down the eastern shore of the bay, and in an hour or two discovered a large glacier of the second class, at the head of a comparatively short fiord that winter had not yet closed. Here we landed, and climbed across a mile or so of rough boulder-beds, and back upon the wildly broken receding snout of the glacier, which, though it descends to the level of the sea, no longer sends off bergs. Many large masses were detached from the wasting snout by irregular melting, and were buried beneath the mud, sand, gravel, and boulders of the terminal moraine. Thus protected, these fossil icebergs remain unmelted for many years, some of them for a century or more, as shown by the age of trees growing above them, though there are no trees here as yet. At length melting, a pit with sloping sides is formed by the falling of the overlying moraine material into the space at first occupied by the buried ice. In this way are formed the curious depressions in drift-covered regions called kettles, or sinks. On these decaying glaciers we may also find many interesting lessons on the formation of boulders and boulder-beds, which in all glaciated countries exert a marked influence on scenery, health, and fruitfulness.

Three or four miles farther down the bay we came to another fiord, up which we sailed in quest of more glaciers, discovering one in each of the two branches into which the fiord divides. Neither of these glaciers quite reaches tide-water. Notwithstanding their great size and the apparent fruitfulness of their fountains, they are in the first stage of decadence, the waste from melting and evaporation being greater now than the supply of new ice from the snow. We reached the one in the north branch after a comfortable scramble, and climbed over its huge, wrinkled brow, from the top of which we gained a good view of the trunk and some of the tributaries, and also of the sublime gray cliffs that tower on each hand above the ice.

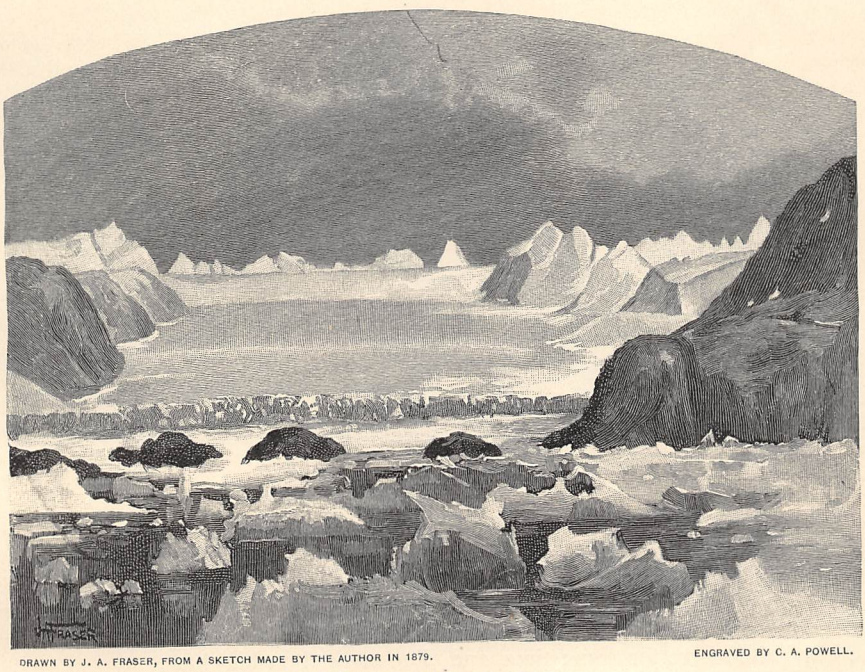
Then we sailed up the south branch of the inlet, but failed to reach the glacier there, on account of a thin sheet of new ice. With the tent-poles we broke a lane for the canoe for a little distance; but it was slow, hard work, and we soon saw that we could not reach the glacier before dark. Nevertheless, we gained a fair view of it as it came sweeping down through its gigantic gateway of massive Yosemite rocks three and four thousand feet high. Here we lingered until sundown, gazing and sketching; then we turned back, and encamped on a bed of cobblestones between the forks of the fiord.

Our fire was made of fossil wood gathered on the beach. This wood is found scattered or in wave-washed windrows all about the bay where the shores are low enough for it to rest. It also occurs in abundance in many of the ravines and gorges, and in roughly stratified beds of moraine material, some of which are more than a thousand feet in thickness. The bed-rocks on which these deposits rest are scored and polished by glacial action, like all the rocks hereabouts up to at least three thousand feet above the sea. The timber is mostly in the form of broken trunks of the Merten, Paton, and Menzies spruce, the largest sections being twenty to thirty feet long, and from one to three feet in diameter, some of them, with the bark on, sound and tough. It appears, therefore, that these shores were, a century or so ago, as generously forested as those of the adjacent bays and inlets are to-day; though, strange to say, not one tree is left standing, with the exception of a few on mountain-tops near the mouth of the bay and on the east side of the Muir Glacier. How this disforestment was effected I have not space to tell here. I will only say that all I have seen goes to show that the moraine soil on which the forests were growing was held in place on the steep mountain slopes by the grand trunk glacier that recently filled the entire bay as its channel, and that when it melted the soil and forests were sloughed off together.

As we sat by the camp-fire the brightness of the sky brought on a long talk with the Indians about the stars; and their eager, childlike attention was refreshing to see as compared with the decent, deathlike apathy of weary civilized people, in whom natural curiosity has been quenched in toil and care and poor, shallow comfort.

After sleeping a few hours, I stole quietly out of the camp, and climbed the mountain that stands guard between the two glaciers. The ground was frozen, making the climbing difficult in the steepest places; but the views over the icy bay, sparkling beneath the glorious effulgence of the sky, were enchanting. It seemed then a sad thing that any part of so precious a night had been lost in sleep. The starlight was so full that I distinctly saw not only the bay with its multitude of glittering bergs, but most of the lower portions of the glaciers, lying pale and

spirit-like amid the huge silent mountains. The nearest glacier in particular was so distinct that it seemed to be glowing with light that came from within itself. Not even in dark nights have I ever found any difficulty in seeing large glaciers; but on this mountain-top, amid so much ice, in the heart of so clear and frosty a night, crossed over to our Sunday storm-camp, cautiously boring a way through the bergs. We found the shore lavishly adorned with a fresh arrival of assorted bergs that had been left stranded at high tide. They were arranged in a broad, curving row, looking intensely clear and pure on the gray sand, and, with the sun-



DRAWN BY J. A. FRASER, FROM A SKETCH MADE BY THE AUTHOR IN 1879. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

THE HUGH MILLER GLACIER.

everything was luminous, and I seemed to be poised in a vast hollow between two skies of equal brightness. How strong I felt after my exhilarating scramble, and how glad I was that my good angel had called me before the glorious night succeeding so glorious a morning had been spent!

I got back to camp in time for an early breakfast, and by daylight we had everything packed and were again under way. The fiord was frozen nearly to its mouth, and though the ice was so thin that it gave us but little trouble in breaking a way, yet it showed us that the season for exploration in these waters was well-nigh over. We were in danger of being imprisoned in a jam of icebergs, for the water-spaces between them freeze rapidly, binding the floes into one mass. Across such floes it would be almost impossible to drag a canoe, however industriously we might ply the ax, as our Hoona guide took great pains to warn us. I would have kept straight down the bay from here, but the guide had to be taken home, and the provisions we left at the bark hut had to be got on board. We therefore beams pouring through them, suggested the jewel-paved streets of the New Jerusalem.

On our way down the coast, after examining the front of the beautiful Geikie Glacier, we obtained our first broad view of the Muir Glacier, the last of all the grand company to be seen, the stormy weather having hidden it when we first entered the bay. It was now perfectly clear, and the spacious, prairie-like glacier, with its many tributaries extending far back into the snowy recesses of the mountains, made a magnificent display of its wealth, and I was strongly tempted to go and explore it at all hazards. But winter had come, and the freezing of its fiord was an insurmountable obstacle. I had, therefore, to be content for the present with sketching and studying its main features at a distance. When we arrived at the Hoona hunting-camp, the men, women, and children came swarming out to welcome us. In the neighborhood of this camp I carefully noted the lines of demarkation between the forested and disforested regions. Several mountains here are only in part disforested, and the lines separating the bare and the forested portions are



DRAWN BY J. A. FRASER, FROM A SKETCH MADE BY THE AUTHOR IN 1890. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

FAIRWEATHER RANGE, FROM GLACIER BAY.

well defined. The soil, as well as the trees, had slid off the steep slopes, leaving the edges of the woods raw-looking and rugged.

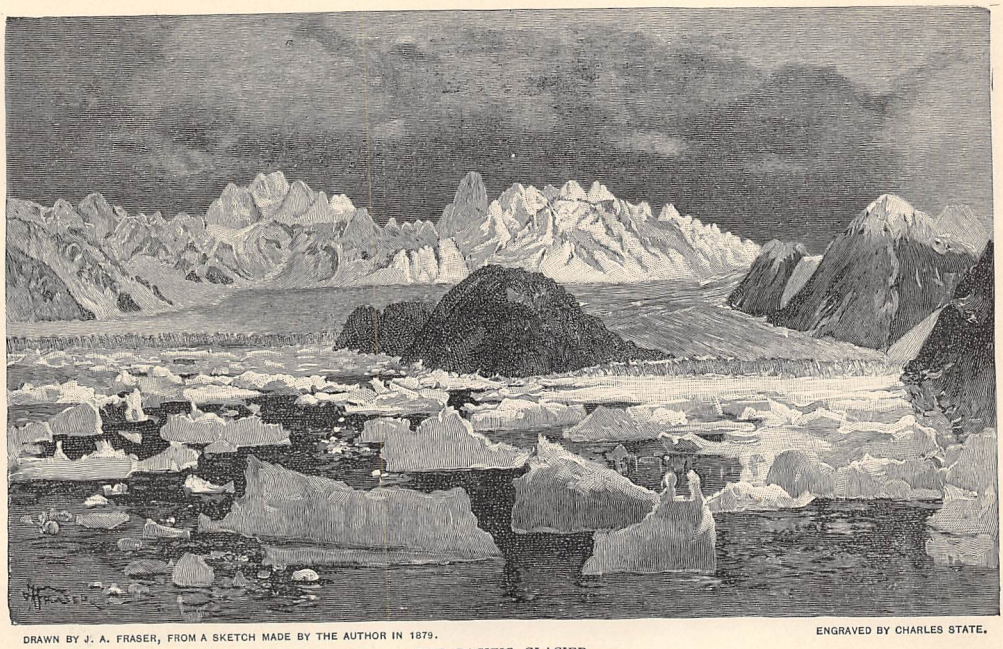
At the mouth of the bay a series of moraine islands shows that the trunk glacier that occupied the bay halted here for some time, and deposited this island material as a terminal moraine; that more of the bay was not filled in shows that, after lingering here, it receded comparatively fast. All the level portions of trunks of glaciers occupying ocean fiords, instead of melting back gradually in times of general shrinking and recession, as inland glaciers with sloping channels do, melt almost uniformly over all the surface until they become thin enough to float. Then, of course, with each rise and fall of the tide the sea-water, with a temperature usually considerably above the freezing-point, rushes in and out beneath them, causing rapid waste of the nether surface, while the upper is being wasted by the weather, until at length the fiord portions of these great glaciers become comparatively thin and weak, and are broken up, and vanish almost simultaneously from the mouths of their fiords to the heads of them.

Glacier Bay is undoubtedly young as yet. Vancouver's chart, made only a century ago, shows no trace of it, though found admirably faithful in general. It seems probable, therefore, that even then the entire bay was occupied by a glacier of which all those described above, great though they are, were only tributaries. Nearly as great a change has taken place in Sum Dum Bay since Vancouver's visit, the main trunk glacier there having receded from eighteen to twenty-five miles from the line marked on his chart.

The next season (1880), on September 1, I again entered Glacier Bay, and steered direct for the Muir Glacier. I was anxious to make my main camp as near the ice-wall as possible, to watch the discharge of the bergs. Toyatte, the grandest Indian I ever knew, had been killed soon after our return to Fort Wrangel; and my new captain, Tyeen, was inclined to keep at a safe distance from the "big ice-mountain," the threatening cliffs of which rose to a height of 300 feet above the water. After a good deal of urging he ventured within half a mile of them, on the east side of the fiord, where with Mr. Young I went ashore to seek a camp-ground on the moraine, leaving the Indians in the canoe. In a few minutes after we landed a huge berg sprung aloft with tremendous commotion, and the frightened Indians incontinently fled, plying their paddles in the tossing waves with admirable energy until they reached a safe shelter around the south end of the moraine, a mile down the inlet. I found a good place for a camp in a slight hollow where a few spruce stumps afforded abundance of firewood. But all efforts to get Tyeen out of his harbor failed. Nobody knew, he said, how far the ice-moun-

tain could dash waves up the beach, and his canoe would be broken. Therefore I had my bedding and some provision carried to a high camp, and enjoyed the wildness alone.

Next morning at daybreak I pushed eagerly back over the snout and along the eastern margin of the glacier, to see as much as possible of the upper fountain region. About five miles back from the front I climbed a mountain 2500 feet high, from the flowery summit of which, the day being clear, the vast glacier and all of its principal branches were displayed in one magnificent view. Instead of a stream of ice winding down a mountain-walled valley, like the largest of the Swiss glaciers, the Muir is a confluence of the large tributaries is about twenty-five miles. Though apparently as motionless as the mountains, it flows on forever, the speed varying in every part with the seasons, but mostly with the depth of the current, and the declivity, smoothness, and directness of the different portions of the basin. The flow of the central cascading portion near the front, as recently determined by Professor Reid, is at the rate of from two and a half to five inches an hour, or from five to ten feet a day. A strip of the main trunk about a mile in width, extending along the eastern margin about fourteen miles to a large lake filled with bergs, has but little motion, and is so little broken by crevasses that



DRAWN BY J. A. FRASER, FROM A SKETCH MADE BY THE AUTHOR IN 1879. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

THE PACIFIC GLACIER.

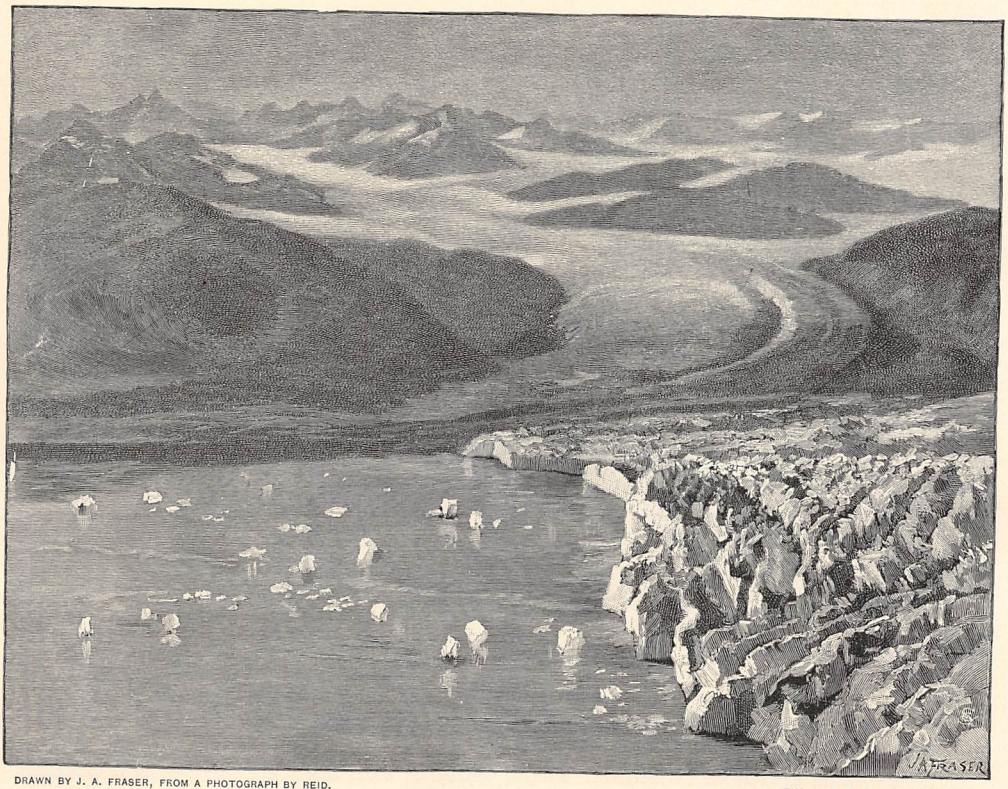
View of the front of Pacific Glacier from the head of Pacific Fiord, head of Glacier Bay.

broad, gently undulating prairie surrounded by innumerable icy mountains, from the far, shadowy depths of which flow the many tributary glaciers that form the great central trunk. There are seven large tributaries, from two to six miles wide where they enter the trunk, and from ten to twenty miles long, each of them fed by many secondary tributaries; so that the whole number of branches, great and small, pouring from the mountain fountains must number upward of two hundred, not counting the smallest. The area drained by this one grand glacier can hardly be less than 1000 square miles, and it probably contains as much ice as all the 1100 Swiss glaciers combined. The length of the glacier from the frontal wall back to the head of the farthest fountain is estimated at fifty miles, and the width of the main trunk just below the one hundred horsemen might ride abreast over it without encountering much difficulty.

But far the greater portion of the vast expanse is torn and crumpled into a bewildering network of hummocky ridges and blades, separated by yawning gulfs and crevasses, so that the explorer, crossing the glacier from shore to shore, must always have a hard time. Here and there in the heart of the icy wilderness are spacious hollows containing beautiful lakes, fed by bands of quick-glancing streams that flow without friction in blue crystal channels, making most delightful melody, singing and ringing in silvery tones of peculiar sweetness, sun-filled crystals being the only flowers on their banks. Few, however, will be likely to enjoy them. Fortunately, to most travelers the thundering ice-wall, while comfortably ac-

cessible, is also by far the most interesting portion of the glacier.

The mountains about the great glacier were also seen from this standpoint in exceedingly grand and telling views, peaked and spired in endless variety of forms, and ranged and grouped in glorious array. Along the valleys of the main tributaries to the northwestward I saw far into their shadowy depths, one noble peak appearing beyond the other in its snowy robes in long, fading perspective. One of the most remarkable, fashioned like a superb crown with delicately fluted sides, stands in the middle of the second main tributary, counting from right to left. To the westward the majestic Fairweather Range lifted its peaks and nearly 16,000 feet high), presents no well-marked features. Its ponderous glaciers have ground it away into long, curling ridges until, from this point of view, it resembles a huge twisted shell. The lower summits about the Muir Glacier, like this one, the first that I climbed, are richly adorned and enlivened with beautiful flowers, though they make but a faint show in a general view. Lines and flashes of bright green appear on the lower slopes as one approaches them from the glacier, and a fainter green tinge may be noticed on the subordinate summits at a height of 2000 or 3000 feet. The lower are made mostly by alder bushes, and the topmost by a lavish profusion of flowering plants, chiefly cassiope, vaccinium, pyrola, erigeron, gentiana,



DRAWN BY J. A. FRASER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REID. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

FRONT OF MUIR GLACIER, FROM MOUNT WRIGHT.

glaciers into the blue sky in all its glory. Mount Fairweather, though not the highest, is by far the noblest of all the sky-dwelling company, the most majestic in port and architecture of all the mountains I have ever seen. It is a mountain of mountains. La Pérouse, at the south end of the range, is also a magnificent mountain, symmetrically peaked and sculptured, and wears its robes of snow and glaciers in noble style. Lituya, as seen from here, is an immense double tower, severely plain and massive. Crillon, though the loftiest of all (being campanula, anemone, larkspur, and columbine, with a few grasses and ferns. Of these cassiope is at once the commonest and the most beautiful and influential. In some places its delicate stems make mattresses on the mountain-tops two feet thick over several acres, while the bloom is so abundant that a single handful plucked at random will contain hundreds of its pale pink bells. The very thought of this, my first Alaskan glacier garden, is an exhilaration. Though it is 2500 feet high, the glacier flowed over its ground as a river flows over a boulder;



DRAWN BY J. A. FRASER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY.

VIEW OF FOSSIL FOREST NEAR THE FRONT OF MUIR GLACIER, ON THE WEST SIDE.

and since it emerged from the icy sea as from a sepulcher it has been sorely beaten with storms; but from all those deadly, crushing, bitter experiences comes this delicate life and beauty, to teach us that what we in our faithless ignorance and fear call destruction is creation.

As I lingered here night was approaching, so I reluctantly scrambled down out of my blessed garden to the glacier, and returned to my lonely camp, and, getting some coffee and bread, again went up the moraine close to the end of the great ice-wall. The front of the glacier is about three miles wide, but the sheer middle, berg-producing portion that stretches across the inlet from side to side, like a huge green-and-blue barrier, is only about two miles wide, and its height above the water is from 250 to 300 feet. But soundings made by Captain Carroll show that 720 feet of the wall is below the surface, while a third unmeasured portion is buried beneath the moraine detritus that is constantly deposited at the foot of it. Therefore, were the water and rocky detritus cleared away, a sheer precipice of ice would be presented nearly two miles long and more than a thousand feet high. Seen from a distance, as you come up the fiord, it seems comparatively regular in form; but it is far otherwise: bold, jagged capes jut forward into the fiord, alternating with deep reëntering angles and sharp, craggy hollows with plain bastions, while the top is roughened with innumerable spires and pyramids and sharp, hacked blades leaning and toppling, or cutting straight into the sky.

The number of bergs given off varies somewhat with the weather and the tides, the average being about one every five or six minutes, counting only those large enough to thunder loudly, and make themselves heard at a distance of two or three miles. The very largest, however, may, under favorable conditions, be heard ten miles, or even farther. When a large mass sinks from the upper fissured portion of the wall, there is first a keen, piercing crash, then a deep, deliberate, prolonged, thundering roar, which slowly subsides into a low, muttering growl, followed by numerous smaller, grating, clashing sounds from the



FROM THE PAINTING BY THOMAS HILL, OWNED BY JOHN MUIR.

MUIR GLACIER.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

agitated bergs that dance in the waves about the newcomer as if in welcome; and these again are followed by the swash and roar of the waves that are raised and hurled against the moraines. But the largest and most beautiful of the bergs, instead of thus falling from the upper weathered portion of the wall, rise from the submerged portion with a still grander commotion, springing with tremendous voice and gestures nearly to the top of the wall, tons of water streaming like hair down their sides, plunging and rising again and again before they finally settle in perfect poise, free at last, after having formed part of a slow-crawling glacier for centuries. And as we contemplate their history, as we see them sailing past in their charming crystal beauty, how wonderful it seems that ice formed from pressed snow on the far-off mountains two or three hundred years ago should still be pure and lovely in color, after all its travel and toil in the rough mountain quarries in grinding and fashioning the face of the coming landscape! When the sunshine is sifting through the midst of this multitude of icebergs, and through the jets of radiant spray ever plashing from the blows of the falling and rising bergs, the effect is indescribably glorious. Glorious, too, are the nights along these crystal cliffs when the moon and stars are shining. Then the ice-thunder seems far louder than by day, and the projecting buttresses seem higher, as they stand forward in the pale light, relieved by the gloomy hollows, while the new bergs are dimly seen, crowned with faint lunar bows in the midst of the dashing spray. But it is in the darkest nights, when storms are blowing and the agitated waves are phosphorescent, that the most impressive displays are made. Then the long range of ice-bluffs, faintly illumined, is seen stretching through the gloom in weird, unearthly splendor, luminous foam dashing against it, and against every drifting berg; and amid all this wild, auroral splendor ever and anon some huge new-born berg dashes the living water into a yet brighter foam, and the streaming torrents pouring from its sides are worn as robes of light, while they roar in awful accord with the roaring winds, deep calling unto deep, glacier to glacier, from fiord to fiord.

John Muir.

THE POET'S DAY.

THE poet's day is different from another,
Though he doth count each man his own heart's brother.
So crystal-clear the air that he looks through
It gives each color an intenser hue;
Each bush doth burn, and every flower flame.
The stars are sighing; silence breathes a name;
The world wherein he wanders, dreams, and sings
Thrills with the beatings of invisible wings;
And all day long he hears from hidden birds
The multitudinous pour of musicked words.

R. W. Gilder.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"HER HEAD, IN ITS LARGE PLUMED HAT."

[*BEGUN IN THE MAY NUMBER.*]

THE PRINCESS SONIA.

BY JULIA MAGRUDER,

Author of "Across the Chasm," "The Child Amy," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

IV.

THE days at the atelier had now a new interest for both students, by reason of which their work was improved. To Martha these days were filled with a glorious delight, which seemed to give her all that her nature craved; and if it had not been for sad thoughts of her brother and his loneliness, she would have felt that she could ask for nothing.

To have the princess painting near her, and to be able to look up and see her beautiful figure, with its sinuous grace, posed before her easel, and to receive from her now and then a brilliant smile of mutual comprehension, was quite enough of personal bliss for Martha Keene.

Martha had an ardent and romantic temperament, but she seemed to be capable of satisfying its needs vicariously. There undoubtedly are such women, though the like has possibly never existed in the other sex. For instance, it was a continual battle with her

now to put down the temptation, which constantly assailed her, of imagining a meeting, an attraction, and finally a union, between the brother who realized her romantic ideal of man and the friend who realized his complement in woman's form. She knew it was impossible. She knew that Harold would never marry; and she even realized that if he could love again, after the manner in which he had loved one woman, he would, by that fact, compel her to lower her standard either of love or of him.

And yet Martha felt that the meeting and blending of these two lives would, if she could have seen it, have satisfied every need of her heart. She believed — and with her nature it was a possible thing — that her pleasure and contentment in looking on at such a union as this would give her the greatest joy that could be for her — would indeed, in a way, give herself the feeling of satisfied love.

It was very hard to put down these imaginings; but she told herself that it must be done. Harold's life and love had been given once, and she knew he was right in saying that they were not his to give again; and on the princess's part, no doubt the idea would be a wild suggestion, indeed. Martha did not know what rigid laws of etiquette and convention might not bind the princess; and condescending as the latter had chosen to be with regard to herself, she felt that this beautiful lady would never do anything unworthy of her caste. Her husband, whether she had loved him or not, had no doubt been a great prince, whose name and title the woman on whom he had bestowed them would never consent to debase. The thing was hopeless and wrong, of course, and the idea must be put away from her. But it was hard to do, with her hero constantly in her mind, and her heroine constantly before her eyes.

One day, after an unusually hard morning's work, the princess invited Martha to go home to lunch with her, and to spend the afternoon at the Louvre, looking at the pictures together, which they had so often enjoyed apart.

When they reached the apartment in the Rue Presbourg, the princess was informed that her aunt had already finished her second breakfast, which she took with the regularity of clockwork, not depending upon the comings and goings of the rather erratic person who was the other member of the family. This the princess explained lightly, as she led the way to the dining-room. The servants by this time all knew Martha; and they looked upon her, as the friend of their mistress, with the most amiable glances. Not speaking the Russian language, Martha could show her good will only by a pleasant smile, in return for the evident pleasure which they showed in serving her.

The princess threw her wrap backward over the chair, as she sat at the head of the round table, with her slender figure against a background of dark sable, and her head, in its large plumed hat, standing out from a halo of many-hued old stained glass in the window behind. Martha, sitting opposite, fell into an unconsciously intent scrutiny of her face.

It was certainly safe, Martha thought, to call this face beautiful, both for feature and character. The eyes were large, dark, brilliant, and fervidly suggestive. One wondered what those eyes had seen, were seeing, and were capable of discovering for others. The hair was a brilliant, waving brown, arranged in a loose mass that was still firm and lovely in its outline — hair, as Martha thought, that it must be sweet to touch with fingers and with lips. Also the girl thought one might well long to prove by touch whether that white skin was as smooth and fine as it looked. The firm, short nose was definitely pointed, and tilted upward, slightly lifting with it the short upper lip. Her chin was bewitching — at once strong and alluring. The mouth was very individual, and, as Martha studied it, she concluded that if she could tell why it was so charming, half the charm would be gone. For the first time it occurred to her to wonder how old the princess was.

"You are wondering how old I am," said the princess, almost taking the girl's breath away.

"I never knew anything so strange!" exclaimed Martha. "It was the very thought I had in my mind."

"Certainly. I read it there. I can do that, sometimes, with people who are very sympathetic to me. I fancy it would be rather dangerous for *you* to do any very private thinking in my presence. I sometimes read, too, without reading aloud. I fancy I have read some of your thoughts lately, without your suspecting it."

She looked at Martha, over her cup of bouillon, and smiled. Martha felt herself blushing, as she wondered if that persistent and dominating thought about her brother, which had been so often in her mind of late, could have been perceived by this wonderful being. It frightened her so that she quickly changed the subject, and the remainder of the meal passed in less personal talk.

When they were seated in the princess's coupé, a little later, driving past the Arc de Triomphe, Martha saw her companion turning her head to look at it with lingering, earnest eyes.

"I always look at the Arc whenever I can," she said; "and it always has something to say

to me. Its expression of strong beauty and repose always makes me feel that what is, is right. If I am happy, it makes me feel that joy is both good and permanent; and even when in times of unhappiness it makes me feel that sadness is permanent, it somehow seems to tell me that that too is good. Did you ever stand quite close to it and look up?"

"No," said Martha.

"We must, some day, together. It will give you a new sensation."

"I always thought that it appeared better at a distance," said Martha.

"So it does, in a way; but the impression is different. I love it from the Place de la Concorde, when the horse-chestnuts are in bloom. Then it looks like a magnificent image of beneficence, stretching out two great arms to take in all those people, in carriages and on foot, who are thronging the Champs Élysées, its body vague and distant in the clouds. That 's a sufficiently fantastic thought for you, if you like; but it is one that has comforted me. I love Paris. It is the only city that has ever seemed to me to be lovable. Its streets are so gay and clean, and the faces of the people one meets, along here at least, are so good-humored and intelligent. I love this mixture of fashion and ruralness. Look at the swells and the peasants driving side by side! Look at those white-aproned men drawing hand-carts, that mail-coach coming alongside, those old peasants in their covered wagons, and that superb mounted policeman with his gorgeous trappings! How friendly and at home together they all seem! Even that omnibus, with its three white Percherons abreast, looks sociable and friendly by the side of the *steppeurs* of the *haute école*. Oh, it 's all very human and charming; or is it that you humanize me, and make me feel its charm more than I have done for many a day?"

She was still in this delightful humor when they reached the Louvre, and made their way at once to pay their homage to the Venus of Milo. They did not say much as they looked at her, moving slowly from place to place to get the different points of view. Each knew what the other felt, and words seemed out of place. Presently the princess said:

"I have a fancy to try an experiment. Let 's name her! What I mean is, if that were a real woman, what would you think the name best suited to her?"

Martha smiled comprehendingly, and looked at the statue with a gaze of deep concentration. This changed, after a moment, into a smile, as she said:

"I 've named her. It 's so absurd, however," she went on, "to give such a name as I 've chosen to that ancient Greek statue, that I 'm almost ashamed to tell it."

"You need n't be," said the princess, smiling too; "for I 've got a name about which I have exactly the same feeling. Come; I 'll say mine first. It 's Gloriana."

"And mine is Georgiana. How odd that they should be so much alike!"

"Is n't it? It 's delightful, though; for it shows that there 's something in my theory of names, and that this statue has made almost exactly the same impression on us. I 'm eager now to name the Winged Victory. Come; let 's go and look at her."

They hurried away to the foot of the wide staircase, where, looking up, they saw the magnificent creature with her foot advanced, and her great wings spread.

After standing before her in silence a few moments, the princess exclaimed suddenly:

"Oh, have you named her yet? A *perfect* name for her has come to me!"

"And to me, too—*perfect!*" said Martha. "How many syllables has yours?"

"One."

"So has mine!" said the other, breathlessly. "Now let 's count three, and say the name."

Simultaneously they said: "One, two, three —*Ruth!*"

Then they looked at each other with an excited delight that the passers-by must have thought rather amazing even for two artists looking at the Victory.

"It 's the most wonderful thing I ever heard of," said Martha. "Don't you feel positively creepy?"

"I should think I did. Little cold chills are running all over me. Oh, how nice it is that we can think and feel together in this way!"

Her face, as she spoke, was glowingly beautiful; and Martha returned her gaze with a look which expressed what no words could possibly have done.

V.

One morning the princess did not come to the atelier; and Martha, after working along without her for a while, thinking that her friend might have been delayed and hoping that she would come later, found her mind so preoccupied by the absence of her usual companion that her work would not go at all, and at last she concluded to stop trying, and to go to look the princess up.

She called a cab, and drove to the apartment in the Rue Presbourg, where she was now well known. Even the old concierge, with her shining white hair, brilliant black eyes, red cheeks, and bearded upper lip, gave her a smile of welcome as she passed through the court; and the princess's servant gave her another as he conducted her at once to his mistress's boudoir.

Here he left her. Martha tapped on the door, and waited. Getting no answer, she turned the knob, and entered, intending to knock at the inner door; but no sooner had she shut herself into the room than she became aware, although it was almost wholly darkened, that it was not unoccupied.

A stifled sound reached her ears, and she could now make out the figure of the princess lying on the lounge, with her face buried in her hands.

The girl's heart ached with pity, and she did not know whether to yield to her own impulse, and go forward, or to consult the possible preference of her friend, and go back.

While she hesitated, the princess took her hands from her face, and saw her. As she did so, she started up, touching her eyes with her handkerchief, and clearing her voice to speak.

"Is it you, Martha? Come in, child," she said. "I have a headache to-day, and intended to see no one. I forgot, however, that I had given orders that you were always to be the exception. I should not have let you see me like this if I had known beforehand; but now that you have looked upon your poor friend in this humiliated state, sit down, and never mind."



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"'IS IT YOU, MARTHA?'"

Martha had come near, and now took the seat beside the lounge, her face tragic with sympathy.

"I am so sorry you are ill," was all that she could say.

"I am not ill, really," said the princess. She was lying back upon the lounge, and fanning her flushed face with her little gossamer handkerchief, which Martha could see was limp with tears. "My head does ache now, but I brought it on by this wretched crying. It 's all my own fault. You did not know that I was such a weakling, did you?" and she made an effort to smile.

"Oh, I am so, so sorry!" said Martha, helplessly.

"You need n't be, dear. Never be sorry for any man or woman who is equal to his or her life — and I am equal to mine. One time out of ten it gets the better of me, but the nine times I get the better of it. This mood will surely pass. Indeed, it is passing now. You have helped me already. It has been very long indeed since I have found or wanted human help, and it takes me by surprise."

Martha saw that she was preparing to lead the talk away from her recent tears and their cause, and she passionately wished that her friend should feel that she longed to enter into her sorrow with her, if it could be allowed her; so she said impulsively:

"I don't suppose you feel like telling me your trouble; but oh, I wish you could!"

"I do feel like it, you darling child! I could talk to you about it better than to any one on earth; but there are some things one cannot speak of even to one's own heart. That is the trouble now. If I were to let myself indulge freely in imaginings and regrets, I should satisfy the want of the moment, but it would undo me utterly. My great temptation is regret, and I must be strong enough not to regret."

"Oh, how sad life is!" cried Martha. "I have always thought that you at least ought to be happy. I gave you the name of 'The Happy Princess,' out of Tennyson. It has seemed to me from the first that you were a creature who had it in you to command happiness."

"Ah, dear child, if you could only know how helpless I am there! The best thing that is in me is the power to command courage. That I can, and for the most part do. While that is so, I shall not complain."

"Then you are really unhappy? Oh!" said Martha, drawing herself up with an impulsive movement.

"I know what that fervent exclamation means as well as if you had put it into words,"

said the princess. "You are wishing that there were some way in which, by sacrificing yourself, you could purchase happiness for me."

Martha, startled at the correctness of this guess, could say nothing in denial.

"I knew it," said the princess, reading her face. "I have not the faintest doubt that you would do it; and — now I am going to knock over some of your idealizing of me — there have been moments in my life when my greed for happiness has consumed me so that I believe I would have been willing to take it, and to let another pay the price. That 's a base thing for a woman to say of herself, but so true it is that I thank God I was never tempted when those moods were on me. Something not wholly different from that panting after an impossible joy was upon me this morning. Shall I never get the better of it utterly? *Can* one overcome it? Did *you* never have it, Martha? To me joy is impossible, but it is not so to you. Don't you ever long for it? I will speak to you quite openly, Martha, and tell you this — when I say joy, I mean love. *Is* there a woman's heart that does not long for that? Be as honest with me as I have been with you, and tell me."

"I will try," said Martha. "I will do my best to be perfectly truthful. I *do* long for happiness; but — this may seem strange to you, and you may even think that I am pretending to be better or more unselfish than others — "

"That I *never* will! I *know* that is n't so. Go on."

"I was going to say that the craving of my heart seems somehow to be impersonal. I want happiness intensely, but the way in which I want it is to see the beings whom I love best have it. Now there are two creatures in the world whom I love supremely — my brother and you. You know that this is so. If I could see both of you happy, in the manner and degree that I want, I believe that I could then be perfectly happy, too. I believe all the needs of my own heart could be answered in that way; and indeed I almost think that my greed for joy is as great as yours at times. It has strained my heart almost to bursting, in Harold's case, and I feel now almost the same about you. I have never spoken of this to any one; indeed, I was never fully aware of it, I think, until I put it into words now. It must seem quite incredible to you."

"Not in the least. I believe it utterly, or rather it 's a stronger thing than belief with me. I feel that it is true. I admire you for it, and all the more because it is so different from me. I want happiness and love for myself — every ounce of flesh, every drop of blood in me longs for it, as well as every aspiration of my soul. It is *self* that I am thinking of when I get like this — my own power to enjoy, and also — oh, God *knows* that this is true! — and also the power to give joy to another. Martha, I will tell you something," she said, with a sudden change of tone, dropping her voice, and leaning forward to take both of Martha's hands in hers as she spoke, with her eyes fixed intently on the girl's. "I have known this joy. I have loved supremely, and been loved. You have never tasted that cup of rapture as I have; but then you have never known, as I have, the anguish of that renunciation. Which of us is the fortunate one? If you knew how I suffer you would probably say that it is you; but if, on the other hand, you knew what ecstasy I have had, I think that you might decide differently. Oh, if God would give me one more hour of it, I think I would be content! One more hour, to take it to the full, knowing that I must, after that, come back to what I suffer now! I think those sixty joy-absorbing minutes would make up to me for everything. But to have it *never again!*"

She broke off, and, hiding her face in her hands, turned away, and lay for some moments quite silent and still. She was not crying — Martha could see that; and when she presently turned, and looked at the young girl, holding out both her hands to her, although there was no smile on her face, it showed that she had conquered her dark mood, and was strong again.

It was a very gentle sort of strength, however, that was not too self-sufficient to feel pleasure in the words and looks and touches of quiet sympathy which Martha gave her now. They sat there, hand in hand, for a long time; and presently the princess said, with her own beautiful smile:

"You have done me a world of good, Martha. My headache is gone, and also its cause. Sometimes, do you know — I 'm going to let you see just how weak I am — sometimes I succumb for days to a mood like this. Nobody knows that tears have anything to do with the headaches that I suffer from — at least nobody but Félicie, and she gives no information. My aunt loves me, but is no more acquainted with the real *me* than if I were a stranger; and yet she adores me — perhaps for that reason. I tell her nothing, because the feelings that I have are quite outside her comprehension, while the headaches are quite within it. She recommends various powders and pellets, and is constantly getting new prescriptions for me. She says my headaches are of a very obstinate type, and I agree with her.

"To show you how completely you 've cured me," she added, rising to her feet, with an entire change of tone, "I am going to work this afternoon. You will stay and take your lunch

with me, and then we 'll be there in time for the second model's pose."

"I can't stay," said Martha, rising too; "but I will meet you there promptly. I am keeping my cab below, so that I may be back at the atelier by the time the carriage comes for me. You know how very quiet I am keeping my little escapades with you."

"Oh, to be sure!" exclaimed the other, smiling. "I had forgotten the necessity of that precaution. What *would* 'mama and the girls' say? I think I shall write them an anonymous letter, saying that if madame had been under the impression that her eldest daughter devoted herself wholly to the pursuit of art during the hours of her absence from home, it might have surprised her had she seen the aforesaid young lady this morning come out of the atelier, call a cab, give a number, go to a distant apartment (where she was evidently well known to the concierge, who passed her on to a servant in Russian livery, who as evidently knew her well), enter, by a special passage, a certain room, where she remained shut in for a long time, emerging finally in great haste to drive rapidly in the cab, which she had kept waiting, back to the atelier in time to meet her own carriage, and come innocently home to join the family circle at lunch! Could n't I make out a case? And what *would* the mother and the little sisters say?"

Martha, too, laughed at the picture; but in spite of some discomfiture of feeling to which it gave rise, she had no idea of changing her tactics. The very thought of her mother's going to work to investigate the princess, and ascertain if she were a proper friend for her daughter, smote the girl to the heart, and she resolved to guard her secret more carefully than ever. She determined that she would ease her conscience for the deception by confessing everything to her brother when he came. This would make it all right.

As Martha drove back to the atelier, after an affectionate *au revoir* to the princess, she was conscious that something was rankling in her mind. When she came to search for the ground of this feeling, she found it to exist in the confession of love which the princess had made. This knowledge caused Martha to realize that she had not even yet succeeded in putting from her the imaginings by which she had connected her brother and her friend. Before knowing the princess she had always cherished the belief that her brother would sink below her ideal of him if he ever loved a second time. Lately, however, she had imagined the possibility of his telling her, after knowing the princess, that the old love was not the perfect one he had imagined it; and she could fancy herself forgiving him for loving a second time, with the princess as his apology. It had even seemed to her lately so monstrously wrong and cruel that Harold's life should be wantonly wrecked that she was now prepared to accept a good deal more than would once have seemed possible, in order to see it mended.

Martha, for all her demure appearance, had something that was more or less savage and lawless in her nature, especially where Harold was concerned; and the same feeling, in a lesser degree, dominated her in regard to the princess. She had long ago admitted to herself the fact that Harold had missed his chance of happiness in love; but it was as painful as it was



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"'MY BROTHER AND YOU.'"

unexpected to her to find that the princess too had loved before. She had known that she had been married, but with very little difficulty she had constructed for herself a theory of that marriage in which the princess had played the part of an innocent victim to circumstance. For instance, she might have been married by her parents in early youth to a man perhaps far older than herself, whom she had never loved, and for whose death she could not have grieved much.

It was a surprise to Martha now to find how entirely she had let this utterly unfounded idea take possession of her. The words of the princess this morning had shattered it to atoms, and in spite of herself she felt strangely heavy-hearted.

VI.

AFTER the morning on which Martha had been by accident a witness of the princess's self-betrayal, there seemed nothing lacking to the complete understanding of the two friends, and their intimacy was now stronger and closer than ever. It was not practicable for Martha to visit the princess very often, as she was compelled to take the time for these visits out of her atelier hours, and both women were too earnest in their work not to begrudge this. Lately they had fallen into the custom of the generality of the students, and went for their midday meal to the little *crèmerie* in the neighborhood, after they had visited first the butcher's shop, and selected their own mutton-chop or bit of beefsteak; then they had it cooked according to their directions. This, with fresh rolls and baked apples and milk, made an excellent meal, sometimes augmented by cold potato salad. Martha had been initiated into these mysteries by an American girl whose acquaintance she had made through the latter's having once offered to help her on with her "josie," a word which had established an easy footing between them at once.

Martha never exchanged more than a passing remark with the other students, partly because she had, in the beginning, built a sort of barrier around her by her shyness, and, recently, because she felt that her intimacy with the princess, who knew none of the others, set her more than ever apart.

One morning Martha came to the atelier rather late, and showed, moreover, a certain excitement in her movements and expression which she accounted for at lunch-time by telling the princess that her sister's wedding had been hurried up, and was to take place almost immediately.

There were several good reasons for this, one being that it suited much better the plans of the bridegroom-elect, and another that Mrs. Keene, being in rather delicate health, had been urged by her physicians to leave Paris. So as soon as the wedding was over she was to go south with the younger girls and their governess; and Martha, who rebelled against being taken from her beloved painting, had a beautiful plan of getting her brother to stay awhile in Paris with her in their mother's apartment. This she confided to the princess with breathless delight, saying that she had written to Harold about it, and told him to cable her if he was willing. Her friend could see that, with her usual license of imagination, Martha had been making all sorts of plans in connection with this scheme, and she more than suspected that some of these concerned herself.

"My dear Martha," she said, with a penetrating look into her friend's eager eyes, "give it up at once, on the spot, if you have been making any plans to introduce your brother to me."

"Oh, *why?*" said Martha, in tones of the keenest regret.

"Because, my dear, it is out of the question. If you knew how sick to death I am of men, you would not ask it. Please, if you love me, don't speak of it again."

This, of course, was final, and Martha was compelled to bear her disappointment with what patience she could summon. She got a promise from the princess, however, that she would come to the wedding, which was to take place in the American church. At least this would give her the satisfaction of feeling in the future that her friend had seen her brother, and she hoped she might contrive in some way that the latter should see the princess, since it was now decreed that the intercourse could go no further.

Great as Martha's disappointment was, she forced herself to recognize the fact that, as things were, it might be all for the best that these two should not meet. She could imagine but one result of that meeting, and that, under existing circumstances, might be disastrous to both. Neither of them had fully confided in her, but both of them had told her plainly that a second love was the thing which they most strongly repudiated. In Harold's case, she knew that this feeling was one that his conscience, no less than his heart, ordained; and in the case of the princess, she somehow felt that it was the same.

The princess, for some reason, did not tell Martha what a notable exception to her rule she made in going to this wedding. The fact was, she had never been to any wedding since her own; and it may have been that fact which accounted for the state of intense excitement which she was in as she drove alone in her carriage through the streets of Paris to the church in the Avenue de l'Alma.

As she got out, and instructed her coachman

where to wait, this inward excitement showed in every rapid movement and word. Afterward, when she entered the church, and walked, with a definiteness of manner which would seem to have indicated a prearranged plan, straight down the left-hand aisle to the choir-stalls, her face was flushed and her eyes were brilliant. It was early, and few people had come as yet.

The princess wore a long, dark cloak, which concealed her figure, and on her large hat, which hid the outline of her head, a rather thick Russian veil was fastened, so that her features were scarcely distinguishable.

There was a shaded corner near the organ, behind the chorister-stalls, that was quite screened from the congregation, and so situated as to be almost out of view from the chancel also, if one chose to protect one's self behind the great pillar that stood there. The day was dark and cloudy, but the chancel was brilliant with lighted candles. The princess with firm confidence walked to this place, and took her seat. She did not seem to care whether the church was filling up or not. She scarcely noticed when some people came and took the seats near her. In these moments she was so lost in thoughts and reminiscences that the furious beating of her heart almost suffocated her.

When, from just behind her, a great organ-note swelled forth, and filled the church with tremulous vibrations, the princess gave a little fluttered start. No one was near enough to observe this, however, or to see the crouching back into her seat which followed it. The music seemed to heighten her emotion, and she trembled visibly. She quite lost count of time, and did not know how long it was before she saw a clergyman enter the chancel and stand there, waiting. Then, as two officers in rich uniforms came and took their places in front of him, the sonorous chords of the old familiar Mendelssohn march swelled from the organ, and the heart within her seemed to stop and sink. It was the sound and influence to which, in perfect joy, she had walked to her own wedding.

She knew that the bridal procession was coming up the aisle, but she did not turn her head to get a view into the church. She felt the people about her rise to their feet, but she sat still. Her trembling limbs would not have held her up; but she did not even know that she was trembling. She knew only that she was waiting — that all her heart and all her soul were wrapped in a bewildering suspense until the coming of what was very near her now. They passed close to her, the girls in their white dresses, and the officers in their glittering uniforms, and stood in divided ranks, leaving the space between them clear.

Into this space, directly in front of the clergyman, there now advanced a woman covered with a cloud of gauzy tulle. She leaned upon the arm of the only man in the party who was not in uniform.

It was on this figure that the princess fastened her eyes, never once removing them until the short ceremony had come to an end. The bride was a shapeless blur. The bridesmaids were a billowy cloud. The officers were mere dazzles of color and gold lace. One object there was that cut its way into her consciousness with acute distinctness — the dark-clad, clearly outlined figure and distinct, pale profile of the man who stood waiting to give the bride.

When the music ceased, and the minister told the congregation that they were assembled to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony, it was another man and woman that she thought of; and so through all the solemn charge and searching questioning that followed.

When the minister asked, "Who giveth this woman to be married?" and the man that she had been watching gave up his companion with a slight inclination of the head, and moved aside, the gaze of the princess still followed and rested on him. When, a moment later, a strange foreign voice said painstakingly, "I, Victor, take thee, Alice, to my wedded wife," what she heard, in natural and familiar English utterance, was this: "I, Harold, take thee, Sophia, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I plight thee my troth." And it was her own voice which made answer: "I, Sophia, take thee, Harold."

A hard clutch was on her heart. He was there — the Harold who had made that vow to her; and she, Sophia, was here, in life, not death! "Till death us do part" they had both of them sworn, and they had let life part them! The terrible wrong of it all rushed over her. The reasons which had made that parting seem to her right before, now vanished into air. She felt that crime alone could ever link one of them to another. She felt that this separation between them was in itself a crime, and she who had done it the chief of criminals.

All this she felt with terrifying force; but a feeling stronger even than any of these had taken possession of her — a want and longing had awakened in her heart which strained it almost intolerably. She looked at the bride's brother, standing there intensely still, in an attitude of complete repose, and a feeling that he was hers and hers alone took possession of her. She grew reckless of appearances, and stood up in her place, with her face turned full toward him.

She heard the clergyman's stern behest that man put not asunder those whom God had joined, and she heard him pronounce that they were man and wife, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Her heart said a solemn amen.

Imagination lingered on these thrilling thoughts while the blessing was pronounced and the service ended; and then the little procession, the bride and bridegroom at its head, and the figure that she watched at his mother's side behind them, passed her and went down the aisle, while the familiar music was playing, to which she had walked from the altar a blissfully happy wife — and she was left alone!

The organist quickly closed the organ, and hurried away. The people near her moved off too; and still she sat there motionless, feeling herself deserted and most miserable. A boy, putting out the candles, roused her to consciousness, and somehow she got out of the place.

VII.

MRS. KEENE'S apartment on the Place de la Madeleine was a scene of joyful commotion and confusion. The small breakfast which followed the wedding was an informal affair; and though it was supposed that only the nearest personal friends were present, the rooms were cheerfully crowded, and the uniforms made a show and glitter. The charming girls who were permitted to be their sister's bridesmaids were the objects of much notice and attention; and when the company had risen from the table, the eldest sister, who was so much the least pretty and vivacious, was scarcely missed from the room. A few people inquired for the bride's brother, who had also disappeared; but as he was a stranger to every one, the fact of his absence was little noticed.

Martha, when she went to look for Harold, found him in his own room, smoking.

"I knew it was you," he said, as she came in, closing the door behind her. "I thought you would come to look me up; but why did you? I 'm poor company for anybody to-day. Well," he added, with a short, deep breath, "thank the Lord, that 's over! When you get married, Martha, I want you to elope. I 've no business at a wedding. I feel that I have cast an evil eye on Alice and Victor."

"Oh, Harold, I was thinking of you more than of them all the time," said Martha, earnestly. "It did seem absolute cruelty to have required it of you. How *could* mama!"

Concentrated as her tone and manner were, she was doubtful whether they even penetrated the consciousness of her companion, who, with his chair tipped backward, his frock-coat thrown open, with a ruthless disregard of the smart gardenia which ornamented its lapel, and his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, was smoking vigorously, and looking away from her out of the window.

Martha had come here in the ardent hope of giving comfort, and she felt a little hurt. She smothered the feeling back into her heart, however, as she said:

"I knew it was anguish to you, standing there and going through that ceremony."

He turned, and looked at her.

"Well, rather!" he said, with a short laugh, still keeping the cigar in his mouth, and talking with his teeth clenched upon it. Then he turned his face toward the window again; but his glance was so vague that Martha felt that he saw some picture in his mind, rather than the scene below. "The service was the same," he said, clasping his hands behind his head, and narrowing his eyes as if to get the perspective. "The music was the same — and those roses! And that was not all. Vivid as she always is to me in every other respect, I have not always been able to hold on to her voice; but to-day I heard it perfectly, saying, 'I, Sophia, take thee, Harold,' and all the rest!"

He got up suddenly, threw his cigar into the fireplace, and walked across the room.

"Oh, poor Harold!" Martha said, her voice thick with tears.

The effect of her words was instantaneous. He turned suddenly, and showed in both face and figure a swiftly summoned and effectual calm.

"My dear girl," he said quickly, "you don't suppose I 'm posing for an injured husband, I hope? I have suffered, of course; but with a man certain kinds of suffering get to be a business. To speak of it seems like talking shop. It 's detestable to be talking it to you now; but the truth is, this wedding affair has nearly knocked me out. I could have gone on keeping up the bluff, of course, and talked the usual bosh with the wedding guests in yonder; but I found I had a contract with myself that had to be seen to. It has cost me something to smooth out and harden down my thoughts and feelings about my own life; but I had got the thing done. This wedding business, however, upheaved it all. When I found that I was actually sinking into the mushy swamp of self-pity, I thought it was about time to come away, and steady up my nerve a bit. I 'm all right now, however, and I see clear again. The thing 's over, and no harm is done."

Martha's eyes followed him wistfully as he turned to the dressing-table, picked up a brush, and smoothed the swart surface of his thick, dark hair, brushed some specks of dust from his coat, and carefully straightened the injured flower.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"THE MAN WHO STOOD WAITING TO GIVE THE BRIDE."

"Shall we go back?" he said. "We may perhaps be missed."

"Don't go quite yet. No one will think about us," she said; and then she added doubtfully: "May I talk to you a little, Harold?"

"Certainly, my dear. Talk all you want," he answered, sitting down; "only there 's nothing to say."

"Where is she? I 've so often longed to know."

"I have n't the least idea. She asked me not to follow her movements, and I never have."

"Then you do not even know whether she is living or dead?"

"Yes; I know that much. She is not dead. I feel her in the world. If she went out of it, I believe I should know it. Besides, I would have been informed of that. She spoke of it, and said so."

There was a moment's pause, which Martha broke.

"Will you tell me this," she said, "whether you are as hopeless about it all as you were when I last spoke to you of it?"

"Exactly as hopeless. When a thing is absolute, my dear, it does n't have degrees. I have never been anything else than hopeless since the hour of my last interview with her. She told me then," he said, "that her first wish was to set me absolutely free. She said she wanted me to marry again. She said that just as soon as we had lived apart the time required by law for a divorce, she wanted me to get it. She said she was sorry there was no way to get it sooner. She said, also, that she would take back her maiden name."

He got up, thrust his hands into his pockets, and, walking over to the window, stood there for a moment. Then he turned suddenly, and came and stood in front of Martha, looking her directly in the eyes. She saw by that look that he was calm and steady, and so she ventured to question him a little further.

"Do you know whom she lives with?" she asked.

"With an aunt, whose life, as she told me, is utterly out of the world that we knew together. She said that, on this account, there was good reason to hope that we would never meet again."

Martha, who felt that this subject might not be spoken of between them again, continued to question him as he stood and looked down at her with a perfect consciousness of self-possession.

"Was she so beautiful?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

"And are you still unchanged in giving her the supreme place that you did give her from the moment you first saw her?"

"Yes," he said again.

"Oh, Harold," exclaimed the girl, "I sometimes think it might have turned out differently if the marriage had not been so rash and sudden."

He took a seat near her, and continued to look at her as he said:

"It could have made no difference to me. You don't fully understand it, Martha. It is impossible that you should. I knew, the day I met her, that I had been set apart and saved

for her. I know it now. It was the kind of gravitation that comes once in a life."

"Then you do not regret it?"

"For myself, not in the least. She was my wife for a month. What I have gone through since is a small price to pay for that. But when I think of what it has cost her — that most delicate of women — to face the odium of it — that superb woman's life shadowed by the vulgarity of a suddenly ruptured marriage; and — deeper than that! — to have her best life maimed forever — God! I curse the day that I was born!"

"And what has she brought on you, I 'd like to know?" cried Martha. "It was she who cast you off — not you her! Ah, Harold, if she had been the woman she should have been, she never could have done it!"

He looked at her with some impatience in his glance.

"Whether she was the woman she should have been or not, is a thing that neither concerns nor interests me. She was the woman I loved. The whole thing is in that."

"And the woman you still love? Is that true, Harold?"

"True as death," he said; "but what does it all matter? Your relentlessness is the friend's natural feeling. It shows how bootless it is to give account. I care more for your opinion than any other, but even your scorn does not signify to me here. It misses the point. The only pride that is involved is pride in my own immutability. Love ought always to be a regeneration," he went on, as if putting into shape the thoughts that were rising out of the recent chaos in his mind. "It 's easy enough to keep true when the love, the joy, the equal give and take, go on unbroken. It 's when a man actually turns and walks out of heaven, and the gates shut behind him forever, that he finds out the stuff that 's in him. Sometimes, when I think about it, I try to fancy what would be my humiliation if I found I had grown to love her less."

Martha was silent a moment. Then she said, as if urged by the necessity of speaking out, for this once, all that she had so long kept back:

"Suppose, after you get the divorce, you should hear that she was married!"

"I 'm braced to bear that, if it comes," he said. "I know it is possible, but I don't fear it. I may, of course, be wrong; but I don't believe, with what has been between us, that she could ever be the wife of another man while I lived. She might think so. She might even try — go part of the way; but I never felt more secure of anything than that she would find herself unable to do it."

"Then do you think that she possibly still cares for you?"

"No; I 'm not a fool. She made that point sufficiently plain. Did n't she tell me, in the downright, simple words, that she did not love me — had never loved me — had found out it was all a mistake? I believe she meant it absolutely. I believe it was true. You don't suppose, if I doubted it, I 'd have given her up as I have done?"

"Oh, Harold, what was it all about, that quarrel that you had? Could you bear to tell me?"

"There is nothing to tell. We thought we were perfectly suited, perfectly sympathetic. Our feelings had stood every test but marriage. When it came to that, they failed. It was a case of non-adjustment of feelings — different points of view — different natures, perhaps. I saw facing me the demand that I should change myself, root and branch, and become a different creature from what God had made me. This I could not do. I might have pretended and acted, but she was not the woman to tolerate the wretched puppet of a man which that would have made of me. *Her* changing was a thing I never thought of. I was never mean enough to think that a woman was bound to sacrifice her individuality in marriage. Why should a wife surrender that sacred citadel any more than a husband? How odious should I feel myself, if I had ever taken that position in the slightest degree! And shams were out of the question with us. Neither of us could have tolerated anything uncandid — anything that smacked of a tacit convention."

There was a moment's pause, and then Martha broke out impulsively:

"I can't help thinking that it might have been prevented. It may be that you were too proud. Have you ever thought that?"

"No," he said, with a certain grimness. "I have never taken that view of the case. She made it so entirely plain that she wanted to be rid of me at once and forever that there was no room for reflection on that point. If there is a man alive who could have held her bound after her words to me, I hope I may never make his acquaintance."

The appearance of agitation which had marked the beginning of the interview was now utterly gone from Harold. He spoke deliberately, and as if with a certain satisfaction in the sense of getting his thoughts into form.

Again there was a pause. Then Martha said, speaking very low:

"But, Harold, you are doing without love."

"I have had it," he answered, "and what has been is mine, to keep forever. I have lost my wife, but the greatness, the exaltation, of my love increases. I have learned that love

is subjective and independent. A renunciation is only an episode in it. I deserve no pity. No, Martha; never fall into the mistake of pitying me. I should pity you from my heart if I thought you would miss what I have had — and the gods may be lenient to as sweet a soul as yours. You may have the joy, some day, without the renunciation."

"I don't want it! I would n't have it!" cried the girl, vehemently. "No one will ever love me, and I would n't have them to. It would break my heart. It makes me seem ridiculous even to speak of it. I want *you* to have love and joy. That is all I ask."

"Well, I 've had it. Be satisfied. Of the two of us,—except that you have hope, which I have not,—you are the one to be pitied."

"Oh, Harold, *don't!* Unless you want to break my heart outright, don't talk to me about being happy. I want happiness for *you*. *I've* got no use for it."

She got up as she spoke, and moved toward him. Harold stood up, too, and bent to kiss her. Demonstrations between them were unusual, and it was a very Martha-like instinct that made her now so incline her head as to receive his caress upon her hair.

"We will go back to the others now," said Harold. "Thank you, Martha."

So, together they went back to the wedding-party.

(To be continued.)

Julia Magruder.



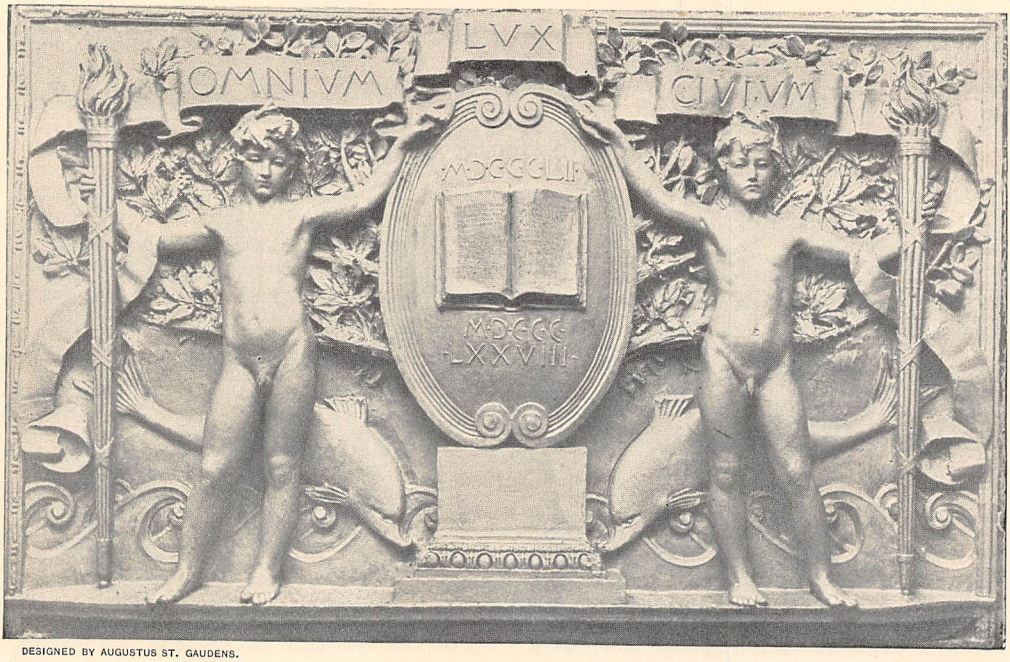
DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"'I KNEW IT WAS ANGUISH TO YOU.'"

"TIME BRINGS ROSES."

WHEN from my mountain-top of years I gaze
Backward upon the scenes that I have passed,
How pleasant is the view! and yet how vast
The deserts where I thirsted many days!
There, where now hangs that blue and shimmering haze,
And there, and there, my lot with pain was cast,
Hopeless and dark; but always at the last
Deliverance came, from unexpected ways.
And now all past grief is as but a dream:
Yet even now there loom before my path
Shadows whose gloomy portent checks my breath.
But shadows are not always what they seem —
God's love sometimes appears to be his wrath,
And his best gift is the white rose of death.

John H. Boner.



DESIGNED BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

SEAL OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, PANEL OVER DARTMOUTH STREET ENTRANCE.

THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY IN BOSTON.

ITS ARTISTIC ASPECTS.

"IS that the new building for Trinity parish?" a Boston lady asked when Richardson's now famous church was about half complete; and then she added, "It is very queer!"

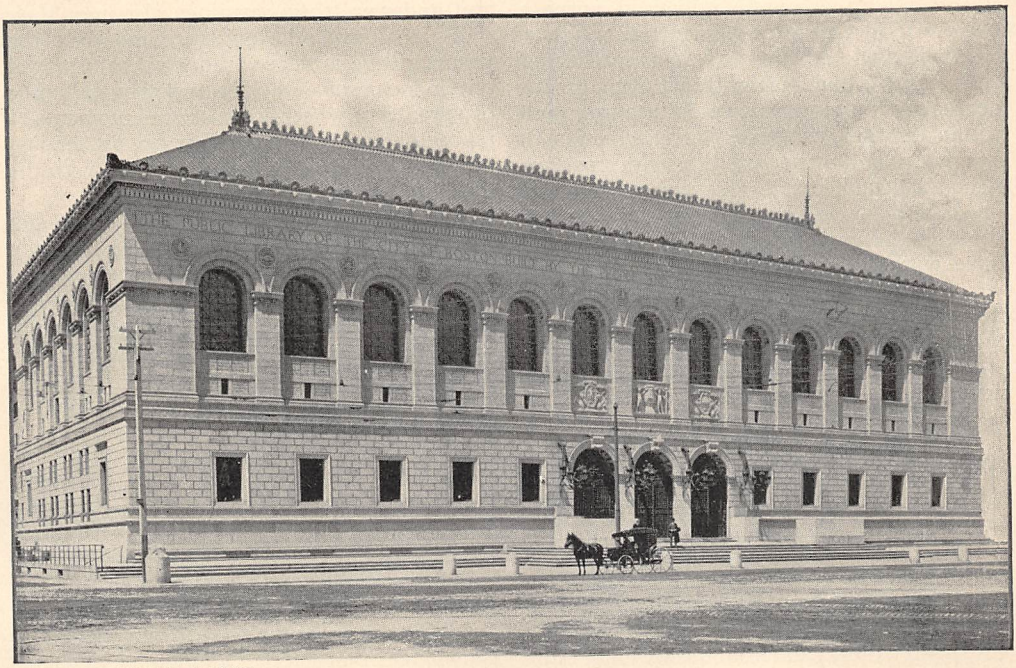
"Yes," replied her companion, slowly, in a reverent tone — "yes; art *is* queer."

Richardson himself happened to overhear these words, and thought them very funny. But they have also their serious and instructive side. They have often recurred to me, with a sort of typical significance, as formulating, in a brief and handy way, what may almost be considered a national attitude of mind. Vaguely silly on the surface, they may be interpreted, if we ponder them a little, as a confession of ignorance combined with a profession of willingness — nay, of eagerness — to admire. And this, considering our people broadly, and not alone in the art-pursuing circles of our largest towns, — this seems to be the present temper of the average American with regard to architectural art, if not, in some degree, with regard to art of every kind.

On the whole, it is not a temper to deplore. It marks a distinct step forward from the time when ignorance was cherished with supreme indifference, and we may hope that it prophesies a time when interest will have engendered veritable knowledge, true because reasoning appreciation. Nevertheless, it is a temper which may easily lead the mind away from the right — the reasoning — path of development. Sensibly as well as modestly one can say, "These things seem strange or odd to me, yet I am ready to believe that they may be very fine." But if one says, "Many things which must be fine seem odd to me, and so I may consider oddity and excellence the same," then his modesty o'erleaps itself, and turns to a rashness which will lead him far astray; and this is precisely what has happened with multitudes of Americans in our time. Their interest in art has been awakened, and therefore they are no longer content with monotonous ugliness, commonplace uniformity. But because their judgment has not developed, they allow mere novelty as such to impress them, and are most surely overawed by it when it is most eccentrically emphatic. For proof, you need only think of the aspect of Fifth Avenue or of Beacon street thirty years ago, and contrast it with the upper West Side streets of New York, with the Back Bay streets of Boston, or with Michigan Avenue in Chicago.

If, now, you will look at our pictures of the new Public Library in Boston, you will understand why Boston as a whole did not appreciate it fully at first; and you will also understand why, from the very first, good judges of

art, well content with its degree of beauty, were doubly glad because of that beauty's kind and character. It is not an eccentric building; it is not a picturesque building; it is not conspicuously original in design. It has no diversities of mass or outline, no strong contrasts of color, no striking individual features, no showy decorations. Therefore the public, not finding it "queer," needed time to learn that it was very good. It was called cold, uninteresting, severe, unsympathetic, monotonous, and conventional. The tower of Trinity, beautiful, but in a very different way; the showy taller tower of the "new Old South Church"; and the gaudy front of the Art Museum, not beautiful at all, but only gaudy — these also faced on Copley Square, and in the eyes of ignorant observers they seemed to reproach the library for its cold neglect of the rich resources of architectural form and color, and for its reticent refusal to declaim about the millions of money it had cost.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. H. FOLSOM.

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY. (McKIM, MEAD & WHITE, ARCHITECTS.)

But from the very first a good many other people fitted its qualities with truer names. They praised its dignified simplicity, its symmetrical serenity, its classic calmness and repose, the harmony of its features and proportions, the excellence of its materials and their treatment, the charm of its very pale gray tone relieved by the strong yet not aggressive red tone of the roof, the delicate vigor and good taste of its decorative details, and the noble result of all of these — the stately yet reserved and quiet expression of the building as a whole, admirably appropriate to its name and purpose. They did not expect such qualities instantly to please a public which for a generation had been dazzled by architectural pyrotechnics, deluded by showy eccentricities, bewildered by things which were partly sensible and partly "queer," and charmed by the exuberant, romantic spirit of Richardson's really admirable art. But they did expect them eventually to prevail. Their belief has been justified, and this fact means that the architects of the library have won a victory, not only for their own building, but for the general cause of architectural sobriety, dignity, simplicity, and refinement.

Moreover, while a great artist may achieve these qualities, no matter in what architectural style he works, it was well that a Renaissance style should be chosen for a building of such great importance — one of the offshoots of classic rather than one of those of medieval art. Mr. Richardson's vigorous, original, impressive, and often very sensible and beautiful use of Romanesque motives almost convinced America for a time that her true architectural path had thus been pointed out. But the results of recent years have proved once more the old truth taught by the prowess of Ulysses — it is the power of the man that makes a big weapon useful. We are gradually learning now that modern weapons, modern ideas and expedients, are the best for the men of to-day. We are

steadily gaining belief that the art which, in modernized versions, was reborn with the birth of modern civilization, and which is the living art of Europe still, is the one to be adopted by America and adapted to her multiform, thrice-modern needs. An effective exposition of this truth was made on the Chicago Fair grounds, and we may be very glad that Messrs. McKim, Mead & White perceived it some years before the Fair was built.

Despite its simplicity and reticence, the exterior of their library is conceived and adorned in such a way that it can never be mistaken for a building of purely utilitarian purpose. Clearly it is a civic monument, although as clearly it is one devoted to serious intellectual ends. And its builders rightly felt that a greater degree of sumptuousness would be appropriate within its walls, as expressing its erection by a populous and prosperous city, with a past enriched by intellectual achievement, and with fine ambitions for a still broader and more fertile future. In realizing this idea, the architects have worked, inside their building, in ways which recall Italian Renaissance art rather than the French development which is shown by their exterior. But no lack of concord results: we merely feel that different yet harmonizing needs have been met by the use of different yet harmonizing artistic expedients.

A low platform, approached by wide, encircling steps, lifts the library effectively above the level of Copley Square. The three arches of the main portal admit us to a vestibule from which three great doorways open into the entrance-hall. Beyond rises a monumental staircase, branching from its wide landing halfway up into two stately flights that end upon a columned gallery; and from this we enter Bates Hall, the general reading-room, which stretches across the whole front of the building, and is lighted by its main range of windows. The vast extent of this hall, 217 feet in length, 42 feet in breadth, and 50 feet to the crown of its barrel-vaulted ceiling, justifies the magnificent proportions of the staircase, showing what a multitude of readers and borrowers the library must serve, and suggesting how manifold and how spacious its other apartments must be.

This is but a hasty survey. It grants me no time to take you through so large and complex a structure, or even to note the arrangement of its parts, distributed through the four wings which inclose its central court. But we may at least look down into this courtyard from the balcony beyond the door on the staircase landing, or actually enter it through the Boylston street portal. It is encircled on three sides by graceful columnar arcades of marble, above which rise walls of yellowish brick, delightfully warm and rich in tone; and with its spacious air of dignified retirement, it is admirably expressive as a feature in a place which will be frequented by the public for other than practical business purposes, yet not for purposes of trivial pleasure. Coming immediately upon it from a raw, prosaic American street, our surprise makes but the more impressive and seductively poetic the pure and simple beauty of its shadowy arcades, the solid nobility of its upper walls, the peacefulness of its sunny central area of turf, and its pervading atmosphere of carefully considered art and cloistered quietude. Seats will be provided beneath its arcades and, under protecting awnings, also upon their roofs; and during the long warm months of the year it will be a place without a parallel as yet on American soil — a place owned by the public of a great city, where hours or even moments of repose or study will be doubly fruitful, feeding the most careless or unconscious eye with the food of high artistic loveliness.

And thus I am brought to speak of the fact which, more than any other, has already made this building famous. The most interesting thing about it is that each and every portion of it has been planned with the wish to secure the highest possible degree of beauty, in as many and as varied ways as are consistent with its artistic unity, and with respect for its fundamental character and purpose.

Its projectors knew (another thing that some of us were first convinced of by Chicago's Fair) that architectural beauty cannot be completed without the help of the sister arts, that a worthy house for Boston's books could not be built unless painter and sculptor should give the architect their aid. But they also knew that the building's mission was to spread and encourage knowledge; they felt that an intimate acquaintance with beauty is one of the most precious and fructifying kinds of knowledge; and, realizing that this, in most of its branches, cannot be acquired from books, they determined to reinforce the voice of books with the voice of art itself.

Very magnificent are the materials employed by the architects in their interior work, from the delicate mosaics of the entrance-hall, and the yellow Siena marble of the great staircase, to the carved and colored woodwork, brought from an old French château, which adorns the trustees' room. But these material splendors will be accompanied, enhanced, and refined by painted and sculptured work as exceptional in its way. Puvis de Chavannes, the greatest modern master of decorative design, is already painting pictures which will fill the panels and line the gallery of the staircase hall. Otherwise commissions have been given to American artists only. But need we regret this fact, knowing that St. Gaudens is to model symbolical groups for the great pedestals which, outside the build-



LION ON MAIN STAIRCASE, DESIGNED BY LOUIS ST. GAUDENS.



ENTRANCE-HALL.

ing, flank the main portal, while he has already ornamented the escutcheon above it; that Abbey's "Search for the Holy Grail" (already shown in part in Chicago and New York) is the frieze for the large delivery-room; and that Sargent (whose work is likewise partly complete to-day) will depict the "Religions of the World" in the staircase hall of the second floor? Then the apse-like end of Bates Hall is to receive a painting from Whistler's hand; French is to model a figure of Emerson for the same room, and the bronze doors between the entrance-hall and the vestibule; the lions on the staircase, memorials to the members of two Massachusetts regiments, were made by Louis St. Gaudens; and while McMonnies's statue of Sir Harry Vane already stands in the Shakspere room, his beautiful Bacchante, bought by the French Government for the Luxembourg, is to stand in duplicate on the courtyard fountain.

Of course there is space for many more artists than these in Boston's Library, and of course it will be long before the work of decorating it is complete; but no such beginning has ever been made before in a civic structure on American soil. We realize how full a measure of praise this library deserves when we remember that here for the first time the highest possible ideal has been conceived for us, and as regards not only architectural magnificence but artistic completeness in the broadest sense. Nor should we forget that this exceptional monument, destined, we may believe, to raise the standard for public buildings all through our fatherland, has been paid for in the noblest possible way. Individual generosities have bestowed neither the house itself nor its adornments, nor has State or national aid been asked for it. It has been constructed and it will be adorned by the city of Boston for the city of Boston — by those burghers as a whole who, as individuals, down to the humblest and meanest among them, will be equally entitled to enjoy its beauty and to profit by its precious stores.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

ITS IDEALS AND WORKING CONDITIONS.

IN 1892 25,000 new books were added to the Boston Public Library, and it is likely that henceforth this increase will be maintained and possibly surpassed. This means, therefore, a million new books every forty years. The enumeration of all books in the library

on December 1, 1894, was 608,466, of which 459,128 are in Bates Hall and in the lower hall. These two collections are to be unified henceforth. The remainder of the volumes are distributed throughout various branch libraries, and will not be disturbed in their present positions.

The new building allows, without disturbing its present plan, for about 2,000,000 volumes, so that in less than one hundred years the good citizens of Boston may, in all probability, find themselves with a still larger problem on their hands, unless, as perhaps may then be feasible, ground in the rear may be secured.

The problem of moving the whole vast "plant" of books, furniture, and catalogues did not lie in the bodily transmission of a large mass of material from one place to another, but in the orderly getting of the whole from one fixed position into another without incurring an immense disturbance of the separate units. Every shelf in the old building was carefully measured as to length and height, and a corresponding shelf in the new one was planned for, so that when the time came every book, so far as ordinary foresight could arrange it, fitted with precision into its new position. Between 80,000 and 100,000 feet of shelf-room are now occupied; that is to say, from twelve to fifteen miles of standing books were to be mobilized, transported, and billeted for another century at least.

It was certainly a great undertaking to be able to say, within a reasonable time, "All present or accounted for" in regard to a number of volumes so great that it would take an excellent pedestrian four hours to walk past them in review. Once safely housed, these books, except those placed in the special libraries, no longer form an important adjunct to the architectural features, or continue to give an esthetic aid to the minds of readers long used to the silent dignity of their presence. They stand in the closely compacted stacks, arranged with reference to light, air, and facility of access on the eastern and southern sides. Ventilation and daylight reach them from the outside windows as well as from those facing upon the large open court, around which the whole building runs in a perfect square. Upon each of the six floors of the stacks are attendants who receive through a pneumatic tube the slips containing shelf-numbers of books applied for and at once transmitted to their proper floor from a central desk. These attendants will see that the books corresponding to the numbers indicated on the slips are found, and will send them, transmitted on the automatic book-railway, to a central point of each stack, and thence up or down, as the case may be, to the floor on which the desk of delivery stands, and to which they will be quickly forwarded. Human machinery is thus dispensed with as far as possible in this transportation to the waiting reader from the unseen shelves, to which even the employees may no longer have full freedom of access. No books will be delivered directly in the great central reading-room, which is named Bates Hall in honor of the library's greatest benefactor, Joshua Bates of London; thus unavoidable noise and confusion will be confined to a limited space, and proper quiet secured to the ears and minds of readers already at work. However eager may be the wish of library economists to reduce friction and delay incidental to the sending for and delivery of books, it is only too obvious that upon human intelligence and celerity must rest the failure or success of attempts to make artificial devices "go." As books grow in number there must be a slight proportionate increase of difficulty in finding them; an approach, therefore, to a perfect system is all that can reasonably be asked. The British Museum does not undertake to gratify the requests of a reader within fifteen minutes; it may be that the American genius for quick methods can largely reduce this limit. In some of the Continental libraries it is a tolerated practice to inform an applicant that he may have in the afternoon the books for which he asks in the forenoon — a condition of things never to exist in a country where a critical public has a most vivid sense that it owns and supports institutions with its own purse.

In this stately Bates Hall, as free from meretricious or offensive ornament as from noise of book-trucks or whistles for tardy messengers, the readers will have within their immediate reach a much larger number of works of reference than was possible in the cramped condition of the old building. Such books are merely tools,—"books which are not books," according to the leisurely standard of a Charles Lamb,—but they serve a very present need, and the public should be able to get them without delay.

The larger and more choice a library grows, the deeper becomes the sense of hopelessness to the student, unless, perchance, he can find some true point of contact with the treasures thereof. No one is rash enough to propose seriously to throw open the shelves of a public library to the casual or sporadic whim of readers. Only proprietary libraries may safely do this, because the sense of ownership is more real and binding among shareholders or subscribers than it possibly can be among such vague and uncertain factors as the "public."

Excluded, then, from a common pasturage among the riches which they nominally own, but do not possess, the constituents of public libraries must look for help almost entirely to



THE PERIODICAL-ROOM, ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

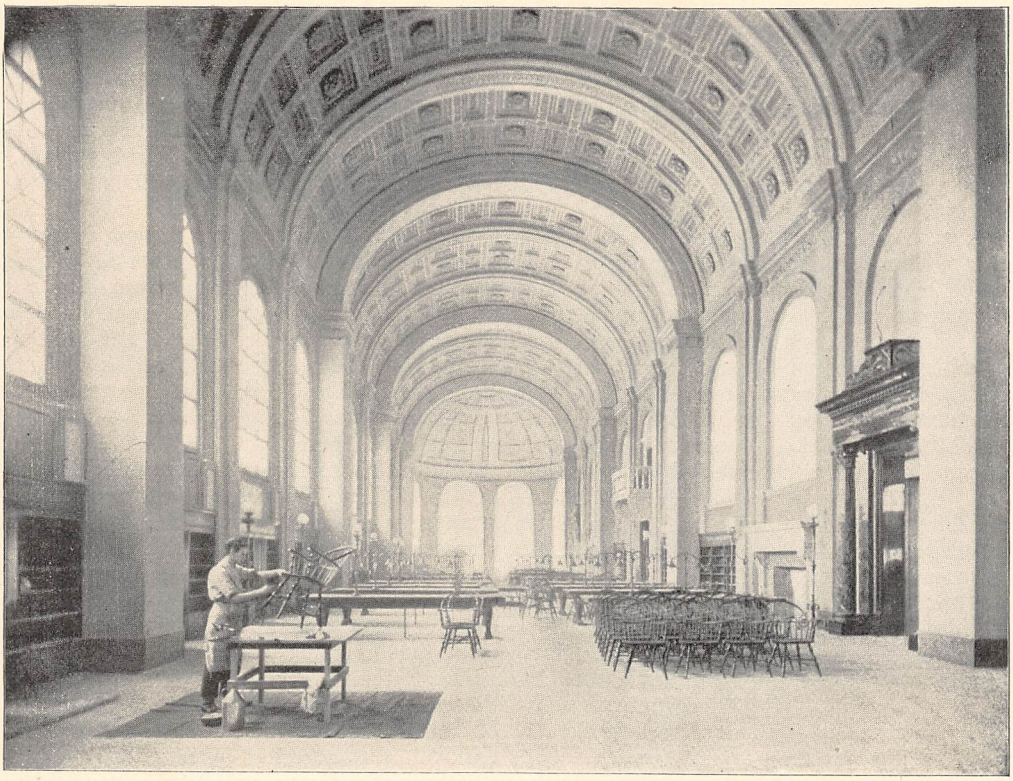
the merits of catalogues. As is well known, the Boston Public Library depends in this way mainly upon its enormous card catalogue, begun nearly thirty years since, at a time when it was felt that to furnish complete printed indexes was no longer practicable. This catalogue has grown to such dimensions that it is evidently nearing what may be called in mechanical parlance its "elastic limit." It contains nearly a million cards — a number so large as ordinarily to convey no adequate meaning to the mind. These cards have hitherto occupied about three hundred drawers, and, if removed and placed in a straight line, would reach about a thousand feet! They weigh about five thousand pounds, and though made of the finest cardboard are, under certain topics, thumbed and soiled to the nauseating point. Lack of space has hitherto compelled the close juxtaposition of these drawers in tiers, by which crowded arrangement one person was able to obstruct the search, for a time, of several others. In the new building the cards will be placed in small, light trays from which dirt and dust can easily be removed. These trays will probably be in charge of an attendant who will deliver them as asked for, and return them promptly when given back to him. The cards, probably somewhat reduced in size, will be fastened by an ingenious hinge of linen to a larger card at the bottom of the tray, upon which the card will play easily backward and forward like the leaf of a book. The titles may by this plan be read easily, without craning over a dark

and heavy drawer. In so large a topic as the "United States" or the "Bible," many of these trays will be necessary, and it may be that dissatisfaction will arise from the difficulty of securing at once just the right tray. Experience will be the only test of this plan, and the public, as usual, will decide the success of the experiment.

A word more in regard to the problem of the card catalogue. A few years ago it was proposed in this library to print its titles as they then stood, and an approximate but safe estimate showed, after cutting the titles down to the minimum of intelligibility and correctness, that such a book-catalogue would fill more than seventeen volumes, closely printed in somewhat small type and in two columns to a page, each volume to be of quarto size and to contain six hundred and fifty pages. By the time this colossal feat could have been done, enough titles would have accumulated to make it desirable to repeat the task at once. Since this estimate was made the type-setting machine, with its speed and economy, has become a revolutionizing element in the printing world. This library is now asking itself how this invention can be used toward solving the catalogue problem. It is proposed — and machines are already made for the purpose — to print the titles of all new books, to use the titles as heretofore in the card catalogue, and then to save the "slugs" on which each title will be cast until enough have been accumulated and alphabetized to form the basis for a general printed catalogue. The slugs will still be saved, and by a constant process of accumulation and alphabetizing new editions will at any time be possible.

Larger libraries in this country may be driven to the method now adopted by the British Museum, which attempts to furnish a complete catalogue of authors only — an admirable plan so far as scholars are concerned. But American libraries have to reckon with a constituency of which they are but the servants and not the masters. The public needs guides to literature on live subjects, not caring much to know or to remember who writes the books. As the world's knowledge grows apace, vast numbers of books of worth and interest get pushed aside by the in-rush of newer ones, and lie upon the shelves, unknown and untouched, for the simple reason that there is no sure method of communication between those who manipulate the books and those who wish to use them. Scholars and men of letters alone have a fair chance to get what they want; and even their knowledge is almost trivial compared with that gained by a trained and clever mind in daily familiar contact with the personality of books. Touch and sight are essential encouragements to bookmindedness. The only solution must then be either a rapid issue of lists on important topics, leaving to scholars the immense opportunities of a perfected author catalogue, or else a greater dependence of the public upon personal assistance. In the realm of literature even the cleverest mind can grasp but little, and those remarkable persons, to be found in any great library, who know "every book on the shelves," are in reality rather dangerous characters when we consider the power they wield and the large impression they create. Of naturally retentive memory, they do carry a vast amount of general and useful information; but every mind has its process of self-limitation, and its stock in trade, and finally comes to use its old materials of knowledge in a perfunctory and often misleading way. All this is said in no derogation of these phenomenal persons, but to indicate the necessary restriction of knowledge in one brain amid the fearful complexities of a more and more specialized literature. The experiment is now making in this library of printing directly from the card catalogue as it stands special lists on important subjects, thus bringing in compact form timely guides to the relief both of the public and of the over-burdened catalogue, the congestion of which may in a measure be relieved by the removal of titles printed in such lists.

A specialist is one to whom large and necessarily general collections can give at best little satisfaction. The accretions from year to year represent, in the main, a popular demand, or else purchases made in the interests of the entire community. For the solacement, however, of scholars and advanced investigators, in the Boston Library are sedulously guarded several special collections which give luster to the reputation of the institution, and which are veritable Meccas for scholars throughout the country. Under the freer conditions of more space, better air, and an entire absence of the haunting dread of fire, the management has it fully in mind to give these admirable libraries an opportunity equal to their importance. At present the special libraries are eleven in number. The Patent Collection numbers nearly 5000 volumes, and is open to indefinite growth. The Bowditch Mathematical Library of nearly 6000 volumes is enlarged by the yearly income of a fund of $10,000. The Parker Library of 14,000 volumes was left by Theodore Parker, with the provision that they should be made as accessible as possible. The Prince Library of about 3000 volumes is indeed *facile princeps*, to jest mildly — the most significant if not the largest or most valuable of all public collections of Americana in existence. The Barton Library of nearly 14,000 volumes contains many fine specimens of bookwork and binding, as well as a remarkable Shaksperian



READING-ROOM, BATES HALL.

collection which, if added to the Shaksperiana of the general library, would form one of the best living monuments to the first name of all literatures. The Thayer Library of more than 5000 volumes is interesting for its portraits and plates of historical and literary importance. The Franklin Library of 500 volumes was formed in memory of the great Bostonian, and is aided in part by the income of a gift from Dr. Samuel A. Green, who first conceived the idea of making this memorial. The 600 exceedingly choice volumes from the library of the late John A. Lewis are devoted entirely to early and rare Americana. The Ticknor Library of 6000 volumes was at one time the finest collection of Spanish and Portuguese literature outside of Spain, with the exception of the Holland House collection. The late George Ticknor, one of the soundest and most far-seeing American scholars of his day, left also $4000, the income of which is devoted to keeping up the high reputation of this noble array of books. Within a year the trustees have been notified that they are to receive in trust the library left to the town of Quincy more than seventy years ago by John Adams, second President of the United States. It is wisely thought by his descendants and by those empowered to act in this matter that the new building of the Boston Public Library could best store, care for, and make available this priceless reminder of President Adams. Many of the books are full of John Adams's annotations, incisive, sometimes narrow, but always penetrating. Such a gift as this is sufficient vindication of the policy of building a structure commodious enough to receive in a proper manner valuable donations and bequests of any sort, whether they come, as they are certain to do, in the form of books, pictures, statuary, medals, engravings, or of any product of art or literature adapted to the beautification or enrichment of the walls or alcoves.

Another recent gift in line with the Adams trust is that of the Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, librarian of the Public Library from 1878 to 1890, who gives in his lifetime his remarkable collection of autographs and manuscripts, for which a special room has been set apart.

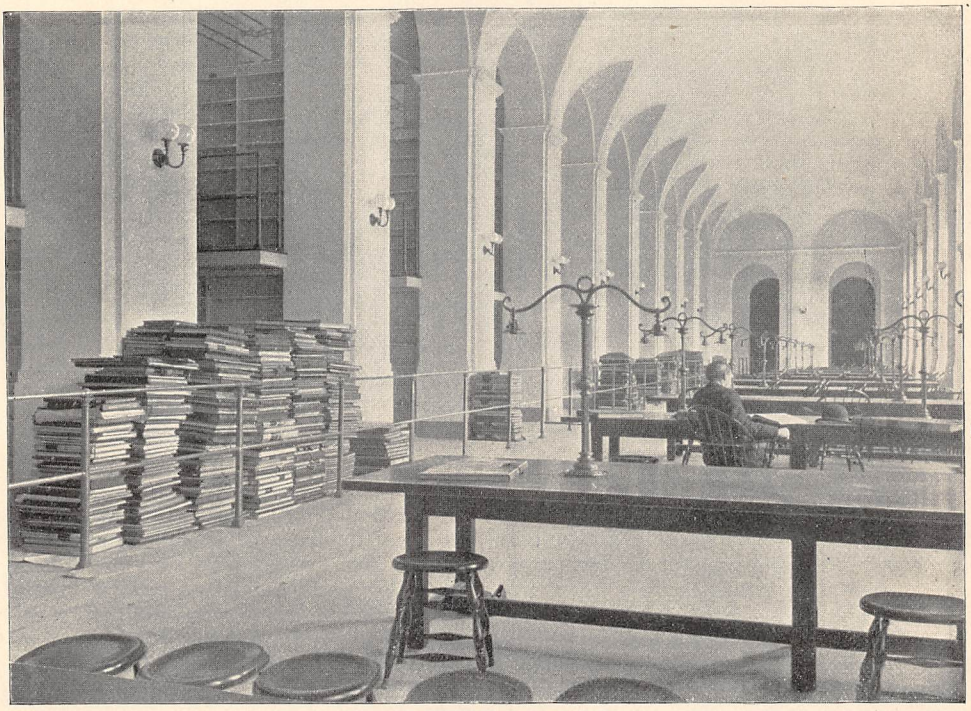
Close upon the Adams trust and the Chamberlain gift follows another most precious and distinctive contribution to the library's treasures in the shape of a collection of musical works, numbering 7000 volumes, brought together by the enthusiasm and fine taste of Mr. Allen A. Brown. Its richness in musical scores is its unique feature.

These special collections are to be placed

on the top story, and the space allowed to them will run around three sides of the building. Students will find large accommodations here for the quiet pursuit of particular lines of investigation. It is intended to provide opportunities for particular research in other directions as well. Already a space has been reserved for works relating to architecture and allied and subordinate topics, in which the library is very strong. A photograph-room at the top of the building will much facilitate the labors of those who wish to take negatives of plates or pictures. Careful supervision will render this privilege a safe one to grant, although mistakes in the past have pressed home the need of caution. No tracing from maps or plates, and no use of ink in copying text, are now permitted.

In the future growth of American communities there seems to be no good reason why one city should be imitative of the others, or why the dull spirit of emulation should not give way to a higher ideal of original and independent advance in individual directions. There can be, and there needs to be, only one Lenox Library or one Newberry Library. Scholars will naturally migrate from one great institution to another, to their own mental gain, and to the profit of the places which they visit. The Boston of to-day, changed as it is from a provincial town, yet provincially remote from the great centers of American life, still keeps its anomalously strong position because it has learned the wisdom of holding fast to, and of further developing, that which is peculiar to itself, and thus far has been enabled to keep the pace in the strenuousness of American life.

The costly investment of public money in this superb, dignified, and characteristic library building was conceived and carried through, in the face of much adverse criticism, on the theory, seldom left out of Yankee calculation, that it would "pay"—pay not only in the sure if indirect return it would bring to the city by proving a magnet to scholars from all directions, but in that surer and better way as an ornament and honor to civic pride, and as an educational aid to all citizens. The solemn rectitude of the building alone is a menace to those who may now or hereafter wish, however remotely, to assail the security of democracy in the first article of its political creed — a common education for the commonweal.



SPECIAL LIBRARY FLOOR.

It would be an agreeable task to touch momentarily on some of the other features which are to be introduced as the library enters upon a new era of its life, especially to speak of the enlarged scope of the Patent Department, which has proved already so great an aid to inventors and lawyers from Boston and

other cities. Mention must not be forgotten of the generous gift by Mr. William C. Todd of the sum of $2000 a year, for the maintenance of a suitable collection of newspapers of high character, from all countries, in recognition of the important and necessary part which the daily press plays in the literature of to-day. Mr. Todd's gift will ultimately be made secure by the income of a gift of $50,000.



MOSAIC CEILING, ENTRANCE-HALL.

Of the minutiæ of the many departments grouped under one roof it would not be possible to write interestingly; yet one has a feeling that these very details excite a keen curiosity. Older, as well as younger, children have a natural and not unhealthy wish to see the wheels go round. No one else has ever told half so well as has Mr. John Fiske, in the "Atlantic Monthly," in his "A Librarian's Work," the story of bibliothecal routine and management. Though written nearly twenty years since, his story still holds true in the main for any large library. Both a duty and a difficulty are avoided by referring once for all to Mr. Fiske's account; for if any one can give interest to mere fact, surely it is he.

The functions of the government of the Boston Public Library are threefold — the executive, whereby the finances and general policy are controlled; the administrative, involving the library work proper, subdivided into the purchasing, cataloguing, shelving, and distribution of books; and lastly, the mechanical, including care of the building, heating and ventilating, proper care of the books merely as property, and the binding, mending, and dusting of them. The real governing power is the board of trustees, five in number, serving without pay, and elected each for five years. Each year the term of one member expires, and he is then eligible for reappointment, or subject to retirement, as the mayor of the city decides. The trustees form a corporation, and depend for their annual appropriation, aside from gifts and income from bequests, entirely upon the good will of the city government. The president of the trustees is in reality as well as nominally the highest acting power of the institution, although all transactions and purchases must be sanctioned by a vote of the board, of which three members are necessary to a quorum. Authority and responsibility are thus in theory placed in the most definite way. The direct servant of the trustees is the librarian, who is appointed by them, and has large discretionary power in regulating the purely intellectual policy, while the executive officer who is answerable for the business and administrative condition is perhaps more especially the factor of the trustees than is the librarian.

A happy exemption from outside interference, and a reasonably strict application of the general spirit of civil-service reform ideas, have kept the working force from harmful fluctuations or from political terrorism. This library is in good faith administered for the people. Freedom of access to its treasures is granted to a degree which has excited the fears of those who predict the necessity, in the near future, of a circumspection and restriction approaching in severity to that of European libraries. Pressure of a population fast passing from the homogeneity of an earlier American type may ultimately render it imperative that the library, except in the case of the most usual and inexpensive books, shall cease to be a medium of distributing literature among the homes of Boston. In answer to the charge that the Boston Public Library does not accord large privileges to scholars from other cities and States, it may be said, by way of explanation though not of apology, that the present policy seeks honestly, if narrowly, to recognize the strict democratic principle that to the citizens who support this expensive privilege must be rendered their full and just dues. The numberless rows of shabby, worn, and perishing volumes, and the absolute equality of consideration shown to all who frequent this library, attest fully the easy, tolerant American genius which animates it. The wealthy classes of the city as a rule do not frequent it, though taking a real pride in its usefulness and its greatness, besides doing much in many ways to sustain it. Never properly to be compared with similar institutions abroad, nor even with its more conservatively administered sister libraries in this country, it has had an experience peculiarly its own. The pioneer of large public libraries in America, it has had to learn much by unlearning more; its experiments have been costly, but not unprofitable, and have given it a spirit of self-dependence as valuable to institutions as to individuals. Its geographical isolation and the reserved temper of New England have served to keep it somewhat aloof from the coöperative tendency of libraries in the United States, perhaps to its detriment and loss of national popularity, but not, probably, to the sacrifice of its individual distinctness or strength.

Lindsay Swift.

ON A SIDE-TRACK.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



"THE SNOW-PLOW ENGINES."

IT was the second week in February, but winter had taken a fresh hold; the stockmen grumbled, freight was dull, and travel light on the white Northwestern lines.

In the Portland car from Omaha there were but four passengers: father and daughter,—a gentle, unsophisticated pair,— and two strong-faced men, fellow-travelers also, keeping each other's company in a silent but close and conspicuous proximity. They shared the same section, the younger man sleeping above, going to bed before, and rising later than, his companion; and whenever he changed his seat or made an unexpected movement, the eyes of the elder man followed him, and they were never far from him at any time.

The elder was a plain farmer type of man, with a clean-shaven, straight upper lip, a grizzled beard covering the lower half of his face, and humorous wrinkles spreading from the corners of his keen gray eyes.

The younger showed in his striking person that union of good blood with hard conditions so often seen in the old-young graduates of the life schools of the West. His hands and face were dark with exposure to the sun, not of parks and club-grounds and seaside piazzas, but the dry, untempered light of the desert and the plains. His dark eye was distinctively masculine,— if there be such a thing as gender in features,— bold, ardent, and possessive; but now it was clouded with sadness which did not pass like a mood, though he looked capable of moods.

He was dressed in the demi-toilet which an-



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

PHEBE.

swers for dinners in the West, on occasions where a dress-coat is not required. In itself the costume was correct, even fastidious, in its details, but on board an overland train there was a foppish unsuitability in it that "gave the wearer away," as another man would have said — put him at a disadvantage, notwithstanding his admirable physique, and the sad, rather fine preoccupation of his manner. He looked like a very real person dressed for a trifling part, which he lays aside between the scenes while he thinks about his sick child, or his debts, or his friend with whom he has quarreled.

But these incongruities, especially the one of dress, might easily have escaped a pair of eyes so confiding and unworldly as those of the young girl in the opposite section; they had escaped her, but not the incongruity of youth with so much sadness. The girl and her father had boarded the car at Omaha, escorted by the porter of one of the forward sleepers on the same train. They had come from farther East. The old gentleman appeared to be an invalid; but they gave little trouble. The porter had much leisure on his hands, which he bestowed in making up arrears of sleep on the end seat forward. The conductor made up his accounts in the empty drawing-rooms, or looked at himself in the mirrors, or stretched his legs on the velvet sofas. He was a young fellow, with a tendency to jokes and snatches of song and talk of a light character when not on duty. He talked sometimes with the porter in low tones, and then both looked at the pair of travelers in No. 8, and the younger man seemed moodily aware of their observation.

On the first morning out from Omaha the old gentleman kept his berth until nine or ten o'clock. At eight his daughter brought him a cup of chocolate and a sandwich, and sat between his curtains, chatting with him cozily. In speaking together they used the language of the Society of Friends.

The young man opposite listened attentively to the girl's voice; it was as sweet as the piping of birds at daybreak. Phebe her father called her.

Afterward Phebe sat in the empty section next her father's. The table before her was spread with a fringed doily, and a few pieces of old household silver and china which she had taken from her lunch-basket. She and her father were economical travelers, but in all their belongings there was the refinement of modest suitability and an exquisite cleanliness. Her own order for breakfast was confined to a cup of coffee, which the porter was preparing in the buffet-kitchen.

"Would you mind changing places with me?"

The young man in No. 8 spoke to his companion, who sat opposite reading a newspaper. They changed seats, and by this arrangement the younger could look at Phebe, who innocently gave him every advantage to study her sober and delicate profile against the white snow-light as she sat watching the dreary cattle-ranges of Wyoming swim past the car window.

Her hair had been brushed, and her face washed in the bitter alkaline water of the plains, with the uncompromising severity of one whose standards of personal adornment are limited to the sternest ideals of neatness and purity. Yet her fair face bloomed, like a winter sunrise, with tints of rose and pearl and sapphire blue, and the pale gold of winter sunshine was in her satin-smooth hair.

The young man did not fail to include in his study of Phebe the modest breakfast equipment set out before her. He perfectly recalled the pattern of the white-and-gold china, the touch, the very taste, of the thin, bright old silver spoons; they were like his grandmother's tea-things in the family homestead in the country, where he had spent his summers as a boy. The look of them touched him nearly, but not happily, it would seem, from his expression.

The porter came with the cup of coffee, and offered a number of patronizing suggestions in the line of his service, which the young girl declined. She set forth a meek choice of food, blushing faintly in deprecation of the young man's eyes, of which she began to be aware. Evidently she was not yet hardened to the practice of eating in public.

He took the hint, and retired to his corner, opening a newspaper between himself and Phebe.

Presently he heard her call the porter in a small, ineffectual voice. The porter did not come. She waited a little, and called again, with no better result. He put down his newspaper.

"If you will press the button at your left," he suggested.

"The button!" she repeated, looking at him helplessly.

He sprang to assist her. As he did so his companion flung down his paper, and jumped in front of him. The eyes of the two met. A hot flush rose to the young man's eyebrows.

"I am calling the porter for her."

"Oh!" said the other, and he sat down again; but he kept an eye upon the angry youth, who leaned across Phebe's seat, and touched the electric button.

"Little girl had n't got on to it, eh?" the grizzled man remarked pleasantly, when his companion had resumed his seat.

There was no answer.

"Nice folks; from the country, somewheres back East, I should guess," the imperturbable

one continued. "Old man seems sort of sickly. Making a move on account of his health, likely. Great mistake — old folks turning out in winter huntin' a climate."

The young man remained silent, and the elder returned to his paper.

At Cheyenne, where the train halts for dinner, the young girl helped her father into his outer garments, buttoned herself hastily into her homespun jacket bordered with gray fur, pinned her little hat firmly to her crown of golden braids, hid her hands in her muff,— she did not wait to put on gloves,— and led the way to the dining-room.

The travelers in No. 8 disposed of their meal rapidly, in their usual close but silent conjunction, and returned at once to the car.

The old gentleman and his daughter walked the windy platform, and cast rather forlorn glances at the crowd bustling about in the bleak winter sunlight. When they took their seats again, the father's pale blue eyes were still paler, his face looked white and drawn with the cold; but Phebe was like a rose: with her wonderful, pure color the girl was beautiful. The young man of No. 8 looked at her with a startled reluctance, as if her sweetness wounded him.

Then he seemed to have resolved to look at her no more. He leaned his head back in his corner, and closed his eyes; the train shook him slightly as he sat in moody preoccupation with his thoughts, and the miles of track flew by.

At Green River, at midnight, the Portland car was dropped by its convoy of the Union Pacific, and was coupled with a train making up for the Oregon Short Line. There was hooting and backing of engines, slamming of car doors, flashing of conductors' lanterns, voices calling across the tracks. One of these voices could be heard, in the wakeful silence within the car, as an engine from the west steamed past in the glare of its snow-wreathed headlight.

"No. 10 stuck this side of Squaw Creek. Bet you don't make it before Sunday!"

The outbound conductor's retort was lost in the clank of couplings as the train lurched forward on the slippery rails.

"Phebe, is thee awake?" the old gentleman softly called to his daughter, about the small hours.

"Yes, father. Want anything?"

"Are those ventilators shut? I feel a cold draft in the back of my berth."

The ventilators were all shut, but the train was now climbing the Wind River divide, the cold bitterly increasing, and the wind dead ahead. Cinders tinkled on the roaring stove-pipes, the blast swept the car roofs, pelting the window-panes with fine, dry snow, and searching every joint and crevice defended by the company's upholstery.

Phebe slipped down behind the berth-curtains, and tucked a shawl in at her father's back. Her low voice could be heard, and the old man's self-pitying tones in answer to her tender questionings. He coughed at intervals till daybreak, when there was silence in section No. 7.

In No. 8, across the aisle, the young man lay awake in the strength of his thoughts, and made up passionate sentences which he fancied himself speaking to persons he might never be brought face to face with again. They were people mixed in with his life in various relations, past and present, whose opinions had weighed with him. When he heard Phebe talking to her father, he muttered, with a sort of anguish:

"Oh, you precious lamb!"

He and his companion made their toilet early, and breakfasted and smoked together, and their taciturn relation continued as before. Snow filled the air, and blotted out the distance, but there were few stationary dark objects outside by which to gage its fall. They were across the border now, between Wyoming and Idaho, in a featureless white region, a country of small Mormon ranches, far from any considerable town.

The old man slept behind his curtains. Phebe went through the morning routine by which women travelers make themselves at home and pass the time, but obviously her day did not begin until her father had reported himself. She had found a hole in one of her gloves, which she was mending, choosing critically the needle and the silk for the purpose from a very complete housewife in brown linen bound with a brown silk galloon. Again the young man was reminded of his boyhood, and of certain kind old ladies of precise habits who had contributed to his happiness, and occasionally had eked out the fond measure of paternal discipline.

The snow continued; about noon the train halted at a small water-station, waited awhile as if in consideration of difficulties ahead, and then backed quietly down upon a side-track. A shock of silence followed. Every least personal movement in the thinly peopled car, before lost in the drumming of the wheels, asserted itself against this new medium. The passengers looked up and at one another; the Pullman conductor stepped out to make inquiries.

The silence continued, and became embarrassing. Phebe dropped her scissors. This time the young man sat still, but the flush rose to his forehead as before. The old gentleman's breathing could be heard behind his curtains; the porter rattling plates in the cooking-closet; the soft rustling of the snow outside. Phebe

stepped to her father's berth, and peeped between his curtain; he was still sleeping. Her voice was hushed to the note of a sick-room as she asked:

"Where are we now, do you know?"

The young man was looking at her, and to him she addressed the question.

With a glance at his companion, he crossed to her side of the car, and took the seat beside her.

"We are in the Bear Lake Valley, just over the border of Idaho, about fifteen miles from the Squaw Creek divide," he answered, sinking his voice.

"Did you hear what that person said in the night, when a train passed us, about our not getting through?"

"I wondered if you heard that." He smiled. "You did not rest well, I 'm afraid."

"I was anxious about father. This weather is a great surprise to us. We were told the winters were short in southern Idaho — almost like Virginia; but look at this!"

"We have nearly eight thousand feet of altitude here, you must remember. In the valleys it is warmer. There the winter does break usually about this time. Are you going on much farther?"

"To a place called Volney."

"Volney is pretty high; but there is Boisé City, farther down. Strangers moving into a new country very seldom strike it right the first time."

"Oh, we shall stay at Volney, even if we do not like it; that is, if we *can* stay. I have a married sister living there. She thought the climate would be better for father."

After a pause she asked, "Do you know why we are stopping here so long?"

"Probably because we have had orders not to go any farther."

"Do you mean that we are blocked?"

"The train ahead of us is. We shall stay here until that gets through."

"You seem very cheerful about it," she said, observing his expression.

"Ah, I should think so!"

His short lip curled in the first smile she had seen upon his strong, brooding face. She could not help smiling in response, but she felt bound to protest against his irresponsible view of the situation.

"Have you so much time to spend upon the road? I thought the men of this country were always in a hurry."

"It makes a difference where a man is going, and on what errand, and what fortune he meets with on the way. *I* am not going to Volney."

She did not understand his emphasis, nor the bearing of his words. His eyes dropped to her hands lying in her lap, still holding the glove she had been mending.

"How nicely you do it! How can you take such little stitches without pricking yourself, when the train is going?"

"It is my business to take little stitches. I don't know how to do anything else."

"Do you mean it literally? Is it your business to sew?"

The notion seemed to surprise him.

"No; I mean in a general sense. Some of us can do only small things, a stitch at a time,— take little steps, and not know always where they are going."

"Is this a little step — to Volney?"

"Oh, no; it is a very long one, and rather a wild one, I 'm afraid. I suppose everybody does a wild thing once in a lifetime?"

"How should *you* know that?"

"I only said so. I don't say that it is true."

"People who take little steps are sometimes picked up and carried off their feet by those who take long, wild ones."

"Why, what are we talking about?" she asked herself, in surprise."

"About going to Volney, was it not?" he suggested.

"What is there about Volney, please tell me, that you harp upon the name? I am a stranger, you know; I don't know the country allusions. Is there anything peculiar about Volney?"

"She is a deep little innocent," he said within himself; "but oh, so innocent!" And again he appeared to gather himself in pained resistance to some thought which jarred with the thought of Phebe. He rose and bowed, and so took leave of her, and settled himself back into his corner, shading his eyes with his hand.

He ate no luncheon, Phebe noticed, and he sat so long in a dogged silence that she began to cast wistful glances across the aisle, wondering if he were ill, or if she had unwittingly been rude to him. Any one could have shaken her confidence in her own behavior; moreover, she reminded herself, she did not know the etiquette of an overland train. She had heard that the Western people were very friendly; no doubt they expected a frank response in others. She resolved to be more careful the next time, if the moody young man should speak to her again.

Her father was awake now, dressed and sitting up. He was very chipper, but Phebe knew his color was not natural, nor his breathing right. He was much inclined to talk, in a rambling, childish, excited manner that increased her anxiety.

The young man in No. 8 had evidently taken his fancy; his formal, old-fashioned advances were modestly but promptly met.

"I supppose it is not usual, in these parts, for travelers to inquire each other's names?" said the old gentleman to his new acquain-

tance; "but we seem to have plenty of time on our hands; we might as well improve it socially. My name is David Underhill, and this is my daughter Phebe. Now what might thy name be, friend?"

"My name is Ludovic," said the youth, looking a half-apology at Phebe, who saw no reason for it.

"First or family name?"

"Ludovic is my family name."

"And a very good name it is," said the old gentleman. "Not a common name in these parts, I should say, but one very well and highly known to me," he added, with pleased emphasis. "Phebe, thee remembers a visit we had from Martin Ludovic when we were living at New Rochelle?"

"Thee knows I was not born when you lived at New Rochelle, father dear."

"True, true! It was thy mother I was thinking of. She had a great esteem for Martin Ludovic. He was one of the world's people, as we say — in the world, but not of the world. Yet he made a great success in life. He was her father's junior partner; rose from a clerk's stool in his counting-room — and a great success he made of it. But that was after Friend Lawrence's time. My wife was Phebe Lawrence."

Young Ludovic smiled brightly in reply to this information, and seemed about to speak, but the old gentleman forestalled him.

"Friend Lawrence had made what was considered a competence in those days — a very small one it would be called now; but he was satisfied. Thee may not be aware that it is a recommendation among the Friends, and it used to be a common practice, that when a merchant had made a sufficiency for himself and those depending on him, he should show his sense of the favor of Providence by stepping out and leaving his chance to the younger men. Friend Lawrence did so — not to his own benefit ultimately, though that was no one's fault that ever I heard; and Martin Ludovic was his successor, and a great and honorable business was the outcome of his efforts. Now does thee happen to recall if Martin is a name in thy branch?"

"My grandfather was Martin Ludovic of the old New York house of Lawrence and Ludovic," said the cadet of that name; but as he gave these credentials a profound melancholy subdued his just and natural pride.

"Is it possible!" Friend Underhill exulted, more pleased than if he had recovered a lost bank-note for many hundreds. There are no people who hold by the ties of blood and family more strongly than the Friends; and Friend Underhill, on this long journey, had felt himself sadly insolvent in those sureties which cannot be packed in a trunk or invested in irrigable lands. It was as if on the wild, cold seas he had crossed the path of a bark from home. He yearned to have speech with this graciously favored young man, whose grandfather had been his Phebe's grandfather's partner and dearest friend. The memory of that connection had been cherished with ungrudging pride through the succeeding generations in which the Ludovics had gone up in the world and the Lawrences had come down. Friend Underhill did not recall — nor would he have thought it of the least importance — that a Lawrence had been the benefactor in the first place, and had set Martin Ludovic's feet upon the ladder of success. He took the young man's hand affectionately in his own, and studied the favor of his countenance.

"Thee has the family look," he said in a satisfied tone; "and they had no cause, as a rule, to be discontented with their looks."

Young Ludovic's eyes fell, and he blushed like a girl; the dark-red blood dyed his face with the color almost of shame. Phebe moved uneasily in her seat.

"Make room beside thee, Phebe," said her father; "or, no, friend Ludovic; sit thee here beside me. If the train should start, I could hear thee better. And thy name — let me see — thee must be a Charles Ludovic. In thy family there was always a Martin, and then an Aloys, and then a Charles; and it was said — though a foolish superstition, no doubt — that the king's name brought ill luck. The Ludovic whose turn it was to bear the name of the unhappy Stuart took with it the misfortunes of three generations."

"A very unjust superstition I should call it," pronounced Phebe.

"Surely, and a very idle one," her father acquiesced, smiling at her warmth. "I trust, friend Charles, it has been given thee happily to disprove it in thy own person."

"On the contrary," said Charles Ludovic, "if I am not the unluckiest of my name, I hope there may never be another."

He spoke with such conviction, such energy of sadness, only silence could follow the words. Then the old gentleman said most gently and ruefully:

"If it be indeed as thee says, I trust it will not seem an intrusion, in one who knew thy family's great worth, to ask the nature of thy trouble — if by chance it might be my privilege to assist thee. I feel of rather less than my usual small importance — cast loose, as it were, between the old and the new; but if my small remedies should happen to suit with thy complaint, it would not matter that they were trifling — like Phebe's drops and pellets she puts such faith in," he added, with a glance at his daughter's downcast face.

"Dear sir, you *have* helped me, by the gift of the outstretched hand. Between strangers, as we are, that implies a faith as generous as it is rare."

"Nay, we are not strangers; no one of thy name shall call himself stranger to one of ours. Shall he, Phebe? Still, I would not importune thee —"

"I thank you far more than you can know; but we need not talk of my troubles. It was a graceless speech of mine to obtrude them."

"As thee will. But I deny the lack of grace. The gracelessness was mine to bring up a foolish saying, more honored in the forgetting."

Here Phebe interposed with a spoonful of the medicine her father had referred to so disparagingly. "I would not talk any more now, if I were thee, father. Thee sees how it makes thee cough."

At this, Ludovic rose to leave them; but Phebe detained him, shyly doing the honors of their quarters in the common caravan. He stayed, but a constrained silence had come upon him. The old gentleman closed his eyes, and sometimes smiled to himself as he sat so, beside the younger man, and Phebe had strange thoughts as she looked at them both. Her imagination was greatly stirred. She talked very easily and with perfect unconsciousness to Ludovic, and told him little things she could remember having heard about the one generation of his family that had formerly been connected with her own. She knew more about it, it appeared, than he did. And more and more he seemed to lose himself in her eyes, rather than to be listening to her voice. He sat with his back to his companion across the aisle; at length the latter rose, and touched him on the shoulder. He turned instantly, and Phebe, looking up, caught the hard, roused expression which altered him into the likeness of another man.

"I am going outside." No more was said, but Ludovic rose, bowed to Phebe, and followed his curt fellow-passenger.

"What can be the connection between them?" thought the girl. "They seem inseparable, yet not friends precisely. How could they be friends?" And in her prompt mental comparison the elder man inevitably suffered. She began to think of all the tragedies with which young lives are fatalistically bound up; but it was significant that none of her speculations included the possibility of anything in the nature of error in respect to this Charles Ludovic who called himself unhappy.

II.

"STOP a moment. I want to speak to you," said Ludovic. The two men were passing through the gentlemen's toilet-room; and Ludovic turned his back to the marble wash-stand, and waited, with his head up, and the tips of his long hands resting in his trousers' pockets.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Mr. Burke."

"Well, sir, what 's the size of it?"

"You must have heard some of our talk in there; you see how it is? They will never, of themselves, suspect the reason of your fondness for my company. Is it worth while, for the time we shall be together, to put them on to it? It 's not very easy, you see; make it as easy as you can."

"Have I tried to make it hard, Mr. Ludovic?"

"Not at all. I don't mean that."

"Am I giving you away most of the time?"

"Of course not. You have been most awfully good. But you 're — you 're damnably in my way. I see you out of the corner of my eye always, when you are n't square in front of me. I can't make a move but you jump. Do you think I am such a fool as to make a break now? No, sir; I am going through with this; I 'm in it most of the time. Now see here, I give you my word — and there are no liars of my name — that you will find me with you at Pocatello. Till then let me alone, will you? Keep your eyes off me. Keep out of range of my talk. I would like to say a word now and then without knowing there 's a running comment in the mind of a man across the car, who thinks he knows me better than the people I am talking to — understand?"

"Maybe I do, maybe I don't," said Mr. Burke, deliberately. "I don't know as it 's any of my business what you say to your friends, or what they think of you. All I 'm responsible for is your person."

"Precisely. At Pocatello you will have my person."

"And have I got your word for the road between?"

"My word, and my thanks — if the thanks of a man in my situation are worth anything."

"I 'm dum sorry for you, Mr. Ludovic, and I don't mind doing what little I can to make things easy —" Mr. Burke paused, seeing his companion smile. "Well, yes, I know it 's hard — it 's dooced almighty hard; and it looks like there was a big mistake somewheres, but it 's no business of mine to say so. Have a cigar?"

Young Mr. Ludovic had accepted a number of Mr. Burke's palliative offers of cigars during their journey together; he accepted the courtesy, but he did not smoke the cigars. He usually gave them to the porter. He had an expensive taste in cigars, as in many other things. He paid for his high-priced preferences, or he went without. He was never willing to accept any substitute for the thing he really wanted; and it was very hard for him, when he had set

his heart upon a thing, not to approach it in the attitude that an all-wise Providence had intended it for him.

About dusk the snow-plow engines from above came down for coal and water. They brought no positive word, only that the plows and shovelers were at work at both ends of the big cut, and they hoped the track would be free by daybreak. But the snow was still falling as night set in.

Ludovic and Phebe sat in the shadowed corner behind the curtains of No. 7. Phebe's father had gone to bed early; his cough was worse, and Phebe was treating him for that and for the fever which had developed as an attendant symptom. She was a devotee in her chosen school of medicine; she knew her remedies within the limits of her household experience, and used them with the courage and constancy that are of no school, but which better the wisdom of them all.

Ludovic observed that she never lost count of the time through all their talk, which was growing more and more absorbing; he was jealous of the interruption when she said, "Excuse me," and looked at her watch, or rose and carried her tumblers of medicine alternately to the patient, and woke him gently; for it was now a case for strenuous treatment, and she purposed to watch out the night, and give the medicines regularly every hour.

Mr. Burke was as good as his word; he kept several seats distant from the young people. He had a private understanding, though, with the car officials: not that he put no faith in the word of a Ludovic, but business is business.

When he went to his berth about eleven o'clock he noticed that his prisoner was still keeping the little Quaker girl company, and neither of them seemed to be sleepy. The table where they had taken supper together was still between them, with Phebe's watch and the medicine tumblers upon it. The panel of looking-glass reflected the young man's profile, touched with gleams of lamplight, as he leaned forward with his arms upon the table.

Phebe sat far back in her corner, pale and grave; but when her eyes were lifted to his face they were as bright as winter stars.

It was Ludovic's intention, before he parted with Phebe, to tell her his story — his own story; the newspaper account of him she would read, with all the world, after she had reached Volney. Meantime he wished to lose himself in a dream of how it might have been could he have met this little Phebe, not on a side-track, his chance already spoiled, but on the main line, with a long ticket, and the road clear before them to the Golden Gate.

Under other circumstances she might not have had the same overmastering fascination for him; he did not argue that question with himself. He talked to her all night long as a man talks to the woman he has chosen and is free to win, with but a single day in which to win her; and underneath his impassioned tones, shading and deepening them with tragic meaning, was the truth he was withholding. There was no one to stand between Phebe and this peril, and how should she know whither they were drifting?

He told her stories of his life of danger and excitement and contrasts, East and West; he told her of his work, his ambitions, his disappointments; he carried her from city to city, from camp to camp. He spoke to sparkling eyes, to fresh, thrilling sympathies, to a warm heart, a large comprehension, and a narrow experience. Every word went home; for with this girl he was strangely sure of himself, as indeed he might have been.

And still the low music of his voice went on; for he did not lack that charm, among many others — a voice for sustained and moving speech. Perhaps he did not know his own power; at all events, he was unsparing of an influence the most deliberate and enthralling to which the girl had ever been subjected.

He was a Ludovic of that family her own had ever held in highest consideration. He was that Charles Ludovic who had called himself unhappiest of his name. Phebe never forgot this fact, and in his pauses, and often in his words, she felt the tug of that strong undertow of unspoken feeling pulling him back into depths where even in thought she could not follow him.

And so they sat face to face, with the watch between them ticking away the fateful moments. For Ludovic life ended at Pocatello, but not for Phebe.

What had he done with that faith they had given him — the gentle, generous pair! He had resisted, he thought that he was resisting, his mad attraction to this girl — of all girls the most impossible to him now, yet the one, his soul averred, most obviously designed for him. His wild, sick fancy had clung to her from the moment her face had startled him as he took his last backward look upon the world he had forfeited.

His prayer was that he might win from Phebe, before he left her at Pocatello, some sure token of her remembrance that he might dwell upon and dream over in the years of his buried life.

It would not have been wonderful, as the hours of that strange night flew by, if Phebe had lost a moment now and then, had sometimes wandered from the purpose of her vigil. Her thoughts strayed, but they came back duly, and she was constant to her charge. Through all that unwholesome enchantment

her hold upon herself was firm, through her faithfulness to the simple duties in which she had been bred.

Meanwhile the train lay still in the darkness, and Ludovic thanked God, shamelessly, for the snow. How the dream outwore the night and strengthened as morning broke gray and cold, and quiet with the stillness of the desert, we need not follow. More and more it possessed him, and began to seem the only truth that mattered.

He took to himself all the privileges of her protector; the rights, indeed — as if he could have rights such as belong to other men, now, in regard to any woman.

If the powers that are named of good or evil, according to the will of the wisher, had conspired to help him on, the dream could not have drawn closer to the dearest facts of life; but no spells were needed beyond those which the reckless conjurer himself possessed — his youth, his implied misfortunes, his unlikeness to any person she had known, his passion, "meek, but wild," which he neither spoke nor attempted to conceal.

And Phebe sat like a charmed thing while he wove the dream about her. She could not think; she had nothing to do while her father slept; she had nowhere to go, away from this new friend of her father's choosing. She was exhausted with watching, and nervously unstrung. Her hands were ice; her color went and came; her heart was in a wild alarm. She blushed almost as she breathed, with his eyes always upon her; and blushing, could have wept, but for the pride that still was left her in this strange, unnerved excitement.

It was an ordeal which should have had no witnesses but the angels; yet it was seen of the porter and the conductor and Mr. Burke. The last was not a person finely cognizant of situations like this one; but he felt it and resented it in every fiber of his honest manhood.

"What 's Ludovic doing?" he asked himself in heated soliloquy. "He 's out of the running, and the old man 's sick abed, and no better than an old woman when he 's well. What 's the fellow thinking of?"

Mr. Burke took occasion to ask him, when they were alone together — Ludovic putting the finishing touches to a shave; the time was not the happiest, but the words were honest and to the point.

"I did n't understand," said Mr. Burke, "that the little girl was in it. Now, do you call it quite on the square, Mr. Ludovic, between you and her? I don't like it, myself; I don't want to be a party to it. I 've got girls of my own."

Ludovic held his chin up high; his hands shook as he worked at his collar-button.

"Have you got any boys?" he flung out in the tone of a retort.

"Yes; one about your age, I should guess."

"How would you like to see him in the fix I 'm in?"

"I could n't suppose it, Mr. Ludovic. My boy and you ain't one bit alike."

"Are your girls like her?"

"No, sir; they are not. I ain't worrying about them any, nor would n't if they was in her place. But there 's points about this thing —"

"We 'll leave the points. Suppose, I say, your boy was in my fix: would you grudge him any little kindness he might be able to cheat heaven, we 'll say, out of between here and Pocatello?"

"Heaven can take care of itself; that little girl is not in heaven yet. And there 's kindnesses and kindnesses, Mr. Ludovic. There 's some that cost like the mischief. I expect you 're willing to bid high on kindness from a nice girl, about now; but how about her? Has kindness gone up in her market? I guess not. That little creetur's goods can wait; she 'd be on top in any market. I guess it ain't quite a square deal between her and you."

Ludovic sat down, and buried his hands in his pockets. His face was a dark red; his lips twitched.

"Are you going to stick to your bargain, or are you not?" he asked, fixing his eyes on a spot just above Mr. Burke's head.

"You 've got the cheek to call it a bargain! But say it was a bargain. I did n't know, I say, that the little girl was in it. Your bank 's broke, Mr. Ludovic. You ought to quit business. You got no right to keep your doors open, taking in money like hers, clean gold fresh from the mint."

"O Lord!" murmured Ludovic; and he may have added a prayer for patience with this common man who was so pitilessly in the right. A week ago, and the right had been easy to him. But now he was off the track; every turn of the wheels tore something to pieces.

"There are just two subjects I cannot discuss with you," he said, sinking his voice. "One is that young lady. Her father knows my people. She shall know me before I leave her. They say we shall go through to-night. You must think I am the devil if you think that, without the right even to dispense with your company, I can have much to answer for between here and Pocatello."

"You are as selfish as the devil, that 's what I think; and the worst of it is, you look as white as other folks."

"Then leave me alone, or else put the irons on me. Do one thing or the other. I won't be dogged and watched and hammered with your infernal jaw! You can put a ball through me, you can handcuff me before her face; but my

eyes are my own, and my tongue is my own, and I will use them as I please."

Mr. Burke said no more. He had said a good deal; he had covered the ground, he thought. And possibly he had some sympathy, even when he thought of his girls, with the young fellow who had looked too late in the face of joy and gone clean wild over his mischance.

It was his opinion that Ludovic would "get" not less than twenty-five years. There were likely to be Farmers' Alliance men on that jury; the prisoner's friends belonged to a clique of big monopolists; it would go harder with him than if he had been an honest miner, or a playful cow-boy on one of his monthly "tears."

When Ludovic returned to his section, Phebe had gone to sleep in the corner opposite, her muff tucked under one flushed cheek; the other cheek was pale. Shadows as delicate as the tinted reflections in the hollow of a snowdrift slept beneath her chin, and in the curves around her pathetic eyelids, and in the small incision that defined her pure red under lip. Again the angels, whom we used to believe in, were far from this their child.

Ludovic drew down all the blinds to keep out the glare, and sat in his own place, and watched her, and fed his aching dream. He did not care what he did, nor who saw him, nor what anybody thought.

In the afternoon he took her out for a walk. The snow had stopped; her father was up and dressed, and very much better, and Phebe was radiant. Her sky was clearing all at once. She charged the porter to call her in "just twenty minutes," for then she must give the medicine again. On their way out of the car Ludovic slipped a dollar into the porter's hand. Somehow that clever but corrupted functionary let the time slip by, to Phebe's innocent amazement. Could he have gone to sleep? Surely it must be more than twenty minutes since they had left the car.

"He's probably given the dose himself," said Ludovic. "A good porter is always three parts nurse."

"But he does n't know which medicine to give."

"Oh, let them be," he said impatiently. "He 's talking to your father, and making him laugh. He 'll brace him up better than any medicine. They will call you fast enough if you are needed."

They walked the platform up and down in front of the section-house. They were watched, but Ludovic did not care for that now.

"Will you take my arm?"

She hesitated, in amused consideration of her own inexperience.

"Why, I never *did* take any one's arm that I remember. I don't think I could keep step with thee."

The intimate pronoun slipped out unawares.

"I will keep step with *thee*."

"I don't know that I quite like to hear you use that word."

"But you used it, just now, to me."

"It was an accident, then."

"Your father says 'thee' to me."

"He is of an older generation; my mother wore the Friends' dress. But those customs had a religious meaning for them to which I cannot pretend. With me it is a sort of instinct; I can't explain it, nor yet quite ignore it."

"Have I offended that particular instinct of yours which attaches to the word 'thee'?"

He seemed deeply chagrined. He was one who did not like to make mistakes, and he had no time to waste in apologizing and recovering lost ground.

"People do say it to us sometimes in fun, not knowing what the word means to us," said Phebe.

In the fresh winter air she was regaining her tone — escaping from him, Ludovic felt, into her own sweet, calm self-possession.

"Then you distinctly refuse me whatever — the least — that word implies? I am one of those who 'rush in'?"

"Oh, no; but you are much too serious. It is partly a habit of speech; we cannot lose the habit of speaking to each other as strangers in three days."

"You were never a stranger to me. I knew you from the first moment I saw you; yet each moment since you have been a fresh surprise."

"I cannot keep up with you," she said, slipping her hand out of his arm. In the grasp of his passionate dream he was striding along regardless, not of her, but of her steps.

"Oh, little steps," he groaned within himself — "oh, little doubting steps, why did we not meet before?"

Oh, blessed hampering steps, how much safer his would have gone beside them!

"What a charming pair!" cried a lady passenger from the forward sleeper. She too was walking, with her husband, and her eye had been instantly taken by the gentle girl with the delicate wild-rose color, halting on the arm of a splendid youth with daredevil eyes, who did not look as happy as he ought with that sweet creature on his arm.

"Is n't it good to know that the old stories are going on all the same?" said the sentimental traveler. "What do you say — will that story end in happiness?"

"I say that he is n't good enough for her," the husband replied.

"Then he 'll be sure to win her," laughed the lady. "He has won her, I believe," she added more seriously, watching the pair where

they stood together at the far end of the platform; "but something is wrong."

"Something usually is at that stage, if I remember. Come, let 's get aboard."

The sun was setting clear in the pale saffron west. The train from the buried cut had been released, and now came sliding down the track, welcomed by boisterous salutations. Behind were the mighty snow-plow engines, backing down, enwreathed and garlanded with snow.

"A-a-all aboard!" the conductor drawled in a colloquial tone to the small waiting group upon the platform.

Slowly they crept back upon the main track, and heavily the motion increased, till the old chant of the rails began again, and they were thundering westward down the line.

III.

PHEBE was much occupied with her father, perhaps purposely so, until his bedtime. She made him her innocent refuge.

Ludovic kept subtly away, lest the friendly old gentleman should be led into conversation, which might delay the hour of his retiring. He went cheerfully to rest about the time the lamps were lighted, and Phebe sought once more her corner in the empty section, shaded by her father's curtains.

Ludovic asked, dropping his voice below the roar of the train, if he might take the seat beside her.

He took it, and turned his back upon the car. He looked at his watch. He had just three hours before Pocatello. The train was making great speed; they would get in, the conductor said, by eleven o'clock. But he need not tell her yet. Half an hour passed, and his thoughts in the silence were no longer to be borne.

She was aware of his intense excitement, his restlessness, the nervous action of his hands. She shrank from the burning misery in his questioning eyes. Once she heard him whisper under his breath; but the words she heard were, "*My love! my love!*" and she thought she could not have heard aright. Her trouble increased with her sense of some involuntary strangeness in her companion, some recklessness impending which she might not know how to meet. She rose in her place, and said tremulously that she must go.

"Go!" He sprang up. "Go where, in Heaven's name? Stay," he implored, "and be kind to me! We get off at Pocatello."

"We?" she asked with her eyes in his.

"That man and I. I am his prisoner."

She sank down again, and stared at him mutely.

"He is the sheriff of Bingham County, and I am his prisoner," he repeated. "Do the words mean nothing to you?" He paused for some sign that she understood him. She dropped her eyes; her face had become as white as a snowdrop.

"He is taking me to Pocatello for the preliminary examination—oh, must I tell you this? If I thought you would never read it in the ghastly type—"

"Go on," she whispered.

"Examination," he choked, "for—for homicide. I don't know what the judge will call it; but the other man is dead, and I am left to answer for the passion of a moment with my life. And you will not speak to me?"

But now she did speak. Leaning forward so that she could look him in the eyes, she said:

"I thought when I saw that man always with you, watching you, that he might be taking you, with your consent, to one of those places where they treat persons for—for unsoundness of the mind. I knew you had some trouble that was beyond help. I could think of nothing worse than that. It haunted me till we began to speak together; then I knew it could not be; now I wish it had been."

"I do not," said Ludovic. "I thank God I am not mad. There is passion in my blood, and folly, perhaps, but not insanity. No; I am responsible."

She remained silent, and he continued defensively:

"But I am not the only one responsible. Can you listen? Can you hear the particulars? One always feels that one's own case is peculiar; one is never the common sinner, you know.

"I have a friend at Pocatello; he is my partner in business. Two years ago he married a New York girl, and brought her out there to live. If you knew Pocatello, you would know what a privilege it was to have their house to go to. They made me free of it, as people do in the West. There is nothing they could not have asked of me in return for such hospitality; it was an obligation not less sacred on my part than that of family.

"When my friend went away on long journeys, on our common business, it was my place in his absence to care for all that was his. There are many little things a woman needs a man to do for her in a place like Pocatello; it was my pride and privilege to be at all times at the service of this lady. She was needlessly grateful, but she liked me besides: she was one who showed her likes and dislikes frankly. She had grown up in a small, exclusive set of persons who knew one another's grandfathers, and were accustomed to say what they pleased inside; what outsiders thought did not matter. She had not learned to be careful; she despised

the need of it. She thought Pocatello and the people there were a joke. But there is a serious side even to Pocatello: you cannot joke with rattlesnakes and vitriol and slow mines. She made enemies by her gay little sallies, and she would never condescend to explain. When people said things which showed they had interpreted her words or actions in a stupid or a vulgar way, she gave the thing up. It was not her business to adapt herself to such people; it was theirs to understand her. If they could not, then it did not matter what they thought. That was her theory of life in Pocatello.

"One night I was in a place — not for my pleasure — a place where a lady's name is never spoken by a gentleman. I heard her name spoken by a fool; he coupled it with mine, and laughed. I walked out of the place, and forgot what I was there for till I found myself down the street with my heart jumping. That time I did right, you would say.

"But I met him again. It was at the depot at Pocatello. I was seeing a man off — a stranger in the place, but a friend of my friends; we had dined at their house together. This other — I think he had been drinking — I suppose he must have included me in his stupid spite against the lady. He made his fool speech again. The man who was with me heard him, and looked astounded. I stepped up to him. I said — I don't know what. I ordered him to leave that name alone. He repeated it, and I struck him. He pulled a pistol on me. I grabbed him, and twisted it out of his hand. How it happened I cannot tell, but there in the smoke he lay at my feet. The train was moving out. My friend pulled me aboard. The papers said I ran away. I did not. I waited at Omaha for Mr. Burke.

"And there I met you, three days ago; and all I care for now is just to know that you will not think of me always by that word."

"What word?"

"Never mind; spare me the word. Look at me! Do I seem to you at all the same man?"

Phebe slowly lifted her eyes.

"Is there nothing left of me? Answer me the truth. I have a right to be answered."

"You are the same; but all the rest of it is strange. I do not see how such a thing could be."

"Can you not conceive of one wild act in a man not inevitably always a sinner?"

"Oh, yes; but not that act. I cannot understand the impulse to take a life."

"I did not think of his miserable life; I only meant to stop his talking. He tried to take mine. I wish he had. But no, no; I should have missed this glimpse of you. Just when it is too late I learn what life is worth."

"Do men truly do those things for the sake of women? Were you thinking of your friend's wife when you struck him?"

"I was thinking of the man — what a foul-mouthed fool he was — not fit to —" He stopped, seeing the look on Phebe's face.

"Oh, I 'm impossible, I know, to one like you! It 's rather hard I should have to be compared, in your mind, to a race of men like your father. Have you never known any other men?"

"I have read of all the men other people read of. I have some imagination."

"I suppose you read your Bible."

"Yes; the men in the Bible were not all of the Spirit: but they worshiped the Spirit — they were humble when they did wrong."

"Did women ever love them?"

Phebe was silent.

"Do not talk to me of the Spirit," Ludovic pleaded. "I am a long way from that. At least I am not a hypocrite — not yet. Wait till I am a 'trusty,' scheming for a pardon. Can you not give me one word of simple human comfort? There are just forty minutes more."

"What can I say?"

"Tell me this — and oh, be careful! Could you, if it were permitted a criminal like me to expiate his sin in the world among living men, in human relations with them — could we ever meet? Could you say 'thee' to me, not as to an afflicted person or a child? Am I to be only a text, another instance —"

"Many would not blame you. Neither do I blame you, not knowing that life or those people," said Phebe. "But there was One who turned away from the evil-speakers, and wrote upon the sand."

"But those evil-speakers spoke the truth."

"Can a lie be stopped by a pistol-shot? But we need not argue."

"No; I see how it is. I shall be to you only another of the wretched sons of Cain."

"I am thy sister," she said, and gave him her hand.

He held it in his strong, cold, trembling clasp.

"Darling, do you know where I am going? I shall never see you, never again — unless you are like the sainted women of your faith who walked the prisons, and preached to them in bonds."

"Thy bonds are mine: but I am no preacher."

The drowsy lights swayed and twinkled, the wheels rang on the frozen rails as the wild, white wastes flew by.

"Father shall never know it," Phebe murmured. "He shall never know, if I can help it, why you called yourself unhappy."

"Is it such an unspeakable horror to you?" He winced.

"He has not many years to live; it would only be one disappointment more." She was

leaning back in her seat; her eyes were closed; she looked dead weary, but patient, as if this too were life, and not more than her share.

"Has your father any money, dear?"

She smiled: "Do we look like people with money?"

"If they would only let me have my hands!" he groaned. "To think of shutting up a great strong fellow like me —"

It was useless to go on. He sat, bitterly forecasting the fortunes of those two lambs who had strayed so far from the green pastures and still waters, when he heard Phebe say softly, as if to herself:

"We are almost there."

Mr. Burke began to fold his newspapers and get his bags in order. His hands rested upon the implements of his office — he carried them always in his pockets — while he stood balancing himself in the rocking car, and the porter dusted his hat and coat.

The train dashed past the first scattered lights of the town.

"Po-catello!" the brakeman roared in a voice of triumph, for they were "in" at last.

The porter came, and touched Ludovic on the shoulder.

"Gen'leman says he 's ready, sir."

He rose, and bent over Phebe. If she had been like any other girl he must have kissed her, but he dared not. He had prayed for a sign, and he had won it — that look of dumb and lasting anguish in her childlike eyes.

Yet, strange passion of the man's nature, he was not sorry for what he had done.

Mr. Burke took his arm in silence, and steered him out of the car; both doors were guarded, for he had feared there might be trouble. He was surprised at Ludovic's behavior.

"What 's the matter with him?" the car-conductor asked, looking after the pair as they walked up the platform together. "Is he sick?"

"Mashed," said the porter, gloomily; for Ludovic had forgotten the parting fee. "Regular girl mash, the worst I ever saw."

"He 's late about it, if he expects to have any fun," said the conductor; and he began to dance, with his hands in his great-coat pockets, for the night air was raw. He was at the end of his run, and was going home to his own girl, whom he had married the week before.

FRIENDS and family influence mustered strong for Ludovic at the trial six weeks later. His lawyer's speech was the finest effort, it was said, ever listened to by an Idaho jury. The ladies went to hear it, and to look at the handsome prisoner, who seemed to grow visibly old as the days of the trial went by..

But those who are acquainted with the average Western jury need not be told that it was not influence that did it, nor the lawyer's eloquence, nor the court's fine-spun legal definitions, nor even the women's tears. They looked at the boy, and thought of their own boys, or they looked inside, and thought of themselves; and they concluded that society might take its chances with that young man at large. They stayed out an hour, out of respect to their oath, and then brought in a verdict of "Not guilty"; and the audience had to be suppressed.

But after the jury's verdict there is society, and all the tongues that will talk long after the tears are dry. And then comes God in the silence — and Phebe.

THE men all say she is too good for him, whose name has been in everybody's mouth. They say it, even though they do not know the cruel way in which he won her love. But the women say that Phebe, though undeniably a saint (and the "sweetest thing that ever lived"), is yet a woman, incapable of inflicting judgment upon the man she loves.

The case is in her hands now. She may punish, she may avenge, if she will; for Ludovic is the slave of his own remorseless conquest. But Phebe has never discovered that she was wronged. There is something in faith, after all; and there is a good deal in blood, Friend Underhill thinks. "Doubtless the grandson of Martin Ludovic must have had great provocation."

Mary Hallock Foote.

SPRING SONG.

IN the recurrent pauses of the night
Not all unmeet is pain,
But how shall I endure it when the light
Of morning comes again?

When the black clouds of winter hedge me round
Grief is no alien thing.
But how shall I support the sight and sound
And ardor of the spring?

Elizabeth C. Cardozo.

THE LADY OF LUCERNE.

By the Author of "A Knight of the Legion of Honor," "A Gentlemanly Vagabond," etc.

I.

ABOVE the Schweizerhof Hotel, and quite at the end of the long walk fronting the lake at Lucerne,—the walk studded with the round, dumpy, Noah's-ark trees,—stands a great building surrounded by flowers and palms, and at night ablaze with hundreds of lamps hung in festoons of blue, yellow, and red. This is the Casino. On each side of the wide entrance is a bill-board, announcing that some world-renowned Tyrolean warbler, or famous acrobat, or marvelous juggler, will sing or tumble or bewilder, the price of admission remaining the same, despite the enormous sum paid for the appearance of the performer. Inside this everybody's club is a café, with hurrying waiters and a solid brass band, and opening out from this smoke- and absinthe-laden interior blazes a small theater, with stage footlights and scenery, where the several world-renowned artists redeem at a very considerable discount the promissory notes of the bill-boards outside.

During the performance the audience smoke and sip, and between the acts most of them swarm out into the adjacent corridors leading to the gaming-rooms — licensed rooms these, with toy-horses ridden by tin jockeys, and another equally delusive and tempting device of the devil — a game of tipsy marbles, rolling about in search of sunken saucers emblazoned with the arms of the nations of the earth. These whirligigs of amateur crime are constantly surrounded by eager-eyed men and women, who try their luck for the amusement of the moment, or by broken-down, seedy gamblers, hazarding their last coin for a turn of fortune. Now and then, too, some sweet-faced girl, her arm in her father's, wins a louis with a franc, her childish laughter ringing out in the stifling atmosphere.

THE Tyrolean warbler had just finished her high-keyed falsetto, bowing backward in her short skirts and stout shoes with silver buckles, and I had just reached the long corridor on my way to the garden, to escape the blare and pound of the band, when a man leaned out of a half-opened door, and touched my shoulder.

"Pardon, monsieur. May I speak to you a moment?"

He was a short, thick-set, clean-shaven, greasy man, dressed plainly in black, with a huge emerald pin in his shirt front. I have never had any particular use for a man with an emerald pin in his shirt front.

"There will be a game of baccarat," he continued in a low voice, his eyes glancing about furtively, "at eleven o'clock precisely. Knock twice at this door," and he disappeared.

Old habitués of Lucerne—habitués of years, men who never cross the Alps without at least a day's stroll under the Noah's-ark trees, will tell you over their coffee that since the opening of the St. Gotthard Tunnel this half-way house of Lucerne — this oasis between Paris and Rome — has sheltered most of the adventurers of Europe; that under these same trees, and on these very benches, nihilists have sat and plotted, refugees and outlaws have talked in whispers, and adventuresses, with jeweled stilettos tucked in their bosoms, have lain in wait for fresher victims.

I had never in my wanderings met any of these mysterious and delightful people. And then I had never seen a game of baccarat. I consulted my watch; there was half an hour yet. The man was a runner, of course, for this underground, unlicensed gaming-house, who had picked me out as a possible victim; but no matter: I would see the game.

Thirty minutes later I knocked at the door.

It was opened, not by the greasy Jack-in-the-box with the emerald pin, but by a deferential old man, who looked at me for a moment, holding the door with his foot. Then gently closing it, he preceded me across a hall and up a long staircase. At the top was a passageway and another door, and behind this a large room paneled in dark wood. On one side of this apartment was a high desk. Here sat the cashier counting money, and arranging little piles of chips of various colors. In the middle stood a table covered with black cloth: I had always supposed such tables to be green. About it were seated ten people, the croupier in the middle. The game had already begun. I moved up a chair, saying that I would look on, but not play.

Had the occasion been a clinic, the game a corpse, and the croupier the operating surgeon, the group about the table could not have been more absorbed or more quiet; a cold, deathlike, ominous silence seemed to saturate the very air. The only sounds were the occasional click of an ivory chip, like the chattering of teeth, and the monotones of the croupier announcing the results of the play:

"Faites vos jeux. Le jeu est fait; rien ne va plus."

I began to study the personnel of this clinic of chance.

Two Englishmen in evening dress sat side by side, never speaking, scarcely moving, their eyes riveted on the falling cards flipped from the croupier's hands. A coarse-featured, oily-skinned woman—a Russian, I concluded—looked on calmly, resting her head on her palm. A man in a gray suit, with waxy face and watery, yellow eyes, made paper pills, rolling them slowly between thumb and forefinger—his features as immobile as a death-mask. A blue-eyed, blond German officer, with a decoration on the lapel of his coat, nonchalantly twirled his mustache, his shoulders straining in tension. A Parisienne, with bleached hair and penciled eye-brows, leaned over her companion's arm. There was also a flashily dressed negro, evidently a Haytian, who sat motionless at the far end, as stolid as a boiler, only the steam-gage of his eyes denoting the pressure beneath. No one spoke, no one laughed.

Two of the group interested me at once—the croupier and a woman who sat within three feet of me.

The croupier, who was in evening dress, might have been of any age from thirty to fifty. His eyes were deep-set and glassy, like a consumptive's. His hair was jet-black, his face clean-shaven; the skin, not ivory, but a dirty white, and flabby, like the belly of a toad. His lips were thin and bloodless, uncovering, when he smiled, a row of pure white teeth with glistening specks of gold; closing again like an automaton's. His shrunken, colorless hands lay on the black cloth like huge white spiders; their long, thin legs of fingers turned up at the tips—stealthy, creeping fingers. Sometimes, too, in their nervous workings, they drooped together like a bunch of skeleton keys. On one of them he wore a ring studded alternately with diamonds and rubies.

The cards seemed to know these fingers, fluttering about them, or lighting noiselessly at their bidding on the cloth.

When the bank won, the croupier permitted a slight shade of disappointment to flash over his face, fading into an expression of apology for taking the stakes. When the bank lost, the lips parted slowly, showing the teeth, in a half smile. Such delicate outward consideration for the feelings of his victims seemed a part of his education, an index of his natural refinement.

The woman was of another type. Although she sat with her back to me, I could catch her profile when she pushed her long veil from her face. She was dressed entirely in black. She had been, and was still, a woman of marked beauty, with an air of high breeding which was unmistakable. Her features were clean-cut and refined, her mouth and nose delicately shaped. Her forehead was shaded by waves of brown hair which half covered her ears. The eyes were large and softened by long lashes, the lids red as if with recent weeping. Her only ornament was a plain gold ring. Outwardly, she was the only person in the room who betrayed by her manner any vital interest in the game.

There are some faces that once seen haunt you forever afterward—faces with masks so thinly worn that you look through into the heart below. Hers was one of these. Every light and shadow of hope and disappointment that crossed it showed only the clearer the intensity of her mental strain, and the bitterness of her anxiety.

Once when she lost she bit her lips so deeply that my eye caught a speck of blood on her handkerchief. The next instant she was clutching her winnings with almost the ferocity of a hungry animal, and five minutes later was leaning back exhausted in her chair, her face thrown up, her eyes closing wearily.

In her hand she clutched a small chamois bag filled with gold; when her chips were exhausted she would rise silently, float like a shadow to the desk, lay a handful of gold from the bag upon the counter, sweep the ivories into her hand, and noiselessly regain her seat. She seemed to know no one, and no one to know her, unless it might have been the croupier, who, I thought, watched her closely when he pushed over her winnings, parting his lips a little wider, his smile a trifle more cringing and devilish.

At twelve o'clock she was still playing, her face like chalk, her eyes bloodshot, her teeth clenched fast, her hair disheveled across her face.

The game went on.

When the clock reached the half-hour the man in gray pushed back his chair, gathered up his winnings, and moved to the door, an attendant handing him his hat. With the exception of the Parisienne, who had gone some time before, taking her companion with her, the devotees were the same—the two Englishmen still exchanging clean, white Bank of England notes, the German and Haytian losing, but as calm as mummies, the fat, oily woman, the perspiration streaming down her face, melting like a red candle.

Suddenly I heard a convulsive gasp. The woman in black was on her feet leaning over the table, her eyes blazing in a frenzy of delight, sweeping into her open hands the piles of gold before her. By some marvelous stroke of luck, and with almost her last louis, she had won every franc on the cloth!

Then she straightened up, drew her veil across her face, clutched the money to her breast, and staggered from the room.

II.

So deep an impression had the gambling scene of the night before made upon me that the next morning I loitered under the Noah's-ark trees, hoping I might identify the woman, and in some impossible, improbable way know more of her history. I even lounged into the Casino, tried the door at which I had knocked the night before, and, finding it locked and the scrubwoman suspicious, strolled out carelessly into the garden, and sitting down under the palms, tried to pick out the windows that opened into the gaming-room. They were all alike, with pots of flowers blooming in each.

Still burdened with these memories, some hours later I entered the church — the old church on the crest of a steep hill overlooking the Casino, and within a short distance of the Noah's-ark trees, with square towers and deep-receding entrance. Every afternoon, near the hour of twilight, when the shadows reach down Mount Pilatus, and the mists gather in the valley, a broken procession of strollers, in twos and threes and larger groups, slowly climb its path.

The audience was already seated. It was at the moment of that profound hush which precedes the recital. Even my footfall, light as it was, reëchoed to the groined arches. The church was ghostly dark, too,—so dark that the hundreds of heads melted into the mass of pews, and they into the gloom of column and wall. The only distinguishable gleam was the soft glow of the dying day struggling through the lower panes of the dust-begrimed windows. Against these hung long chains holding invisible, unlighted lamps.

I felt my way to an empty pew on a side aisle, and sat down. The silence continued. Now and again there was a slight cough, instantly checked. Once a child dropped a book, the echoes lasting apparently for minutes. The darkness became almost black night. Only the clean, new panes of glass used in repairing some break in the begrimed windows showed clear. These seemed to hang out like small square lanterns.

Suddenly I was aware that the stillness was broken by a sound as faint as a sigh, as delicate as the first breath of a storm in the rigging of a ship. Then came a great sweep, growing louder, like some spirit of the air striking all the strings at once. Then a burst of melody, followed by profound silence, as if the door of heaven had been opened and as quickly shut. Then a clear voice springing into life, singing like a lark, rising, swelling — up — up — filling the church — the roof — the sky! Then the heavenly door thrown wide, and the melody pouring out in a torrent, drowning the voice. Then above it all, while I sat quivering, there soared one great, superb, vibrating, resolute note, pure, clear, full, sensuous, untrammeled, dominating the heavens: not human, not divine; like no woman's, like no man's, like no angel's ever dreamed of. It was the vox humana.

One is not aware that it awakens any feeling of reverence or religious ecstasy, and only remembers that it took possession of the soul; that beneath and through it all are felt the vibrations of all the dramatic incidents of one's past life: the cry of the first child; the woman whom you loved, the one who died and never knew; that night in the trenches, the dead faces about you; the quick plunge of the strong swimmer, the white arms clinging to his neck; that midnight burial at sea, with drenched book and flickering lantern, the captain bareheaded.

The voice stopped, not gradually, but abruptly, as if the heart had broken and its life had gone out in the one supreme effort. Then silence.

At this instant I was startled by a sob proceeding from the pew across the aisle. I strained my eyes, and caught the outlines of a woman heavily veiled. I could see, too, a child beside her, his head on her shoulder. The boy was bareheaded, his curls splashed over her black dress. Then another sob, half smothered, as if she were strangling.

The silence continued: not a cough, or a rustle of a dress, or a moving foot; only the feeling everywhere of pent-up, smothered sighs.

In this intense moment a faint footfall was heard approaching from the church door, walking in the gloom. It proved to be an old man, bent and trembling. He came slowly down the somber church, with unsteady, shambling gait, holding in one hand a burning taper — a mere speck. In the other he carried a rude lantern, its wavering light hovering about his feet. As he passed in his long, brown cloak, the swaying light encircled his white beard and hair with a fluffy halo. He moved slowly, the spark no larger than a firefly. It was the sacristan coming to light the candles.

He stopped half-way down the middle aisle, opposite a pew, the faint flush of his lantern falling on the nearest upturned face. A long, thin candle was now discovered fastened to this pew. The firefly of a taper, held aloft, trembled uncertainly, flickered like a moth, and rested on the top of the candle. Then a larger light kindled and burned and spread. As its rays felt their way over the vast interior, struggling up into the dark roof, reaching the gilded ornaments on the side altar enshrouded in gloom, glinting on the silver of the hanging lamps, a plaintive note fluttered softly, swelled

into an ecstasy of sound, and was lost in a chorus of angel voices. It was the last anthem. The sacristan moved down the aisle, kindled two candles on the distant altar, and was lost in the shadows.

The woman in the pew across the aisle bent forward, resting her head on the back of the seat in front, drawing the child to her. The boy cuddled closer. As she turned, a spark of light trickled down her cheek. I caught sight of the falling tear, but could not see the face.

The music ceased; a gas-jet flared in the organ-loft; the people began to rise from their seats. The sacristan appeared again from behind the altar, and walked slowly down the side aisle, carrying only his lantern. As he neared my seat, the woman stood erect, and passed out of the pew, her hand caressing the child. Surely I could not be mistaken about that movement, the slow, undulating, rhythmic walk, the floating shadow of the night before. At that instant the light of the sacristan's lantern fell on her face. Yes; the same finely chiseled features, the same waves of brown hair, the same eyes, the same drooping eyelids, like blossoms wet with dew!

I walked behind — so close that I could have laid my hand on her boy's head, or touched her hand as it lay buried in his curls. The old, bent sacristan stepped in front, swinging his lantern, the ghostly shadows wavering about his feet. Then he halted to let the crowd clear the main aisle.

Suddenly, as the sacristan stood still, the woman drew back as if stunned by a blow, clutched the boy to her side, and fixed her eyes on the lantern's ghostly shadows. I leaned over quickly. The glow of the rude lamp, with its squares of waving light flecking the stone flagging, traced in unmistakable outlines the form of the sacred cross!

For some minutes she stood as if in a trance, her eyes fastened upon the floating shadow, her whole form trembling. Only when the sacristan moved a few paces ahead to hold open the swinging door, did she awake from the spell.

Then drawing herself up, she bowed her head, crossed herself reverently, hugged the boy closer, and, with his hand in hers, passed out into the cool night.

III.

THE following morning I was sitting under the Noah's-ark trees, watching the people pass and repass, when a man in a suit of white flannel, carrying a light cane, and wearing a straw hat with a red band, and a necktie to match, stopped a flower-girl immediately in front of me, and affixed an additional dot of blood-color to his buttonhole. It was the croupier.

In the glare of the daylight he was even more yellow than when under the blaze of the gas-jets. His eyes were still glassy and brilliant, but the rims showed red, as if for want of sleep, and beneath the lower lids lay sunken half-circles of black. He moved with his wonted precision, but without that extreme gravity of manner which had characterized him the night of the game. Looked at as a mere passer-by, he would have impressed you as a rather debonair, overdressed habitué, who was enjoying his morning stroll under the trees, without other purpose in life than the breathing of the cool air and the attendant exercise. His spidership had doubtless seen me when he entered the walk,— I was still an untrapped fly,— and had picked out this particular flower-girl near me as safe anchorage for one end of his web. I turned away my head; but it was too late.

"Monsieur did not play last night?" he asked deferentially.

"No; I did not know the game." Then an idea struck me. "Sit down; I want to talk to you." He touched the edge of his hat with one finger, opened a gold cigarette-case studded with jewels, offered me its contents, and took the seat beside me.

"Pardon the abruptness of the inquiry, but who was the woman in black?" I asked.

He looked at me curiously.

"Ah, you mean madame with the bag?"

"Yes."

"She was once the Baroness Frontignac."

"Was once! What is she now?"

"Now? Ah, that is quite a story." He stopped, shut the gold case with a click, and leaned forward, flicking the pebbles with the point of his cane. Then suddenly straightening up, as if the night's experiences had come back to him, he said: "If madame had had a larger bag she might have broken the bank. Is it not so?"

"You know her, then?" I persisted.

"Monsieur, men of my profession know everybody. Sooner or later they all come to us — when they are young, and their francs have wings; when they are gray-haired and cautious; when they are old and foolish."

"But she did not look like a gambler," I replied stiffly.

He smiled his old cynical, treacherous smile. "Monsieur is pleased to be very pronounced in his language. A gambler! Monsieur no doubt means to say that madame has not the appearance of being under the intoxication of the play." Then with a positive tone — "The baroness played for love."

"Of the cards?" I asked persistently. I was determined to drive the nail to the head.

The croupier looked at me fixedly, shrugged

his shoulders, laughed between his teeth, a little, hissing laugh that sounded like escaping steam, and said slowly:

"No; of a man."

Then noticing my increasing interest — "Monsieur would know something of madame?"

He held up his hand, and began crooking one finger after another as he recounted her history. These bent keys, it seemed, unlocked secrets as well.

"*Le voilà*! the drama of Madame la Baronne! The play opens when she is first a novice in the convent of Saint Ursula, devoted to good works and the church. Next you find her a grand dame and rich, the wife of Baron Alphonse de Frontignac, first secretary of legation at Vienna. Then a mother with one child — a boy, now six or seven years old, who is hardly ever out of her arms." He stopped, toyed for a moment with his match-safe, slipped it into his pocket, and said carelessly, "So much for Act I."

Then suddenly, after a pause during which he traced little diagrams in the gravel, he said:

"Does this really interest you, monsieur?"

"Unquestionably."

"You know her, then?" This with a glance of suspicion as keen as it was unexpected by me.

"Never saw her in my life before," I answered frankly, "and never shall again. I leave for Paris to-day, and sail from Havre Saturday."

He drew in the point of his cane, straightened up, looked me all over with one of those comprehensive sweeps of the eye, as if he would sound my inmost thought, and then, with an expression of confidence born doubtless of my evident sincerity, continued:

"In the next act Frontignac gets mixed up in some banking scandals,— he would, like a fool, play roulette — baccarat was always his strong game,— disappears from Vienna, is arrested at the frontier, escapes, and is found the next morning under a brush-heap with a bullet through his head. This ends the search. Two years later — this is now Act III — Madame la Baronne, without a sou to her name, is hard at work in the hospitals of Metz. The child is pensioned out near by.

"Now comes the grand romance. An officer attached to the 13th Cuirassiers — a regiment with not men enough left after Metz to muster a company — is picked up for dead, with one arm torn off, and a saber-slash over his head, and brought to her ward. She nurses him back to life, inch by inch, and in six months he joins his regiment. Now follows the plot. Is it not easy to see what will happen? Tender and beautiful, young and brave! *Vive le bel amour!* It is the old story, but it is also *une affaire de cœur — la grande passion.* In a few months they are married, and he takes her to his home in Rouen. There he listens to her entreaties, and resigns his commission.

"This was five years ago. To-day he is a broken-down man, starving on his pension; a poor devil about the streets, instead of a general commanding a department; and all for love of her. Some, of course, said it was the saber-cut; some that he could no longer hold his command, he was so badly slashed. But it is as I tell you. You can see him here any day, sitting under the trees, playing with the child, or along the lake front, leaning on her arm."

Here the croupier rose from the bench, looked critically over his case of cigarettes, selected one carefully, and began buttoning his coat as if to go.

By this time I had determined to know the end. I felt that he had told me the truth as far as he had gone, but I felt also that he had stopped at the most critical point of her career. I saw, too, that he was familiar with its details.

"Go on, please. Here, try a cigar." My interest in my heroine had even made me courteous. My aversion to him, too, was wearing off. "Now, one thing more. Why was she in your gambling-house?"

He lighted the cigar, touched his hat with his forefinger, and again seated himself.

"Well, then, monsieur, as you will. I know you Americans. When you lose, you pay; when you win, you keep your mouths shut. Besides," — this was spoken more to himself,— "you have never seen him, and never will. One night,— this only a year ago, remember,— in one of the gardens at Baden, a hand touched the baroness's shoulder. It was Frontignac's. The body under the brush-heap was another man's, dressed in Frontignac's clothes. The bullet-hole in his head was made by a ball from Frontignac's pistol. Since then he had been hiding in exile. He threatened exposure. She pleaded for her boy and her crippled husband. She could, of course, have handed him over to the nearest gendarme; but that meant arrest, and arrest meant exposure. At their home in Vienna, let me tell you, baccarat was played nightly as a pastime for their guests. So great was her luck that 'As lucky as the Baronne Frontignac' was a byword. Frontignac's price was this: she must take his fifty louis and play that stake at the Casino that night; when she brought him ten thousand francs he would vanish.

"That night at Baden — I was dealing, and know — she won twelve thousand francs in as many minutes. Here her slavery began. It will continue until he is discovered and captured; then he will put a second bullet into

his own head. When I saw her enter my room I knew he had turned up again. As she staggered out, one of my men shadowed her. I was right; Frontignac was skulking in the garden."

All my disgust returned in an instant. I could hardly keep my hands off him.

"And you permit this, and let this woman suffer these tortures, when a word, even a look, from you would send him — "

"Softly, monsieur, softly. Do I love the cripple? Is the boy mine? Have I robbed the bank and murdered my double? Life is a game of chess; would you have me kick over the board?"

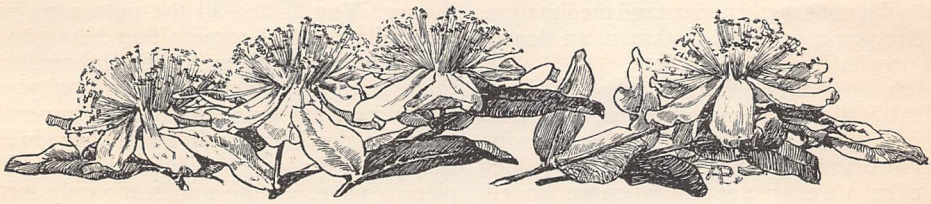
F. Hopkinson Smith.

SONG FOR THE GUITAR.

I GRIEVE to see these tears —
Long strangers to thine eye —
These jewels that fond years
For me could never buy.
Weep, weep, and give thy heart relief.
I grieve, but 't is not for thy grief:

Not for these tears — they were
Another's ere they fell —
But those that never stir
The fountain where they dwell.
I 'd smile, though thou shouldst weep a sea,
Were but a single tear for me!

Robert Underwood Johnson.



TWO TRAMPS IN ENGLAND.

THE British tramp had long been an object of curiosity with me. I felt that I knew his American cousin as well as it is possible to know him by living with him, and I had learned the ways of the German *Chausseegrabentapezierer*. Among my friends in the university was a student of philosophy who also regarded the English tramp with feelings of interest,—so great interest, in fact, that he was willing to make a tramp journey with me to discover and study him He doubted somewhat his ability to pose as an undeveloped vagrant, but decided to try it. We suffered, I am proud to say, no diminution of our friendship in this curious comradeship in a new field.

On February 28, 1893, we drew up our agreement, and on the same day left for Hamburg. There we took ship for Grimsby, on a boat carrying mainly steerage passengers. Our fellow-travelers were twenty-two homeward-bound sailors, an old woman, and a young girl on her way to London to marry a man with whom she had fallen in love by telegram. At any rate, so she said.

We were all cooped up together in a nasty little hole absolutely without ventilation. I felt sorry for the women, and they, in their kind-hearted way, said that they were sorry

for me, "because I looked so sick-like." But I anticipate a little.

While we were still lying at the dock we had an amusing experience. Just as the gang-plank was nearly ready to be hauled in, two detectives came on board. I was surprised that they had not appeared before; for it is one of Kaiser Wilhelm's strong points to see that none of his young men, or "dear servants," as he calls them, get out of his domain before they have done their duty in his army. The sailors laughed at them, and told them to go home; meanwhile Ryborg and I were supposedly asleep. That there was method in this drowsiness I cannot deny, for Ryborg had no really current "pass," and we were both fearful of being detained. We were finally discovered, and when one of the officers asked me if we were sailors, I rather naturally said, "Yes," being half asleep, and having seen that they had not disturbed the true seamen.

The man was determined to see my pass, however, and the long sheet of paper amused him considerably. He called it "*Ein mächtiges Ding*," and I patriotically told him he was right, and that it was about the "greatest thing" he had ever handled. He failed to see the point, and poked Ryborg. Then I quaked a little, but laughed inwardly too, when Ryborg handed him his student's card; for it did seem odd to find a student of philosophy in that miserable den. The detective thought so too, and claimed that he did not exactly understand the situation.

"Are you a sailor, a workman, an American, or what?" said the officer.

"Ich bin — ein Studierter," gasped Ryborg.

That settled the matter. The detectives walked off, and we were left for the following thirty-two hours to our North Sea misery, which was of such a character that, when we landed, we vowed never to go to sea again.

Grimsby was uninteresting, so we went straight on to Hull. As this was the point where our vagabondage was properly to begin, I soon had my eye on watch for what American tramps call a "town bum." I found one in a main street, and introduced myself thus:

"I say, Jack, can you tell us where the moochers hang out in these parts?"

"You 're a Yank, are n't ye?" said he.

This I acknowledged, at the same time asking, "Why?"

"Because I know a lot of blokes over in your country, an' I 'm thinkin' o' goin' over myself. How d' ye think I 'd like it?"

"Tiptop," I answered; "but you know they 're givin' the likes of us ninety days in Chicago now."

"O-oh, well, p'r'aps I 'll go over later," was his rejoinder; and then he told me where the moochers were to be found.

"Ye see thet corner? Well, just turn thet, and keep hoofin' along till ye come to an alley. Go up to the top, then down on your right to the bottom, an' ask roun' there somewhere for Blanket Row. Ye 'll find all the moochers ye want there; but look out for the Robert and the Dee [the policeman and the detective]. They 'll give ye seven days if they catch ye moochin'."

We found Blanket Row all right, and, luckily enough, at Number 21, a kip-house (lodging-house), or doss-house, as some call it, nicknamed "The Dog's Home." It looked rather uninviting, and we gazed at it carefully before entering. After a little consultation we made up our minds to go in, so we walked through a long and dirty passage, pushed open a creaky, rickety door, and found ourselves in a smoky, dirty hole containing about fifty moochers. I was greeted with: "Hello, Yank! Where 'd you come from?"

The voice came from the fire, and I walked over from the door, and found as miserable a specimen of vagrancy as one often sees. I sat down, and told him a long "ghost-story" (yarn), and he returned the favor in the same coin. When he was convinced that I was one of the fraternity, he pointed out various things of interest.

"Them fires," said he, "is where you cook your scoff [food]. You can make tea, too, any time you like, provided, of course, you 've got the tea. You 'll find all the pots, cans, pans, and boilers in that corner; they b'long to the missus, but we use them. Them cupboards over there is where you put your grub, ef you 're stayin' here any time; they cost a tanner [sixpence] apiece, but they ain't worth hawkin'. My stomach 's the only cupboard I need. That piece o' paper on the wall 's the only sort of picter they 've got in the place."

I looked over at the wall, and saw upon it a notice to the effect that smallpox was in the district, and that persons would be vaccinated free of charge at a place specified.

All this while Ryborg was doing his best to play tramp, and the stories he told, the tough way in which he tried to tell them, the half-and-half effects they achieved, and his general out-of-place condition, were almost as interesting to me as the real moochers. I overheard him telling one of the men that he was "a sailor by inclination, but a tough by temperament."

One of the tramps had taken a fancy to him, and was determined to be hospitable, so he boiled a large can of tea, and made poor Ryborg drink, drink, drink, till he had actually taken two quarts of the beverage at one sitting. He told me afterward that he had made up his mind, if any more were offered him, to

pour it into his pocket, and trust to luck not to get caught.

The Dog's Home in the second story consisted principally of beds. The price of each is threepence a night, and this is the common price all over Great Britain, except in the so-called "Models," where a penny more is charged simply for the very deceitful name. I am sorry to say that the house was not much cleaner in the second story than in the first, if the tramps told us the truth. They all agreed in saying that the place was "crummy" (infested with vermin), consequently we decided to sleep elsewhere; for we wanted a good night's rest, and there was nothing especially to be gained by staying there.

We lived in the "Home" in the daytime, however, and were on the watch for everything of interest. As for the "sweet charity" of Hull, I learned that most of the moochers were satisfied when they could beg a "bob" (shilling) a day besides "scoff," and some seemed happy on fourpence a day. The old men and the young boys seemed most successful in begging. There were vagrants of middle age, and some much younger, who did fairly well; but they lacked the determined spirit of the grandfathers and the "kids." I had noticed this before in America, and suppose it is because the very old and the very young tramps realize that they must rely on their begging for subsistence, while the vagrants of twenty-five and thirty know that they have an alternative in work when luck goes against them, and are consequently less in earnest.

My companion and I, being somewhat better dressed than most of the lodgers, were objects of considerable interest. Our hats, peculiarly American in style, were the main curiosities. They proclaimed our nationality wherever we went. Never in my life have I been so bothered with stares. One day I took off my hat in a small crowd of people, and asked a bystander if he saw anything cruel about it. He admitted that he did not; but still the citizens of Hull guyed me unmercifully, and, for that matter, so did their countrymen elsewhere.

I had been accustomed in America to dress fairly well when tramping, and the very clothes I was wearing in England had seen service at home and in Germany also; therefore I was quite unprepared for their comical reception by the British. There was only one man in the Dog's Home who appreciated our style, and he was a countryman not so very long out of America. He was a most interesting fellow; had been both workman and tramp at home; but one day bade good-by to Hartford, Connecticut, and decided to go abroad. He came to Glasgow on a cattle-ship, expecting to get a return pass on his arrival, but was deceived, and put ashore with only four shillings in his pocket. Naturally he was angry, and made up his mind to see Scotland, England, and Wales at the expense of Scotchmen, Englishmen, and Welshmen. It was certainly a courageous thing to do, if not a moral one; and perhaps it was not so very wicked, for his one ambition seemed to be to see the Tower of London. He had been on tramp about two months, had had some interesting experiences, and had become somewhat opinionated. Hearing that he had been in Scotland, I was interested to know whether he liked the country, and had learned any of the tramp dialect that one might need there.

"To tell the trute, mate," he said, "I was too drunk. You see, I got hold of a fellow in Glasgow who had some boodle, and we chummed it together till the boodle was gone; and the only thing I can tell you about Glasgow or Edinburgh is that they 've got a fine pile of stone in Edinburgh, right in the main street, to the memory of that story-writer — you know his name — what is it?"

I suggested "Scott," and he went on:

"Yes; that 's it — Scott. Well, since I 've been out of Scotland I 've had some hard times, and I 'd 'a' been in Ameriky long ago if I had n't pawned my rubber boots. I tell you, Jack, I 'd ruther be lynched in our country than die a natural death over here; and as for moochin' and lodgin', why, I can beg in five minutes in New York more money than I can here in a day. As it is, I 'm a little bit of a wonder to some of these fellows, because I 'm so dead struck on havin' the pleasures of life. I look for 'em till I get 'em, you know, and so fur I 've had my bob a day, besides chuck. And that 's more than some of these blasted gay-cats can say. Did you ever in your life see such badly faked bums? They make me think of prehistoric gorillas. Half the time only a few parts of their bodies are covered in, and yet they think they can batter more when togged that way. How 's that for bein' bug-house [crazy], eh? Oh, well, you can laugh all you want to; but by the time you 've seen two per cent. of what I 've seen, you 'll say, 'Thet Yank war n't fur from bein' right.'" He promised to have another talk with me at the World's Fair.

The fellow was correct about the clothes and the filthiness of the English moocher. Generally he dresses in a way that in America would be thought indecent and in Germany criminal. He is too lazy to clean up, if he had the chance, and harbors vermin as if he liked them. It is not surprising that lodging-houses are so unclean; for if the proprietors of these places should admit only decent tramps, their houses would be left without occupants in a very short time. This is not an attractive theme, but it is one for the sociologist to treat; for I am con-

vinced that when a man becomes callous in regard to filth, his reformation will be far to seek. And there is nothing that can make a purely temporary vagrant a thoroughgoing voluntary one so surely as the inability to keep himself clean in person.

One little incident in the Dog's Home is worth telling, for it illustrates a trait that is international among tramps. A "kid" had in some way offended an older moocher, and the man was on the point of striking him, when the Hartford tramp stepped forward and said, "You would n't hit a kid, would you?"

The man started back and answered, "Well, I ort n' to, I know; but he plagued me like a reg'lar little divil."

That is a trait in trampdom, and even among criminals, that I have noticed wherever I have been. My own case illustrates it also. I am somewhat smaller than the average man, and I have no doubt that I have often enough offended some of my cronies; but never in all my experience have I had a real row or been struck by a tramp. I remember once quarreling just a little with a vagabond until I became very hot-headed. I was preparing boldly for action, when the great, burly fellow said:

"I say, Cigarette, if ye 're a-goin' ter fight, I 'm a-goin' ter run." Such sentiment is fine anywhere, and doubly fine when found, as it is so often, in the lowest and meanest life I know of — the life of the vagrant beggar.

From Hull Ryborg and I walked to York, visiting nearly every kip-house on the way, as this place is the best for studying English moochers. In the kip at Beverley we learned that Mr. Gladstone is always good for a bob — a statement that I very much doubt; for if it were widely known, the Grand Old Man would before this have gone to the workhouse, so numerous are English beggars. Another story told there was that of the "hawker tramp." He had a little girl with him, and the two evidently did a very fair business.

"We 've just come from Edinbro," said the old man, "and altogether we ain't done bad; but we 'd been nowhere 'thout the bible.[1] You see, now'days in England, to beg much of a swag a feller has got to have some sort of a gag, and the hawkin' gag is as good as any. We 've had shoe-strings, pencils, buttons, and lots of other things in stock; but all the good they 've done us, and all the good they do any moocher, is to get him into a house or pub with a good excuse. When he 's once in, he can beg good enough; and if Robert comes along, he can claim that he 's simply peddlin'. See? Besides, I 've got a license, in order to be safe; it only costs five bob, an' is well worth havin'. If you 're goin' to beg much in these parts, you 'd better git one, too."

This is the "hawkin' gag," and very popular it is too. In America it has almost exhausted itself, with all the other peddling tricks, excepting always the "mush fakir," or umbrella peddler and mender, and the "fawny man," or hawker of spurious jewelry. In England simple and artistic begging is by no means so well done as in America. The English moocher has to resort to his "gag," and his "lurks" are almost innumerable. One day he is a "shallow cove" or "shivering Jimmy"; another he is a "crocus" (sham doctor): but not very often is he a successful mendicant pure and simple. He begs all the time, to be sure, but continually relies on some trick or other for success.

On arriving at York, we went at once to Warmgate, the kip-house district, and picked out the filthiest one we could find. The inmates were principally in pairs: each moocher had his Judy (wife), and each little kid had his little Moll (sister). These children are the very offspring of the road, and they remind me very much of monkeys. Yet one has to feel sorry for them, since they did not ask for life, and yet are compelled to see its meanest and dirtiest side. Their mothers love them, when they are not drunk; and when they are, their fathers have to play mothers, if they are not drunk themselves. Never in my life have I seen a more serio-comic situation than in that York kip-house, where two tramps were rocking their babies to sleep. Moochers — Bohemians of the Bohemians — fondling their babies! I should far sooner have looked for a New York hobo in clergyman's robes. But tramping with children and babies is a fad in English vagabondage.

From this I turned to listen to a very domestic confab between a Judy and her mate. She had just washed her face, and made herself really pretty. Then she sat down on a bench close to her man, and began to pet him. This bit of discourse followed:

"Just go and get a shave now, Jim. I 'll give ye a wing [penny], if ye will, for the doin' o' 't."

"Bah! What 's the matter uv my phiz, anyhow?"

"Naw; ye doan't look purty. I can't love ye thet way."

"Blast yer love, anyhow! Doan't keep a-naggin' all the time."

"Please, now, git a scrape. I 'm all washed up. Ye mought look as decent as I do."

"Lemme alone; I 'm on the brain [I 'm thinking]."

"Well, ye mought have me on the brain a little more than ye do. Did n't I git ye out o' bein' pinched the other day?"

[1] The bible is tramp slang for the hawker's little parcel of things which he is supposed to peddle.

He looked at her, relented, patted her head, and went for a shave.

The surprise to me in all this was the genuine wifeliness of that Judy. She was probably as degraded as womankind ever gets to be, and yet she had enough humanity in her to be really in love.

Just a word here as to tramp companionship in England. Among the men, although one now and then sees "mates," he more often meets the male vagabonds alone, so far as other men are concerned. Women, too, do not often ally themselves with other women. But between the sexes partnership is common; though seldom long-lived, it is very friendly while it lasts. The woman is practically the slave of the man; he is the supposed breadwinner, but the Judy does more than her share of the begging all the while.

We went by rail from York to Durham, for there was little of interest to be found between the two points. Everywhere it was the cities far more than the country that furnished the most amusing and instructive sights. On the train a rather pleasant-looking man, overhearing our conversation, asked Ryborg who we were.

"You 'll excuse me," said he, "but your intelligence does seem a little more valuable than your clothes; and would you mind telling me what you are doing in England?"

As he seemed a candid sort of fellow, Ryborg began very frankly to tell him our mission, and I took up the story when he was tired. It was difficult for the stranger to express his astonishment. "What!" said he. "Do you mean to say that you 've left good homes behind you, and are over here simply to study tramps? What good will it ever do you?"

"Well," said Ryborg, "it 's one way of seeking the truth."

"I declare, you 're the rummest pair of fellows I 've ever seen," he returned; and he looked after us curiously as we got off the train at Durham.

Here we gave the vagabonds a wide berth, on account of smallpox. Three tramps had been taken out of a kip-house that very day; so after a night's rest we moved on to Newcastle, stopping for a few hours on the way at the dirtiest kip that we found in England. One of the inmates, a powerful poser as a bully, was terrorizing an old man.

"I say, granddad, get me a light, will you? Be sharp, now!"

OLD MAN: "I 'm too rheumatizin'-like. Caan't ye get it yerself?"

BULLY: "Naw, I caan't. I waant you to get it. Hustle, now!"

OLD MAN: "I shaa'n't do it. I ain't yer Hi Tittle Ti-Ti, an' I waant yer to rec'lect it, too."

BULLY: "See here, pop; what date is to-day?"

OLD MAN: "Fifth of March."

BULLY: "Well, pop, just twelve months ago to-day I killed a man. So look out!"

The old man brought the light.

Newcastle, from the vagabond's point of view, exists principally in Pilgrim street. I visited three kips there, saw eighty-four new faces, and learned something about the wages of beggars in England. Four moochers gave me the information. They were quarreling at the time. Number One was saying: "It 's a lie. I 'd git off the road in a minute ef I could only beg what you say I can. Ef I hustle I can git four bob a day, and I 'm willin' to fight that I can, too."

Number Two said: "You never mooched four bob in your life; you knaw you 're happy when you git ten wing a day. I 'm the only moocher in this 'ouse, an' I want you to knaw it. I beg 'xac'ly five bob in eight hours; an' if I begged twenty-four hours, 'ow much 'd that be?"

Number Three here put in: "Tired legs an' 'n empty stomach."

Number Four: "Keep still, ye bloomin' idjits!"

None of them could beg over two bob a day, and they knew it. There are beggars in England who can average nearly half a sovereign a day, but they are by no means numerous. The most of them are able to get about eighteen pence or two shillings; that is all. Our Newcastle friends told us that the road between there and Edinburgh was not a profitable one. They claimed that the people were too "clanny-like," meaning too stingy. The Durham district they called the "bread and cheese caounty," while Yorkshire was the "pie and cake neighborhood." Accordingly we took ship for Leith.

A fellow-passenger, half Hoosier and half criminal, made up his mind that I was a crooked man. "Don't come near me," he said; "you 're a pickpocket, an' I can feel it."

I said, "How can you tell?"

"By your hand-shake, and the cut of your phiz."

And throughout the trip he continued to regard me as a species of bogy-man, while Ryborg he considered a most reputable traveler. So he was and is; but he made some of his most criminal faces on that same voyage, nevertheless. One of them, I particularly remember, seemed to say, "I can't eat, can't sleep, can't do anything"; and his under lip would fall in a most genuine manner. He was often eloquent in his representations of my ability to pose as a tramp; but I am sure that nothing I can do would so quickly throw even

the vigilant off the track as that face of my companion.

We went into Scotland without any prejudice; but we had scarcely been in Edinburgh three hours when an English roadster tried to make me believe terrible things of the "Scotties," as he called the Scotch tramps. "The Scotties are good enough to mooch with," said he, "an' ain't bad people in some ways till they 're drunk; an' then they 're enough to make a cat sick. Why, Yank, they can't talk about anything then but Bobbie Burns. It 's Bobbie did this, an' Bobbie did that, till you 'd think the sun did n't rise an' set on anybody else. I wish the feller had n't ever lived." The poor man had evidently never read Bobbie's "Jolly Beggars"; for if he had he would have long since made a pilgrimage to Ayr.

Edinburgh can almost be reckoned as one of the best mooching-towns in Great Britain, and if I were a beggar casting about for a life residence, I think I should select this beautiful city, and that from my own personal experience. There is something deliciously credulous in the true citizen, and the university makes it a specially good place for clothes. Our first meal in the town we found at a "refuge" in High street. We paid a penny a piece for a quart of good thick soup and half a loaf of bread. It was the largest quantity of food I have ever had for so little money; but it should be remembered that it was a charity. Cheap-restaurant living, in both Scotland and England, is more of a theory than a reality. For twopence I have had a dinner at a *Herberge* in Germany that I could not get in Great Britain for five; and for ten cents I have had *table d'hôte* with four courses in Chicago that I could not get in London for a shilling.

The cheapest restaurants that I know of in the United Kingdom are the cocoa-rooms; but a tramp can live three times as cheaply in the kip-house, if he cooks his own food. Tramps fully realize this, and it is seldom that they go near a cocoa-room. One old moocher said to me, when I questioned him on the subject, "I 've been in them places time and again, but I never get my stomach's worth in them"—a statement to which I can add my own similar testimony.

When traveling from Edinburgh to Glasgow, the tramp has two routes—one by way of Bathgate, the other by way of Linlithgow. Neither of them is a good begging highway. The people along the road are, as the German tramp would say, "*ausgepumpt.*" Nevertheless, it must be traveled afoot, for railway fares in Great Britain are much too high for the beggar's purse.

Ryborg and I determined this time to separate, he going through Bathgate, and I by way of Linlithgow. In this way we covered more ground, and at the same time Ryborg had the desired opportunity to play the tramp alone. His argument for the experiment ran in this wise: "To save my life, I don't seem to be able to talk with these beggars more than two minutes at a time, and I 'm really afraid that I am spoiling your scheme. You see, if they discover that I am not what I pretend to be, our work is in danger; so I 'll try this trip alone, and see if I can't get a little more into the tramp spirit." We promised to find each other in front of the general post-office in Glasgow.

On the whole journey I found but one interesting moocher, and that a moocheress. She traveled my way for about two hours, and as she smoked my cigarettes she gave me a little of her biography. She had lived just fifty years, did not know when she entered trampdom, had no recollection of her parents, and believed mainly in "booze," as she called it. She prided herself on being a fighting woman, as do a great many of the English Judies.

"Why, I 'm a reg'lar Charley Mitchell," said she, "when I want to be."

"Would n't you rather be a John L. Sullivan?" said I, to test her patriotism.

"Oh, yes, ef I wuz Amerikin; but I 'm English—I 'm patriotic, I am."

"Then," said I, "you would n't want to be Lackie Thompson."

"D' ye want t' insult me?" said she. "Naw; I would n' be anything Scot-like."

"How is it, Judy, that you are in Scotland, then?"

"Oh, I 'm just lookin' fer me mate. I lost him in Edinburgh, an' 's soon 's I find him, I 'm goin' back to England." Just before I left her she said: "Tell me how you draw thet smoke in. I 've heard thet it 's real good; but how d' ye do it?"

I told her how to inhale the smoke of a cigarette. She tried it, choked, and promised herself by all the gods of her poor heaven never to try it again. English Judies are great smokers, but they use clay pipes, as a rule.

Glasgow is the best kip town that we found anywhere. Its lodging-houses are known everywhere, and as soon as I was well within the city I asked for a "Burns Home." There are several of these in Glasgow, all belonging to Mr. Robert Burns, who was once a workingman, but is now a wealthy proprietor. He built his homes mainly to make money, but also to furnish poor workmen a cheap and fairly respectable sleeping-place. I stayed at the Watson Street Home, and although there were a good many workmen in the place, there were also numerous vagabonds. In the "sitting-

room" there must have been about a hundred and fifty people, and some of them had been loafing around Glasgow for months. I made friends with one of these old residents, and he did me some good service. He had been in America, had been well treated there, he said, and so wanted to treat me well. I asked him about the industrial intentions of the lodgers at the "home."

"Well," said he, "it 's hard to tell about all of them. Some of these fellows sit in this room from morning till night, and never are seen to beg a copper; yet they live, too. Others do a little work now and then as 'sandwich-men,' and other little jobs, while there 's a few of us do nothing but beg."

"Is Glasgow a good town for moochin'?" I asked.

"Well, that depends on the moocher. There 's enough charity here, and some to spare, if you know how to look for it. I never get over half a crown a day, but I can tell you a dozen places where you can get your dinner. Scoff 's always more plenty than money."

"D' ye mind tellin' what 's the main gag in Glasgow, just now, for raisin' money?" I queried still further.

"Well, I think gettin' vaccinated 's about the best thing goin', unless it 's bankin'."

"What 's that?"

"Well, you see, smallpox 's on the boards; the people are scared; bums are likeliest to get the sickness; so it 's been arranged that any man who will get himself vaccinated can have a week's kip free. Some blokes 've been jagged [vaccinated] two or three times."

This same vagabond did me another good turn down near the docks. We were walking along a street when three town tramps came along, and guyed my hat. My companion noticed it, and as I had told him that I had been considerably martyrized in this way before, he turned round sharply on the guyers, and thundered out:

"Who 're yer lookin' at? Ef ye 're tryin' to guy this Yank, you 'd better stop. Ef ye don't, there 'll be a fight."

I said, "Let 's run, if you really mean that."

"Not much! I 'm English, ye know; and I can kneck out any Scotchman that comes around, and I 'm in the mood for 't right now."

The town bums took him at his word, and left. I said to him, "You English fellows seem to have things pretty much your own way here."

"Yes," he answered; "we English fellers know how to bluff. We 've been bluffing the world now for a good many years."

"You forget the United States," I could not help interjecting.

"Beg pardon, Yank; beg pardon!"

Ryborg and I met at the post-office, according to agreement. He had met so few tramps along the way that he was still in doubt as to his abilities. He remained courageous, however, and I proposed a trip to Dublin. This meant Irish Sea, no appetite, and general ill health. But off we sailed to see Ireland. We stayed nine hours, and then sailed back to Liverpool. On the way I saw more of Ireland in a dear old Biddy than I did in Dublin. She claimed that she saw Ireland in me also — a discernment truly penetrating, considering that the Irish in me died out about two hundred years ago.

In Liverpool our tramp work began again in good earnest, and I was fortunate in meeting there an old friend — Manchester Charlie. We went around the Horn[1] together a few years ago, and got very well acquainted, as tramps will on long journeys; but we did not expect to meet next in Liverpool, though I knew Charlie had left the States for London. He seemed glad to see me, and yet a little ashamed of me, too. My shoes were rather played out, and in other respects, also, I was somewhat below the American tramp grade. Charlie noticed this, and his first greeting was, "Shall I get you a new pair of shoes?" I explained the situation as best I could, but Charlie could not understand how I could "lower myself so." I told him that I was certainly better dressed than most of the tramps I had met along the road, whereat he laughed most scornfully.

"Why, Cig," he said, "the fellers you 've been bummin' with are nothin' but skugees [a species of gay-cat]. You have n't seen a first-class hobo yet, I 'll bet."

That was true, if one takes the American hobo as the standard, and I admitted it. Then he introduced three of his companions, saying: "Here are some of the real article."

They were very clever-appearing vagabonds, and very well dressed, too. I acknowledged their vast superiority as politely as I was able to do, and asked Charlie how it had come about that I had so missed the genuine beggars, as I had all the while been on the lookout for them.

Charlie said: "The fact is, there are not many of us in England. Up at London you 'll find more than anywhere else, but we ain't anywhere near as strong as you fellers in the States."

"Why is this? You certainly ought to be," I returned.

"Well," he replied, "this is how it is. The country is full of these half-and-half bums. They go everywhere, and the people get tired of them;

[1] The Horn is a bit of railway in Iowa, extending from Red Oak southward for about twenty miles, then northwest for twenty more. It is used principally for long trains, as the main line from Red Oak to Pacific Junction is too hilly.

so when a really sharp moocher comes along, he has to run his chance of bein' classed with them chaps — that is, if he begs at houses. If he does as I do,— sends letters of introduction, — his luck will probably be better. Here in Liverpool, for instance, we do fairly well at the letter racket; but we could never make a livin' at all, if we had to batter the way most beggars do."

Later in the day Charlie explained matters more fully, and it turned out, as I expected, that he did "crooked work" also, both he and his comrades. I said to him at parting: "I could succeed in England, too, if I wanted to do that sort of business; but that is n't legitimate mooching."

"It all depends," he answered. "A tramp ought to do anything he can, and there 's no feller so able to dodge the Dee as a bum if he plays the beggar and is a crook besides."

This is a fact; but still it is not true hoboing or mooching, this being a beggar only in appearance. Some men do it constantly, I know; but the real tramp, wherever he is found, will rarely go into anything outside of begging and cheating. Thieving he leaves to more experienced hands.

Liverpool fairly swarms with the lowest class of tramps, and we many times voted Manchester Charlie's testimony correct. They live off any one they can capture, even "visiting brethren," and are cordially hated by them.

We planned two separate journeys to London, after the manner of our last trip in Scotland. Ryborg was to take his way through Crewe, Birmingham, Warwick, and Oxford; I was to visit Chester, Shrewsbury, Hereford, Bristol, and Bath. We were to meet at the end of a week in Reading, and journey on to London together. My experiences on the way were very common. I saw only a repetition of what I had become familiar with in the other parts of England: "prehistoric gorillas," a few rather clever beggars, about twenty kip-houses, and more than two hundred vagrants. Nearly half of them, however, were seeking work. Two nights I slept in straw-stacks, and each time I had fully a dozen companions. They called themselves "free dossers," and in one way they were rather amusing — in fact, a new species of tramp: they were determined not to spend a copper of what they begged.

It seems that this sort of fellows start out from London early in the spring, and "batter" all summer. In the autumn they return to London with their "swag," and spend the winter in some comfort. On their travels they either beg what they need or go without. If they cannot beg a lodging, they sleep in barns, brickyards, and straw-stacks; and from early in March till late in September they do not squander a single halfpenny that comes in their way. I had never before met this variety of tramp, and I doubt very much whether they would be allowed to associate with the real American hobos; for the true tramp likes more generosity among his fellows, and when he meets a stingy brother he is likely to give him a wide berth.

Once in Reading, Ryborg and I met at the appointed corner, and he gave the following account of himself:

"In the first place, I had a mean road, and saw but few vagabonds. I had only three experiences. The first was not far from Crewe. I was practising to become a beggar, and I tried to smoke a pipe. For a while I made out very well, and accomplished a lot of smoke. I thought I should get on well now in kip-houses. But the second pipe played me a mean trick. I felt bad all over, and staggered along the road most unbecomingly for either a gentleman or a beggar. I gave it up. My second experience was with a crazy tramp. He traveled with me for nearly an hour, and I could find nothing interesting in him except his habit of wetting his middle finger and rubbing it on his cheek-bone. This he did constantly; but though I questioned him carefully, I could get nothing out of him. Finally he got angry with me, and leaned up against a fence till I left him. My last adventure happened when a workman gave me fivepence. He thought I was an honest and unfortunate laborer, and after we had talked awhile he handed me the money, saying very politely, 'Perhaps this will help you on your travels.'"

Our first night in London was spent in a German Herberge in the East End. The second night we slept in a Salvation Army "shelter" in Whitechapel Road. At this last place we paid twopence each for our bed — boxes I should say. They look like coffins with no bottoms except the floor. Yet they are comfortable enough, considering the price. The blankets are of leather, and if a man keeps his clothes on he can sleep warmly enough. On entering the "shelter," we went to the rear of the building, where some of the lodgers were smoking their pipes and recounting their day's experiences. Everything was as orderly as possible, although many of the men were out-and-out vagabonds. I devoted myself to an old man who had a very bad cough. He spoke kindly of the Salvation Army, and had only one complaint to make.

"These Salvationers," said he, "forget one thing: they forget that we men are tired. In the meetings they want us to sing 's loud 's ef we 'd just got out of bed. They say, 'Come on, men; sing away, be happy — sing now!' But how 's a man goin' to sing after he 's mooched and walked all day, I should like to know? I

ain't no enemy of the Salvationers, but I wish they 'd remember that we get fagged out."

Ryborg and I went into the meeting, and as long as I live I shall never forget the sincerity of its leaders. They were not especially wise or delicate, but they were in earnest all over. One of the "soldiers" handed us hymn-books, and said, "Cheer up, men; better times a-comin' "; and the entire spirit of the meeting was of the same good-fellowship. I felt then what I had felt often before, that the Salvation Army, in spite of its many mistakes, is, after all, one of the most consistent agencies for the betterment of the class it seeks to uplift. The leaders of this meeting believed in their hearts that we should be "lost" unless something interposed to "save" us, and they were determined to save us if they could. In other words, the Salvation Army actually believes in hell, and is "hustling" to keep men out of it.

We went to bed about ten o'clock, but I slept very little. The lodgers coughed nearly all night, and it was impossible to rest in such a racket; but as some of the men said, it was better than sleeping out.

The next two nights of our stay as tramps in London were spent in the Notting Hill casual ward, or "spike," as it is called in tramp parlance. There are twenty-four of these wards in London, and they are also well scattered over England at large. Their object is to afford wanderers a place where they can get food and lodging for a night or two by earning it. The usual work required is stone-breaking and oakum-picking. We had delayed visiting these places until we should arrive in London, as they are all very much alike, and we cared for only one experience of their hospitality. As I knew that this Notting Hill ward is considered one of the best in all England, we went there. Two years before I had visited this ward as a "gentleman." I had a letter from the president of the Board of Guardians, and I was treated most kindly. But on this March 20, 1893, I went as a tramp, and, as was to be expected, my treatment was entirely different.

We appeared at the door of the ward about half-past seven in the evening. A little window was raised, and I stepped forward to state my business. Unconsciously I leaned against the sill of the window, which offended the inspector in charge considerably.

"What 's your name?" he thundered. Still leaning on the sill, I gave him my name honestly enough. He then remarked to some person inside that we were not accustomed to such places, evidently, and called out, "Stand back, will you!" Back I stood. He cried out again, "Take off your hat!" My hat came off instanter. Still again: "You come in here as if you was a meeleeonary. You 're not; you 're a casual." I was as meek as could well be. Ryborg was itching to grab the inspector with his long arms. The next question was as to where we had slept the night before.

"Straw-stack," I replied.

"None of your impudence! You slept out — why don't you say so? Have you got any money?"

"A ha'penny, sir."

"Hand it in!" In it went. Then I had to tell my trade, which was that of a sailor; and naturally the next question was as to where I was bound.

"To Ameriky, sir, if I can ever get there."

"You 're goin' to tramp it, are n't you?"

"Yes, sir; that 's my intention;" but for the life of me I could not see how I was to reach America that way. I was so frightened that I would have told him anything he wanted.

When he was through with us, a kind-hearted attendant took us in hand, gave us some gruel and bread, a bath, clean night-shirts, and then a cell apiece, in which we slept very well.

As there were only four inmates that morning, we were needed for the cleaning up, and so escaped stone-breaking, which I dreaded exceedingly, and were put at various light occupations — or rather I was. Ryborg was the victim of his strength. Our breakfast consisted of the same dish as our supper of the night before. I was soon busy as general fireman, scrubber, knife-cleaner, coal-carrier, dish-washer, and helper of my sister-sufferer, Mrs. Murphy, as she washed her task of towels and shirts. At noon we had pea-soup and bread. I enjoyed it, but Ryborg did not. The poor fellow was feeling badly; he had had to scrub nearly twenty cells, and the bending over incident to such a feat had nearly broken his back. At dinner he said plaintively, "Flynt, I want to go home." "So do I," I replied; "but I fancy we 're wanted here till to-morrow morning." This proved to be the case; but he felt better in the afternoon, and got through comfortably, wheeling nearly a ton of stone from some of the cells to the general pile. He earned his "keep," if ever any poor prisoner did.

I fear I was more shiftless, for about the middle of the afternoon the attendant who was with me at the furnace said: "You might as well rest; just keep your eye on the fires, that 's all." It was kind of him; and as I had at least earned my pea-soup and gruel, I took his advice. He was kinder to me, I think, because I gave him a corn-cob pipe which he had had to take away from me the night before. During the day he had asked me several questions about it, and I said, "It 's a very decent sort of pipe — coolin'-like, you know."

"Does n't Mark Twain always smoke one o' them pipes?" said he.

"Blest if I know," said I; "but I can well think it."

"I 'm a great friend of Mark Twain," he pursued; "an' I 'm a-thinkin' o' gettin' one o' them pipes, jest out of respect for him."

"Well," said I, "permit me, in the name of your respect, to present you with my pipe; besides, you 've got it, anyhow." He thanked me profusely, and promised to keep it forever. Later in the day he reported it to be just as I had said, "Sort o' coolin'-like." And he was a good friend to me all the rest of my stay in the Notting Hill station.

On Wednesday morning we were turned loose with our two ha'pennies. We were both so happy that we decided to get off the road that very day.

We had been tramps for three weeks, and had walked most of this time fully fifteen miles a day; so we looked up my friend at the Temple, and in a few hours were respectable again. That same day I took my tramp clothes out to the casual ward, and presented them to my friend the attendant. I had told him the day before that I expected to get new "togs" soon, and he had put in a plea for my old ones. Good luck to him and them!

IT seems appropriate here to say something definite regarding the character of the English moocher, and as Ryborg is new in trampdom, and as his impressions are likely to be sharper than mine, I have asked him to write out, in a few words, his general opinion of the tramps he met in this three weeks' journey.

Most of the tramps we met during our trip in England impressed me as being a trifle insane. There is a peculiar dullness, and lack of nervous energy, about them that distinguish them very noticeably from the workingmen. Still, they have a marked sagacity in getting up tricks to secure their food and lodging, and in getting out of work. Their solitary life,—for they seldom tramp in company,—together with ill-nourishing food, would tend to produce a mild form of insanity. There is surely a peculiarity about their mental structure that I have observed nowhere else.

They are fond of philosophizing about themselves, and in a comical way. One of the worst vagabonds I saw told me that he considered himself as fine a fellow as any one, and that he had two brothers who were well-to-do, but he could not stick to one thing long enough to lay up money. He said that it never did anybody any good to knock about, unless his mind was so formed that he could learn by it. He did not see that he was not the equal of anybody in perseverance, and he was not able to understand why it was not considered very noble to live by begging and by peddling without a license.

Some attribute their pauper condition to a roving disposition; others lay their misfortunes to a cruel fate: but it is very evident that the passion for drink is at the bottom of ninety per cent. of the vagrancy in England.

The tramps do not seem at all discontented or unhappy. They complained sometimes that people were stingy, but almost all of them looked well fed. There are a few of them who really want work, but the majority are not very anxious for a job. As one of the men in the kip-house said one day, after there had been a good deal of discussion on the subject, "Well, there 's more talk about work in this house than there 's doin' of 't."

Most of the tramps we met were well informed, and fully half of them had been in America, or the "States," as they say. They also keep up to the times on political issues and pugilistic and police news. In one of the lodging-houses I heard the keeper of the place reading the police news of the week to an interested circle of beggars. I was struck by a remark of one of the fellows, that the sentence of the court was not so severe as one culprit had deserved.

They are a very hospitable set to their own kind. I never entered a kip without a seat being offered to me, and in many cases they gave me a bowl of tea and a bit of bread. I never saw any quarreling over the cooking-utensils, or the corner of the fireplace. Though they are without doubt the dirtiest and the raggedest and the poorest of men, I was everywhere treated by them with politeness, so far as they understood politeness; in fact, they were often far more courteous than the steamer and other officials under whose charge I came during the journey.

These conclusions are identical with my own. Excepting workhouses, casual wards, one or two "ticket systems," and jails, there seems to be no great amount of legal machinery for the treatment of vagrancy in England. The workhouses are places where any one who can prove that he is penniless may be taken in indefinitely. The casual ward has already been explained. The ticket system is simply the issuing of tickets, at police-stations, to vagrants in need of food, the tickets calling for so much bread, and perhaps a lodging. Sometimes the ticket must be worked for, and sometimes it is gratis. The jails are mean places to get into, the discipline being severe, and work being exacted of the prisoners.

Sentences for begging range from seven days upward, but most of the tramps with whom I talked spoke of seven days as the usual punishment for simple begging, unless the offender could be proved to be an "old stager."

As regards the punishment of the confirmed beggar in England, there seems to me to be but one thing to say: it is too slight and trivial. The professional beggar should be shut up indefinitely. There are plenty to laugh at this suggestion, I am aware. Well and good. Just so long as they laugh, the beggars will laugh also; and it is my opinion that the beggars will come out ahead.

Josiah Flynt.

THE NEW OLD TESTAMENT.

"THE Old Testament becomes new to one who reads it with new eyes." This remark of a distinguished biblical scholar, who was a pioneer in the work of the higher criticism, aptly describes the gift which modern biblical research promises to readers of the Scriptures — it will give the people new eyes for the Old Testament; and next to the divine gift of new revelation may be placed the human acquisition of new gifts of interpretation. A comparison by no means fanciful might be drawn between the return of Wordsworth and the Lake School of poets to nature, in the fresh joy of their spiritual interpretations of nature, and the return of biblical scholarship from traditional methods of regarding the Old Testament, and conventional views of its literary structure, to the Bible itself, as it lies before us to be seen afresh in its own inspired naturalness. The methods, indeed, of these two movements — the new baptism of poetry into the spirit of nature, and the revivification of biblical interpretation through closer contact with the inspired Hebrew literature — are by no means alike. Modern poetry in its return to nature followed the guidance of the spiritual imagination — Wordsworth's "vital soul"; while biblical interpretation has been critical and scientific in its method of attack, although not unillumined by flashes of historical intuition. But there is a similarity to be observed in the directness of the return to the object itself to be known, whether it be a natural object or the sacred literature; and a similar result also is reached alike by our higher poetry of nature and by our higher criticism of the Bible; for each study in its own way brings new gifts of interpretation. Moreover, we have drawn the comparison between the modern literary study of the Bible and modern poetry, rather than science, because we wish to emphasize the often overlooked fact that biblical criticism is not merely inductive in its methods, and hence scientific; that it is not simply criticism, and hence sometimes destructive in its tendencies: but that it is also characterized, at least in its best work, by those powers of vital sympathy, imaginative insight, and reproductive reason which we recognize as distinctive elements in our truest poetic interpretation of nature. The phrase "higher criticism," it should be explained, is now currently used among scholars to designate a method of knowledge by means of which all questions concerning the literary structure or form, the historical character and credibility, the authorship, date, and literary position of any writings, may be determined, especially by a careful scrutiny of the writings themselves, and by comparison of them with other writings which may throw light upon them. It is distinguished from lower, merely textual criticism as a higher method of literary and historical knowledge.

This higher criticism at first appeared to many in this country as a reckless disturber of received opinions with regard to the Bible; it is still regarded in many quarters as a portentous apparition from Germany, which comes, among the evils foretold in the latter days, brandishing a sword, and breathing forth fire and destruction for all but the remnant of the faithful. It has awakened much alarm; it provokes no little controversy; it sounds a new battle-cry on oft-fought fields where valiant defenders of the faith, resting on the victories of other days, have fancied that they should be left in peaceable possession of their heritage.

The controversial period, however, is usually only a passing, and never the most fruitful, period of any new loyalty to truth. After a science has gained recognized footing, it has before it its real work to do. The question, "What can you build?" quickly follows the question, "What have you come to destroy?" Construction must be the final test of criticism. We cannot, indeed, say that the comparatively new science of higher criticism in its application to the Bible has passed as yet through its controversial period; but it has already been at its chosen work long enough among the sciences to disclose somewhat its constructive powers. As a result already appearing from the labors of many scholars, some questions concerning the place, time, and authorship of the books of the Old Testament are cleared up, and we can now follow with no little confidence the critical reconstruction of the main lines at least of the history of Israel. This holds true, although we admit that many theories of the critics still waver in airy uncertainty, and the caution is still needed that scholars should wait patiently for the sifted wheat of criticism before mixing it too confidently as bread of life for the people.

Those believers in the Word of God who look with apprehension upon this new criticism of the Bible, as a dangerous foe, may possibly be induced to regain somewhat their assur-

ance, if reminded of the story which Lessing once told for the benefit of the theologians of his day, concerning the sudden appearance of a strange face in a company of children at play. They were greatly frightened until one child, bolder than the rest, went up to the apparition, pulled off its mask, and found under the frightful appearance the face of an old friend. Those who have not been afraid to look beneath the rationalistic mask which the higher criticism at its first appearance wore, are assured that it is not a foe, but a true friend, to their faith. It is the purpose, accordingly, of this article to disclose the real friendliness to the household of believers of this so-called higher criticism, the nature, scope, and methods of which, as a study of the literary structure and historical marks of the Scriptures, have been described in THE CENTURY for March, 1893. We do not care to rush at any point to the front, where the critics may still be engaged in hot controversy, but rather, avoiding doubtful issues, we would mention some of the more assured gains which modern criticism renders to general readers and students of the Bible.

One of the first and happiest of these results of criticism is the advantage of a new point of view. A different light over a familiar landscape will sometimes lend to it a fresh charm and beauty. It is always intellectually stimulating to gain a new view of an old truth. And the novel interest should be the more welcome when the subject possesses a sacred significance and is of spiritual worth. Nothing should be hailed more eagerly than a promise of gaining, in this far-off age, some higher position from which the early course of revelation may be more clearly and broadly surveyed. Biblical criticism not only promised to lead to new vantage-ground; it is actually opening up the whole history of Israel from a new point of view. However we may regard particular theories of the critics, or seek to harmonize older and newer views, we can hardly help feeling the quickening impulse, we must recognize the suggestive power, which proceed from the scholarly investigations and perhaps sometimes over-confident enthusiasm of the teachers who belong to the school of the higher criticism.

There are two classes of persons to whom the discovery of a new point of view in the study of the Bible may be specially interesting and valuable. The first consists of that considerable number of literary men for whose benefit John Foster once wrote his celebrated essay on the "Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion." Literary men now may eagerly avail themselves of the fresh critical interest in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. The other class consists of those numerous devout readers of the Bible who have found their way to familiar and favorite passages of the Old Testament — places which lie amid the rugged and unexplored grandeur of the ancient prophets like those valleys and sunny shelters among the hills where the early May-flowers fill the air with their sweetness, and in which fresh warmth and brightness from the heart of the summer seem already to have come. To these devout frequenters of favorite passages in the Old Testament the larger portion of it remains rarely visited, and indeed is almost an unknown land. But now our new, robust biblical explorers are making ways for everybody through the more difficult and unfrequented portions of this scriptural land, and discovering new meanings and interesting views at every turn. It is no slight service to restore to vivid reality any past age or historic character. Biblical criticism is thus restoring in particular the great age of the Hebrew prophets. They may now be seen to have been the men of light among their contemporaries, great leaders and true statesmen in political crises, and amid the crash of the world-powers. The prophet, as Michelangelo drew his noble figure in his sublime frescos,— the man of God gazing into far futurity,— is a grand conception; but the prophet becomes a more interesting and instructive personality as modern biblical study presents him to us in his life-work among his contemporaries, and in his mighty spiritual contacts with the social questions and national politics of his age. That earlier Hebrew preacher and poet, the prophet Amos, we may read and understand as a man with a message for his times, very much as we may read and understand, in relation to our country's history, Whittier's early antislavery poems. Amos might be called the Whittier of the early prophetic age of Israel. Our prophet-poet foresaw the storm which broke upon our guilty land.

> Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth,
> The gathered wrath of God and man,
> Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
> When hail and fire above it ran.
> Hear ye no warnings in the air?
> Feel ye no earthquake underneath?

So the prophet Amos, dreading the crisis in his country's history in which he knew the social wrongs that he saw would surely issue, wrote of "the trembling of the land," and "the earth darkened in a clear day," and "judgment rolling down as the waters," and "the day of the Lord, which is darkness and not light." The Hebrew Whittier knew that the just God "despises the feasts, and will take no pleasure in the solemn assemblies" of a religion

that "takes a bribe," and "would swallow up the needy, and cause the poor of the land to fail"; even as our New England poet-prophet Amos despised "the clerical oppressors" who had no gospel for the slave.

Just God! And these are they
Who minister at thine altar, God of Right!
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay
On Israel's Ark of light.

Paid hypocrites, who turn
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book
Of those high words of truth which search and burn
In warning and rebuke.

Our Whittier found small audience in an age when "cotton was king."

Would ye barter man for cotton? That your gains may sum up higher,
Must we kiss the feet of Moloch, pass our children through the fire?
Is the dollar only real? God and truth and right a dream?
Weighed against your lying ledgers must our manhood kick the beam?

So Amos denounced the social wrongs of his day — those that "buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes, and sell the refuse of the wheat"; and the ruling classes bade him go and eat his pittance of bread in his own home, and not to sing such strains of prophetic wrath against prosperous Israel. And, like our own Whittier also, the early Hebrew advocate of the rights of men, and God's chosen prophet of justice, could sing "in clear-eyed Faith and Patience" the sweeter songs of his country's hope and promised peace, "when the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt. And I will bring again the captivity of my people Israel."

We give thy natal day to hope,
O Country of our love and prayer!
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and air!

Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made,
In future tasks before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

Similarly, in the light of historical research we may read the addresses of the first Isaiah, which were masterful forces amid the conflicts of parties in Jerusalem and during the Assyrian crisis, very much as we may take up now a volume of Charles Sumner's orations, or read Mr. Seward's epoch-making speech on "The Irrepressible Conflict," knowing the relations which these leaders held to the struggle for national integrity and liberty through which our country passed in those never-to-be-forgotten days. The prophet as an antislavery poet — the prophet as a great champion of the people who took his stand on eternal principles of justice when the ruling classes were joining field to field until their monopolies left no room for the poor; when luxury, pride, oppression, and a religion that consecrated injustice were breaking up the foundations of the social order, and hastening the day of Jehovah — the prophet as the grand statesman who would save the nation by truth and not by expediency, may appear as a newly discovered and commanding historical character in the eyes of many who have been accustomed to regard him only as a vague seer, a dreamer of mystic dreams, whose chief mission it was to gaze idly into a distant and golden futurity. Isaiah's political predictions, under a critical examination of his speeches, are seen to have possessed that sure political foresight which results from clear moral insight. They have been justly compared to the predictions concerning the movements of the heavenly bodies which an astronomer may make who has apprehended the universal astronomic laws. Isaiah's supreme confidence was in the moral principles of God's government, which had become to him in his religious faith absolute moral certainties. He made no mistake in his political chart, because he had made his observations from the eternal stars. Hence the prophetic writings are to this day the storehouse of the highest and surest political wisdom. Rightly read, and when understood in their relation to contemporary events, they are living text-books of social ethics.

The book of Hosea furnishes another and somewhat different illustration of the new interest which historical criticism restores to the Old Testament. To the ordinary reader the opening chapters of Hosea present a strange and even repulsive symbolism. We cannot easily set the supposed symbolic action of the prophet into our view of human conduct. But rightly understood, this seemingly abrupt and difficult prophecy is found to contain one of the rarest and most pathetic stories of personal experience through which a human soul has ever been led to a profound knowledge of the divine love. A domestic tragedy had overshadowed the prophet's life. His wife Gomer, whom possibly he may have first seen and loved amid the wild dances of Ashteroth, "the wreath on her dark locks, the scarlet over her limbs, the jewels on her arms, and anklets," had from the first disappointed the saving power of his pure passion. She had deserted him, yet he had followed her with a persistent love; and when she had been

herself forsaken by her false lovers, he had bought her back at a slave's price, and set her apart in a safe place where she might in the slow years purify the stain of her sin:

Weeping blinding tears,
I took her to myself, and paid the price
(Strange contrast to the dowry of her youth,
When first I wooed her); and she came again
To dwell beneath my roof.
. . . In silence and alone,
In shame and sorrow, wailing, fast, and prayer,
She must blot out the stains that made her life
One long pollution.

Hosea's life has been happily regarded as an earlier Hebrew instance of the idyl of King Arthur; and to the prophet also, in his tragic suffering, have been ascribed these words in which Tennyson represents the love of the "stainless king":

For think not, tho' thou would'st not love thy lord,
Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee.
I am not made of so slight elements.
. . . . . .
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: Do thou for thine own soul the rest.
. . . . . .
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God.

By the deep sorrow of his life, and through his intense purifying love, stronger than sin or shame, Hosea had received his prophetic consecration. The verses of his Hebrew song are broken by the accents of his strong and noble passion. To those who can understand him he is the greatest and the most tender teacher in the Old Testament of God's undying love to unfaithful Israel. His prophecy, when recovered by true criticism from allegorical interpretations, and read as a chapter from real life, will be felt to be in the Old Testament what the parable of the prodigal son is in the New.

Many other instances might be given of the new interest which literary and historical criticism lends even to familiar passages of the Old Testament. But not to enumerate these further, we may say in general that the service of the higher criticism may be compared to the work of restoring some masterpiece of art: later glosses and traditions which had concealed the original inspired canvas are removed; the lines and colors of the master's work reappear. In their literary restoration, these sacred books gain a diviner fascination.

Another distinct gain of biblical criticism consists in the surer possession of the Old Testament ground which it gives us. Knowing better the structure of the Old Testament, and the course of the true religion in the history of Israel, we can enter also into a fuller and more restful possession of its inestimable riches. But quite the opposite of this result is often apprehended to be the consequence of this new study of the Bible. It is alleged that such criticism is so much learned guesswork; that the theories of German scholars concerning the different strata in this sacred deposit of our faith are only a series of uncertain guesses; and that the main tendency of all this historical speculation is to destroy confidence in the facts of the Old Testament history. Nothing, however, can in reality be further from the ultimate effect of the higher criticism than this distrustful estimate of its tendency. It is true that much of it is only guesswork, and not a few confident conjectures of scholars have proved to be worthless. It is also true that too much biblical criticism has proceeded from arbitrary rationalistic assumptions. Nevertheless, a good guess has sometimes proved to be the first step toward new knowledge, whether in deciphering ancient monuments, unraveling the intricate threads of molecular physics, or in discovering the message which the light brings from the stars. A good conjecture may serve similar ends in the science of biblical criticism. Among the now demonstrated facts of scientific progress are some former speculations of the scientific imagination. "I touch not hypotheses," is an often quoted dictum of Newton; yet the great mathematician worked out the law of gravitation from a conjecture, and a wrong hypothesis which he held concerning the nature of light retarded for many years scientific knowledge of the revelations of the spectrum. Many received opinions, moreover, concerning the books of the Bible are nothing but late Jewish guesses, which have become congealed and rigid in Christian opinion. Not a few theories of our biblical critics may indeed prove to be airy and unsubstantial, as the clouds which increasing light soon dissipates. But some literary conjectures have already been signally confirmed by subsequent discovery. For example, scholars had separated by purely critical methods certain interpolations from Demosthenes's Oration on the Crown. The accuracy of their critical determination of the original has since been shown by the discovery of a record of the exact length of the original oration. Similarly, a critical study of the "Apostolic Constitutions" and an "Apostolic Epitome" led to the conjecture that these writings embodied an earlier and simpler document, which the critics undertook to reconstruct. The subsequent discovery of the "Teaching

of the Twelve Apostles" brought to light the very document of the critics' conjecture, and signally justified their learned guesswork. Much, doubtless, in the Old Testament must always remain to us matter of learned conjecture or of simple faith; but the higher criticism is slowly recovering from the dim vistas of the past the grand outlines, at least, and the main course of the religion of the Bible. In proportion as it succeeds in accomplishing this desirable result, our confidence in the distinguishing features of the biblical revelation ceases to be a mere dependence on Jewish tradition, or an act of unquestioning faith, and grows into the definiteness and firmness of securely rooted knowledge. Amid whatever is still uncertain and theoretical, a great deal also is coming to be definitely known concerning the structure of the several books of the Old Testament, the social conditions in successive ages of the chosen people, the tasks and problems with which the true Israel was confronted, and the development of the moral and religious faiths which rendered Jacob an elect servant of the true God, amid the great world-powers which had their day and passed away; while through all the tumults and confusions of this marvelous history the one divine purpose may be the more clearly discerned, as it "marched on in strength" toward its Christian consummation. The time will come when the Church will recognize its debt of gratitude even to the critics who have seemed to be its enemies, and who sometimes may have too rudely disturbed its peace by their skeptical challenge of its inherited dogmas. When all their warfare shall be accomplished, we shall have gained firmer historical ground on which to build the peaceable habitations of our faith in the true God of Israel. Already, in reconstructing the argument for revelation, of which the Old Testament is at once the means and the product, we may build with much hewn stone and seasoned timber, for quarrying and cutting which we have to thank the higher critics.

As another happy consequence of their work, we can now see still more clearly what may be called the naturalness of the supernatural in history and revelation. Nothing is more helpful to faith at the present time than to accomplish just this — to discern and to follow the natural methods of God in the higher and diviner work of his Spirit in the world. For the deepest tendency of modern thought is not to run into violent denial of the supernatural: the profounder endeavor of all our thinking, whether in science or religion, is to discover the points of unity, to follow the lines of continuity, between the material and the spiritual phenomena of the universe, and throughout the whole development of life and the progress of history. We hesitate to admit evidence of the supernatural which cannot at the same time be *located* as part and element of some larger and diviner order. The universe must speak one language of divine reason to our ears. Miracles may be accepted as the superlatives of the divine speech, of which the ordinary forces of nature are the positives; the comparatives might be found in our higher spiritual masteries of nature. But miracles as isolated events are not so credible. Miracles which cannot be seen to lie connected with one another as moments of some higher process of events do not easily command our rational assent. Miracles which seem to be mere dashes of motiveless color on the surface of nature's canvas,—miracles which do not weave themselves as one golden thread through the woof of history,—if not regarded as impossible, at least will not find ready credence in our critical habits of mind. While "the modesty of true science" may prevent dogmatic denial even of a seemingly strange and meteoric miracle in the firmament of the world's faith, the truth of the scientific intellect requires the evidence of order and continuity in the realm of the spiritual and the supersensible, as it finds order and continuity in the play and movement of those forces the effects of which are sensibly discovered. A method of investigation, therefore, or a conception of religion, which serves in any degree to introduce order into the realm of the spiritual, and to render more demonstrably evident the laws, processes, and harmonies of the one divine working in all spheres, cannot fail ultimately to be a powerful contribution in aid of faith in the supersensible and the eternal.

Precisely this result is appearing from the new biblical science. It may indeed measure more accurately, and leave us more familiar with the breaks and the flaws, the fissures and the chasms, in the formation of the Old Testament; but it causes the higher order of the whole Bible to stand out before us more impressively, like a mountain-range which has been lifted up by one and the same great power — height of this revelation answering to height, and glory to glory, in the one supernal Light. The laborious investigations and critical work of modern scholars are enabling us to perceive still more clearly what mankind has long believed, that the history which produced the world's Bible, and which culminated in the world's Christ, was not a series of isolated wonders or detached events, but a progressive course of revelation, a highway for the coming of the Lord.

When, about half a century ago, Strauss wrote his new life of Jesus, his rationalistic criticism, with its anti-supernaturalistic premises, was received as a challenge and an alarm to faith.

But the study of the New Testament times, which the reckless venture of Strauss awakened, has since then brought every portion of the literature of the earlier Christian centuries under microscopic scrutiny; and the alarm which the critical method aroused has given place to Christian gratitude in view of the results which by means of it scholarship has gathered for faith. It has taught us with increasing evidence that we must go back to the person of Christ, as the first disciples saw him, full of grace and truth, in order that we may find an adequately scientific explanation of the origin of Christianity in its new access of spiritual power. In a similar manner the present criticism of the Old Testament, if we do not entirely mistake its deeper significance and misread its farthest signs, will eventually prove, and with increasing historical certainty, that the ultimate and real explanation of Israel's mission among the nations is to be found in Isaiah's vision of the Holy One of Israel; and that our reason must see with prophetic clearness "the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up," and "the whole earth full of his glory," or it will fail to understand the higher law of all history, and have no eyes to perceive the one revelation of divine purpose through the whole succession of events.

This contribution of reasoned and intelligent faith, which the higher criticism is already bestowing, may be illustrated further from the broader view which it helps us gain of the so-called argument from prophecy. Matthew Arnold, in his "Literature and Dogma," let the keen shafts of his ridicule fall thick and fast upon the good bishops who maintained the "proof from prophecy." So long as this argument was displayed as an exhibit of precise predictions with exact fulfilments, it was not difficult to find the weak points in the reasoning. More strain was laid upon the chain of predictions than some links of it seemed strong enough to bear. For criticism, testing the proof from prophecy at every point, shows that it will not do to overburden it with too great a claim of wonderful prediction and subsequent definite fulfilment. Some anticipations of the prophets never came to pass; others were not realized within the times, or in the ways, which had been prophesied; others seem too vague and vastly luminous to be compared with correspondences of future events. Still in their ideal glory they lie beyond us like the measureless vistas of a sunset; they are not, as promised, harvest fields of earth and fruits of some not distant autumn. It may, however, be still urged, even in the most searching light of criticism, that the great Hebrew prophets possessed in a signal degree the power of foreseeing the course of events, and foretelling the issues especially of the political movements of their times. Mr. Arnold's hasty remark that prophecy is "an embarrassment to the Bible" is superseded by the following judgment of one of the soberest and most discriminating of recent biblical scholars, Professor Driver:

> An impartial criticism, while, on the one hand, owning that temporal predictions exist which have been apparently unfulfilled, and admitting the probability that in the case of such as refer to a distant future, they have been incorrectly dated, or not transmitted to us in their original form, will, on the other hand, frankly acknowledge such as are beyond reasonable doubt or suspicion, and will not seek to eliminate them, or minimize their significance, by special pleading.

It would be going too far, in view of this judgment of so competent a scholar, to affirm that the proof from the literal fulfilment of precise prophecies, which was a favorite argument with the early Church fathers, has been emptied of all reality by recent biblical criticism; the remark of Professor Driver, just quoted, shows that it has not. But the argument from prophecy need not be risked on too low ground. Rather the most critical scholarship lifts it up and gives it broader scope. The predictive element which characterized Hebrew prophecy may be seen to have been a moral and spiritual element, the truth and power of which were from the living God. It belonged to the religious endowment, to the special religious genius, of the bearers and interpreters of the revelation which found its fulfilment in Him to whom the Spirit was given without measure. In proportion as we recover the grand outlines of this supreme history, and are enabled to estimate the forces which marshaled this supernal order of events, and can behold, rising in clear spiritual truth above the low horizons of their times, the celestial ideals of the prophets, the whole Old Testament will become to our rational understanding of it one increasing Messianic prophecy: the religion of Israel moves on, impelled by a higher purpose, and instinct with a divine prescience, of which inspired interpreters, like Isaiah in moments of vision, become gloriously aware.

A suggestive comparison may be drawn between this larger view in which we now hold the "proof from prophecy," and the better conception which Darwinism has opened to us of the old argument from design. In Paley's "Evidences," which not many years ago was used as a text-book in our New England colleges, the existence of an intelligent Designer of the world was inferred from the presence of special contrivances in nature, such as the ear or the eye: very much, it was argued, as one could infer the existence of a watchmaker if he should find somewhere a watch. The evi-

dences, on this scale of reasoning, in favor of the existence of a divine Artificer were summed up in the answer which a student once gave to the professor who asked him, "What are the probabilities in favor of belief in God?" The reply was, "A hundred to one, sir." These probabilities of faith, however, Darwinism apparently swept away, and left in their place the theory that these seeming contrivances in nature are the results of natural processes, and prove only the special utilities of favored forms under the laws of natural and sexual selection. At first believers were disposed to defend the argument from design by attacking Darwinism. But the belief in design in nature evinced its vitality by proving itself able to survive the folly of such defenders. Other and wiser champions of it were emboldened before long to inquire whether the evidence of design had not been dislodged by Darwinian science from its former hiding-place in special contrivances, only that it might find a more spacious and securer place of abiding in a higher and larger conception of purpose in the creation. An eminent American botanist, the late Professor Asa Gray, wrote a volume of essays entitled "Darwiniana," in which, accepting evolutionary principles, he argued that they are not inconsistent with design, but rather enable us to reconstruct the argument from design, relieving it of many difficulties, and lifting it up to a firmer position. The evidence of design which, through the explanation offered by natural selection, we may lose from particular parts of nature, we find again in the whole economy of nature. "Design in nature," so the eminent Darwinian botanist argued, "is distinguished from that in human affairs — as it fittingly should be — by all-comprehensiveness and system." Similarly, a leading, more pronounced Darwinian, Mr. Wallace, in the conclusion of his book on "Darwinism," in which he has given a thorough "exposition of the principle of natural selection," writes this summary of his belief in design:

> To us, the whole purpose, the only *raison d'être*, of the world, — with all its complexities of physical structure, with its grand geological progress, the slow evolution of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the ultimate appearance of man, — was the development of the human spirit in association with the human body.

Thus modern science opens to faith the larger view that evolution itself is rational; that nature is saturated with thought; that natural processes and laws are all coördinated in one living Intelligence and Power; that the Creator is not an absent artificer, but is immanent in, as well as lord of, the creation. We learn that evolution itself "makes for righteousness," that biology is a growing prophecy of more life and richer. With scientific prescience we may say of nature as one progressive and ordered whole, as the Christian apostle said of it, that the "earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God." Paley's "Evidences" are indeed dead, but only to rise again in a glorified form; we need not believe less in purpose as we have reason to believe more, with growing knowledge, that from the primordial atoms through the age-long ascent of life, and beyond our vision, the creation looks one way, makes one music, and all things tend to "one far-off divine event."

In much the same way as the older reasoning concerning design has been enlarged and ennobled by our natural science, the proof also from prophecy has been driven by the biblical critics from the narrowing littleness of details, and set in the largeness of vast spiritual processes and ends. So exalted and illumined in its relation to all history, prophecy does not lose any remarkable features of specific fulfilments which may stand the test of critical studies, while it gains in scope and dignity, and is invested with a more impressive power over reverent reason. Prophecy as a whole and in its general laws of spiritual movement and direction, like evolution, witnesses in the last analysis to a diviner element, a higher guidance in man's history, than mere naturalism can measure or weigh. Unless we are prepared to find thus the living One in nature as a whole, we shall not be apt to discover any special sign of his handiwork in particular objects of nature — in flower, or star, or even in the soul of man. But when once the higher Spirit is recognized as the life and source of all, — a "Something far more deeply interfused," — then the living God may be felt and found in each living and lovely manifestation of truth and grace in nature. So when we have once apprehended the leading of God in the whole scope and purpose of the history of the chosen people, and in the Bible which proceeds from it, we need find little further difficulty in receiving the prophet's vision and hearing him speak the word of God.

Thus far we have been sketching in general outline some of the benefits which faith itself may hope to receive from the science of biblical criticism. These fruits of it should not be hidden from the people, as though they could be wholesome only to the scholars. A freer use of the sifted results of the higher criticism might relieve the minds of many devout readers of the Bible from perplexities and difficulties of many kinds which burden their understanding and use of the Old Testament. The newer criticism may afford the help of a higher and more serene position to some whose in-

herited trust in the Word of God has become entangled in questions of possible errors on some page of the Old Testament. It may afford breathing-space and relief to their confused and hard-pressed faith, like the relief which one finds when he is climbing up some mountain-side through the tangled forest, half wondering whether he is lost, and at length comes out to some clear spot of wide outlook, and knows just where he is.

Little use has as yet been made of the higher criticism in the average Sunday-school instruction; but it should be regarded as hazardous *not* to give to the young the benefit of the best biblical study and criticism. For the youth who are to be the believers or the unbelievers of the coming generation need even more than adults of settled beliefs the best that can be thought and said with regard to the Bible, its structure, its history, and its teachings. In some Sunday-schools where a wise constructive use of the freest methods of biblical study has been made, most hopeful results have been secured. The prophets have been made interesting to children. Skeptical theories have been disarmed of their power at some later period to subvert the earlier faith of childhood. Young persons who under careful training of the Church itself are quietly and reverently led to reach without shock or fear such views of the Bible and its inspiration as are commanding the best scholarship of the world, may be early saved from that peculiar peril to faith which accompanies a sudden disclosure of new and unadjusted knowledge. It will prove to be the most far-seeing wisdom, even in elementary biblical instruction, to imitate that apostle who once said in the presence of some very immature Christians, "Let me speak freely unto you of the patriarch David."

In discussing, as we have been doing, the higher criticism from the practical side, we have not dwelt upon the sociological importance of the revived study of the Old Testament. In this direction there lies indeed an almost unworked field. To the student of modern social problems, and to the preacher of "just relations between men," the social ethics of the prophets may prove a most valuable contribution. Passages could be selected from these sacred writings concerning the strain and peril of class privilege and monopolies, which, with but little note and comment, might be published as tracts for the times. To the student of politics, likewise, the restored Old Testament — the Old Testament in the light of the most critical and historical study of it — may prove an invaluable text-book. If a young man wishes to enter upon a political career of far-reaching power and light in this country, three studies may be especially commended to him — the study of American political history, of constitutional law, and of the social ethics of the Old Testament.

The signal and supreme benefit which the higher criticism may confer will be found to consist in the increased clearness in which it will enable us to distinguish from everything else in history the "Life which was from the beginning, and which was manifested," "the eternal Life which was with the Father, and which was manifested unto us." The very controversies which criticism provokes concerning the written word serve to set in authority above what has been written the Life that has been lived. In the New Testament the disciples, according to their Hebrew custom, would often say, "It is written:" "And that the Scripture might be fulfilled." We also may still say, It is written. But there is something beyond that for us to say — It is lived! And that the Life may be fulfilled! Our supernal authority is this, It has been lived! The Life is better than the word; the Christ more than the Scripture. If we are critical students of the word, we may become worshipful followers of the Life. The final and sure reason for our hope is not, It is written; but beyond that,— It is lived!

Newman Smyth.

THE BALLAD OF A LITTLE FUN.

(NORTH GEORGIA SCOUTS.)

I RODE a horse, a dappled bay,
Coal black his mane and tail,—
A horse who never needed spur,
Nor curb, nor martingale.

And by my side three others rode,
Sun-tanned, long-haired, and grim,
Wild men led on by Edmondson,
Jim Polk, you 've heard of him.

Behind us galloped, four by four,
A swarthy, mottled band
Of reckless fellows, chosen from
The bravest in the land.

Whither away on that fair day?
Oh, just a dash for fun,
To speed our horses and keep up
With Jim Polk Edmondson.

Behind our backs we left the hills,
We crossed the Salliquoy;
My right-hand comrade smiled and said:
"I fished here when a boy."

Then, from the rise at Hogan's house,
I saw as in a dream,
Reed-fringed, and silver-blue, and deep,
The Coosawattee gleam.

A shot rang out! A bullet split
The air so close to me,
I felt the keen, hot puff; and then
A roar of musketry.

A wind of lead blew from the wood;
We met it at a run:
We sped so fast along the lane,
The worm-fence panels spun.

A horse went down, a dying face
Scowled darkly at the sky;
A bullet clipped my comrade's hat
And lopped the brim awry.

"Come, boys; come on!" our leader cried.
Pell-mell we struck the line;
My comrade's pistol spat its balls,
And likewise so did mine.

A swirl of smoke with rifts of fire
Enveloped friend and foe;
Death, so embarrassed, hardly knew
What way his strokes must go.

The fight closed in on every side,
And tore one spot of ground;
There was not room to swing an arm,
Or turn your horse around.

A moment thus, and then we broke
The circle of our foes.
Old Hogan, in his doorway, heard
The crunching of our blows,

The while we used our pistol-butts,
As swords, on many a head;
And yet, and yet, down in that wood
We left our leader, dead.

So, now you know just how it was
We had our little fun,
Speeding our horses to keep up
With Jim Polk Edmondson.

Maurice Thompson.

THE GENTLEMAN IN THE BARREL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHAN TOW, THE HIGHROB."

TRADITION says that the famous Wing Shee learned medicine in the street of the Thirty-four Sorrowful Grandfathers, Canton, from the tongues of the sacred storks whose eyelids he sewed together against the sight of happenings profane. Another tradition denies that he ever did learn it. Yet surely the doctor was a man of parts, and was gifted with every element, except the favor of chance, for what men call success. He looked frail in body; yet he had shone so valorous in the Tae-ping rebellion that the mandarin in whose mob of militants Wing Shee marched had plotted perforce to extinguish him. Thus was Wing started on his wanderings, which stopped twenty years ago in a garret room at No. 13½ Beverly Place, San Francisco.

His walls were hung with water-colors reminiscent of screens and fans and china. There was a life-sized lady in much gilt embroidery, who walked due north, while her eyes yearned due south — a triumph of mind over matter. There was a beautiful flesh-tint of the fat Hoo King, who had refused to recognize it; whereupon Wing had given it the grimace of a fiend, and altered the eyes so that they looked at the nose. For the doctor was public in any office of the brush. He would paint your face or a presentment of it, or he would paint your house. He would write letters, or big red visiting-cards, or signs. For a modest transfer he would chart an augury of all the delightful things to come in your career, forbearing mention of those miseries sufficient to the days thereof; and since it was done from seven random hairs plucked by yourself from your head, there was hardly room for skepticism. But more than for anything else was he esteemed for his knowledge of diseases, and of how to make people think that they did not have them. He was unorthodox in this branch, as he was in others; and that, among the ignorant, has been ground for prejudice against him.

It happened that this little old gentleman, who was sixty-five, though you would have said fifty, found his room rent two months in arrears, with the prospect in one day more of being placed on the outside of No. 13½, with his pots, pans, and implements of art. Wing Shee, who had helped many a fellow in distress, and whose kindly eyes, through spectacles with rims as

large as silver dollars, attracted every child, would have fallen into melancholy had that been possible to him; for his position seemed not to touch the hearts of his friends. The scholar's pride that kept him from meeting the issue by pawning the tools of his varied accomplishments they would have called presumptuous affectation.

ABOUT this time it became most important to the great Chee Kung Tong to know what mysterious business was done of nights in the rooms of the Tong styling itself the Ho Wang Company. The Ho Wang was ostensibly a corporation formed to deal in wines, and the twenty who assembled regularly in its rooms for secret deliberations, with some incidental good-fellowship and a little propitiation of the gods, were called the board of directors. Most men in Chinatown thought the machinery of the Ho Wang merely a blind against some foolish local law designed to discourage the lottery-gambler — an innocent person who chooses to do business by logarithms; or else they thought the twenty were manufacturing American silver dollars — a pursuit morally justified by the ever unsatisfied demand. But the great Chee Kung was anxious lest this might be the nucleus of a rival organization growing out of the Chee Kung's despotism. A wall of the Ho Wang rooms was said to be inscribed with the names of its three hundred members. The Chee Kung wanted those names, and would pay for them.

Lung Tom and Hang Dow, the hulking day watch-dogs of the Ho Wang quarters, were not available. Lung Tom was successfully approached by a Chee Kung trusty, and said he was more than willing to turn an honest penny; but it was discovered that he could neither read nor write. Of Hang Dow the Chee Kung was chary, since he was suspected of being one of the Ho Wang's members. The two guards were never allowed in the rooms during the meetings, which lasted from eight o'clock at night until four in the morning; but all the rest of the time they were required to keep everybody out of the company's premises, except the police, who were welcome. At night either Lung Tom or Hang Dow was always at the street entrance. The police used to come in once in a while, at first; but they never discovered anything to warrant suspicion. The place contained a number of wine-casks, an open fireplace with an iron pot hung in it, and little else to attract attention. Religious ceremonies seemed the main diversion of the Ho Wang.

One morning, at this juncture, two emissaries of the Chee Kung Tong climbed to the garret where lodged the learned Wing Shee. They heard cheerful music, and came upon the doctor curled in a small heap on his divan, smoking a pipe and playing a mandolin. Having conscientiously exhausted every project for avoiding the ejector of tenants, and having failed, he had turned to the companions of his leisure, leaving the rest to fate. Fate entered his room in the persons of the two from the Chee Kung. That a man reported on the verge of bankruptcy should be thus passing his time surrounded by numerous articles on which money could be had at interest startled them. They were men with paunches and other indications of prosperity; but where they had expected to receive deference they now bowed diplomatically low, and proceeded in a subdued tone to lay their proposition before him, while he graciously made tea, with no sign of enthusiasm visible through the great horn bows of his spectacles. When they had received their cups and had seated themselves, rather awed by his elegance of manner, the doctor said:

"What do you offer for this service? If I fail it will be because I lose my life."

"What will you undertake it for?" asked the spokesman. The tea was excellent: the rumors about this learned gentleman must be ridiculously false.

"It will be one dollar for every name," said Wing Shee, rattling some keys in his pocket.

"Three hundred dollars!" said the spokesman. "Impossible! We will give you one hundred. No? Well, good morning."

The two retired slowly, as if expecting the suggestion of a compromise. Immediately the doctor jumped to the door. They had paused at the first landing below. He held the knob, ready to run and shout to them should they start down the remaining flights. But soon their steps were heard returning, whereupon he climbed briskly to the divan, resumed his pipe, and strummed a few chords on his mandolin.

"We have decided to accept your proposition," said the spokesman, "though as a member of the Chee Kung Tong, and as a man of means, we think you ought to do it for less."

"What can the Chee Kung do for me if I get a hatchet stroke in the nape of the neck?" asked the doctor, sweeping a wild discord over the strings. "Come back in thirty-six hours, and if you see me alive I shall ask you for the money."

The doctor played softly until they were gone. He reflected that a tenth of the sum would have tempted him. Meanwhile, the spokesman of the Chee Kung was explaining to his companion that it is better to promise three hundred dollars than to pay one hundred.

When, later, the doctor returned from a visit to an American friend, he carried a box of tools, and up his sleeve was a string of boiled sau-

sages. In the hall a junkman had left an empty barrel so large that the doctor could barely get it through his door. It was strong and heavy, and had served perhaps in the vault of a vineyard. When he had locked himself in with it, he began to move about rapidly. On the divan he laid the sausages, some packages of drugs, his mandolin, his pipe and a supply of tobacco, a sharp knife with a case that looked like a closed fan, a bottle of ground Chinese ink with brushes, a bundle of long paraffin tapers, several books in his language, and a bottle of rice gin.

Then Bow Lee, who kept the joss-house down-stairs, and occupied the other garret room, heard Wing hammering and sawing and planing. That pleased Bow Lee; for Wing, whose attitude toward joss-keepers was of small respect, was evidently forced to the wall, and must pack his belongings. The little man with the superior manner would have to take up his abode in some inferior lodging, where two others would sleep in his bunk during parts of the solar day. Bow Lee, who was growing wealthy as a member of the Ho Wang Company, could now rent this room for himself, which would suit certain financial plans of his not likely to mature under inspection.

At about dusk the sounds of carpentering came but intermittently; and when Bow Lee, after no answer to his knock, peeped curiously in, he found no one. That seemed strange, since he was sure he had heard a hammer-stroke but a minute before. A blue barrel lay in a pile of shavings. Bow rolled it, and found it heavy; it was surprising that Wing could have filled a barrel and so little changed the aspect of the place. A medicine-box was on the divan, an opportunity welcome to the inquisitive joss-keeper. But when he touched it there came from near by the sharp sweep of chords on a mandolin. It was evidently Wing returning. Bow Lee fled.

Lights began to shine from the house. The blue barrel lay in the twilight. Occasionally it oscillated gently, as if some heavy person had run across an adjoining room in the flimsy building. A cloud of tobacco smoke hung closely around it, as though brought from the ceiling by a mood of the atmosphere. By and by an American in a leathern apron came with ropes and let it down the stairs. Then he locked the door and took the key. At the street the barrel escaped from the ropes and trundundled across the sidewalk, where it stopped abruptly against the wheel of a wagon. The man with the rope apologized, though it was not plain to whom.

In the back room of the Ho Wang Company Hang Dow drowsily opened his eyes and then went to sleep again, while Lung Tom ranged in line some newly delivered casks. The blue barrel had arrived among them; and this he left upright at one side of the room. Once, while Hang slumbered, Lung moved it a foot or two.

When Hang awoke he saw Lung sitting on the blue barrel, gazing toward the wall at a long line of hieroglyphic names he could not read. Before long the Ho Wang would be assembling. Hang lumbered with interest over to the barrel that was different from the others.

"It does n't belong here," said Lung. "The man came back while you slept, and said he would call for it in the morning."

"Unusual barrel — has two bungs! Wonder what 's in it?" said Hang, with pregnant curiosity. But Lung did not seem to care. Hang could hear no swish of liquids; its contents were evidently solid, since they made a sound when Hang turned it upside down, which was quick work for a man of his strength. At each end at regular intervals there were small round holes in the staves; but the holes had been closed from within. It worried Hang why, if the contents were not valuable, this had been done, and new heads put in. It occurred to him that between four and six in the morning he might be able to open the barrel; and should he take a fancy to anything in it, he could lay the blame on the honest Lung Tom, to whom the American would naturally look should anything be missing.

"Time!" called Hang at length to Lung, who appeared to have started a nap. "The chief said he would discharge you if he found you asleep again."

"He told me," said Lung, without opening his eyes, "that if you did n't smoke less opium he would discharge you."

Before they left for the front room Lung rolled the barrel to a far corner. It oscillated to and fro several times, and finally, with an unnatural lurch, came to rest. A vapor like the smoke of tobacco began to rise from its vicinity; but the air was so Chinese, and the room so dimly lighted by a single oil-lamp, that no one would have detected this phenomenon.

At eight o'clock Hoo King, the chief of the Ho Wangs, arrived with several members. Hang Dow had hastened to supper, whence he would seek his favorite opium-joint, where they never failed to drag him from his stupor at exactly half-past three in the morning. Lung Tom told Hoo King about the blue barrel, and took up his station at the street entrance to the hallway.

The members stopped in the front room, where there were chairs and gaslight. From the dim corner of the back room, where the barrel lay on its side, it was possible to distinguish only that a business meeting was being held.

At first any one who opened the communicating door might have heard, from a source hard to say, the tinkling of a mandolin, apparently distant, and surely in the hands of a master. But soon the music ceased.

Two hours later Hoo King led the way back for the serious work of the night. He and those who thronged after him were all well known in Chinatown. Hoo King was a ginseng merchant and a general manipulator of profits; Ma Tee owned a factory which supplied cigars to all men who could not afford good ones; the fat Fong Ah was proprietor of a wash-house in which labored eighteen less fortunate Chinese; Fai Joo was known to every man who had been sick, for he sold drugs in one of the neatest shops of the quarter; Lee Yip was president of a curio-shop much patronized by tourists; Fuey Ying slaughtered cattle, and found a market for nearly every pound of them among the Celestials; Bow Lee sold joss-sticks, and ate the offerings to the gods; Hai Lo was head spirit in a mysterious place called the Hole-in-the-ground; and there were twelve others, all of fresh-shaven heads, and portliness, and clean clothing in noticeable colors. They wore red buttons in their caps, and their trousers were tightly wrapped at the ankles. Their dignity and the tobacco they smoked belonged to a prosperity hard to explain.

Hoo King, who was telling Ma Tee about the blue barrel, said suddenly:

"The idiot — he told me he put it in the far corner!"

The blue barrel was standing upright in the center of the room.

When the heavy shutters of the rear windows had been barred and the door locked, and the chief had wrapped around his wrist the end of a fine wire that hung from the ceiling, four casks were brought forward and their bungs drawn. One after another each of those present took from his sleeve a bag, from which he counted twenty double eagles, holding every coin so that all could see it, then dropping it into one of the casks. When the money had been equally divided among the casks the bungs were replaced, and there began a very long process of rolling the casks to and fro across the floor. Every few minutes new sets of men came forward for the work, which was arduous enough to set beads of perspiration on the faces of the fat Fong Ah and his counterpart Fuey Ying.

It was well past midnight, and the rolling was nearly at an end, when, without warning, Hoo King's hand flew up, jerked by the wire attached to his wrist. He shouted a word of gibberish, and, freeing himself, dropped cross-legged in the middle of the room, breaking into a chant like those of the Taoist priests. Quickly six others joined him, and one man began pounding a gong while another played on a squealing pipe. The transformation was creditable from a dramatic point of view; the noise was deafening.

The door swung easily open, and admitted a sergeant of police, followed by a party of tourists and a Chinese interpreter.

"Shut up!" shouted the sergeant, crashing his stick on the panel. "Now, you John, tell the ladies what kind of a fandango this is."

"This," said the interpreter to the ladies, "is a new kind of leligion — baily diff'unt than all other kinds leligions of China. All those make-to-write on that wall was petitions to Heaven. Those men wusship one big yellow god named Yangtse — baily much same all you 'Melicans wusship."

"Well," said a lady, "they are started in the right direction. Who knows but that they will finish by becoming Christians?"

"More likely to finish in jail, ma'am," said the sergeant, who had had experiences. "This ain't much. But now I 'll show you the old woman who sells live cats' eyes."

The party filed out, each lady with her skirts in one hand, and her smelling-bottle in the other, the men puffing at cigars in competition with the air of the place.

Then the scene changed back. The contents of the casks — water, sand, and coin — were emptied out, and the money was restored to its owners. The operation was Hoo King's method of "sweating" United States gold coin, the result of his many years of experience. Hoo King was the man who knew the right quality of sand, and judged the coins, and controlled the best methods of disposing of them after they had been robbed of enough metal for profit. The water with which the sand had been washed was placed in a big kettle to evaporate, and while the fire roared beneath it the members sat smoking, and whiling away the time with jovial conversation. Those who had to be up early stretched out in sleep.

When Bow Lee recognized the blue barrel, and stated positively where he had seen it a few hours before, it came in for much attention and gossip. There was a general feeling of pleasure in this group of men, opposed to the learned Wing Shee both morally and mentally, over the proof of the financial straits into which he had fallen. Fai Joo disparaged him as a quack who had been the death of countless patients. Hoo King spoke of the rejected portrait, which in its altered form was a constant thorn in his side, and suggested how agreeable it would be to roast the doctor in his own blue barrel over such an excellent fire. Bow Lee seconded their sentiments with spirit, and searched for the ax, proposing that the barrel be broken in and its

contents examined. With his own eyes, he said, he had seen Wing Shee packing in it the cross-eyed portrait of the chief of the Ho Wang, together with many strange dried animals such as Wing ground for his magic medicines. Here was a most desirable opportunity to get possession of the portrait, and examine the outlandish beasts at leisure. The doctor's false pretenses could be exposed. The others hammered the barrel, and rolled it, and turned it upside down.

"Look out!" said Bow, coming up with the ax. "Just let me have one blow!"

But the fat Fong Ah stayed the arm of the joss-keeper.

"It won't do," he said; "for if the white man who brought it makes complaint, the police will search this place too thoroughly."

When four o'clock arrived, there had been a brief process with crucible and bellows, and the directors of the Ho Wang Company had gone home to peaceful slumber.

At this point enters something like a question of veracity. Hang Dow returned rather heavy with opium, and saw the blue barrel lying on its side. The two watchmen lay down in different corners of the room. Each insists that he slept until seven in the morning without a break. Hang says he had a dream. Their statements are improbable.

Hang's alleged dream was that he awoke and heard a sound as if one of the casks was being rolled very slowly across the floor. There was a mild collision with another cask, and then a silence that caused a rising of his loose scalp-locks. Soon came more of this cautious rolling, and another bump, after which he presently saw in the direction whence proceeded the noise eight tiny points of light gleaming in the darkness a few feet above the floor. The lights shone steadily, and there was no further sound. This phenomenon filled Hang with a contest of fear and curiosity, in which the latter finally prevailed, so that he crept gently toward the lights. When he was nearly within reach they disappeared. He struck a match, and confronted the blue barrel.

If the luminous glances of one of Wing's diabolical animals had made the glimmer, the monster was probably too big to escape and be at him from the bung of the barrel. He lighted the lamp, and with the handle of the ax knocked in one of the two bungs. It is absurd to assert that this action would not have aroused Lung Tom. Hang tried to see into the barrel, but his head got persistently in the way of the rays of the lamp. He went around and knocked in the other bung, so that the light might shine through from the other side. But as soon as he left the first bung-hole for the second, the first bung was replaced from the inside of the barrel! He could not run around the barrel quickly enough to get ahead of the demon imprisoned within.

But now he wedged a broomstick firmly between two other casks, so that its end went a short way through one of the bung-holes and prevented its plug from being put back; then once more he thrust in the second bung. Now he could see! His eyes met two large shining disks like spectacles. That was all.

There came a puff as from some one blowing dust, and a cloud of blinding, stinging red powder filled his eyes, putting out his sight, and causing him to howl with pain. As Hang Dow raised his hands to his brow, the barrel lifted from where it stood, and fell heavily upon his nose, throwing him on his back. It rolled off with a thunder that would have awakened ten Lung Toms. But Lung made no sign. It is not known just what further harm the barrel did to Hang Dow, but when it had finished with him it waddled up to the lamp, blew out the flame, lighted a taper inside of itself, and settled down comfortably.

When, late in the morning, Hang awoke and saw Lung sitting in abstraction on a cask near by, Hang gazed inquiringly through red and tearful eyes at his honest fellow-watchman. Lung Tom glanced at him without emotion, and said simply:

"Too much opium."

The blue barrel was gone.

Snubby Taggerty had the barrel in hand. It was he who had carried and brought it. He was talking to it while he urged it through the door of the garret in Beverly Place. When he had locked himself into the room, and had said, with a sigh of rest, "All right!" two flaps opened in the head of the barrel, and Doctor Wing Shee looked again upon his beloved abode. His head was swathed like a Moslem's, and his cue was coiled into an additional buffer at the top of it.

"You pullee me," he requested, with a feeble grimace.

Taggerty, who was not very tall, stood on a chair, and tried to extract the learned gentleman from within. But the doctor's legs, cramped by eighteen hours in one position, refused to turn on their hinges, and his knees caught provokingly against the fixed part of the barrel-head.

"Hol' on, doc," said Taggerty, suddenly releasing his hold, and letting his friend slump back to the interior of the barrel. "Wait till I t'row it over."

When the barrel was on its side, Taggerty slowly manipulated the body of his friend as he had sometimes worked large bedsteads through narrow doors, and finally produced him complete on the floor. The doctor smiled in the best of humor; but when Taggerty took him under the arms and raised him to his feet,

the old gentleman's legs refused to straighten, and he flopped back to a cross-legged position in the pile of shavings.

"Too muchee same, allee time," explained the doctor, cheerily, while his friend placed him on a chair, and tried to pull his legs in line. "No; you go that closet — look shee black bottle."

Taggerty drew forth a jar of whisky in which floated the remains of a plucked fowl.

"What the dickens is the birdie, doc?" said he, in wonder.

"That him cloe-bud; make 'Caw, caw, caw!' You sabbee? Baily good for no-can-walk."

Half an hour's rubbing with this liniment left the Chinaman fairly restored, and not long afterward the two deputies of the Chee Kung Tong, climbing the garret stairs, heard the familiar tinkle of the learned gentleman's mandolin. But this time when they came in they found Snubby Taggerty with him.

"Here is a book with 303 names of the members of the Ho Wang Company, as written on the walls of its rear apartment," said the doctor, leaning over the blue barrel. "Three hundred dollars, however, will be sufficient."

The visitors exchanged glances.

"We 'll give you two hundred," said the spokesman.

"*Three* hundred dollars will be sufficient," said the doctor, in a tone full of meaning.

"But how do we know they are genuine? Besides, if you don't accept our terms your trouble will have been for nothing."

"You accepted my terms yesterday. My reputation guarantees their authenticity. As for the rest, it will be more profitable to me to drop the book into this barrel, in which there is an inch of coal oil. With this taper," said the doctor, lighting it, "I can fire the oil, and destroy the book of names — the valuable book of names — instantaneously. I give you a minute by my friend's watch to decide. You look shee," said the doctor, in English, to Taggerty.

The envoys departed, leaving Wing Shee in possession of fifteen big gold pieces.

The door had barely closed before it was opened unceremoniously by a creature with a hooked nose and a mouth of disdain, who said to Wing Shee briefly:

"Well, to-day is the thirty-first. What is it — pay or get bounced?"

"Say, feller," said Taggerty, who sat easily in a chair, "that ain't the way to speak to a gent like this. He 's first cousin to the King of the Asiastic empire, he is — an' I don't like yer ugly face, savez?"

"What have you got to do with it, you snub-nose?" said the ejector of tenants, scornfully.

"Oh, let 's see!" said Taggerty, joyfully. "Count 'em out, doc; an' see he don't cheat on the change. Did n't I tell yer the doc was in the swim? I 'm his chief bull-whacker, I am — take a run!"

The ejector was rudely ejected by the collar, and from the stairs were heard sounds of a person descending with great difficulty, but with much haste.

"Say, doc," said Snubby Taggerty, when he returned, "was they really three hundred members to that outfit?"

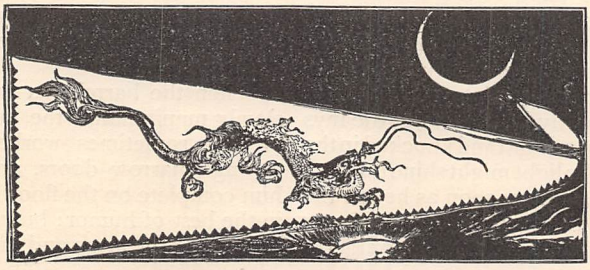
"Oh, no," said Wing Shee. "All those names dead men. They was put on that wall to make foolee people. But you baily good boy. I give you twenty dollies."

"Naw! You 'n' me 's even for the time you fixed me busted eye. But they 's twenty live ones, anyhow. An' you 'n' me 'll get a *re*ward from the Gov'ment for nosin' a counterfeiters' nest. Say, I 've got a scheme or two to let you in on; for you 're a dandy — you are!" said Taggerty, gazing admiringly at the blue barrel. "Bye!"

After a while nothing remained of the blue barrel but a pile of kindling-wood. The learned Doctor Wing Shee sat on his divan, playing the mandolin softly, and now and then taking a whiff from his pipe.

"The best of it," he said to himself, with a quiet smile, as he stared through his great spectacles, and thought of the time he had spent in the barrel reading by the light of a taper, "is that, after twenty years, I at last finished the 'Story of How Yuen Liu Taught the Stork to Play Shuttle-Cock,' which, to me, is the most stupid and improbable of the Seven Thousand Classics."

Chester Bailey Fernald.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The People against Spoils.

THERE have been within the last few months two very striking and encouraging demonstrations that the people of the country are strongly on the side of civil-service reform. The first of these was made in the State of New York in November last, when a thoroughgoing declaration in favor of the reform was adopted as a part of the new constitution. This declaration was that "all appointments and promotions in the civil service of the State, and all the civil divisions thereof, including cities and villages, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained, so far as practicable, by examinations which, so far as practicable, shall be competitive. . . . Laws shall be made to provide for the enforcement of this section." The people of the State approved this declaration by a majority of 82,695, and the new State civil-service commission, appointed by Governor Morton, has been acting in accordance with the popular mandate, extending the scope of the civil-service regulations in many directions, putting various branches of the service in New York and other cities under them for the first time.

Even more significant than this New York verdict was the one pronounced by the people of Chicago in April last. The question was presented there much more clearly than it was in New York State, for it was not associated with other legal changes. The advocates of the reform, led by the Civic Federation of Chicago, had succeeded in inducing the State legislature to pass an act authorizing the voters of any municipality to apply the civil-service reform system to its departments. Working with this as a basis, the Civic Federation began a vigorous agitation for the redemption of the city from misrule. The objects of their organization were stated to be to promote the "honesty, efficiency, and economy of the municipal government and the highest welfare of the citizens," and to "increase the interest of citizens in municipal affairs by securing the utmost practicable separation of municipal issues from State and National politics." In their campaign they put the civil-service reform question to the front, and made that their chief issue. They explained its workings in order to show the voters that it was above all others the system of the people. "Under the civil-service law," said one of their orators at the last mass meeting before election, "the poorest among the people can compete on equal terms with the more prominent applicants. Justice will prevail in the selection, and merit alone will influence their appointment. All classes of citizens, from the humblest to the highest, will enjoy the benign benefits of this law." That was remarkable language to hear from a political platform, but it was no more remarkable than the resolutions which the meeting adopted. The first one of them must have made the old "war-horses" of party politics rub their eyes in amazement. It read:

> We, citizens and voters of Chicago, in mass meeting assembled, regardless of party, do declare as our solemn conviction that the spoils system, of which our city and citizens have been so long the victims, has brought a long train of municipal woes which threaten municipal disaster.

This was followed by a series of declarations in favor of the application of the civil-service law to all departments of the city service, and an appeal for votes for the reform candidate for mayor, who stood pledged to put that law into operation. The "plain people" responded, as they respond always in this country under like conditions, heartily and enthusiastically to this appeal to their intelligence and common sense. The workingmen were among the first to rally to the cause. The Trade and Labor Assembly, representing several thousands of workingmen, resolved, by a unanimous vote, to support the civil-service proposition, and an overwhelming majority of the laboring class are believed to have taken the same stand. The reform candidate for mayor was elected by a majority of 41,000, and the civil-service proposition was adopted by a majority of 45,000. This was accomplished in spite of the opposition of the politicians of both parties, and of the police. One campaign of education had been sufficient to bring the people in irresistible numbers to the side of reform.

There is great encouragement in this result for municipal and civil-service reformers everywhere. What the Civic Federation did in Chicago can be done by similar organizations in other cities. The Chicago victory was in some respects a reflex of the anti-Tammany victory in New York city in November; but in a larger sense it was a result of the steadily growing interest in municipal affairs which has been in progress throughout the country for a year or more, and which dates from the founding of the City Club in New York in 1892. This organization, dedicated to the non-partizan idea in municipal government, has been a veritable beacon-light set upon a hill, not only for New York city but for the whole country. Early in its career it inspired the formation of the National Municipal League, and in its own city its influence has grown steadily and surely until, as its last annual report shows, it has surrounded itself with twenty-four Good Government Clubs, which cover nearly all sections of the municipality. These clubs have proved to be most powerful agencies for enforcing election laws, and for keeping alive throughout the year the interest of compact bodies of working reformers. The Civic Federation was one of the fruits of the national awakening of civic pride which the City Club's career has caused, and its great success ought to have an inspiring effect upon every city in the land. Like the City Club and the Committee of Seventy in New York, and other municipal-reform organizations, it places the separation of municipal affairs from State and National politics as equal in importance to civil-service reform. These are, in fact, the fundamental principles of the new movement for the redemption of American cities from corrupt rule. There can be no permanent reform till State and National political considerations are eliminated completely both from the municipal service and from the minds of the voters. "The price of liberty,"

said George William Curtis, "is not eternal cringing to party, but eternal fidelity to our own mind and conscience," for "while the method of republican government is party, its basis is individual conscience and common sense." Of nothing is that so true as of municipal government. The reformers of New York and Chicago appealed to the "individual conscience and common sense" of the people, and the people answered their call joyfully. So will it be in every other city and State in which the experiment shall be repeated.

The Government of English Cities.

ANY American who wishes to preserve the comfortable assurance that ours is the best-governed country in the world should by all means refuse to read Dr. Albert Shaw's recent volume on "Municipal Government in Great Britain." In view of the fact that nearly one third of our people now live in cities, it can hardly be claimed that the country is well governed if the cities are misgoverned. The municipal governments touch the life of the people much more nearly in many ways than those of the State or of the nation: if they are efficient and intelligent, they can greatly promote our welfare; if they are corrupt and incapable, they may grievously afflict us. That they are, as a rule, scandalously inefficient, and in many cases dishonest, is the general confession. The impression seems to have prevailed until recently that this was a matter of course, that cities must needs be the prey of the spoiler. Of late a different idea has begun to obtain: a number of people are now persuaded that cities may be well governed. The exhibit which Dr. Shaw's volume makes of the kind of government which the English citizen enjoys will furnish food for reflection to sober Americans.

It would probably be not far from the truth to say that the average English city spends about half as much on its government as an American city of the same size, and gets about twice as much for it. The English municipal governments are, in almost all cases, believed by the citizens to be wholly free from jobbery. They enjoy, in an eminent degree, the confidence of those whose affairs they administer. Our British cousins know how to get those whom they can trust to serve them in the city governments. "At the end of its three years' work," says Dr. Shaw, "the first London council had so conducted itself that its friends could say, without contradiction, that 'through all these years of administrative labors, as complex and confusing as ever fell to any governing body in the world, no shadow of a shade of personal corruption has attached to any single member of the council.' The members had served without a penny of reward, direct or indirect. Yet many of them had given all or most of their time to the municipal service, while the whole body of 140, though composed of men who for the most part had private business or professional duties that could not be abandoned, gave an average of one third of their working time — two whole days each week — to council and committee meetings, and labors connected with the public affairs of the metropolis."

The municipal organization of the great towns of England differs widely from all the American types. The entire power, legislative and executive, is vested in the council — a great committee of the citizens numbering from sixty to one hundred members, elected for three years, one third retiring every year. National politics do not enter largely into municipal affairs, and many of these councilors are returned without opposition for many years. In Manchester Dr. Shaw reports one alderman who had served for 45 years, another for 42, another for 37, another for 32, another for 27, seven more for from 20 to 24 years, and the rest for from 13 to 18 years. The terms of the ordinary councilmen were not apt to be so long.

The council elects the mayor, who is simply its presiding officer, and has very little executive responsibility; and it divides itself into committees, to each of which it assigns some department of municipal activity. In Manchester there are seventeen grand standing committees, as follows: on art gallery, on baths and wash-houses, on cleansing, on finance, on gas-works, on buildings and improvements, on markets, on parks and cemeteries, on paving and street work, on free libraries, on sewage disposal, on sanitary administration, on town hall, on police, on water-supply, on ship-canal, and on technical instruction. There are also nearly a hundred subcommittees. Each standing committee employs a skilled and well-paid chief executive officer, whose position is permanent. This chief attends, of course, to the details of administration. The work of the committee is supervisory. Each standing committee regularly reports its work to the council, and obtains authority and grants of money for its purposes.

It will be observed that there is no such division of jurisdiction and responsibility as uniformly exists in American cities. The council is the sole and supreme municipal power; the mayor and the city clerk are appointed by it and are responsible to it; all the executive officials are its employees. Although the body is a large one, there is a practical concentration of responsibility, and the publicity with which all the business must be conducted leaves little room for maladministration.

Dr. Shaw argues cogently for the superiority of the English system. He declares that it is "as simple, logical, and effective as the American system is complicated and incompatible with harmonious and responsible administration." It is quite true, as he declares, that "city government in America defeats its own ends by its 'checks and balances,' its partitions of duty and responsibility, and its grand opportunities for the game of hide and seek." Yet the expectation of electing a council of seventy-five men, in any American city, who could be trusted to administer its affairs with honesty and economy, seems rather sanguine. It is not unlikely that we shall come to that, but we have apparently not yet reached a development of municipal patriotism which would make it possible. The council is always the weak point in the American municipality. It may be questioned whether any American city of the first class has ever succeeded, for any length of time, in electing an incorruptible council. Cities do sometimes succeed in finding one man in their population to whom it is safe to intrust power; but the attempt to secure sixty or a hundred men, of real capacity and unquestioned honesty, who would devote their time to the administration of the affairs of the city, would be attended with some difficulty. Such a system depends, also, upon the complete elimination of party politics from municipal affairs — a consummation not yet so near as might be

wished. For the present it is doubtful whether we can do better than to concentrate executive responsibility in the mayor, dividing, as wisely as we can, the executive from the legislative functions, and removing as far as possible the opportunities for contentions and collisions.

The most remarkable revelation of this interesting volume is that which relates to the growth of municipal socialism in England. There was once, we have heard, a Manchester school of political economy whose maxim was *Laissez-faire*, and whose contention was that the sphere of government should be sharply restricted. It is clear that political philosophers of this school do not now govern Manchester. The chapter which Dr. Shaw has devoted to the "Social Activities of British Towns" shows that England has boldly undertaken the municipalization of monopolies. In the principal towns the gas-works are public property; the price of gas varies from fifty to seventy-five cents a thousand feet; and the business brings large revenues into the city treasury. Many of the cities own the street-railway tracks, and lease them for short terms to operating companies, deriving from them also considerable revenue. Electricity has not yet been developed to the same extent as in this country; but it is evident that this is soon to fall under the control of the municipality. Baths, laundries, and lodging-houses are owned by many of the cities, and several of them have become large owners and renters of real estate. In Glasgow, in Birmingham, in London, many people live in tenements built and owned by the city, and pay their rent directly to the city. All this, it must be owned, is contrary to orthodox teaching on the subject of government, and perhaps it is too soon to pronounce judgment upon it; but thus far, with some exceptions, it appears to be working well, and public sentiment in all these cities more and more strongly approves the policy of a large coöperation, through the municipal government, in the promotion of the general welfare.

American cities will probably go more slowly in this direction, serving themselves by the careful observation and occasional imitation of foreign methods. If any of these innovations, on experiment, are found to work well under American conditions, they will be adopted. But any such experiments here must go hand in hand with the adoption of the merit system in the civil service.

Mr. Bernheim's instances of the squandering of municipal franchises in New York, as set forth in the May CENTURY, show the necessity of a radical alteration of policy under this head in our American cities.[1]

[1] A valuable handbook is William Howe Tolman's "Municipal Reform Movement in the United States," with an introductory chapter by the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst.

OPEN LETTERS.

Notes on Poe.

AT the head of an article on "Poe in New York," in the October CENTURY, is a portrait "from a daguerreotype owned by Mr. Robert Lee Traylor." A footnote says:

> This daguerreotype, made by Pratt of Richmond, was presented by Poe, a short time before his death, to Mrs. Sarah Elmira (Royster) Shelton, whom he had engaged to marry. It is believed to be his last portrait.

As more or less interest attaches to everything connected with Poe, I venture to tell what I know of this portrait.

During the Christmas holidays of 1854–55, I was walking down Main street, Richmond, when my attention was attracted by a picture in the show-case of a daguerreotyper, bearing this inscription: "*Edgar Allan Poe — taken three weeks before his death.*" I immediately climbed to the studio, and asked for further information, which was cheerfully given by Mr. Pratt.

"You know, of course," said he, "that the early part of Poe's life, as well as the last months of it, was spent in Richmond. I knew him well, and he had often promised me to sit for a picture, but had never done so. One morning — in September, I think — I was standing at my street door when he came along and spoke to me. I reminded him of his unfulfilled promise, for which he made some excuse. I said, 'Come upstairs now.' He replied, 'Why, I am not dressed for it.' 'Never mind that,' said I; 'I 'll gladly take you just as you are.' He came up, and I took that picture. Three weeks later he was dead in Baltimore."

Being satisfied then — as I am now — that Mr. Pratt told the truth concerning his daguerreotype, I at once offered to buy it; but naturally enough he declined to sell what, even then, was of considerable value. He told me, however, that he had made an excellent copy for the lady to whom Poe was engaged (not mentioning her name), and would make me one if I so desired. He did so, and this copy is now in my possession, in perfect preservation, after forty years.[1] It is in every respect, so far as I am capable of judging, quite as good as was the original; but it is *not* the original, nor, I am inclined to think, is that of Mr. Traylor. Where the original now is, I do not know; but whoever examines it, or a good copy, closely, will see that the picture is not such a one as Poe would be likely to give to the lady of his love. The dress is something more than careless. The "stand-up" collar is turned *down* over a loosely tied cravat; the high-cut waistcoat, with a sprig of evergreen in the buttonhole, is buttoned at the top, but is open nearly all the way down, and into the space thus left a white handkerchief is thrust, as if to conceal the crumpled linen. The coat is thrown back from the shoulders in rather reckless fashion, and the whole costume, as well as the hair and face, indicates that the poor poet was in a mood in which he cared very little how he looked. Moreover, Mr. Pratt gave me distinctly to understand that the copy for Poe's lady-love was made *after* his death, and at her request; and I also understood that the original had never been out of Pratt's possession. Doubtless he made several — perhaps many — copies after mine; but I am quite certain of the genuineness and fidelity of my own.

In February, 1860, I was again in Richmond, and being still deeply interested in everything pertaining to Poe, I endeavored to enlarge my then rather scanty information by inquiries among those who had person-

[1] Mr. Dimmock has since presented this daguerreotype to The Players, New York.—EDITOR.

ally known him. Except in a single instance, these inquiries were virtually fruitless; but the exception more than compensated for failure elsewhere. Mr. John R. Thompson, editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," and after the war a well-known journalist of New York, kindly gave me the benefit of his acquaintance with the subject under peculiarly favorable circumstances. I will condense into the briefest possible compass what Mr. Thompson told me, using his own words as nearly as memory permits.

I was editing the "Messenger" in 1848–49 [said he], when one day, probably in the latter part of 1848, on going home for lunch my mother told me that a stranger had called to see me, and had left a message to the effect that for a week past a man calling himself Poe had been wandering around Rocketts (a rather disreputable suburb of Richmond) in a state of intoxication and apparent destitution, and that his friends, if he had any, ought to look after him. I immediately took a carriage and drove down to Rocketts, and spent the afternoon in a vain search — being more than once on the point of finding him, when he seemed to slip away. Finally, when night came on, I went to the most decent of the drinking-shops and left my card with the barkeeper, with the request that if he saw the alleged Poe again, he would give it him. Ten days, perhaps, had passed, and in the press of occupation the matter had entirely gone from my mind, when on a certain morning a person whom I had never seen before entered the office, asked if I was Mr. Thompson, and then said, "My name is Poe," without further introduction or explanation. As, singularly enough, I had never met my townsman before, I looked at him with something more than curiosity. He was unmistakably a gentleman of education and refinement, with the indescribable marks of genius in his face, which was of almost marble whiteness. He was dressed with perfect neatness; but one could see signs of poverty in the well-worn clothes, though his manner betrayed no consciousness of the fact. Neither then nor later did he make the slightest allusion to my visit to Rocketts, and of course I made none. The result of the call was that I offered him a desk in the office, as he was then, he told me, engaged in the preparation of a new edition of his works. Knowing his unfortunate habit, I also offered him a sleeping-room adjoining my own, hoping thereby to control what could not be entirely prevented.

Poe was not what is called "a regular drinker," but he was what is worse, a most irregular one, the desire for stimulants seeming to seize him like an attack of madness which he was powerless to resist. A single glass set his brain on fire, and it had, so to speak, to burn itself out before he could come to his senses. After a month, perhaps, of total abstinence, he would be "off" for a week; and then some morning would take his seat at his desk without saying a word about his absence, and with no indication in his appearance of what he had been doing meanwhile. His face was always colorless, his nerves always steady, his dress always neat. At first I tried to shorten the period of indulgence by looking him up in his haunts and trying to bring him home; but he never would come with me, and finally I was obliged to let him have his own way. Once I found him in a saloon called "The Alhambra," frequented by gamblers and sporting men. He was mounted on a marble-top table, declaiming passages from his then unpublished "Eureka" to a motley crowd, to whom it was as unintelligible as so much Hebrew.

Drink was, so far at least as my knowledge extends, Poe's only form of dissipation. That fatal habit did not in his case bring with it the usual train of kindred vices. His tastes in everything else were naturally refined. I never heard him use a word which could not have been spoken with propriety in the presence of ladies; and he had the strongest dislike for every sort of slang, spoken or written. As a converser I have never heard his equal, except Macaulay; and the styles and subjects of the two men were so widely different that no comparison is possible. Poe's conversation was more like a soliloquy than anything else: he never seemed to be aware of a listener, or to need one. Usually he was very reticent. I am quite sure I never heard him laugh, and do not think I ever saw him smile; nor did he ever speak about his past life, or invite any questions concerning it — not even his extensive travels and strange experiences in Europe. Apparently his life had in it neither happiness nor hope. Undoubtedly he himself was the hero of "The Raven." He was always very careful and methodical in his writing for the press, using always the old-fashioned letter-paper cut into strips of equal size, which, when filled, were rolled up, never folded. His penmanship was beautifully clear and distinct, and he never used a pencil. When he left Richmond, in the latter part of September, 1849, it was to return in a few weeks, and resume his work. Why he did not, you know.

Mr. Thompson gave me one of the slips of the original manuscript of the "Marginalia." It begins with this sentence, "One of our truest poets is Thomas Buchanan Read," and ends with a quotation from Lowell.

I may now mention a curious fact never, I think, stated in any of the biographies. For more than twenty-five years Poe slept in an unmarked grave. When I first visited the cemetery attached to the Westminster Presbyterian Church, corner of Fayette and Green streets, Baltimore, in February, 1860, I was shown the grave (not then where it is now), and was told that a monument was in preparation, and would soon be in place. A kinsman who accompanied me went to the workshop after my departure from the city, and made and sent me an exquisite pencil-sketch of the proposed monument, as it would look in the cemetery. That sketch — the only one in existence, I think — is before me. It represents a plain, substantial tablet of white Italian marble, perhaps three feet in height. On the side facing the grave is this inscription:

HIC
TANDEM FELICIS
CONDUNTUR RELIQUÆ
EDGAR ALLAN POE
OBIIT OCT. VII
1849.

On the other side: "Jam parce sepulto." On the footstone: "E. A. P."

Three or four years later I was again in Baltimore, and again visited the cemetery. The grave was there, but nothing to mark it. The sexton could give no explanation or information, and after the expenditure of some time and trouble I finally found the man who had made the tablet. He told me this strange story, the truth of which I have no reason to doubt:

That tablet was finished and standing in my yard. It was to be erected in the cemetery the following week, and would have been but for a most extraordinary accident on the Friday or Saturday preceding. My yard adjoins the tracks of the Northern Central Railroad. A freight-train ran off the track, broke down the fence, and did more or less damage to other work; but the only irreparable damage was done to Poe's tablet. That was smashed to pieces, beyond all power of restoration.

The present monument was put up years afterward.

Surely Poe was that bird's

. . . Unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one burden bore, . . .
Of never,—nevermore!

And disaster did not leave him even at the grave.

ST. LOUIS. *Thomas Dimmock.*

Religion in the Public Schools.

THE following posthumous paper by Alexander Johnston of Princeton, written several years ago, will be read with interest in view of the pending discussion on this subject. Professor Johnston said at the time, in referring to what he had written, "The fact is that the problem is so big and so complicated that I doubt the ability of any human intellect to work it out satisfactorily until facts work it out for us." He added that this was his "notion of the way in which the facts are most likely to work it out."— EDITOR.

IN THE CENTURY for October, 1886, Mr. Matthew Arnold, whether he knew it or not, touched as with the point of a needle the nerve-center of our American common-school system. The system has always been essentially political in its nature. Its reason for existence has been that it was a necessary bulwark for democratic institutions. The State which decides to make the right of suffrage universal is bound by every consideration of self-defense and common prudence to offer every facility for making the popular vote an intelligent vote. The benefits of the system, then, are not a largesse to the recipients, but a bulwark to the State which educates. The reason which is to rebut this must evidently be an uncommonly strong one. It is admitted, for example, that the system is not so good for the encouragement of man's reliance upon his own endeavor as the old system, under which each paid for what education he wished; but the old system would have gone on developing an increasingly numerous class of utterly ignorant voters, who in time would have come to swamp all the intelligent purposes of those whose self-reliance had brought them the educated power of perceiving the real needs of the country. The case is the same with all the other arguments against the system, against its communistic features, its tendency to develop a class whose desires are greater than their ability to gratify them, and all similar objections. Many of these are admitted, but the people are virtually unanimous in their decision that the political benefits far outweigh all the defects of the system, and that it must be continued.

Even among the warmest friends of the system there is an increasing number who are disposed to think that the American common-school system is mischievously one-sided in its neglect of the religious element in man's nature, and that a purely secularized education is really worse than no education at all. It is on this ground that the Roman Church has officially declared its uncompromising hostility to the whole system; but there are not a few Protestants who, while detesting this opposition to the system, begin to see more reason in the basis of it than they have hitherto seen. It is, in fact, of little use to deplore the growing alienation of the body of the people from all forms of religious effort, so long as a vast machine, supported at the public charge, is busily engaged in educating the children of the nation to ignore religion. As well might a father deplore the ultimate malformation of a son whom he had diligently taught to be left-handed, and whose right hand he had tied up as some Indians do the heads of their papooses.

And, further, the State sets itself an impossible task in thus undertaking to ignore religion and religious differences in its present system of common-school instruction. All sects will agree in the fundamentals of education: there is no dispute as to whether two and two make four, or whether a finite verb shall agree with its subject. As soon as education rises above fundamentals, trouble begins. The system may undertake to ignore religion; but it cannot make history ignore the facts of religious differences among men, or their consequences. It is almost painfully amusing to notice the methods by which a text-book intended for our common schools is compelled to handle the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the Thirty Years' War, or the English revolution of 1688. The author evidently writes under the sword of Damocles, as the teacher works under the eye of the school trustees, and the pupil gets an abortion, not history. There is hardly a branch of education in which the pupil, as he becomes more advanced, older, and more quick-witted, is not forced to notice some of the devices by which teacher or text-book attempts to evade this persistent question of religion in the common schools; and he is apt to acquire a disrespect for both religion and education, which has its reasons in the latter case, if not in the former.

There are five ways by which the State may approach this most difficult question.

(1) It may follow the French fashion, ignoring every phase of the religious idea, but doing so in a distinctly hostile spirit, which is equivalent to a declaration of war. In this country this may be dismissed at once as out of the question: however sects may be divided, they would be unanimous in their opposition to any such settlement.

(2) It may go on in the present lumbering fashion, ignoring religion, but doing so with every effort at courtesy, patching up sporadic cases of difficulty here and there, but postponing any decisive settlement until the very latest practicable moment. This is the way which has the brightest chances of adoption; but its wisdom is open to serious question. It allows all forms of dissatisfaction to increase in strength, with no counteracting influences. The time must come, in the nature of things, when the question will settle itself, and that too summarily to allow the State to have any intelligent control over it.

(3) Again, the State may attempt to combine the fundamentals of religion into a system which shall at least be acceptable to the mass of the discordant sects, and introduce instruction in this into the common-school system. This would evidently be the most difficult of all the proposals. There are not many authors who would pin their chances of future reputation to their probable success in codifying the essentials of religion so as to satisfy the Roman Catholic, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Baptist, and all the other sects into which Christendom is divided, not to speak of the possible consequences of Chinese and other heathen immigration. But it should be noted that, while a universal code might be impracticable, several codes for cognate groups of sects might be a factor in simplifying the execution of the next proposal.

(4) The State may follow the German system, so sympathetically described by Mr. Arnold in THE CENTURY article referred to above. It may insist upon religious instruction in the schools, dividing the religious instruction into as many groups as may be necessary, but supporting all. This would necessitate a division of taxation, in practice, if not in theory; and this is the fact which would go furthest to make it un-

popular in this country. Protestants settled the country, as a rule, while the Roman Catholics are mainly the later comers; and the former would find it hard to endure taxation a part of the proceeds of which was to go to the support of the schools of the intruding element. Whether the objection be reasonable or not, it is a natural one, and must be taken into consideration.

(5) Finally, the State may voluntarily restrict its sphere of instruction, and teach only the fundamentals of education, with manual or technical training, abandoning all forms of higher education, or of education for culture, to private competition, or to the eleemosynary or religious institutions. This would put an end to State universities, high schools, and all forms of gratuitous education except that which is purely elementary.

Of these five propositions, the first is distinctly offensive, and the second a mere makeshift; the final solution, unless some new and better is devised, must be one of the last three, or a combination of two or more of them. The third and the fourth, or their combination, have already an able defender in Mr. Arnold. And his statement of their results, drawn from personal observation, entitles them to a respectful hearing from every friend of popular education. His argument would bear hardly, however, against the fifth proposition in a point apart from that of religion; and something may fairly be said for it in that respect.

Cardinal Antonelli, according to Mr. Arnold, congratulated his country on the fact that if Italian children were not taught much arithmetic, or grammar, or history, they were taught to distinguish the ugly from the beautiful. And Mr. Arnold evidently thinks that the Italian government here fulfils an important function quite neglected by England and the United States. Both these eminent authorities here betray a curious lack of perception of the basis of and excuse for a common-school system. Says Mr. Herbert Spencer: "Conceding for a moment that the government is bound to educate a man's children, what kind of logic will demonstrate that it is not bound to feed and clothe them?" The answer to all this is easy to him who keeps in mind the purely political basis of the system, who remembers that the State educates for its own preservation, not out of kindness to the pupils or their parents; but Mr. Arnold and Cardinal Antonelli, with their notions of a gratuitous educational system, have no answer. If the State is to educate children to distinguish the beautiful and the ugly, how can it, in common humanity, leave them to live thereafter in ugly clothes, ugly homes, and ugly surroundings? If it should leave them to such a fate, its educational work would be really maleficent so long as it stopped at any point short of pure communism.

Here is, perhaps, the point which, if conceded by Mr. Arnold, would make the fifth proposition viable. The underlying difficulty now is that government education keeps the children so long, in its desire to educate for culture, that private competition, eleemosynary institutions, and particularly religious institutions, have no chance in the race. In our Western States, where common-school education is most carefully and liberally provided for, private schools cannot compete, except in the large cities, and there only with difficulty. If the State were to surrender its pupils at, say, twelve years of age, its political functions as an educator would then have been fulfilled, and the religious institutions would have a fair chance to do the religious work which they cannot do now, but which Mr. Arnold and so many others wish to see done. It is above that point that education for culture and the sectarian difficulties of religious education begin together; and the State, if it assumes the duty of the one, must face the problem of the other. Below that point, the difficulty might be met by accepting a percentage of attendance weekly at a denominational school in lieu of part of the common-school course.

Such a policy, enforced at once, would leave a vast body of children without any higher education for many years to come, until the religious bodies should grow up to their new duties. But the adoption of a policy of reduction is entirely feasible; and by carefully graduating its enforcement voluntary religious education might be introduced, in time, as successfully as our voluntary religious organizations have supplanted State-aided religious organizations.

The Moving of the Boston Public Library.

SINCE my article on the Boston Public Library went to press, the whole process of moving, until the last load was delivered safely, consumed five weeks to a day. No loss or breakage is known to have occurred, while the work of nearly all departments went on almost without a break. In March, when the library, with the exception of the special collections, was opened to the public, there stood upon the shelves about 630,000 volumes, of which 479,000 were housed in the new structure. It seems probable in the future that a generous policy will be adopted in regard to the admission of students, in certain worthy cases, to larger privileges, even to the granting of that coveted opportunity, consultation of books upon the shelves. The rush of visitors has been, and for some time will continue to be, enormous, doubtless to the disturbance of wonted quiet in the main reading-hall, where the solid English oak tables are fully occupied by readers thirsty after long abstinence. Messengers now take books from the room of delivery direct to the applicant, who waits at a table numbered to correspond with his slip of application. At the southern side of the hall, in stately oak cabinets, is placed the card catalogue, to which the public, as of old, has the freest access. The book-stacks, I should have said, run around the southern and western sides, and from these stacks issue forth books by means of carriages on the electric railway, veritable "little quicknesses," so charmingly and smoothly do they perform their intelligent work.

The functions of the librarian seem likely to be more definite than heretofore, and hence what has been previously said in regard to his work is subject to essential modification.

It would have taken a gift of prophecy to foretell the new life already beginning to animate this institution, and I must make haste to recall my fears that it was perhaps to recede from its strong position as a library for the people to the cold remoteness of a scholars' retreat. More than ever it promises to be frequented by all classes of citizens, and to keep its old prestige in the sisterhood of American libraries.

Lindsay Swift.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Point of View.

TO err is human; to forgive, divine —
We 'll all admit as true, of course.
But if the sin is yours, forgiveness mine,
I 've noticed that it has unusual force.

Dorothea Lummis.

Her Engagement.

I.

NEW ORLEANS, April 14, 1894.

DEAREST SALLIE: I know you think that I ought to have written long ago. You would n't think so, however, if you knew everything. And you shall know everything if you 'll only not chide or reproach me, or — what 's that horrid word? — oh, yes, "scold" (fancy my dovelike Sallie scolding any one!) your poor remiss Bessie. Do you promise not to? Ofcourse you do, you little angel! Well, now I have your word, and so you shall hear it all. I said that before, did n't I? But I don't know half the time what I 'm about. My thoughts are eternally going off on short cruises after him. That 's why I neglect my friends; that 's why I scorn my meals, and shirk my social duties, and, in short, leave undone all the things I ought to do. I 'm in love!

I would n't breathe this to any one but to you; but as I 've never kept anything from you since the old school-days, I don't find it easy to begin now. You 've seen him, too. Don't you remember at "Proteus's" ball, when you were my vis-à-vis in the quadrille? He was my partner at the time. Ned Ferguson had just introduced him a few moments before. Oh, you surely must remember him! Very tall, with great, glorious brown eyes — real Creole eyes (his mother was a Creole), and the blackest black hair (none on his face, however), and hands — oh! the kind that if you saw one hanging over the back of a chair, and you did n't even know the owner, you 'd just long to touch it (of course you would n't — you 'd only long to), just to find out if it were not tenderer and sweeter and softer and different from any other hand. Well, after that evening he was simply devoted to me, and we have seen pretty much nothing but each other since. I never knew before what a satisfying sensation it was to have some one whom you love and who loves you devoting all his time and attention to you. I really grieve for poor girls who don't know what it means.

But you poor little patient child! You 've been waiting all this time to hear his name. It 's such a musical name, too—Dudley Morgan! Don't you like it? Oh, I shall be so glad to be Mrs. Dudley Morgan for the sake of having the name, if for no other reason!

I do wish you had n't returned home so soon after the Carnival. You would have met Dudley had you only remained longer. I almost pity any one who has n't the happiness of knowing my Dudley. I really have n't seen a man since I met him: all the rest look to me simply like forms to hang clothes on. In plain, every-day English, he 's the only man on earth to me, and I 'm sure he thinks not a bit less of me. But you really must meet him. I suppose, however, that it can't be arranged before the wedding. You 'll come, of course. You simply are obliged to, because you are to be one of the bridesmaids. I 'm going to have ten, but I have n't invited any but you. It 's rather soon, you know, to be talking about the wedding yet, because we 're just becoming conscious of our love for each other.

Did I tell you about my engagement ring? I 've spent a lot of thought on it. You know my violent abomination of the solitaire diamond — it always looks to me like the stopper of a cut-glass toilet bottle slightly reduced. Dudley's favorite stone is the sapphire; mine is the ruby. What do you think of the combination? I consider it an inspiration.

But what a long, Dudley-full letter! I can't help it. He makes up the sum of my life these days, dear; and I wanted to pour my confidence into your sympathetic little ear. Good night, you sweet child! It 's too late to write more now, though there 's lots more to tell. Write soon, and much — and well. With love,

Yours fondly, BESSIE MONROE.

II.

NEW ORLEANS, April 22, 1894.

YOU SWEET LITTLE FRIEND: Thanks so much for your charming letter. I knew you would enter into the spirit of my little romance with all the heartiness and sympathy that any one could wish. I 'd dearly love to show that letter to Dudley. But don 't be afraid — I won't. You don't know how I want you two to get to know each other well. But you 'll come and stay with us often after we 're married, won't you, dear? I 'm going to have the sweetest home! I 've been looking at houses lately, and I went through such a charming one out on Prytania street the other day — all rose-filled garden, and big iron galleries, and bay-windows. It 's for sale. I never thought of asking the price of the agent, but it does n't matter; I 'm sure papa will give it to me as a wedding-present. I made a list of certain things that I want to have in certain rooms, and I 've set aside the cunningest little snuggery in the place for Dudley's den. I know he 'll think I 'm an ideal wife when he sees my arrangements for his comfort.

Now, I must tell you all about my plans for my wedding. My aversion to long engagements is as strong in my twenty-first year as it was at seventeen. I never could see the use of them. Besides, Dudley and I know each other as well as two young people ever can unless they are brother and sister, so I see no wisdom in delaying the marriage. I think, then, that the first week in June is the fit time for the event. Another consideration makes me select that month. Of course it has its disadvantages of heat and other things,— other things, especially,— but you can't mention a more delightful month for ocean travel; and neither of us has ever been to Europe. So I 've arranged the wedding-tour to my satisfaction, you see, sweet child. Wish you were going to be married, and going along with us.

Of course you 'll be interested in the arrangements

for the ceremony. It 's going to be the regulation veil-wreath-church affair, at high noon, with ten bridesmaids wearing immense shade hats of white *point d'esprit* trimmed with daisies and grasses, and gowns of the prettiest piece of *mousseline de soie*. I inclose a sample of the stuff I want the gowns to be made of. Is n't it beautiful?

I do wish, Sallie, that you could find it possible to come on some time before the wedding-day. I should dearly love to have you with me to talk over things, and perfect arrangements, and all that.

Of course I 'll soon be awfully busy with my trousseau, as I have so little time, and I would n't put off the event for gold-dust and diamonds. I 'm rather superstitious about such things. The first week in June it is, and so it remains.

I wonder if Dudley would mind if I send you his love? I 'll ask him the next time he calls. Of course I see him almost every day. I never had any one so attentive to me in all my life,— at any rate, not since I "came out,"— and I know I could n't care more for any one.

I believe I 've told you everything, except that I love you, you dear, sympathetic little body! Let me hear from you soon. Your devoted friend, BESS.

III.

NEW ORLEANS, May 11, 1894.

SALLIE DEAREST: I have waited quite a while before writing to you, because it was necessary for me to see Dudley before I could answer your question definitely, and Dudley is away. He went down to Pass Christian with a large party nearly two weeks ago, and he has n't returned yet. Never mind. As he does n't seem to hurry back, I 'll have to answer as best I can without him.

I do wish I could tell you definitely just how many days before the wedding I would expect you here. But I can't. I can't complete my plans. You see, dear, it all depends.

You won't mind this poor little fragment of a letter, will you, you sweet child? I 'm so occupied these days. Be sure and write soon. Your letters are indeed a delight. Good-by. Your own loving

BESSIE.

IV.

NEW ORLEANS, May 20, 1894.

MY SWEET SALLIE: In a fearful state of hurry. Only time enough for a scribbled line to explain what I meant when I said in my last letter that "it all depends." Fancy your requesting an interpretation! You dear child, did n't I tell you at the outset? Why, it all depends on whether Dudley proposes or not. I 'm afraid he 's not going to. He has n't yet, you see. Fondly, BESSIE.

Lily Young Cohen.

A June Song.

FOR ROSALYS.

ROSES lean from their slender stalks —
Oh, but the summer is just begun!
Through her garden Rosalys walks,
And the world is warm with the sun.

Roses and maiden and year
All blooming together;
Heigho, it is good to be here,
In the summer weather!

Love thrives well when the days are long,
And hearts, like the summer, are young and gay.
Words turn to music, and hope grows strong;
But the best is what we can never say.

Oh, once, just once, to be glad once more,
To listen to words that we heard of old,
To steal again through Youth's open door,
And thrill to the story that then was told!

But never twice is a woman young,
And never twice to the year comes June,
And Age is the echo of songs once sung,
With never again the time or the tune.

Yet June is June, and Youth is Youth;
Rejoice, sweet maid, while you can and may!
Why should you remember the mocking truth,
That an end must come to the longest day?

Roses and maiden and year
All blooming together;
Heigho, it is good to be here,
In the summer weather!

Louise Chandler Moulton.

Strawberries.

AGAIN the year is at the prime,
With flush of rose and cuckoo croon;
Care doffs his wrinkled air, and Time
Foots to a gamesome tune.
So, ho! my lads, an' if you will
But follow underneath the hill,
It 's strawberries! strawberries!
You shall feast, and have your fill.

The elder clusters promise wine
Where dips the path along the lane;
The early lowing of the kine
Floats in a far refrain:
You will forget to dream indeed
Of fruit that Georgian loam-lands breed
In strawberries! strawberries!
That wait for us in Martin's mead.

Then haste, before the sun be high,
And, haply, catch the morning star;
For ere the cups of dew be dry
The berries sweetest are.
And if, perchance, a rustic lass
In merriment a-milking pass,
It 's strawberries! strawberries!
On her lips as in the grass.

Clinton Scollard.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

My Dear Sir. I send you an appletree by Durand which he copied from one of his studies, a little modified for the occasion. If you should see that it wants any further change, it is of course at your *padrone* as the Italians say and can adapt it to your purpose. It's a fine tree, and an old one.

Along with this I send a daguerreotype likeness of myself in profile. It was not practicable to get a daguerreotype of the bust without a great deal of trouble, as the transportation of it to such a distance. The daguerreotype letters would not carry them without much to fit for the reason that it was liable to put them all of order.

The face in this profile is a little inclined towards the spectator, but of course you can make allowance for that.

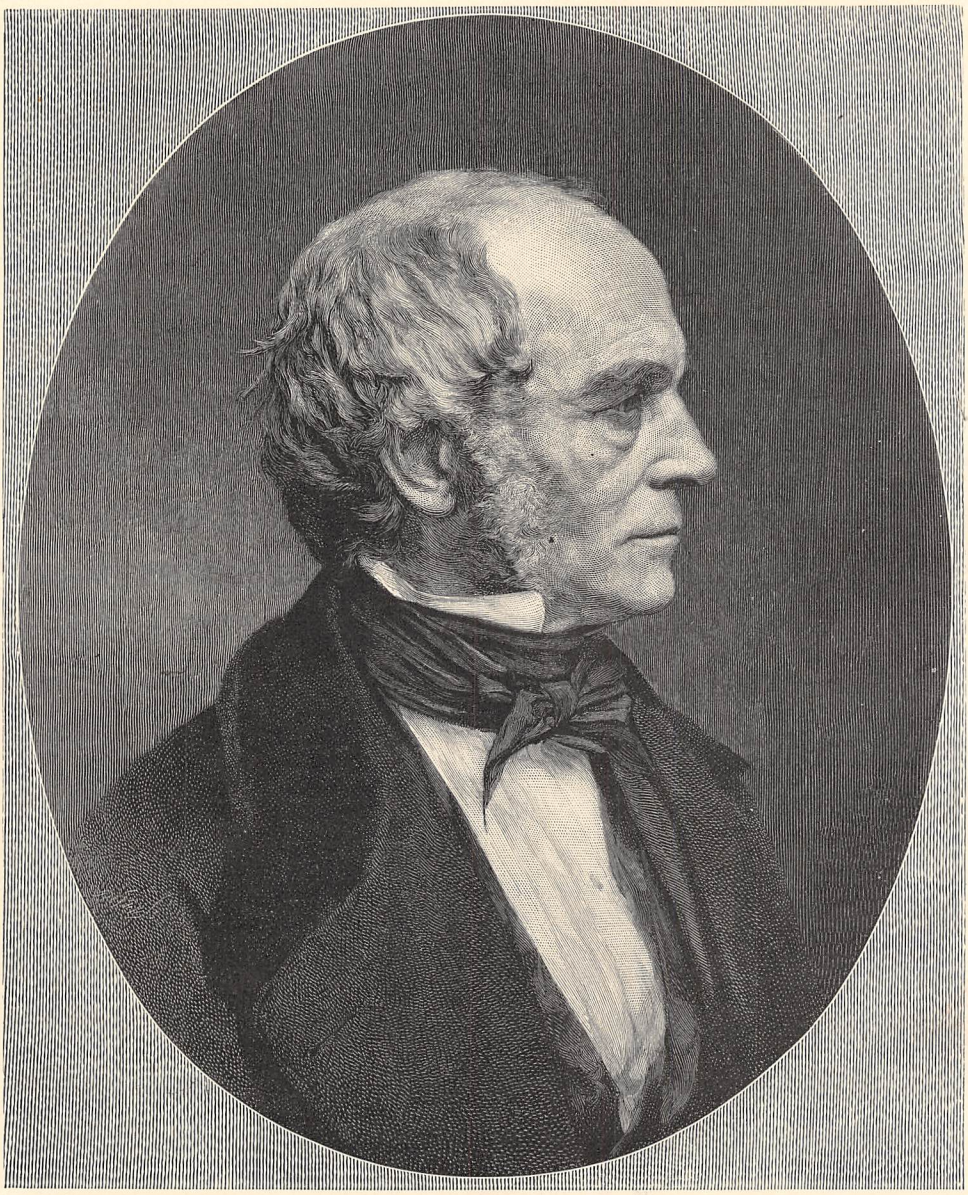
I am glad to learn that you are domiciliated at last in the pleasant city of Florence among the remains of ancient art, and under that brilliant sky and in the midst of that picturesque scenery. My regards to Mrs. Chapman & love to the little ones.

New York January 10 1850.

Yours truly W. C. Bryant.

Jno Chapman Esq.

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, SENT WITH THE DAGUERREOTYPE REPRESENTED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM THE ORIGINAL DAGUERREOTYPE.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, ABOUT 1850.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. L. JULY, 1895. NO. 3.

AMERICAN RURAL FESTIVALS.

OF most respectable antiquity is the custom of celebrating Nature's largess to Mother Earth, at midsummer, by a pageant in which the beneficiaries adorn themselves with garlands, to ride, drive, or walk in joyous procession. "O, 't is the merry time!" wrote old Stevenson in 1661, "wherein honest neighbors make good cheer, and God is glorified in his blessings on the earth." Variants of this custom were familiar in many parts of England, and, curiously enough, their gradual disappearance from the soil of the mother-country seems to have been followed by their appearance in full vigor in Puritan America. For some years past, our country, from Maine to California, has witnessed a series of summer rural fêtes, variously conceived, carried out with more or less attention to detail, each stamped vividly with the color of the region that gave it birth, and all seeming to have been fashioned without reference to a common original.

Of those which I have seen, and those of which I have been able to gather accounts, the one smacking most pleasantly of old-time rustic revelry, and therefore to be offered honorable precedence in this recital, is the "Salt Water Day," or "Wash Day," of the New Jersey farmers, that since time out of mind has been celebrated on the second Saturday in August, upon the coast at Sea Girt.

To make this Jersey holiday, assemble a thousand back-country vehicles, of all sorts, from the hooded farm wagon, which has not greatly altered its pattern for centuries, to the rude buckboard and the pert sulky. The horses are withdrawn from shafts or pole to be tethered behind the wagons, or picketed at a little distance in the rear. Around the impromptu camp gather people enough to blacken half a mile of the sandy shore — people who for months have been looking forward to the occasion as the chief holiday of the year. Cedar chest and camphor-trunk and flowered bandbox have been called upon to disgorge their treasures; but there is no other attempt at costuming than the assumption of mere Sunday best. An odd feature of the great concourse is the seriousness with which it takes its pleasure. A solemn, even strained, expression of determination to revel or die sits upon the majority of faces. During the unharnessing of the wagons, which have been arriving upon the scene since early dawn,— camping overnight being not infrequent,—the good wives unpack their luncheon-baskets, take tally of their pies, and, if need be, while away the time by methodically administering punishment of the good old-fashioned variety to their impatient youngsters.

Around the outskirts of the concourse are seen the booths and rostrums of the fakirs attracted from New York by the promise of rich harvest from the farmers' wallets. There is also a rifle-range, a merry-go-round, and a doll target at which balls are thrown for prizes. Many another cheap diversion offers itself during the explorations of the farmer and his wife and clamoring progeny, and more than one pinch of dire experience falls to the lot of the paying member of the party. The na-

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sal cries of the Yankee Autolycus offering his inkles, caddises, and lawns, are continually heard above the swelling murmurs of Jersey joviality.

Fairing over, there is a general retreat to the tent dressing-rooms, improvised with shawls and canvas curtains in connection with the vehicles. The great annual bath of the pilgrims is next in order, and down to the shining reach of ocean, where the crisping billows hurry in, presently troop the queerest processions of bathers ever seen out of a caricature. Many of the men and boys, disdaining change of dress, go into the water in their ordinary clothes, sunning themselves afterward in the hot sand until toasted dry again. Others put on shirts from which sleeves have been removed, and trousers cut off at the knee. The bathing outfit of the women reveals droll miscellanies of bygone fashion in cut and texture, some of the more coy among the matrons including pantalets, sunbonnets, and gloves. With sober mirth, demure smiles, suppressed cries of excitement, the phalanx moves into the surf, taking hands to jump discreetly up and down in long lines, safe within the danger-line. To the greater number this venture into the sea is actually no more than an annual experience.

After the bath, noontime turns all thoughts dinnerward, and the camp settles down into one vast picnic. Pies of all kinds suggest the litany — chanted without taking breath — of the feminine hotel-waiter in the ear of the summer boarder: "Apple-pie, mince-pie, custard-pie, lemon-pie, squash-pie, and pie-*plant*-pie." Doughnuts (called "nuts" in the vernacular), cheese in liberal wedges, ham sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, and pickles, supply the favorite menu; and lemonade and root-beer — perchance a stronger beverage — are produced in bottles each confessing by label to a different intention in its earlier career.

Then, while the summer sun slants in the cloudless heaven, the merriment goes on to its climax, more dips in the ocean are taken, more money changes hands, more solid food is consumed, till at last the shades of evening close upon the scene, and a general "hitching up" of teams betokens the end of Salt Water Day at Sea Girt.

In point of seniority, the Ice Glen Procession at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and the Tub Parade at Lenox should be awarded first place among the festival pageants of our country undertaken and carried out by the cultivated class of society.

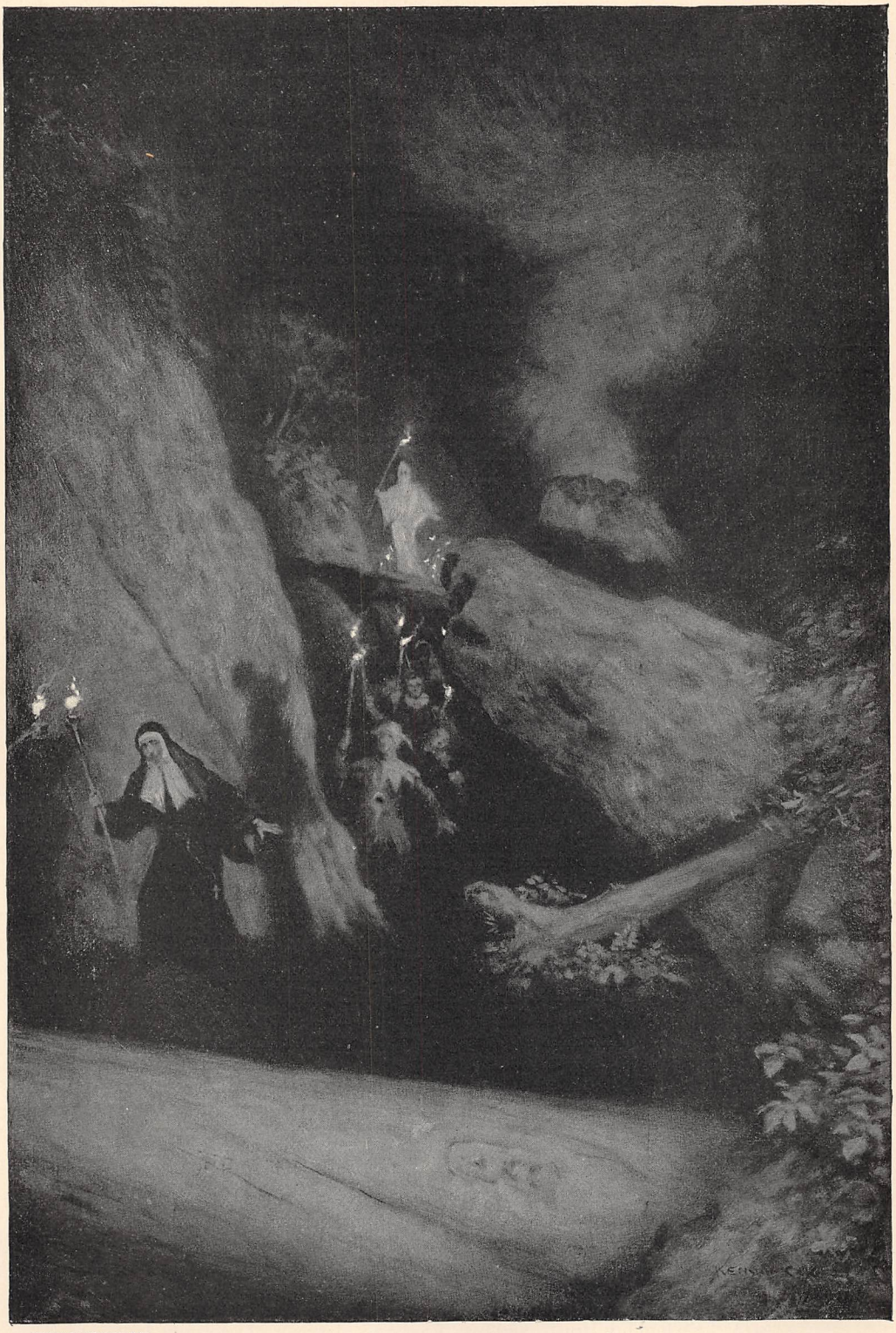
That the Stockbridge affair dates back to long ago we were pleasantly reminded by a reference in Mrs. Hawthorne's letters published in THE CENTURY for November, 1894. It appealed first to my sense of the beautiful and picturesque in the summer of 1874. We drove over to that "loveliest village of the plain" from Lenox, her rival loveliest village of the hills, to rendezvous at nightfall with a gay party of people in fancy costume, in an open grassy space at the entrance of the glen, amid an amphitheater of hills purpled with twilight and lighted by a youthful moon. The host of revelers was marshaled, I remember, by a fair leader clad in the bravery of stars and stripes, wearing a liberty-cap, and carrying a long alpenstock tipped with another American flag. I recall but one other costume — the filmy draping of an East Indian woman, through which faintly gleamed silver bangles and native ornaments. But in no ball-room, under no gas or lamp or candlelight, could have been produced the effect of that group of fantastic torch-bearing figures among the scattered boulders at the mouth of the glen, where in chill recesses ice can be found, it is said, even at midsummer.

A procession being formed, led by a band of musicians, we penetrated the forest gloom, to follow a steep, mossy path "thorough brake, thorough briar," the length of the glen, emerging finally in a meadow-path at the farther end. As the "fairies black, grey, green, and white," the "moonshine revellers and shades of night," defiled between the black tree-boles, the tender green of moss and leaves in the arcade turning to vivid emerald in the glare of the torches, the scene was wonderfully fine.

On another occasion I drove away from the meet of the masqueraders to a point in the village whence we had a view of the procession as it came out of the glen to wind like a fiery serpent over the meadow on its return.

Once a year the placid little Housatonic River, which beneath the elms of Stockbridge meadows contorts itself fantastically into the famous Ox-Bow bend,— a bit of American rural scenery that awoke enthusiasm in the gentle soul of Dean Stanley,— is bright with a charming procession of decorated boats. Tracking the mirror-like bosom of its narrow way hardly more than would a swan in its imperial progress, the flowery chain of boats glides between sheets of verdure sown with wild flowers and dotted with grazing cattle. To see it come and go, and finally vanish beneath low-hanging boughs of willow, is to sigh for the briefness of this glimpse of Arcady.

During a recent season Stockbridge added to the annual attraction of the Ice Glen Procession an outdoor play,— the "Masque of Comus,"— given upon the lawn of a dwelling in the village. The play, revised for the use of modern amateurs, and accompanied by music part of which was from an original manuscript of 1634 lent by Harvard University for the



DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

ICE GLEN PARADE. THROUGH THE GLEN. (STOCKBRIDGE.)

occasion, is said to have furnished a picture of ideal beauty.

The famous Tub Parade of Lenox, in spite of its name, has nothing in common with the fêtes of the *lavandières* along the Seine in Paris. It is an array of decorated two-wheeled pony-carts equipped and driven by women and children, and is given in September, the first month of the Lenox season, partly that its adornment may include the first glory of autumnal leafage — the crown of Berkshire beauty.

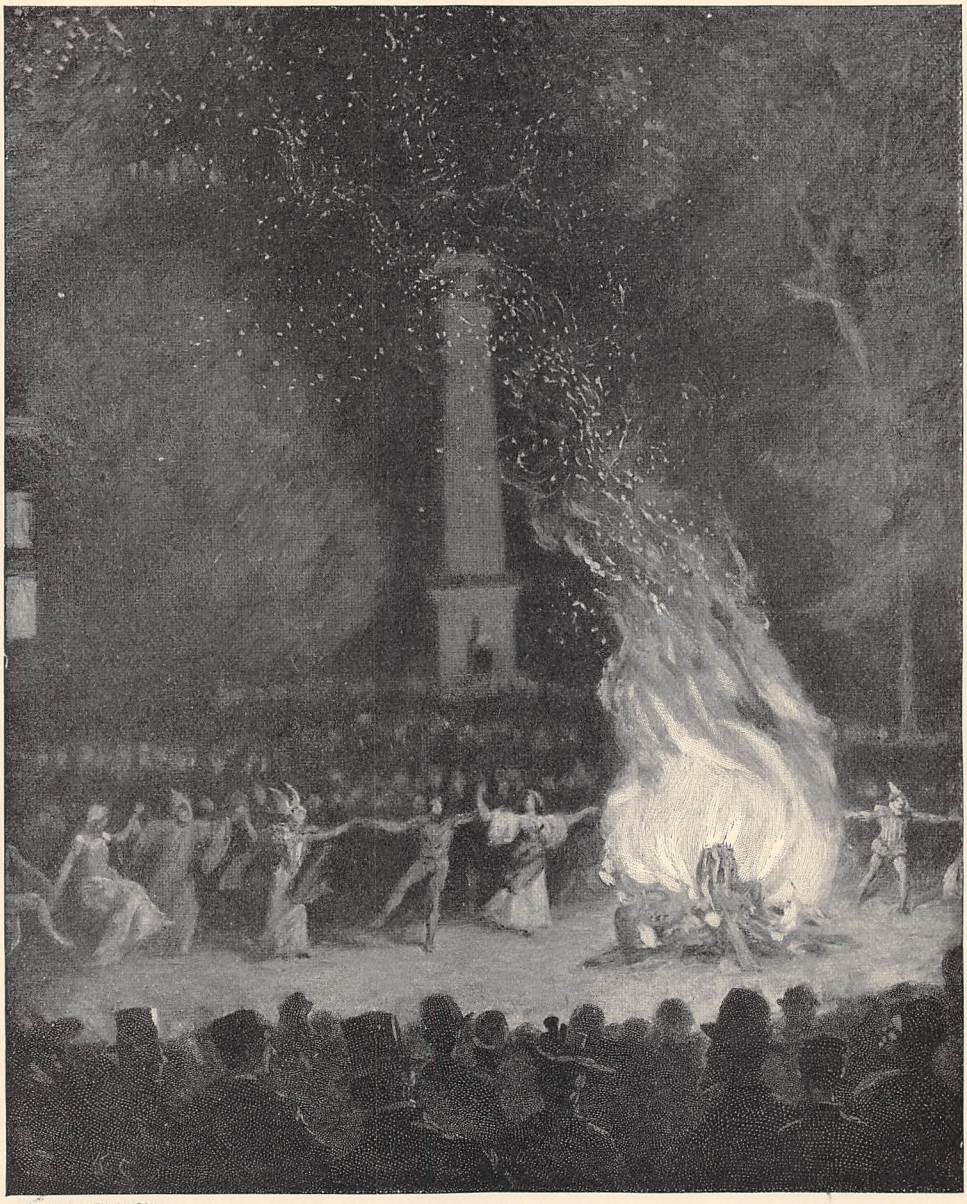
Under the vaulted elms of the village street — the point of convergence for everything in Lenox — the dainty vehicles come trundling along in the wake of brisk little garlanded, cockaded, and beribboned ponies, which appreciate to the full their own importance and the confidence the public has in their good behavior. Upon the decking of these dainty chariots, and upon the harmonious toilets of their occupants, is bestowed such choice care as to make the whole array seem fit for the marriage of some prince of elf-land. At a given signal from a marshal on horseback, the procession is set in motion. Passing through the village twice or thrice, it goes out to some chosen spot in the environs, and back, the charioteers meeting afterward for tea and compliments in the drawing-room of one of their leaders.

Of late years a boating festival is given on Lake Mackeenac, or "Stockbridge Bowl," the pretty bit of water lying equidistant between Stockbridge and Lenox. Hard by, where in earlier days a willow grew "aslant a brook," that showed "its hoar leaves in the glassy stream," near a certain marshy spot where the first cardinal-flowers used to send their crimson beauty flaming into the air at midsummer, where lazy cows wending their way to the water and occasional fishermen trolling for black bass were usually the only figures within range, a smart new club-house has arisen. There, during the season, hosts of gay folk gather to embark in a fleet of flower-bedecked rowboats, and make the circuit of the lake with music, song, and laughter. But "the season" over, the club-house dismantled and locked, the summer visitors fled away to their distant homes, old Mackeenac remains, as long ago, in almost primeval solitude. The blue hills, denuded of their foliage, look down on her; the meadows around her take on — till snow comes to cover them — a silvery sage-green; the bright stars are reflected on her mirror; sometimes a wild furry creature, frightened from its haunts in summer-time, returns to steal through the winter-bound landscape to her borders; farmers jog by in their traps and wagons, without giving a glance or a thought to the forsaken beauty. By and by, when ice locks in her waters, and skaters congregate, there is a renewal of life; but after this again a blank till spring sap, stirring in woods and fields, gives cheerful promise of another gala-day to come.

Turning from Lenox and its environs to the far northeasterly end of our Atlantic coast-line, we find on the rocky shores of Mount Desert new and elaborate examples of the rural festival. Long years ago, before that rare and charming isle had been formally adopted as the chosen resort of summer pilgrims from all parts of the continent, athletic contests, foot-races, and canoe-races among the Passamaquoddy Indians, were known to Bar Harbor. By the descendants of those Indians was aroused the interest in canoeing shown by visitors of recent times, which resulted in the formation of the Canoe Club, now numbering hundreds of members.

The first public parade of the club was arranged in honor of an expected visit from Matthew Arnold, who, in discussing his anticipated expedition to that Eden of the Sea, had expressed a hope that he might there find some spectacle possessing the true local color which he had failed to discover elsewhere in America. Marshaled in line, with bows toward the south, upon a fortunately glassy stretch of Frenchman's Bay near the westerly point of Bar Island, gathered a number of flower-wreathed canoes to perform a series of manœuvers as dexterous in execution as ingenious in the planning.

The canoe parade, repeated the following year, was followed in another season by an illuminated fête. To this midsummer night's dream Nature lent herself in all graciousness. The sun had set upon a sea of opal. As the moon rose, and the tide flooded the bar, people living along the shore on each side of the Eden road sat in their verandas to wait for the coming of the boats, in an atmosphere as soft and caressing as that of a June night in Venice. From the starting-place at the chief landing of the village, out of darkness streaked with columns of light from the electric arcs above the town, and from the lamps of a flotilla of yachts and other boats at anchor in the harbor, came silently stealing a long train of mysterious black craft tossing leashes of fire-bubbles into the air, or wreathed from stem to stern with multicolored lanterns. Their destination was a dwelling situated upon the shore at some distance up the bay, where the performers in these mysteries of the expedition were expected ultimately to congregate at supper. For an hour the meanderings of the fire-laden boats gave delight to many watchers ashore. At last, answering the signal of dance-music from the house, the cortège fell again into line, and proceeded to disembark upon a floating wharf lighted by Bengal fires and strung with colored lanterns. The boats, deserted by their crews, were then strung together by boatmen, and towed back to the



DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

ICE GLEN PARADE. AROUND THE BONFIRE.

starting-point, the revelers electing to return by the highways. Those who participated in this excursion had reason to congratulate themselves upon the absolute calm of the bay; for two nights later, when the same affair on a large scale was attempted at the club-house on Bar Island, the winds blew and the waters raved after a fashion that permitted no philandering abroad in small boats. I saw last summer at Arrochar, upon the northernmost shore of Loch Long in the Highlands of Scotland, an affair of this kind; and looking up over the file of lighted boats to the towering summit of the Cobbler outlined against the starry sky of an August night, it required no great stretch of the imagination to fancy myself again at Bar Harbor, and in view of the rocky battlements of Newport Mountain.

The more frequent fêtes given every Friday in August by the Canoe Club are familiar to all visitors to Mount Desert. They are varied by athletic contests, and races in canoes by Indians and members of the club, and are followed by tea and dancing in the club-house.

Perhaps the most extensive pageant of the sea yet seen at Bar Harbor was held a few years ago, upon the afternoon of a day that dawned under a downpour of heavy, pelting rain. At four o'clock in the afternoon the clouds parted, and the heavens bestowed upon many faces a glimpse of the benignity for which they had ceased to hope. During the remainder of the day, notably at sunset, the cloud effects were of an unforgettable beauty, and the air took on a sparkling and inspiring quality. By five o'clock the waters of the bay west of the bar were thronged with pleasure-craft — steam launches, sailing-boats of various sizes and patterns, a steamer or two laden with passengers to see the show, and, amid all these, a host of rowboats and canoes bedight with flowers and flags and garlands, and filled with pretty girls and handsome youngsters. To complete the aquatic display, the admiral of the White Squadron, then in port, sent a dozen ships' boats, manned by sailors in holiday attire, to row races back to their ships. During the space of an hour there was a scene of brilliant beauty. With nature in such accord, with a background of wooded islets and far azure hills of the mainland, a sky overhead continually varying its canopy of gorgeous color, the eye had nothing more to covet. From the shore, lined with spectators, people tried to single out for admiration some boat or canoe more to their taste than any other — only to abandon the effort in the kaleidoscope of color that was at no moment seen at rest. To conclude the day, a band ashore clashed out an invitation to the watermen to come in and receive the congratulations of their friends. The disembarkation was followed by a dance upon a carpet of turf close to the water's edge, and incidental tea-drinking brought the affair to a merry close. To the beneficence of Dame Nature was accorded the chief credit of the success.

Another fête, now a recognized feature of the season's festivities at Bar Harbor, is the Flower Parade in mid-August, on the grounds of the Kebo Valley Club. Here, away from the water, girdled by hill-tops that close in the pretty valley, about an oval course inclosed by a paling, with the spectators grouped on verandas and hill-slopes and in trees near by, the yearly procession makes its rounds. Originally planned to reproduce the Tub Parade at Lenox, it outgrew intention with a bound, and is now seen on a scale of elegant elaboration. It includes buckboards — the Mount Desert vehicle *par excellence* — and coaches, four-in-hands, drags, private omnibuses, wagonettes, dog-carts, victorias, phaëtons — all the vehicles imported for summer uses by private owners, down to the tiny donkey-cart, or a trap drawn by a sheltie little bigger than a Newfoundland dog, and guided by a happy and important baby charioteer.

In comparing this display with the "battles of flowers" at Nice and Paris, the advantage of the foreign fêtes is in the prodigal abundance of flowers used and the greater number of vehicles in line. But in elegance of equipages, originality of decoration, and general refinement of controlling taste, our American parade outranks both the others. In Paris, as everybody knows, the affair is not patronized by the most refined classes of resident society, and has become a rather cheap-Jack opportunity for showing off spring finery in the blooming alleys of the Bois. As I saw it, a year ago, it seemed to me rather a contest of rival milliners and not too choice wits, though some of the carriages were pretty enough, with a Théâtre du Châtelet fairy effect.

The Bar Harbor Flower Parade lacks animation. Its promoters, having done their duty by the show, look bored inside their moving bowers of goldenrod, or leaning back upon cushions of marguerites and bluets. Of all the vehicles, the good old Bar Harbor buckboard — a vehicle so intimately associated with the early artless joys of the place — seems to me to look best under its foreign lendings. One of these native chariots appeared beneath arches of pink and white, with masses of the sweet-peas that grow so profusely about the island. The maidens upon the seats wore pink gowns and hats; the horses were harnessed with chains of sweet-peas. Another buckboard was similarly decorated with mauve and yellow, a third with green and scarlet, with a wild-wood garniture of "bunch-berries" and moss, while a fourth had white horses, with clusters of white hydrangea, its occupants being also in white. Under these bewildering conditions, with gallantry sustained by wisdom, the governors of the Kebo Valley Club have laid upon the table the question of awarding prizes in their annual Flower Parade. At Bar Harbor, also, the entertainments of the Village Improvement Society have of late taken the agreeable shape of outdoor parties. In a grassy square near the sea, surrounded by picturesque booths and tents for fairings, they have had village dances, encampments of gipsies, May-poles for the children, Dresden-china shepherdesses in attendance upon bona fide tethered sheep, with many like features of society at play after the manner of the Little Trianon — all good to see, and welcome successors to the usual hot and perspiring indoor efforts of amateurs in behalf of charity.

At Cazenovia, New York, a Flower Parade modeled upon that of Bar Harbor was successfully carried out, but with the difference that prizes were bestowed upon the carriages adjudged most original in adornment.



DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER.

THE "MASQUE OF COMUS" AT STOCKBRIDGE.



DRAWN BY C. Y. TURNER.

HARVEST PROCESSION AT ONTEORA.

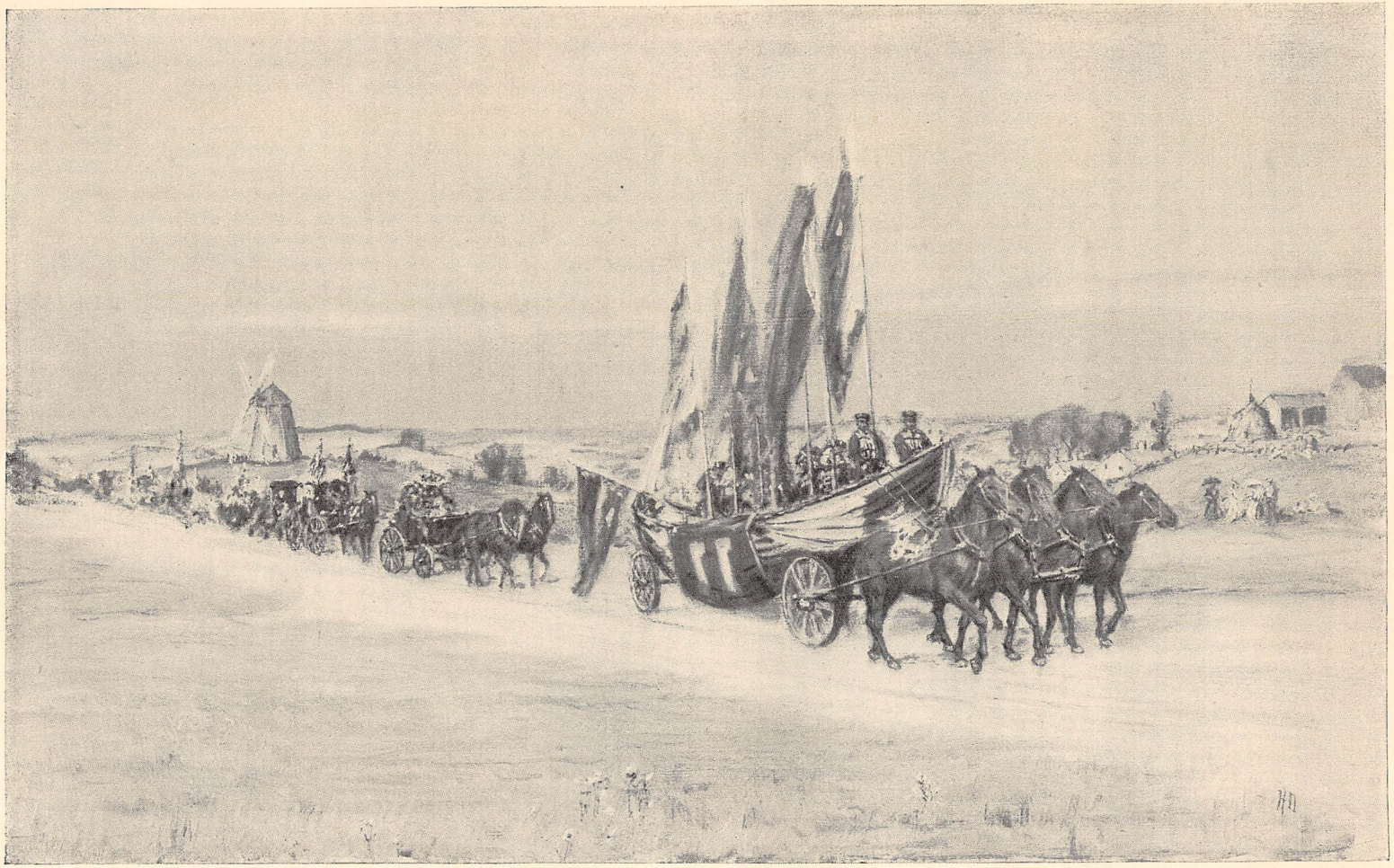
The Grass Parade, or Harvest Festival, at Onteora had the advantage of Mrs. Wheeler's inspiration, and the fostering care of Mrs. Keith and of Mr. and Mrs. Sewell, in placing a series of lovely *tableaux vivants* upon a background of the misty hills of the Catskills. What wonder the sylvan train of ox-carts — their meek conveyors harnessed with oak-leaf garlands or chains of daisies, their loads of yellow sheaves or newly cut grass surmounted by groups of figures in picture garb — transported bodily those who looked on into some bygone age of poetry? Leading the van of the procession, Savoyard musicians, fantastic with flower and leaf and ribbon, played upon flutes and violins. After them, harvesters and gleaners carried emblems of their toil; and then an embassy from fairyland — a band of gauze-winged sprites and saucy gnomes served as *avant-coureurs* to a tiny "Culprit Fay," who drove alone in a flowery chariot befitting his proportions. Next, a vision of maidens — Persephone and her attending nymphs, in classic drapery of saffron hue, carried stalks of tiger-lilies plucked in the garden of a veritable fairy godmother. And then, in sharp contrast to the suave lines and tender tints of its predecessor, came a presentment of old Hendrik Hudson and his swart rovers, in company with the "mild-eyed, melancholy" spirit of the Catskill Mountains, the immortal Rip Van Winkle. To them succeeded a cart-load of babies with their *bonnes*, a true "Bagage de Croque-mitaine" in its most enticing aspect of health and happiness out of doors. And when all had proceeded to the place of rendezvous, a halt was called for a dance "under the greenwood tree." Here elves and gnomes joined in a frolic ring around the musicians, and hidden choirs broke into music behind leafy screens.

At Pasadena, in southern California, at a season when we Easterns are hugging our fire-sides, or muffling ourselves in furs to go abroad into frosty and nipping air, — on the first day of the new year, — a carnival is held, called "The Tournament of Roses." By way of prelude to athletic contests, races, and revivals of ancient French and Spanish games played on horseback, there is a "battle of flowers" thrown from decorated vehicles. Here, as on the Riviera, nature comes royally to the aid of the celebrants. Orange-blossoms, lilies, golden wild poppies, the feathered foliage and scarlet berries of the pepper-tree, marguerites, carnations, and an inexhaustible variety of roses, are bedded on panel, wheel, and arch, or sent flying through the air. Across the way of the intending procession is erected a toll-gate presenting a solid façade of the welded blooms of the calla, the same flower being used in the same fashion for the hurdles that serve in the fence-jumping at the races later on.

At East Hampton, the quaint village of green lanes and windmills on Long Island, a fête was given last summer which had the merit of combining estheticism with the joy of the inhabitants over their new watering-carts. This function had also the supreme recommendation of uniting all classes of the summer population. Nowhere in America is anything heartily enjoyed wherein the rich and leisurely pass by on wheels to be gazed upon by their less prosperous countrymen afoot. There is more carping than praise bestowed by such lookers-on upon the people who make the show and who are keenly alive to the spirit of the crowd. And where such celebrations are not the occasion of general merrymaking, the so-called rural festival is a failure.

For the Water-cart Parade cottagers and shopkeepers took pride in adorning their homes and places of business to enhance a general effect, and in lending originality to their individual efforts by producing vehicles typical of their several crafts. The result was astonishingly good. The procession was led by a marshal upon horseback, followed by a local band, after which came fifty wheelmen, men and women, their bicycles decked with flowers and ribbons, their phalanx attended by a clown. Some riders in Continental uniform were followed by the new watering-carts, — the latter announcing, with much bravery of bunting, that they had "come to stay." Next came the village fire-company surrounding their flower-trimmed hook-and-ladder truck. Eminently picturesque was the life-boat from the neighboring station on the coast. For this occasion it was mounted upon a float drawn by four horses, manned by the gallant captain with his crew of six, and drawn with holiday deliberation along the joyous village street. The members of the crew, sitting in place upon the thwarts, held oars tipped with signal-flags, which, at the captain's orders, were simultaneously lifted in salute.

Next, a succession of floats gave to view the mercantile and industrial side of East Hampton's population. Such scenes as a house in process of construction, a village smithy in full blast, a mason at work building a chimney, butchers' and grocers' shops, a mart for vegetables mosaicked with fine skill, passed before the eyes of bystanders, to be followed in turn by nearly a hundred decorated carriages. When one takes into account the time, temper, money, pains, and taste that go into such a display, should not the good people of East Hampton feel themselves well entitled to the pæans called forth by their charming *fiesta?* And should they not be encouraged to go on and make of their Water-cart Parade an annual affair that



DRAWN BY H. G. DEARTH.

PARADE AT EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND: THE LIFE-BOAT

men and women from other parts of the country may journey far to see?

Of outdoor plays, besides the one mentioned as occurring at Stockbridge, we have had beautiful and elaborate presentations of Shakspere's comedies at Manchester-by-the-Sea, and at Castle Point, Hoboken. At Bar Harbor has been given a charming performance of François Coppée's "Luthier de Crémone," acted by clever amateurs in a garden. And again, on that same delightful Mount Desert island, in the deep shadowed fir-wood above a little beach of powdered sea-urchins, where the sea murmurs in past the stern rocks of Great Head, some of the "Proverbs in Porcelain" of Austin Dobson have been charmingly rendered in costume, the scene lighted from above by shafts of summer sunlight falling upon fresh young faces, after a fashion not to be readily forgotten by those who, seated on mossy rocks, or couched upon pine-needles, made up the assemblage.

I have left till the last a spectacle to be enjoyed by New Yorkers—Jupiter Pluvius consenting—every May Day in Central Park. There hundreds of children of various nationalities mingle their tongues of Babel upon the green reaches, the rocky knolls, and around the lakelets of our city's chief pleasure-ground. Of this kingdom of May there are numerous queens, and their subjects indulge in the old-time ring-a-round games which the grown folks of to-day fancy must have died out because Time has carried them so far beyond such levities. When, in the afternoon, the hosts of white-frocked and knickerbockered invaders melt away into neighboring horse-cars, the park goes back again into the keeping of gray-coated guardians of the peace, who remain ruefully gazing upon the *disjecta membra* of many feasts.

What I have cited may at least serve as a vindication against the charge, so often made, that Americans are, before all, an artificial and city-loving people. Here we have certainly examples of a healthy willingness to give Nature her due meed of homage. Taken in conjunction with the fact that people among us who can afford to do so now spend the greater part of the year out of town, we may fairly claim to have been more than "breathed on by the rural Pan."

Constance Cary Harrison.



ABANDONED.

THE hornets build in plaster-dropping rooms,
And on the mossy porch the lizard lies;
Around the chimneys slow the swallow flies,
And on the roof the locusts snow their blooms.
Like some sad thought that broods here, old perfumes
Haunt the dim stairs; the cautious zephyr tries
Each gusty door, like some dead hand, then sighs
With ghostly lips among the attic glooms.
And now a heron, now a kingfisher,
Flits in the willows, where the riffle seems
At each faint fall to hesitate to leap,
Fluttering the silence with a drowsy stir.
Here Summer seems a placid face asleep,
And the near world a figment of her dreams.

Madison Cawein.



A KITWYK STORY.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

I.

IT was Jufrow Rozenboom's cast-iron conviction that Toni Defregge had done it on purpose. Kitwyk did not wish to be censorious, but who ever heard of a sensible young person walking along the highway in black satin shoes? As for Mynheer van Steen — but it is impossible to describe the rage of that worthy man. Since the day Mettje van Steen eloped to Rotterdam with young Laurens de Keyser, he had been very lonely in his house on the Kitwyk canal. In his loneliness his eyes wandered about, and rested on the round, rosy face of Jufrow Defregge, and this young spinster seemed worthy to fill an aching void.

Sundays, after church, Mynheer's stumpy legs invariably led him to the burgomaster's, where in a back room the sermon was discussed between sips of the best Dutch gin and puffs of long clay pipes. The gin was good, and Mynheer had long passed that age when its being poured out by Toni Defregge could enhance its merits; but she was aware, as she filled the glasses, of two prominent boiled gooseberries that looked at her in heavy approval through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

Jufrow Defregge was herself possessed of an aching void. Two blights, not unconnected with the town pump and a disappointing candidate, had settled on her. She grieved for Mynheer van Steen, and regretted that she was destined to blight his existence; and she looked at him in a way that he ought to have understood, only that Mynheer van Steen understood nothing more intangible than gin, coffee, and herrings. Indeed, with the eye of her imagination she saw him much longer, much thinner, less given to gin and more to passion. But just as Jufrow Toni's imagination was languishing for want of sustenance, and Kitwyk was clamoring for a new dominie, another candidate was announced, and this time it was Mynheer van Steen's candidate.

Kitwyk was at this time in such a state of utter demoralization that it had to borrow its ministers; and indeed, the last little stranger in the family of the uncomplaining Duffels was still an unbaptized heathen. In this dilemma Mynheer van Steen wrote to the theological seminary in Sippken, and demanded a candidate by return of canal-boat.

"Let him not," he explained, "be too young, or so featured as to attract the eyes of women who are both weak and foolish. Suffice it that he is a godly man, and that he can well expound the Word."

So it was that Dominie Debray came to Kitwyk; and when Toni Defregge went to church that eventful Sabbath, she had so little confidence in the kind intentions of Divine Providence that she wore only her second-best cap.

It was afterward discovered that the theological seminary of Sippken had mislaid Mynheer's letter, and had sent the wrong candidate to Kitwyk instead of to another place that demanded something young and progressive. Indeed, he expounded the Word in a way which made Jufrow Defregge at the foot of the pulpit stare at him with devoted blue eyes, and drink

in his eloquence as the rose the dew. The very next Sunday — for the first time in the history of the church — the sexton had to put wooden stools in the aisles, such was the enthusiasm of the female worshipers; and Jufrow Rozenboom, who appeared in a marvelous new cap, had a spirited altercation with a mistaken sister who had basely captured her seat in the sanctuary. Never had there been in Kitwyk such a revival of active religious interest: female worshipers even stood on stools outside of the windows, and stared in during divine service. It was very inspiring.

In vain did Mynheer van Steen, with a prophetic sense of evil, deprecate his own candidate and his own judgment: it was all ascribed to an excess of modesty. Have him Kitwyk would, and so one summer's day the dominie made his triumphal entry in flapping black gown, muslin bands, and square cap; and Kitwyk was hung with garlands, and the mildewed pillars of the church were festooned with paper roses; and on one side of the market-place stood the school-children, and bobbed courtesies, pulled their flaxen forelocks, and sang a shrill song of welcome under the direction of the schoolmaster, who played the fiddle; after which there was a banquet in the state room of William the Silent (a little musty from disuse), of which such of Kitwyk as felt inclined to pay two guilders were at liberty to partake. Mynheer van Steen did not enjoy the auspicious occasion, nor, after that, a long visit from the new dominie while the parsonage was being refreshed with a coat of yellow paint. But Mynheer knew how to take advantage of his own enforced hospitality. As he wandered with his guest in the inspiring regions of the kitchen-garden, he sniffed the aroma of ripening vegetables, and felt so moved that he confessed his aching void and the future destiny of Jufrow Defregge.

"It is as good as settled," he explained — by which he meant to say that he had his own consent. "But youth has confidence in youth, and as you owe me much, young man, so in godly converse with Jufrow Defregge — a minister has so many opportunities — speak of me," and he mopped his head with a yellow bandana, "as a grateful heart would naturally dictate."

Alas! such is the natural perversity of the human heart that young Dominie Debray, who had hitherto overlooked the charms of Jufrow Defregge, was suddenly seized with an ungodly interest in that young person. Of all the excellent females who flocked to hear him preach it was the usual freak of fate that only the forbidden charms of Jufrow Defregge should haunt his thoughts as he saw her, her sunny face flushed, and her blue eyes upturned to him with a devotion most praiseworthy. There was, to be sure, an upward tilt to her nose which, in his unrighteous self-communings, he was inclined to disparage; but when he considered her mouth, the two red lips touched by a wistful quiver, the sparkling eyes subdued to a proper devotion, and the sunny curls escaping from the little cap, he was inclined to be lenient; and it was, indeed, with a groan that he remembered that she was destined for his benefactor.

The parsonage stood in the shade of the chestnut-trees near the old church, and it had a queer triangle of a garden meandering into the market-place, from which it was separated by a linden hedge. Here, many and many a time, the dominie paced up and down in unrighteous perplexity, to the consternation of the parsonage cat, which retired under the hedge, her back well up, and followed the dominie with disapproving green eyes. He was against all tradition, and his legs were abominably long, and he paced the garden in the nearest approach to agitation that the parsonage cat had ever seen. Jufrow Rozenboom could just overlook him behind her muslin curtains.

"He is meditating on his discourse;" and Jufrow Rozenboom was much impressed. "So young and so godly! The old dominie never meditated." Which was partly true, for he had never meditated on the subject of Jufrow Defregge; and so it was that Dominie Debray earned a most undeserved reputation for piety.

II.

It was at this time that Duffels's youngest was still a little unbaptized heathen. As the tenth olive-branch, Duffels tried not to look upon it with reproach; as for Mevrouw Duffels, she was convinced that it was born to greatness. Mevrouw Duffels had begun life in the establishment of Mynheer Defregge; to her had been confided the care of the Defregge geese, and it was while watching her drive her snowy flock to pasture, armed with a willow wand, stumping along in her wooden shoes, her red cheeks glowing like two apples, and her blue skirts whipped by the wind, that Duffels was captivated. She had great executive ability: never did the giddiest goose or gander stray out of the reach of that long willow wand, which recalled the most erratic fowl to the path of virtue. It was, indeed, this which had helped Mevrouw Duffels to cope successfully with nine little Duffelses; but it was when the tenth arrived that she was inspired with sudden ambition.

So one day Duffels knocked apologetically at the burgomaster's front door, the occasion being serious. Jufrow Defregge was in the kitchen, her arms deep in flour; for she



DRAWN BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

"AND SO THEY WALKED VERY SLOWLY DOWN THE SUN-PLASHED ROAD."

was rolling out a certain ancestral cake which had been made by Defregges from the same receipt since the days of the Spanish inquisition. The brass pots and pans on the walls, the waffle-iron, and the brass mortar, all reflected her; but not one did her justice, though her cap was on one side, and a dab of flour ornamented her cheek. A snowy linen apron was tied under her chin, and about her floated the fragrance of rich and spicy baking from the brass-bound stove that panted and throbbed, and ran a race with the June rose clambering in at the window, to see which could smell the sweetest. Duffels's mouth watered with longing, and it was with a sigh that he recovered his senses. Would Jufrow Defregge honor them by being godmother to the youngest? Mevrouw Duffels had discovered in him infallible signs (Duffels was privately unconvinced) that argued for future distinction.

Jufrow Defregge, her chin on the rolling-pin, gravely considered the serious responsibility of a godchild.

"We have our pride," Duffels urged; "and it being a new dominie, it will greatly raise us in his esteem."

So Jufrow Toni consented. However, Duffels's youngest remained a heathen; for the clamor of contending candidates left him unchristened. But salvation was at hand. Mynheer van Steen's candidate arrived, and one late autumn day Duffels again knocked at the burgomaster's front door.

"The dominie is coming out to us this afternoon for the christening," he announced.

A glow swept over Jufrow Defregge's face, and her blighted existence betrayed symptoms of reviving. It was that afternoon that she put on those little black satin shoes which aroused the resentment of Kitwyk. In those very shoes her mother had captivated the burgomaster in the days before he had nagged her into the tomb.

Far beyond the outskirts of Kitwyk, beyond the Van Loo woods (planted by a wise and dead Van Loo), a whitewashed dwelling, with a shabby settle before the door, stood in the embrace, as it were, of four ditches, where all manner of aquatic animals lived in great harmony, and where the bullfrogs kept up a lively thrum. The lonely road through the Van Loo woods was covered with withered chestnut-leaves; pine-cones fell with a soft thud; and great ragged chestnut-burs dropped from the branches through which the sunlight filtered and fell in golden splashes on the heaped-up, rustling leaves. The dominie, in his gown and cap, with his muslin bands under his chin, walked along the lonely path, lost in thought; and he gave a guilty start as he crossed the ditch before Duffels's house, for on the settle by the door, beginning thus early to exercise her duties, sat a young person holding in her arms the newest Duffels baby, who was sucking his fingers, and staring foolishly into vacancy.

This was the first time that the dominie had ever been quite alone with Jufrow Defregge, who rose at sight of him, her eyes cast down, her rosy cheek against the baby's flaxen head. She said nothing. The dominie grasped his prayer-book, and looked past Mistress Defregge, and could think of nothing but Mynheer van Steen. So ghastly silent were they that the baby, with a prophetic sense of discomfort, began to kick his fat legs and to howl most uproariously, till Mevrouw Duffels flew to the rescue, and apologized for the ungodly conduct of her offspring, struggling as he seemed to be against the holy church. Whereupon she bore the sinner into the house, his chin resting upon her shoulder, whence he stared at his worship and his godmother with wet, round eyes.

But the youngest Duffels was not without a saving grace, for no sooner did the dominie take him in his arms than he cuddled contentedly against the black gown, and stared innocently at the muslin bands till suddenly he made a bold grab for them; and so, with the help of a cracked blue china bowl, he was made a Christian, and Jufrow Defregge, her eyes big with responsibility, promised to help him renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil.

So it was over, and the dominie put up his prayer-book, and looked uncertainly at Jufrow Defregge. Then it was that Duffels's understanding sank forever in the estimation of his wife.

"I will go home with Jufrow Defregge," he said, and wondered why she shook her head at him, and hitched her elbow toward the unconscious dominie, and why he was most unexpectedly sent to fetch peat. Then Mevrouw Duffels, her big hands on her big hips, and her face glowing with placid benevolence, watched the dominie and Jufrow Defregge cross the ditch, exciting to a few quacks the ducks that floated in the green water, while the bullfrogs twanged like a whole orchestra of bass fiddles, and Jufrow Defregge flushed and then grew pale at the touch of the dominie's hand. As if with one accord they walked very far apart on the level road, and between them trotted — at least to the spiritual vision of the dominie — a short, fat man with little, choleric eyes, who explained that it was as good as settled, and that he, Dominie Debray, owed him a debt of gratitude. At the remembrance, the dominie, with a frown, pulled his gown hastily about him, and proceeded to live up to his principles. As for Jufrow Defregge,

on the other side of the road, though her eyes were downcast, she could still catch a cornerwise glimpse of him; and very stately he looked, though very grave, and never a glance did he vouchsafe her.

If she could have her say — and she shook her head in deep meditation — she would have the long, black gown fuller on his broad shoulders, nor would she be satisfied with the set of the bands — if it were only her blessed privilege to make them! At the bare thought she sighed so deeply that the silent man on the other side of the road looked at her in surprise.

"As soon would I think of a rose sighing!" he cried; and then, feeling that the remark was not serious enough, he added hastily, "What ails you, Jufrow Defregge?" And because they were just entering the shade of the Van Loo woods he was spared the sight of Mistress Defregge's blushes.

The sunset was filtering with golden glory through the trees, and the road, which had grown narrower, was piled high with fallen chestnut-leaves. Sometimes a lonely bird darted through the branches, and far in the distance they could hear the sleepy tinkle of a cowbell. Truly it seemed as if they were all alone in the world. Suddenly the dominie stopped, bared his head, and took a long breath as if he had a great weight on his heart; and Jufrow Toni turned upon him, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"What ails you, Mynheer Debray?" and her heart beat very fast.

"Nothing, nothing," and the dominie's cheek flushed. "I — I — was thinking of Mynheer van Steen — a very worthy man — and a valued friend he has proved to me."

Jufrow Defregge stared at him, and then she laughed most melodiously.

"But why should the thought of Mynheer van Steen make you sigh?"

"It does not — it does not," he replied in great haste. "A man has many reasons for sighing. Life is truly wearisome. I — I — only wish to remark that though Mynheer van Steen has been younger, he is still in a great state of vigor."

"He is very fortunate," murmured Jufrow Defregge; "but I do not —"

"He is also a man of means," the dominie interrupted sternly.

"So I am told; but what of that?" she cried in sad perplexity; but the dominie was not to be interrupted.

"Youth" — and he strode angrily along, so that Toni had to skip briskly to keep pace — "youth is an unstable thing by itself; it requires the support of steadfast age. What cannot a man like Mynheer van Steen give a young wife — not to mention his undying gratitude. Think of his undying gratitude!" he repeated; but he stared straight in front of him.

"But I don't want to think of his undying gratitude," and Toni pouted.

"No; between you there can be no such question," and the dominie relapsed into silent gloom.

"None — none," Jufrow Defregge nearly sobbed in disappointment, for they were nearing the end of the road; and with this she stamped her foot, and gave a sudden cry, and would have fallen had not young Dominie Debray sprung forward, and caught her in his arms, and for a moment her white face lay against his black gown and her blue eyes were closed.

"Oh, Mynheer van Steen!" the dominie groaned; and then Toni opened her blue eyes, and her face quivered with pain.

"My foot! oh, my foot!" she moaned, while the dominie looked up and down the lonely road for help; but nothing was to be seen but the sunlight stealing through the trees and a frightened hare scooting past.

"Oh, Mynheer van Steen!" his soul cried within him, and he felt that the burden was more than he could bear.

"Please set me down — please!" Jufrow Defregge sobbed, whether from pain or what, Heaven only knows. Her little mantle was all awry, and her hat was on one side, as he placed her tenderly against the foot of a gnarled old chestnut-tree; and there he stood and looked helplessly down at her and at the poor foot outstretched in a little shoe of black satin.

"I think" — and two tears dropped down Jufrow Defregge's round cheeks — "it is a thorn."

Vainly the dominie looked up and down the road for succor. Then he spoke with an effort. "Will you let me see?"

Never was there a sterner face as he took the little black satin foot in his hand. The little black satin shoes of Mevrouw Defregge! Oh, the vanity of woman! Age had made them very frail, and an ancient, hardened chestnut-bur had pierced the thin fabric. Sternly the dominie took off the shoe, but his hands trembled. He bowed his head — the world was spinning about — so little a foot! — what had become of his honor? — Mynheer van Steen!

The chestnut thorns still clung to the red stocking; he brushed them off gently — he did not know what he did.

"It is better," Jufrow Defregge faltered.

With a deep sigh he looked up.

"Toni! Toni!" he cried, and Mynheer van Steen was forgotten; "I — I love you!" and he rose, hid his face in his hands, and bowed his head.

"Mynheer Debray!" Toni whispered, and like a flash she saw that she was destined to make the muslin bands.

He did not move; his attitude was one of profound dejection.

Then a miracle was wrought. Jufrow Defregge rose to her feet. "Basil," she whispered, and clung to the old chestnut-tree for support, "why should you not love me, Basil?"

He turned on her. "To ask me that! Is there not Mynheer van Steen?"

"But what concern is it of Mynheer van Steen?" she cried; and a sudden smile broke over her face, and she looked away from his eager eyes, and her bodice rose and fell with the quick beating of her heart.

"Toni!" was all he said, and he looked neither up nor down the road, but he held her in his arms.

"Basil! Basil!" Jufrow Defregge murmured, "youth is an unstable thing, but it does not need the support of steadfast age." And because she was weak and needed support Basil put his arm about her, and so they walked very slowly down the sun-plashed road together; and the hare that had scooted across the road before lingered on the outskirts, and rubbed his whiskers in undisturbed serenity.

As for Kitwyk, it declared that no sensible maid had ever before walked through the Van Loo woods in black satin shoes. There were others, however, who were inclined to think that Jufrow Defregge had been very sensible. Jufrow Rozenboom even went so far as to declare that she had done it on purpose. As for the rage of Mynheer van Steen — but that cannot possibly be described.

Anna Eichberg King.



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?

ONE like himself should praise him! Soul of grace,
Untaintable white brightness, like a ray
Of sunshine stainless ever, though astray
'Mid stains; high honor, yet of pride no trace
To flaw the manly sweetness of the face;
Fair mirror of pure knightly to our day,
Shaming the vaunted chivalry passed away.
Could he run back the unreturning race —
That certain, keen intelligence of truth,
That quick, instinctive sympathy divine
With nobleness, young in perpetual youth,
That tongue, that pen, of tempered utterance fine —
Then in what kindled words, how soft with ruth,
Were there his like, his like gone hence should shine!

William Cleaver Wilkinson.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

XXXI.

THE brilliant winter morning had an intoxicating quality in it, after the heavy rain which had fallen in the night, and Paul Griggs felt that it was good to be alive as he threaded the narrow streets between his lodging and the Piazza Colonna. He avoided the Corso; for he did not know whom he might meet, and he had no desire to meet any one except Angelo Reanda.

Naturally enough, his first honorable impulse was to go to the artist, to tell him something of the truth, and to give him an opportunity of demanding the common satisfaction of a hostile meeting. It did not occur to him that Reanda would not wish to exchange shots with him, and have the chance of taking his life. Griggs was not the man to refuse such an encounter, and at that moment he felt so absolutely sure of himself that the idea of being killed was very far removed from his thoughts. It was without the slightest emotion that he inquired for Reanda at the latter's house; but he was very much surprised to hear that the painter had gone out, as usual, at his customary hour. He hesitated a moment, and then decided not to leave a card, upon which he could not have written a message intelligible to Reanda which would not have been understood also by the servant who received it. Griggs made up his mind that he would write a formal note later in the day. He took it for granted that Reanda must be searching for his wife.

It was necessary to find a better lodging than the one in the Via della Frezza, and to provide as well as he could for Gloria's comfort. He was met by a difficulty upon which he had not reflected as yet, though he had been dimly aware of it more than once during the last twelve hours.

He was almost penniless, and he had no means of obtaining money at short notice. The payments he received from the newspapers for which he worked came regularly, but were not due for at least three weeks from that day. Alone in his bachelor existence he could have got through the time very well, and without any greater privations than his capriciously ascetic nature had often imposed upon itself.

He was not an improvident man, but in his lonely existence he had no sense of future necessities, and the weakest point in his judgment was his undiscriminating generosity. Of the value of money as a store against possible needs, he had no appreciation at all, and he gave away what he earned beyond his most pressing requirements, in secret and often ill-judged charities, whenever an occasion of doing so presented itself, though he never sought one. For himself, he was able to subsist on bread and water, and the meager fare was scarcely a privation to his hardy constitution. If he chanced to have no money to spare for fuel, he bore the cold, and buttoned up his old pea-jacket to the throat while he sat at work at his table. His self-respect made him wise and careful in regard to his dress, but in other matters many a handicraftsman was accustomed to more luxury than he. At the present juncture he had been taken unawares, and he found himself in great difficulty. He had left himself barely enough for subsistence until the arrival of the next remittance, and that meant but a very few scudi; and yet he knew that certain expenses must be met immediately, almost within the twenty-four hours. The very first thing was to get a lodging suitable for Gloria. It would be necessary to pay at least one month's rent in advance. Even if he were able to do that, he would be left without a penny for daily expenses. He had no bank account; for he cashed the drafts he received, and kept the money in his room. He had never borrowed of an acquaintance, and the idea was repulsive to him, and most humiliating. Had he possessed any bit of jewelry, or anything of value, he would have sold the object; but he had nothing of the kind. His books were practically valueless, consisting of such volumes as he absolutely needed for his daily use, chiefly cheap editions, poorly bound, and well worn. He needed at least fifty scudi, and he did not possess quite ten. Three weeks earlier he had sent a hundred, anonymously, to free a starving artist from debt.

His position was only partly enviable just then; but the bright north wind seemed to

blow his troubles back from him as he faced it, walking home from his ineffectual attempt to meet Reanda. It was very unlike the man to return to his lodging without having accomplished anything; but he was hardly aware of the fact. The face of the ancient city was suddenly changed, and it seemed as though nothing could go wrong if he would only allow Fortune to play her own game without interference. He walked lightly, and there was a little color in his face. He tried to think of what he should do to meet his present difficulties; but when he thought of them they were whirled away, shapeless and unrecognizable, and he felt a sense of irresistible power with each breath of the crisp, dry air.

As he went along he glanced at the houses he passed, and on some of the doors were little notices, scrawled in queer handwritings, and telling that a lodging was to let. Occasionally he paused, looked up and hesitated, and then went on. The difficulty was suddenly before him, and he knew that even if he looked at the rooms, he could not hire them, as he had not enough money to cover the first month's rent. Immediately he attempted to devise some means of raising the sum he needed; but before he had reached the very next corner the clear north wind had blown the trouble away like a cobweb. With all his strength and industry and determination, he was still a very young man, and perplexity had no hold upon him since passion had taken its own way.

He reached the corner of his own street, and stood still for a few moments. He could almost have smiled at himself as he paused. He had been out more than an hour, and had done nothing, thought out nothing, made no definite plan for the future. His present poverty, which was desperate enough, had put on a carnival mask and had laughed at him, as it were, and ran away when he tried to grapple with it and look it in the face. Gloria was there — upstairs in that tall house on which the morning sun was shining, and nothing else could possibly matter. But if anything mattered, it would be simple to talk it over together and to decide it in common.

Suddenly he felt ashamed of himself and of the confusion of his own intelligence. There was something meek and childish in standing still at the street corner, watching the people as they passed, listening to the regularly recurring yell of the man who was selling country vegetables from a hand-cart, and looking into the faces of people who went by, as though expecting to find there some solution of a difficulty which his disturbed powers of concentration did not clearly grasp. He could not think connectedly, much less could he reason sensibly. He made a few steps forward toward his house, and then stopped again, asking himself what he was going to do. He felt that he had no right to go back to Gloria until he had decided something for the future. He felt like a boy who has been sent on an errand, and who comes back having forgotten what he was to do. All at once he had lost his hold upon the logic of common sense, and when he groped for a thread that might lead him, he was suddenly dazzled by the blaze of his happiness, and deafened by the voice of his own joy.

He went on again, and came to his own door. The one-eyed cobbler was at work, astride of his little bench, with a brown pot of coals beside him. From time to time, when he had drawn the waxed yarn out through the leather on both sides, he blew into his black hands. Griggs stood still, and looked at him in idle indetermination, and only struggling against the power that drew him toward the stairs.

"A fine north wind," observed Griggs, by way of salutation.

"It seems that it must be said," grunted the old man, punching a fresh hole in the sole he was cobbling. "To me my fingers say it. It has always been a fine trade, this cobbling. It is a gentleman's trade, because one is always sitting down."

"I am going to change my lodging," said Griggs.

The cobbler looked up, resting his dingy fists upon the bench on each side of the shoe, his awl in one hand, the other half incased in a leathern sheath black with age.

"After so many years!" he exclaimed. "The world will also come to an end. I expected that it would. Now where will you take lodging?"

"Where I can find one. I want a little apartment —"

"It seems that your affairs go better," observed the old man, scrutinizing the other's face with his one eye.

"No. No better. That is the trouble. I want a little apartment, and I do not want to pay for it till the end of the first month."

"Then wait till the end of the month before you move to it, Signore."

"That is impossible."

"Then there is a female," said the cobbler, without the slightest hesitation. "I understand. Why did you not say so?"

Griggs hesitated. The man's guess had taken him by surprise. He reflected that it could make no difference whether the old cobbler knew of Gloria's coming or not.

"There is a signora — a relative of mine — who has come to Rome."

"A fair signora? Very beautiful? With a little eye of the devil? I have seen. Thanks be to Heaven, one eye is still good! You are

dark, and your family is fair. How can it interest me?"

"What? Has she gone out?" asked Griggs, in sudden anxiety. "When?"

"I had guessed!" exclaimed the cobbler, with a grunting laugh; and he ran the delicate bristles which pointed the yarn in opposite directions through the hole he had made, caught one yarn round the knob on the handle of the awl, and the other round the leather sheath on his left hand. He drew the yarn tight to his arm's length with a vicious jerk.

"When did the signora go out?" inquired Griggs, repeating his question.

"It may be half an hour ago. Apoplexy! If your relatives are all as beautiful as that!"

But Griggs was already moving toward the staircase. The cobbler called him back, and he stood still at the foot of the steps.

"There is the little apartment on the left, on the third floor," said the man. "The lodgers went away yesterday. I was going to ask you to write me a notice to put up on the door. As for paying, the padrone will not mind, seeing that you are an old lodger. It is good, do you know? There is sun. There is also a kitchen. There are five rooms with the entry."

"I will take it," said Griggs, instantly; and he ran up the stairs.

He was breathless with anxiety as he entered his work-room, and looked about him for something which should tell him where Gloria was gone. Almost instantly his eyes fell upon a sheet of paper lying before his accustomed seat. The writing on it was hers.

I have gone to tell him. I shall be back soon.

That was all it said, but it was enough to blacken the sun that streamed through the windows upon the old carpet. Griggs sat down, and rested his head in his hand. With the cloud that came between him and happiness his powers of reason returned, and he saw quickly, in the prevision of logic, a scene of violence and anger between husband and wife, a possible reconciliation, and the instant wreck of his storm-driven love. It was impossible to know what Gloria would tell Reanda.

At the same instant the difficulties of his position rushed upon him and demanded an instant solution. He looked about him at the poor room, the miserable furniture, and the worn-out carpet, and the horror of poverty smote him in the face. He had allowed Gloria to come to him, and he knew that he could not support her decently. He had never found himself in so desperate a position in the course of his short and adventurous life. He could face anything when he alone was to suffer privation, but it was horrible to force misery upon the woman he loved.

Then, too, he asked himself what was to happen to Gloria if Reanda killed him, as was possible enough. And if he were not killed, there was Dalrymple, her father, who might return at any moment. No one could foretell what the Scotchman would do. It would be like him to do nothing except to refuse ever to see his daughter again. But he, also, might choose to fight, though his English traditions would be against it. In any case, Gloria ran the risk of being left alone, ruined and unprotected.

But the present problem was a meaner one, though not less desperate in its way. He reproached himself with having wasted even an hour when the case was so urgent. Without longer hesitation, he began to write letters to the editors for whom he worked, requesting them as a favor to advance the next remittance. Even then he could scarcely expect to have money in less than ten days, and there was no one to whom he would willingly turn for help. Under ordinary circumstances he would have gone without food for days rather than borrow of an acquaintance; but he realized that he must overcome any such false pride within a day or two, at the risk of making Gloria suffer.

In those first hours he was not conscious of any question of right or wrong in what had taken place. Honor, in a rather worldly sense, had always supplied for him the place of all other moral considerations. The woman he loved had been ill treated by her husband, and had come to him for protection. He had done his best, in spite of his love, to make her go back, and she had known how to refuse. Men, as men, would not blame him for what he was doing. Gloria, as a woman, could never reproach him with having tempted her. He might suffer for his deeds, but he could never blush for them.

XXXII.

MEANWHILE, Gloria had gone out alone, intending to find her husband, and to tell him that the die was cast, that she had left him in haste and anger, but that she never would return to his house. She felt that she must live through the chain of emotions to the very last link, as it were, until she could feel no more. It was like her to go straight to Reanda, and take up the battle where she had interrupted it. Her anger had been sudden, but it was not brief. She had left weakness, and had found strength to add to her own, and she wished the man who had hurt her to feel how strong she was, and how she was able to take her life out of his hands and to keep it for herself, and live it as she pleased in spite of him and every one. The wild blood that ran in her veins was free now, and she meant that no one but

herself should ever again have the right to thwart it, to tell her heart that it should beat so many times in each minute, and no more. She was perfectly well aware that she was accepting social ruin with her freedom; but she had long nourished a rancorous hatred for the society which had seemed to accept her under protest, for Francesca's sake, and she was ready enough to turn her back on it before it should finally make up its polite mind to relegate her to the middle distance of indifferent toleration.

As for Reanda, on that first morning she hated him with all her soul, for himself, and for what he had done to her. She had words ready for him, and she turned and fitted them in her heart that they might cut him and stab him as long as he could feel. The selfishness, with a tendency to cruelty, which was a working spring of her father's character, was strong in her, and craved the satisfaction of wounding. A part of the sudden joy in life which she felt as she walked toward what had been her home lay in the certainty of dealing back fourfold hurt for every real and fancied injury she had ever suffered at Reanda's hands.

She felt quite sure of finding him. She did not imagine it possible that after what had happened he would go to the Palazzetto Borgia to work, as usual. Besides, he must have discovered her absence by this time, and would in all probability be searching for her. She smiled at the idea, and she went swiftly on, keenly ready to give all the pain she could.

At her own door the servant seemed surprised to see her. Every one had supposed that she was still in her room, for it was not yet midday, and she sometimes slept very late. She glanced at the hall table, and saw her key lying among the cards where she had thrown it when she had left the house. The servant did not see her take it, for she made a pretense of turning the cards over to find some particular one. She asked indifferently about her husband. The man said that Reanda had gone out as usual. Gloria started a little in surprise, and inquired whether he had left no message for her. On hearing that he had given none, she sent the servant away, went to her own room, and locked herself in.

With a curious Scotch caution very much at variance with her conduct, she reflected that as the servants were evidently not aware of what had taken place, they might as well be kept in the dark. In a few moments she gave the room the appearance which it usually had in the morning. With perfect calmness she dressed for the day, and then rang for her maid.

She told the woman that she had slept badly, had got up early, and had gone out for a long walk; that she now intended to leave Rome for a few days, for a change of air, and must have what she needed packed within an hour. She gave a few orders, clearly and concisely, and then went out again, leaving word that if Reanda returned he should be told that she was coming back very soon.

Clearly, she thought, he must have supposed that she was still sleeping, and must have gone to his painting without any further thought of her. Again she smiled, and a delicate line of cruelty was faintly shadowed about her lips. She left the house, and walked in the direction of the Palazzetto. Reanda always came home to the midday breakfast, and it was nearly time for him to be on his way. Gloria knew every turning which he would take, and she hoped to meet him. Her eyes flashed in anticipation of the contest, and she felt that he would not be able to meet them. They would be too bright for him. There was a small mark on her cheek still, where one of the sharp edges of the ivory slats had scratched her fair skin, and there was a slight redness on that side; but the bright red bar was gone. She was glad of it, as she nodded to a passing acquaintance.

She wished to assure herself that her husband was really at the Palazzetto, and she inquired of the porter at the great gate whether Reanda had been seen that morning. The man said that he had come at the usual hour, and stood aside for her to pass; but she turned from him abruptly, and went away without a word.

The blood rose in her cheeks, and her heart beat angrily. He had attached no more importance than this to what he had done, and had gone to his painting as though nothing had happened. He had not even tried to see her in the morning to beg her pardon for having struck her. Strange to say, in spite of what she herself had done, that was what most roused her anger. She demanded the satisfaction of his asking her forgiveness, as though she had no fault to find with herself. In comparison with his cowardly violence to her, her leaving him for Griggs was as nothing in her eyes.

She walked more slowly as she went homeward, and the unspoken bitterness of her heart choked her, and the sharp words she could not speak cut her cruelly. She compared the hand that had dared to hurt, though it had not strength to kill, with that other dearer, gentler, more terrible hand, which could have killed anything, but which would rather be burned to the wrist than let one of its fingers touch her roughly. She compared them, and she loved the one and she loathed the other with all her heart. And with that same hand Reanda, at that same moment, was painting some goddess's face, and it had forgotten whose divinely lovely cheek it had struck. It was painting — unless, perhaps, it lay in Francesca's. But Glo-

ria had not forgotten, and she would repay before the day darkened.

Her husband, since he was calm enough to go to his work, would come home for his breakfast when he was hungry. Gloria went back to her room, and superintended the packing of what she needed. But she was not so calm as she had been half an hour earlier, and she waited impatiently for her husband's return and for the last scene of the drama. When the things were packed, she had the box taken out to the hall, and sent for a cab. As she foresaw the situation, she would leave the house forever as soon as the last word was spoken. Then she went into the drawing-room and waited, watching the clock.

There, on the mantelpiece, lay the broken fan, where the fragments had been placed by the servant. Gloria looked at them, handled them curiously, and felt her cheek softly with her hand. He must have struck her with all his might, she thought, to have hurt her as he had with so light a weapon; and the whole quarrel came back to her vividly, in every detail, and with every spoken word.

She could not regret what she had done. With an attempt at self-examination which was only a self-justification, she tried to recall the early days when she had loved her husband, and to conjure up his face with the gentle light in it. She failed, of course, and the picture that came disgusted her, and was unutterably contemptible and weak and full of cowardice. The face of Paul Griggs came in its place a moment later, and she heard in her ears the deep, stern voice, quavering with strength rather than with weakness, and she could feel the arms she loved about her, pressing her almost to pain, able to press her to death in their love-clasp.

The hands of the clock went on, and Reanda did not come. She was surprised to find how long she had waited, and with a revulsion of feeling she rose to her feet. If he would not come, she would not wait for him. She was hungry, too. It was absurd, perhaps, but she would not eat his bread nor sit at his table, not even alone.

She went to her writing-table, and wrote a note to him, short, cruel, and decisive. She wrote that if her father had been in Rome, she would have gone to him for protection. As he was absent, she had gone to her father's best friend and her own — to Paul Griggs. She said nothing more. He might interpret the statement as he pleased. She sealed the note, and addressed it, and before she went out of the house she gave it to the servant, to be given to Reanda as soon as he came home. The man-servant went down-stairs with her, and stood looking after the little open cab; he saw Gloria speak to the coachman, who nodded, and changed his direction before they were out of sight.

At the door in the Via della Frezza the cabman set down Gloria's luggage, and drove away. She stood still a moment, and looked at the one-eyed cobbler.

"You have given the signore a beautiful fright," observed the old man. "I told him you had gone out. With one jump he was up-stairs. By this time he cries."

Gloria took a silver piece of two Pauls from her purse.

"Can you carry up these things for me?" she inquired, concealing her annoyance at the man's speech.

"I am not a porter," said the cobbler, with his head on one side; "but one must live. With courage and money one makes war. There are three pieces. One at a time. But you must watch the door while I carry up the box. If any one should steal my tools, it would be a beautiful day's work. Without them I should be in the middle of the street. You will understand, Signora. It is not to do you a discourtesy, but my tools are my bread. Without them I cannot eat. There is also the left boot of Sor Ercole. If any one were to steal it, Sor Ercole would go upon one leg. Imagine the disgrace!"

"I will stay here," said Gloria. "Do not be afraid."

The cobbler, who was a strong old man, took hold of the trunk, and shouldered it with ease. When he stood up, Gloria saw that he was bandy-legged and very short.

She turned, and stood at the threshold of the street door, as she had stood on the previous night. No one would have believed that a few hours earlier the rain had fallen in torrents, for the pavement was dry, and even under the arch there seemed to be no dampness. Looking up the street toward the Corso, she saw that there was a wine-shop a few doors higher on the opposite side. Two or three men were standing before it, under the brown bush which served for a sign, and among them she saw a peasant in blue cloth clothes, with silver buttons and clean white stockings. She recognized him as the man who had held his umbrella over her in the storm. He also saw her, lifted his felt hat, and came forward, crossing the street. His look was fixed on her face with a stare of curiosity as he stood before her.

"I hope you have not caught cold, Signora," he said, with steady, unwinking eyes. "We passed a beautiful storm. Signora, I sell wine to that host. If you should need wine, I recommend him to you." He pointed to the shop.

"You told me to ask for you at the Piazza Montanara," said Gloria, smiling.

"With that water you could not see the shop," answered Stefanone. "Signora, you are very beautiful. With permission, I say that you should not walk alone at night."

"It was the first and last time," said Gloria. "Fortunately, I met a person of good manners. I thank you again."

"Signora, you are so beautiful that the Madonna and her angels always accompany you. With permission, I go. Good day."

To the last, until he turned, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on Gloria's face, as though searching for a resemblance in her features. She noticed his manner, and remembered him very distinctly after the second meeting.

The cobbler came back again, closely followed by Griggs himself, who said nothing, but took possession of the small valise and bag which Gloria had brought in addition to her box. He led the way, and she followed him swiftly. Inside the door of his lodging he turned and looked at her.

"Please do not go away suddenly without telling me," he said in a low voice. "I am easily frightened about you."

"Really?"

Gloria held out her two hands to meet him. He nodded as he took them.

"That is better than anything you have ever said to me." She drew him to her.

It was natural; for she was thinking how Reanda had calmly gone back to his work that morning, without so much as asking for her.

The contrast was too great and too strong between love and indifference.

They went into the work-room together, and Gloria sat down on one of the rush chairs, and told Griggs what she had done. He walked slowly up and down while she was speaking, his eyes on the pattern of the old carpet.

"I might have stayed," she said at last. "The servants did not even know that I had been out of the house."

"You should have stayed," said Griggs. "I ought to say it, at least."

But as he spoke the mask softened, and the rare smile beautified for one instant the still, stern face.

XXXIII.

REANDA neither wished to see Gloria again nor to take vengeance upon Paul Griggs. He was not a brave man, morally or physically, and he was glad that his wife had left him. She had put him in the right, and he had every reason for refusing ever to see her again. With a cynicism which would have been revolting if it had not been almost childlike in its simplicity, he discharged his servants, sold his furniture, gave up his apartment in the Corso, and moved back to his old quarters in the Palazzetto Borgia. But he did not acknowledge Gloria's note in any other way.

She had left him, and he wished to blot out her existence as though he had never known her, not even remembering the long two years of his married life. She was gone. There was no Gloria, and he wished that there never had been any woman with her name and face.

On the third day he met Paul Griggs in the street. The younger man saw Reanda coming, and stood still on the narrow pavement, in order to show that he had no intention of avoiding him. As the artist came up, Griggs lifted his hat, gravely. Reanda mechanically raised his hand to his own hat, and without a word passed the man who had injured him. Griggs saw a slight nervous twitching in the delicate face, but that was all. He thought that Reanda looked better, less harassed and less thin, than for a long time. He had at once returned to his old peaceful life and enjoyed it, and had evidently not the smallest intention of ever demanding satisfaction of his former friend.

Francesca Campodonico had listened in nervous silence to Reanda's story.

"She has done me a kindness," he concluded. "It is the first. She has given me back my freedom. I shall not disturb her."

The color was in Francesca's face, and her eyes looked down. Her delicate lips were a little drawn in, as though she were making an effort to restrain her words, for it was one of the hardest moments of her life. Being what she was, it was impossible for her to understand Gloria's conduct; but at the same time she felt that she was liberated from something which had oppressed her, and the color in her cheeks was a flash of satisfaction and relief mingled with a certain displeasure at her own sensations and the certainty that she would be ashamed of them by and by.

It was not in her nature to accept such a termination for Reanda's married life, however he himself might be disposed to look upon it.

"You are to blame almost as much as Gloria," she said, and she was sincerely in earnest.

She was too good and devout a woman to believe in dueling, but she was far too womanly to be pleased with Reanda's indifference. It was wicked to fight duels and unchristian to seek revenge. She knew that, and it was a conviction as well as an opinion. But a man who allowed another to take his wife from him and did not resent the injury could not command her respect. Something in her blood revolted against such tameness, though she would not for all the world have had Reanda take Gloria back. Between the two opposites of conviction and instinct, she did not know what to do. Moreover, Reanda had struck his wife. He admitted it, though apologetically and with every

extenuating circumstance which he could remember.

"Yes," he answered; "I know that I did wrong. Am I infallible? Holy Saint Patience! I could bear no more. But it is clear that she was waiting for a reason for leaving me. I gave it to her, and she should be grateful. She also is free, as I am."

"It is horrible!" exclaimed Francesca, with sorrowful emphasis.

She blamed herself quite as much as Reanda or Gloria, because she had brought them together and had suggested the marriage. Reanda's thin shoulders went up, and he smiled incredulously.

"I do not see what is so horrible," he answered. "Two people think they are in love. They marry. They discover their mistake. They separate. Well? It is finished. Let us make the sign of the cross over it."

The common Roman phrase, signifying that a matter is ended and buried, as it were, jarred upon Francesca, for whom the smallest religious allusion had a real meaning.

"It is not the sign of the cross which should be made," she said sadly and gravely, and the color was gone from her face now. "There are two lives wrecked, and a human soul in danger. We cannot say that it is finished, and pass on."

"What would you have me do?" asked Reanda, almost impatiently. "Take her back?"

"No!" exclaimed Francesca, with a sharp intonation, as though she were hurt.

"Well, then, what? I do not see that anything is to be done. She herself can think of her soul. It is her property. She has made me suffer enough — let some one else suffer. I have enough of it."

"You will forgive her some day," said Francesca. "You are angry still, and you speak cruelly. You will forgive her."

"Never!" answered Reanda, with emphasis. "I will not forgive her for what she made me bear, any more than I will forgive Griggs for receiving her when she left me. I will not touch them, but I will not forgive them. I am not angry. Why should I be?"

Francesca sighed, for she did not understand the man, though hitherto she had always understood him, or thought that she had, ever since she had been a mere child playing with his colors and brushes in the Palazzo Braccio. She left the hall, and went to her own sitting-room on the other side of the house. As soon as she was alone, the tears came to her eyes. She was hardly aware of them, and when she felt them on her cheeks, she wondered why she was crying; for she did not often shed tears, and was a woman of singularly well-balanced nature, able to control herself on the rare occasions when she felt any strong emotion.

In spite of Reanda's conduct, she determined not to leave matters as they were without attempting to improve them. She wrote a note to Paul Griggs, asking him to come and see her during the afternoon.

He could not refuse to answer the summons, knowing, as he did, that he must in honor respond to any demand for an explanation coming from Reanda's side. Gloria wished him to reply to the note, giving an excuse, and hinting that no good could come of any meeting.

"It is a point of honor," he answered briefly, and she yielded, for he dominated her altogether.

Francesca received him in her own small sitting-room, which overlooked the square before the Palazzetto. It was very quiet, and there were roses in old Vienna vases. It was a very old-fashioned room, the air was sweet with the fresh flowers, and the afternoon sun streamed in through a single tall window. Francesca sat on a small sofa which stood crosswise between the window and the writing-table. She had a frame before her on which was stretched a broad band of deep-red satin, a piece of embroidery in which she was working heraldic beasts and armorial bearings in colored silks.

She did not rise or hold out her hand, but pointed to a chair near her as she spoke.

"I asked you to come," she said, "because I wish to speak to you about Gloria."

Griggs bent his head, sat down, and waited with a perfectly impassive face. Possibly there was a rather unusual aggressiveness in the straight lines of his jaw and his even lips. There was a short silence before Francesca spoke again.

"Do you know what you have done?" she asked, finishing a stitch, and looking quietly into the man's deep eyes.

He met her glance calmly, but said nothing, merely bending his head again very slightly.

"It is very wicked," said she, and began to make another stitch, looking down again.

"I have no doubt that you think so," answered Paul Griggs, slowly nodding a third time.

"It is not a question of opinion. It is a matter of fact. You have ruined the life of an innocent woman."

"If social position is the object of existence, you are right," he replied. "I have nothing to say."

"I am not speaking of social position," said Donna Francesca, continuing to make stitches.

"Then I am afraid that I do not understand you."

"Can you conceive of nothing more impor-

tant to the welfare of men and women than social position?"

"It is precisely because I do that I care so little what society thinks. I do not understand you."

"I have known you some time," said Francesca. "I had not supposed that you were a man without a sense of right and wrong. That is the question which is concerned now."

"It is a question which may be answered from more than one point of view. You look at it in one way, and I in another. With your permission, we will differ about it, since we can never agree."

"There is no such thing as differing about right and wrong," answered Donna Francesca, with a little impatience. "Right is right, and wrong is wrong. You cannot possibly believe that you have done right. Therefore, you know that you have done wrong."

"That sort of logic assumes God at the expense of man," said Griggs, calmly.

Francesca looked up with a startled expression in her eyes, for she was shocked, though she did not understand him.

"God is good, and man is sinful," she answered, in the words of her simple faith.

"Why?" asked Griggs, gravely.

He waited for her answer to the most tremendous question which man can ask, and he knew that she could not answer him, though she might satisfy herself.

"I have never talked about religion with an atheist," she said at last, slowly pushing her needle through the heavy satin.

"I am not an atheist, princess."

"A Protestant, then—"

"I am not a Protestant. I am a Catholic, as you are."

She looked up suddenly, and faced him with earnest eyes.

"Then you are not a good Catholic," she said. "No good Catholic could speak as you do."

"Even the apostles had doubts," answered Griggs. "But I do not pretend to be good. Since I am a man, I have a right to be a man, and to be treated as a man. If the right is not given me freely, I will take it. You cannot expect a body to behave as though it were a spirit. A man cannot imitate an invisible essence any more than a sculptor can imitate sound with a shape of clay. When we are spirits, we shall act as spirits. Meanwhile we are men and women. As a man, I have not done wrong. You have no right to judge me as an angel. Is that clear?"

"Terribly clear!" Francesca slowly shook her head. "And terribly mistaken," she added.

"You see," answered the young man, "it is impossible to argue the point. We do not speak the same language. You, by your nature, believe that you can imitate a spirit. You are spiritual by intuition and good by instinct, according to the spiritual standard of good. I am, on the contrary, a normal man, and destined to act as men act. I cannot understand you, and you, if you will allow me to say so, cannot possibly understand me. That is why I propose that we should agree to differ."

"And do you think you can sweep away all right and wrong, belief and unbelief, salvation and perdition, with such a statement as that?"

"Not at all," replied Griggs. "You tell me that I am wicked. That only means that I am not doing what you consider right. You deny my right of judgment, in favor of your own. You make witnesses of spirits against the doings of men. You judge my body, and condemn my soul. And there is no possible appeal from your tribunal, because it is an imaginary one. But if you will return to the facts of the case, you will find it hard to prove that I have ruined the life of an innocent woman, as you told me that I had."

"You have! There is no denying it."

"Socially, and it is the fault of society. But society is nothing to me. I would be an outcast from society for a much less object than the love of a woman, provided that I had not to do anything dishonorable."

"Ah, that is it! You forget that a man's honor is his reputation at the club, while the honor of a woman is founded in religion, and maintained upon a single one of God's commandments—as you men demand that it shall be."

Griggs was silent for a moment. He had never heard a woman state the case so plainly and forcibly, and he was struck by what she said. He could have answered her quickly enough. But the answer would not have been satisfactory to himself.

"You see, you have nothing to say," she said. "But in one way you are right. We cannot argue this question. I did not ask you to come in order to discuss it. I sent for you to beg you to do what is right, as far as you can. And you could do much."

"What should you think right?" asked Griggs, curious to know what she thought.

"You should take Gloria to her father, as you are his friend. Since she has left her husband, she should live with her father."

"That is a very simple idea!" exclaimed the young man, with something almost like a laugh.

"Right is always simple," answered Francesca, quietly. "There is never any doubt about it."

She looked at him once, and then continued

to work at her embroidery. His eyes rested on the pure outline of her maidenlike face, and he was silent for a moment. Somehow, he felt that her simplicity of goodness rebuked the simplicity of his sin.

"You forget one thing," said Griggs at last. "You make a spiritual engine of mankind, and you forget the mainspring of the world. You leave love out of the question."

"Perhaps — as you understand love. But you will not pretend to tell me that love is necessarily right, whatever it involves."

"Yes," answered the young man; "that is what I mean. Unless your God is a malignant and maleficent demon, the overwhelming passions which take hold of men, and against which no man can fight beyond a certain point, are right, because they exist and are irresistible. As for what you propose that I should do, I cannot do it."

"You could, if you would," said Francesca. "There is nothing to hinder you, if you will."

"There is love, and I cannot."

XXXIV.

PAUL GRIGGS left Francesca with the certainty in his own mind that she had produced no impression whatever upon him, but he was conscious that his opinion of her had undergone a change. He was suddenly convinced that she was the best woman he had ever known, and that Gloria's accusations were altogether unjust and unfounded. Recalling her face, her manner, and her words, he knew that whatever influence she might have had upon Reanda, there could be no ground for Gloria's jealousy. She certainly disturbed him strangely, for Gloria was perfect in his eyes, and he accepted all she said almost blindly. The fact that Reanda had struck her now stood in his mind as the sole reason for the separation of husband and wife.

Gloria was far from realizing what influence she had over the man she loved. It seemed to her, on the contrary, that she was completely dominated by him, and she was glad to feel his strength at every turn. Her enormous vanity was flattered by his care of her, and by his uncompromising admiration of her beauty as well as of her character, and she yielded to him purposely in small things that she might the better feel his strength, as she supposed. The truth, had she known it, was that he hardly asserted himself at all, and was ready to make any and every sacrifice for her comfort and happiness. He had sacrificed his pride to borrow money from a friend to meet the first necessities of their life together. He would have given his life as readily.

They led a strangely lonely existence in the little apartment in the Via della Frezza. The world had very soon heard of what had happened, and had behaved according to its lights. Walking alone one morning while Griggs was at work, Gloria had met Donna Tullia Meyer, whom she had known in society, and thoughtlessly enough had bowed as though nothing had happened. Donna Tullia had stared at her coldly, and then turned away. After that, Gloria had realized what she had already understood, and had either not gone out without Griggs, or, when she did, had kept to the more secluded streets, where she would not easily meet acquaintances.

Griggs worked perpetually, and she watched him, delighting at first in the difference between his way of working and that of Angelo Reanda; delighted, too, to be alone with him, and to feel that he was writing for her. She could sit almost in silence for hours, half busy with some bit of needlework, and yet busy with him in her thoughts. It seemed to her that she understood him; she told him so, and he believed her, for he felt that he could not be hard to understand.

He was as singularly methodical as Reanda was exceptionally intuitive. She felt that his work was second to her in his estimation of it, but that, since they both depended upon it for their livelihood, they had agreed together to put it first. With Reanda, art was above everything and beyond all other interests, and he had made her feel that he worked for art's sake rather than for hers. There was a vast difference in the value placed upon her by the two men in relation to their two occupations.

"I have no genius," said Griggs to her one day. "I have no intuitions of underlying truth. But I have good brains, and few men are able to work as hard as I. By and by, I shall succeed and make money, and it will be less dull for you."

"It is never dull for me when I can be with you," she answered.

As he looked, the sunshine caught her red auburn hair, and the love-lights played with the sunshine in her eyes. Griggs knew that life had no more dullness for him while she lived; and as for her, he believed what she said.

Without letting him know what she was doing, she wrote to her father. It was not an easy letter to write, and she thought that she knew the savage old Scotchman's temper. She told him everything. At such a distance, it was easy to throw herself upon his mercy, and it was safer to write him all while he was far away, so that there might be nothing left to rouse his anger if he returned. She had no lack of words with which to describe Reanda's treatment of her; but she was also willing to take all the blame of the mistake she had made in marrying him. She had ruined her life before it had begun,

she said. She had taken the law into her own hands, to mend it as best she could. Her father knew that Paul Griggs was not like other men — that he was able to protect her against all comers, and that he could make the world fear him if he could not make it respect her. Her father must do as he thought right. He would be justified, from the world's point of view, in casting her off and never remembering her existence again, but she begged him to forgive her, and to think kindly of her. Meanwhile, she and Griggs were wretchedly poor, and she begged her father to continue her allowance.

If Paul Griggs had seen this letter, he would have been startled out of some of his belief in Gloria's perfection. There was a total absence of any moral sense of right or wrong in what she wrote, which would have made a more cynical man than Griggs look grave. The request for the continuation of the allowance would have shocked him, and perhaps disgusted him. The whole tone was too calm and business-like. It was too much as though she were fulfilling a duty, and seeking to gain an object rather than appealing to Dalrymple to forgive her for yielding to the overwhelming mastery of a great passion. It was cold, it was calculating, and it was, in a measure, unwomanly.

When she had sent the letter, she told Griggs what she had done; but her account of its contents satisfied him with one of those brilliant false impressions which she knew so well how to convey. She told him rather what she should have said than what she had really written, and, as usual, he found that she had done right.

It was not that she would not have written a better letter if she had been able to compose one. She had done the best that she could. But the truth lay there; for the letter was composed as an expression of what she knew that she ought to feel, and was not the actual outpouring of an overful heart. She could not be blamed for not feeling more deeply, or for her inability to express what she did not feel. But when she spoke of it to the man she loved, she roused herself to emotion easily enough, and her words sounded well in her own ears and in his. To the last, he never understood that she loved such emotion for its own sake, and that he helped her to produce it in herself. In the comparatively simple view of human nature which he took in those days, it seemed to him that if a woman were willing to sacrifice everything, including social respectability itself, for any man, she must love him with all her heart. He could not have understood that any woman would give up everything, practically, in the attempt to feel something of which she was not capable.

In reply to her letter, Dalrymple sent a draft for a considerable sum of money through his banker. The fact that it was addressed to her at the Via della Frezza was the only indication that he had received her letter. In due time Gloria wrote to thank him, but he took no notice of the communication.

"He never loved me," she said to Griggs as the days went by, and brought her nothing from her father. "I used to think so when I was a mere child, but I am sure of it now. You are the only human being that ever loved me."

She was pale that day, and her white hand sought his as she spoke, with a quiver of the lip.

"I am glad of it," he answered. "I shall not divide you with any one."

So their life went on, somewhat monotonously after the first few weeks. Griggs worked hard, and earned more money than formerly, but he discovered very soon that it would be all he could do to support Gloria in bare comfort. He would not allow her to use her own money for anything which was to be in common, or in which he had any share whatever.

"You must spend it on yourself," he said. "I will not touch it. I will not accept anything you buy with it — not so much as a box of cigarettes. You must spend it on your clothes or on jewels."

"You are unkind," she answered. "You know how much pleasure it would give me to help you."

"Yes; I know. You cannot understand, but you must try. Men never do that sort of thing."

And, as usual, he dominated her, and she dropped the subject, inwardly pleased with him, and knowing that he was right.

His strength fascinated her, and she admired his manliness of heart and feeling as she had never admired any qualities in any one during her life. But he did not amuse her, even as much as she had been amused by Reanda. He was melancholic, earnest, hard-working, not inclined to repeat lightly the words of love once spoken in moments of passion. He meant, perhaps, to show her how he loved her by what he would do for her sake, rather than tell her of it over and over again. And he worked as he had never worked before, hour after hour, day after day, sitting at his writing-table almost from morning till night. Besides his correspondence, he was now writing a book, from which he hoped great things — for her. It was a novel, and he read her day by day the pages he wrote. She talked over with him what he had written, and her imagination and dramatic intelligence, forever grasping at situations of emotion for herself and others, suggested many variations upon his plan.

"It is my book," she often said, when they had been talking all the evening.

It was her book; and it was a failure because it was hers and not his. Her imagination was disorderly, to borrow a foreign phrase, and she was altogether without any sense of proportion in what she imagined. He did not, indeed, look upon her as intellectually perfect, though for him she was otherwise unapproachably superior to every other woman in the world. But he loved her so wholly and unselfishly that he could not bear to disappoint her by not making use of her suggestions. When she was telling him of some scene she had imagined, her voice and manner, too, were so thoroughly dramatic that he was persuaded of the real value of the matter. Divested of her individuality, and transferred in his rather mechanically over-correct language to the black and white of paper and ink, the result was disappointing, even when he read it to her. He knew that it was, and wasted time in trying to improve what was bad from the beginning. She saw that he failed, and she felt that he was not a man of genius. Her vanity suffered because her ideas did not look well on his paper.

Before he had finished the manuscript, she had lost her interest in it. Feeling that she had, and seeing it in her face, he exerted his strength of will in the attempt to bring back the expression of surprise and delight which the earlier readings had called up; but he felt that he was working uphill and against heavy odds. Nevertheless, he completed the work, and spent much time in fancied improvement of its details. At a later period in his life he wrote three successful books in the time he had bestowed upon his first failure, but he wrote them alone.

Gloria's face brightened when he told her that it was done. She took the manuscript and read over parts of it to herself, smiling a little from time to time, for she knew that he was watching her. She did not read it all.

"Dedicate it to me," she said, holding out one hand to find his, while she settled the pages on her knees with the other.

"Of course," he answered; and he wrote a few words of dedication to her on a sheet of paper.

He sent it to a publisher in London whom he knew. It was returned with some wholesome advice, and Gloria's vanity suffered another blow, both in the failure of the book which contained so many of her ideas, and in the failure of the man to be successful; for in her previous life she had not been accustomed to failure of any sort.

"I am afraid I am only a newspaper man, after all," said Paul Griggs, quietly. "You will have to be satisfied with me as I am. But I will try again."

"No," answered Gloria, more coldly than she usually spoke. "When you find that you cannot do a thing naturally, leave it alone. It is of no use to force talent in one direction when it wants to go in another."

She sighed softly, and busied herself with some work. Griggs felt that he was a failure, and he felt lonely, too, for a moment, and went to his own room to put away the rejected manuscript in a safe place. It was not his nature to destroy it angrily, as some men might have done at his age.

When he came back to the door of the sitting-room he heard her singing, as she often did when she was alone. But to-day she was singing an old song which he had not heard for a long time, and which reminded him painfully of that other house in which she had lived, and of that other man whom she never saw, but who was still her husband.

He entered the room rather suddenly, after having paused a moment outside, with his hand on the door.

"Please do not sing that song!" he said quickly, as he entered.

"Why not?" she asked, interrupting herself in the middle of a stave.

"It reminds me of unpleasant things."

"Does it? I am sorry. I will not sing it again."

But she knew what he meant, for it reminded her of Reanda. She was no longer so sure that the reminiscence was all painful.

XXXV.

In spite of all that Griggs could do, and he did his utmost, it was hard to live in anything approaching to comfort on the meager remuneration he received for his correspondence, and his pride altogether forbade him to allow Gloria to contribute anything to the slender resources of the small establishment. At first it had amused her to practise little economies, even in the matter of their daily meals. Griggs denied himself everything which was not absolutely necessary, and it pleased Gloria to imitate him, for it made her feel that she was helping him. The housekeeping was a simple affair enough, and she undertook it readily. They had one woman servant as cook and maid-of-all-work, a strong young creature, not without common sense, and plentifully gifted with that warm, superficial devotion which is common enough in Italian servants. Gloria had kept house for her father long enough to understand what she had undertaken, and it seemed easy at first to do the same thing for Griggs, though on a much more restricted scale.

But the restriction soon became irksome. In a more active and interesting existence she

would perhaps not have felt the constant pinching of such excessive economy. If there had been more means within her reach for satisfying her hungry vanity, she could have gone through the daily round of little domestic cares with a lighter heart, or, at least, with more indifference. But she and Griggs led a very lonely life, and, as in all lonely lives, the smallest details became important.

It was not long before Gloria wished herself in her old home in the Corso, not indeed with Reanda, but with Paul Griggs. He had made her promise to use only the money he gave her himself for their housekeeping. She secretly deceived him, and drew upon her own store, and listened in silence to his praise of her ingenuity in making the little he was able to give her go so far. He trusted her so completely that he suspected nothing.

She expected that at the end of three months her father would send her another draft; but the day passed, and she received nothing, so that she at last wrote to him again, asking for money. It came, as before, without any word of inquiry or greeting. Dalrymple evidently intended to take this means of knowing from time to time that his daughter was alive and well. She would be obliged to write to him whenever she needed assistance. It was a humiliation, and she felt it bitterly, for she had thought that she had freed herself altogether, and she found herself still bound by the necessity of asking for help.

It seemed very hard to be thus shut off from the world in the prime of her youth, and beauty, and talent. To a woman who craved admiration for all she did and could do, it was almost unbearable. Paul Griggs worked and looked forward to success, and was satisfied in his aspirations, and more than happy in the companionship of the woman he so dearly loved.

"I shall succeed," he said quietly, but with perfect assurance. "Before long we shall be able to leave Rome, and begin life somewhere else, where nobody will know our story. It will not be so dull for you there."

"It is never dull when I am with you," said Gloria; but there was no conviction in the tone any more. "If you would let me go upon the stage," she added, with a change of voice, "things would be very different. I could earn a great deal of money."

But Paul Griggs was as much opposed to the project as Reanda had been, and in this one respect he really asserted his will. He was so confident of ultimately attaining success and fortune by his pen that he would not hear of Gloria's singing in public.

"Besides," he said, after giving her many and excellent reasons, "if you earned millions, I would not touch the money."

She sighed for the lost opportunities of brilliant popularity, but she smiled at his words, knowing how she had used her own money for him, and in spite of him. But for her own part, she had lost all belief in his talent since the failure of the book he had written.

The long summer days were hard to bear. He was not able to leave Rome, for he was altogether dependent upon his regular correspondence for what he earned, and he did not succeed in persuading his editors to employ him anywhere else, for the very reason that he did so well what was required of him where he was.

The weather grew excessively hot, and it was terribly dreary and dull in the little apartment in the Via della Frezza. All day long the windows were tightly closed to keep out the fiery air, both the old green blinds and the glass within them. Griggs had moved his writing-table to the feeble light, and worked away as hard as ever. Gloria spent most of the hot hours in reading and dreaming. They went out together early in the morning and in the evening, when there was some coolness, but during the greater part of the day they were practically imprisoned by the heat.

Gloria watched the strong man, and wondered at his power of working under any circumstances. He was laborious as well as industrious. He often wrote a page over two or three times, in the hope of improving it, and he was capable of spending an hour in finding a quotation from a great writer, not for the sake of quoting it, but in order to satisfy himself that he had authority for using some particular construction of phrase. He kept notebooks in which he made long indexed lists of words which in common language were improperly used, with examples showing how they should be rightly employed.

"I am constructing a superiority for myself," he said once. "No one living takes so much pains as I do."

But Gloria had no faith in his painstaking ways, though she wondered at his unflagging perseverance. Her own single great talent lay in her singing, and she had never given herself any trouble about it. Reanda, too, though he worked carefully, and often slowly, worked without effort. It was true that Griggs never showed fatigue, but that was due to his amazing bodily strength. The intellectual labor was apparent, however, and he always seemed to be painfully overcoming some almost unyielding difficulty by sheer force of steady application, though nothing came of it, so far as she could see.

"I cannot understand why you take so much trouble," she said. "They are only newspaper articles, after all, to be read to-day and forgotten to-morrow."

"I am learning to write," he answered. "It takes a long time to learn anything, unless one has a great gift, as you have for singing. I have failed with one book, but I will not fail with another. The next will not be an extraordinary book, but it will succeed."

Nothing could disturb him, and he sat at his table day after day. He was moved by the strongest incentives which can act upon a man, at the time when he himself is strongest; namely, necessity and love. Even Gloria could never discover whether he had what she would have called ambition. He himself said that he had none, and she compared him with Reanda, who believed in the divinity of art, the temple of fame, and the reality of glory.

In the young man's nature Gloria had taken the place of all other divinities, real and imaginary. His enduring nature could no more be wearied in its worship of her than it could be tired in toiling for her. He resented only the necessity of cutting out such a main part of the day for work as left him but little time to be at leisure with her.

She complained of his industry, for she was tired of spending her life with novels, and the hours hung like leaden weights upon her, dragging with her as she went through the day.

"Give yourself a rest," she said, not because she thought he needed it, but because she wished him to amuse her.

"I am never tired of working for you," he answered, and the rare smile came to his face.

With any other man in the world she might have told the truth, and might have said frankly that her life was growing almost unbearable, buried from the world as she was, and cut off from society. But she was conscious that she should never dare to say as much to Paul Griggs. She was realizing, little by little, that his love for her was greater than she had dreamed of, and immeasurably stronger than what she felt for him.

Then she knew the pain of receiving more than she had to give. It was a genuine pain of its kind, and in it, as in many other things, she suffered a constant humiliation. She had taken herself for a heroic character in the great moment when she had resolved to leave her husband, intuitively sure that she loved Paul Griggs with all her heart, and that she should continue to love him to the end, in spite of the world. She knew now that there was no endurance in the passion.

The very efforts she made to sustain it contributed to its destruction; but she continued to play her part. Her strong dramatic instinct told her when to speak, and when to be silent, and how to modulate her voice to a tender appeal, to a touching sadness, to the strength of suppressed emotion. It was for a good object, she told herself, and therefore it must be right. He was giving his life for her, day by day, and he must never know that she no longer loved him. It would kill him, she thought; for with him it was all real. She grew melancholy, and thought of death. If she died young, he would never guess that she had not loved him to the very last.

In her lonely thoughts she dwelt upon the possibility, for it was a possibility now. There was that before her which, when it came, might turn life into death very suddenly. She had moments of tenderness when she thought of her own dead face lying on the white pillow, and the picture was so real that her eyes filled with tears. She would be very beautiful when she was dead.

The idea took root in her mind; for it afforded her an inward emotion which touched her strangely and cost her nothing. It gained in fascination as she allowed it to come back when it would, and the details of death came vividly before her imagination as she had read of them in books — her own white face, the darkened room, the candles, Paul Griggs standing motionless beside her body.

One day he looked from his work and saw tears on her cheeks. He dropped his pen as though something had struck him unawares; and he was beside her in a moment, looking anxiously into her eyes.

"What is it?" he asked, and his hands were on hers and pressed them.

"It is nothing," she answered. "It is natural, I suppose —"

"No; it is not natural. You are unhappy. Tell me what is the matter."

"It is foolish," she said, turning her face from him. "I see you working so hard day after day. I am a burden to you — it would be better if I were out of the way. You are working yourself to death. If you could see your face sometimes!" And more tears trickled down.

His strong hands shook suddenly.

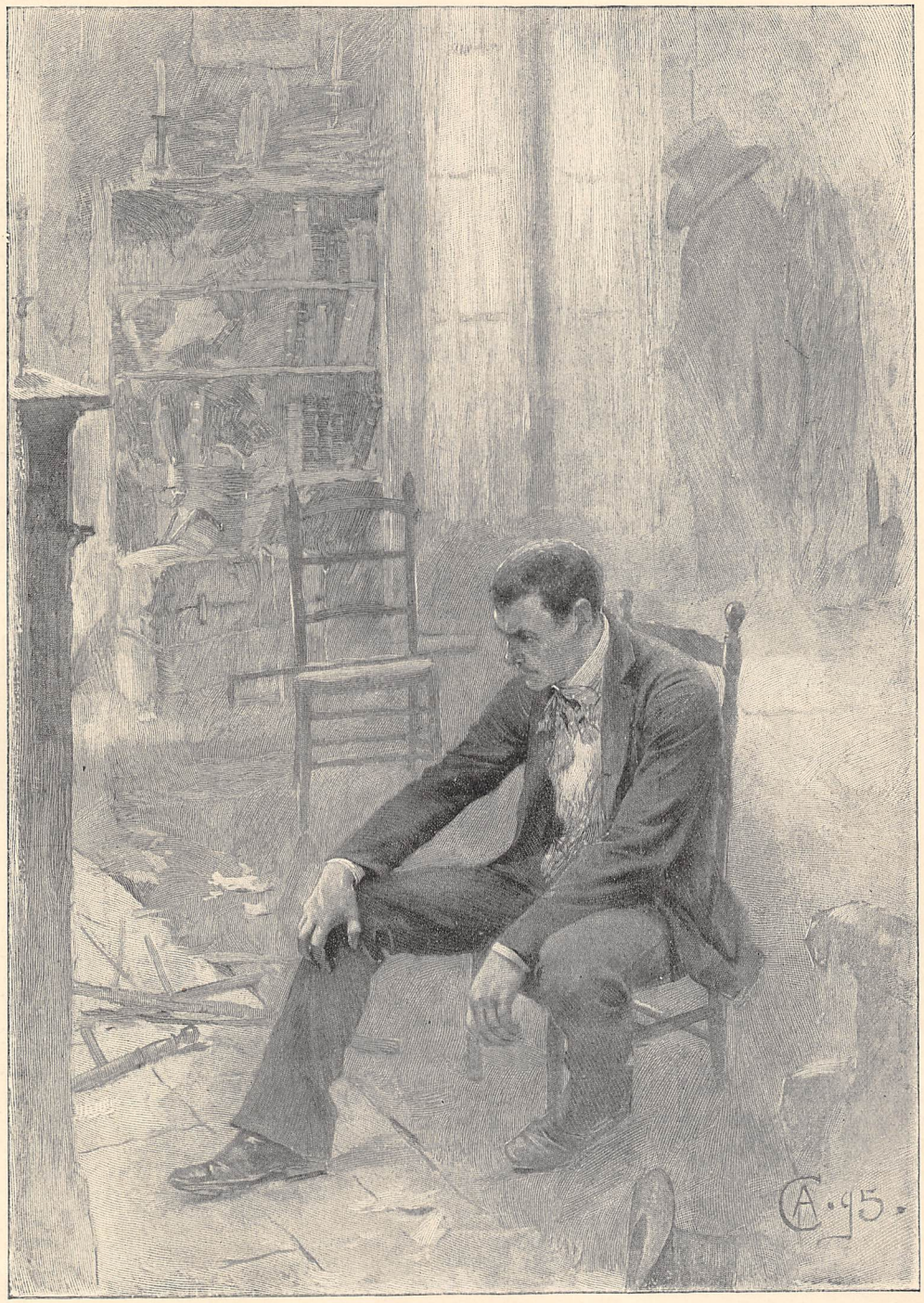
"I am not working too hard — for me," he answered; but his voice trembled a little. "One of your tears hurts me more than a hundred years of hard work. Even if it were true — I would rather die for you than live to be the greatest man that ever breathed — without you."

She threw her arms about his neck, and hid her face upon his shoulder.

"Tell me you love me!" she cried. "You are all I have in the world!"

"Does it need telling?" he asked, soothing her.

Then all at once his arms tightened so that she could hardly draw breath for a moment, and his head was bent down, and rested for an



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

"THE HORROR OF POVERTY SMOTE HIM."

(SEE PAGE 342.)

instant upon her neck, as though he himself sought rest and refuge.

"I think you know, dear," he said.

She knew far better than he could tell her, for the truth of his passion shook the dramatic and artificial fabric of her own to its foundations; and even as she pressed him to her, she felt that secret repugnance which those who do not love feel for those who love them overmuch. It was mingled with a sense of shame which made her hate herself, and she began to suffer acutely.

When she thought of Reanda, as she now often did, she longed for what she had felt for him, rather than for anything she had ever felt for Paul Griggs. In the pitiful reaching after something real, she groped for memories of true tenderness, and now and then they came back to her from beyond the chaos which lay between, as memories of home come to a man cast after many storms upon a desert island. She dwelt upon them, and tried to construct an under-life out of the past, made up only of sweet things among which all that had not been good should be forgotten. She went for comfort to the days when she had loved Reanda, before their marriage — or when she had loved his genius as though it were himself, believing that it was all for her.

Beside her always, with even, untiring strength, Paul Griggs toiled on, his whole life based and founded in hers, every pen-stroke for her, every dream of her, every aspiration and hope for her alone. He was splendidly unconscious of his own utter loneliness, blankly unaware of the life comedy — or tragedy — which Gloria was acting for him out of pity for the heart she could break, and out of shame at finding out what her own heart was. Had he known the truth, the end would have come quickly and terribly. But he did not know it. The woman's gifts were great, and her beauty was greater. Greater than all was his whole-souled belief in her. He had never conceived it possible, in his ignorance of women, that a woman should really love him. She, whom he had first loved so hopelessly, had given him all she had to give, which was herself, frankly and freely. And after she had come to him, she loved him for a time beyond even self-deception. But when she no longer loved him, she hid her secret, and kept it long and well; for she feared him. He was not like Reanda. He would not strike only; he would kill, and make an end of both.

But she might have gone much nearer to the truth without danger. It was not his nature to ask anything or to expect much, and he had taken all there was to take, and knew it, and was satisfied.

(To be continued.)

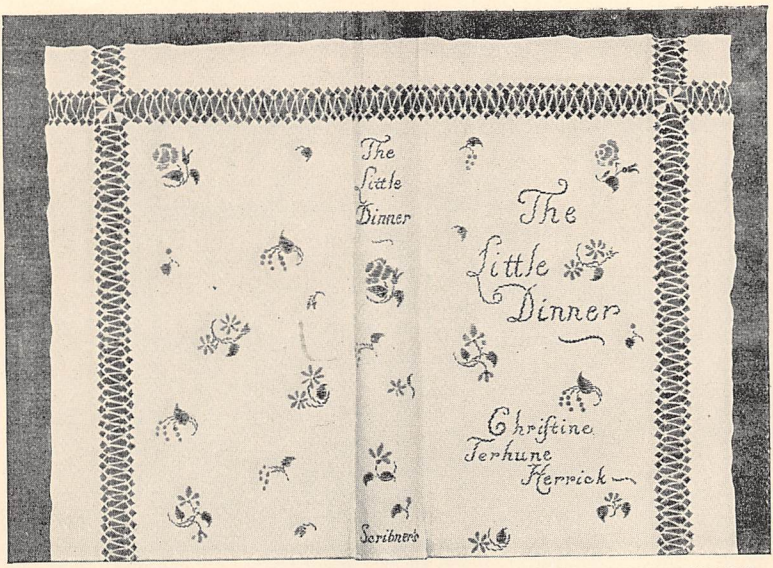
F. Marion Crawford.

BOOKS IN PAPER COVERS.

NOTES OF A BOOK-LOVER

WHEN the soliloquizer in the "Spanish Cloister" wished to consign *Brother Lawrence*, his heart's abhorrence, to sudden and certain damnation, he determined to put within his enemy's reach his "scrofulous French novel," to glance at which is the ruin of the soul. Although the poet does not so declare it in as many words, I have always believed that this scrofulous French novel was loosely clad in a cover of yellow paper, flimsy beyond question, and as easily destroyable as the soul of *Brother Lawrence*. Whether it be due to the French fiction which the British bard declared to be afflicted with the king's evil, or whether it be due to our American stories, sentimental and adventurous, of the kind familiar since the war as "dime novels," or whether it be due to some more recondite cause, there is no denying the fact that "yellow-covered literature" is not in good odor with book-lovers. Even the collector, who nowadays despises nothing, be it never so humble, treats with contempt books stitched into paper covers — mere *brochures*, as the French call them. So far as I know, not any book-lover is now gathering the books of all sorts which go forth to swift oblivion guarded against hard usage only by a wrapper of paper. There are collectors of book-plates, of postage-stamps, of pictorial posters, but I have never heard of a collector of paper covers. And yet, as the paper cover must needs be the work of a typographer or of a color-printer, of a lithographer or of a designer in black and white, there seems to be no reason why it should be scorned when all else is cherished. The reasons for this neglect are not easy to declare when we consider the many wrappers prepared for magazines, for catalogues, for novels, and for children's books, by artists like Messrs. Elihu Vedder and Stanford White, Will H. Low and Joseph Pennell, Walter Crane and Randolph Caldecott, Luc-Olivier Merson, Carloz Schwabe, and Jules Chéret.

In one of the pleasantest essays of "As We Were Saying," Mr. Warner discusses the "Clothes of Fiction," and remarks on the sum-



DESIGNED BY MARGARET NEILSON ARMSTRONG. NEW YORK : CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

mer and the winter apparel of romance. "As certainly as the birds appear, comes the crop of summer novels, fluttering down upon the stalls, in procession through the railway trains, littering the drawing-room tables, in light paper covers, ornamental, attractive in colors and fanciful designs, as welcome and grateful as the girls in muslin. . . . In the winter we prefer the boards and the rich heavy binding, however light the tale may be; but in the summer, though the fiction be as grave and tragic as wandering love and bankruptcy, we would have it come to us lightly clad — out of stays, as it were." The publishers understand this

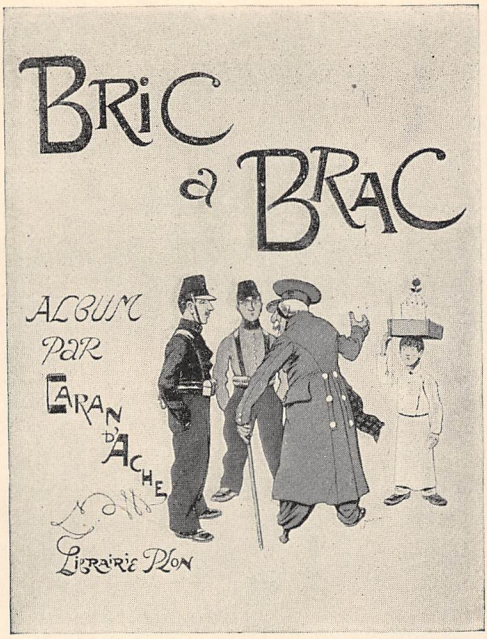


DESIGNED BY GEORGE AURIOL. FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. E. B. HOLDEN. PARIS : MAY & MOTTEROZ.



DESIGNED BY CARLOZ SCHWABE. FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. E. B. HOLDEN. PARIS : E. FLAMMARION.

desire of the public, and they send forth their summer novels in loosely fitting garments — fancy flannel shirts, so to speak, and striped blazers. Sometimes the outside is adorned with an illustration taken from the inside of the book, as were Mr. Janvier's "Uncle of an Angel," made attractive by Mr. Smedley's alluring picture of Narragansett Pier, and M. Daudet's "L'Immortel," brightened by M. Rossi's pert ballet-dancer. Sometimes the wrapper is treated with decorative sobriety, as was Mr. Howells's "Hazard of New Fortunes," with its somber symbol of fate. Sometimes, indeed, the outside cover is merely an external title-page, having a chaste typographic beauty quite distinct from the pictorial and from the decorative: such, for example, is the stiff paper casing of Mr. De Vinne's "Plantin and the



DESIGNED BY CARAN D'ACHE. PARIS : E. PLON NOURRIT & CO.

Plantin-Moretus Museum," as it was sent forth by the Grolier Club. But this typographic severity would seem a little austere, perhaps, if applied to a summer novel: yet it is thus that the popular Scribner yellow-covered series is attired. Akin to this, and yet not wholly similar, are the side-stamps designed by Mr. Stanford White and by Mr. Francis Lathrop for the successive collections of proofs from this magazine.

In England the railway novel is incased in boards sheathed with paper; and this cover is adorned more often than not with a crude and hard illustration of some scene in the story, printed in three colors generally, and woefully void of art or charm of any sort. Mr. William Morris has reminded us that "to give people pleasure in the things they must perforce *use*, that is one great office of decoration; to give people pleasure in the things they must perforce *make*, that is the other use of it." Possibly the man who must perforce use the ordinary British railway novels is so demoralized by them that he can take delight in the staring and vulgar pictures on the covers of these tales; but surely no man could have found pleasure in making anything so grotesquely inartistic.

Perhaps the reason for this stupidly violent lack of art is to be found in a blind following of a tradition established long before the recent revival of the decorative arts in Great Britain. I have "A Comic Alphabet, designed, etched, and published by George Cruikshank, No. 23 Myddleton Terrace, Pentonville, 1837," the paper cover of which has a hint of humorous suggestion in it, perhaps, but which is emphatically empty and awkward. To discover the advance made by the British in knowledge of the principles of decoration and the development of their skill in the application of these principles, it needs only a setting of this Cruikshank cover over against the wrapper designed by Mr. Walter Crane for the catalogue of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition held at the New Gallery in London in 1888. This is indeed a pleasure to the user, as it was obviously a pleasure to the maker. (To Mr. Walter Crane's services to children, also a labor of love, I shall return again.)

Another admirable wrapper made in England—although by an American this time—is the fresh and characteristic cover which Mr. Joseph Pennell devised for the cheaper British edition of Mr. Laurence Hutton's invaluable "Literary Landmarks of London." As quaint as Mr. Pennell's, and in its way as original, is Miss Armstrong's suggestion of a daintily embroidered napkin in which was wrapped Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick's pleasant advice as to "The Little Dinner."

These designs of Mr. Pennell's and Miss Armstrong's were printed in colors; and it is in colors that the most attractive of recent French paper covers have been printed, sometimes by one of the more modern processes of chromo-



DESIGNED BY LOUIS MORIN. PARIS : L. CONQUET.
FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. E. B. HOLDEN.



DESIGNED BY WALTER CRANE. BY PERMISSION OF EDMUND EVANS. LONDON : GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.

typography, and sometimes by the elder method of chromolithography. Here the paper cover of the published book has been influenced by the extraordinary development of the pictorial poster in France. Many of the best of the colored wrappers of recent French books have been but pictorial posters seen through the small end of the opera-glass. More than once in these cursory papers on various phases of the complex art of the bookbinder has there been occasion to dwell upon the interdependence of the arts, and upon their reflex action one on the other. And here is another instance. The French pictorial poster was developed by M. Jules Chéret and his followers and rivals just in time to be of use to the publishers who wished to send forth their books clad in paper coats of many colors. The same artists — M. Chéret, M. Grasset, M. Willette — were called upon, and the book-covers which they designed were conceived wholly in the spirit of the pictorial poster.

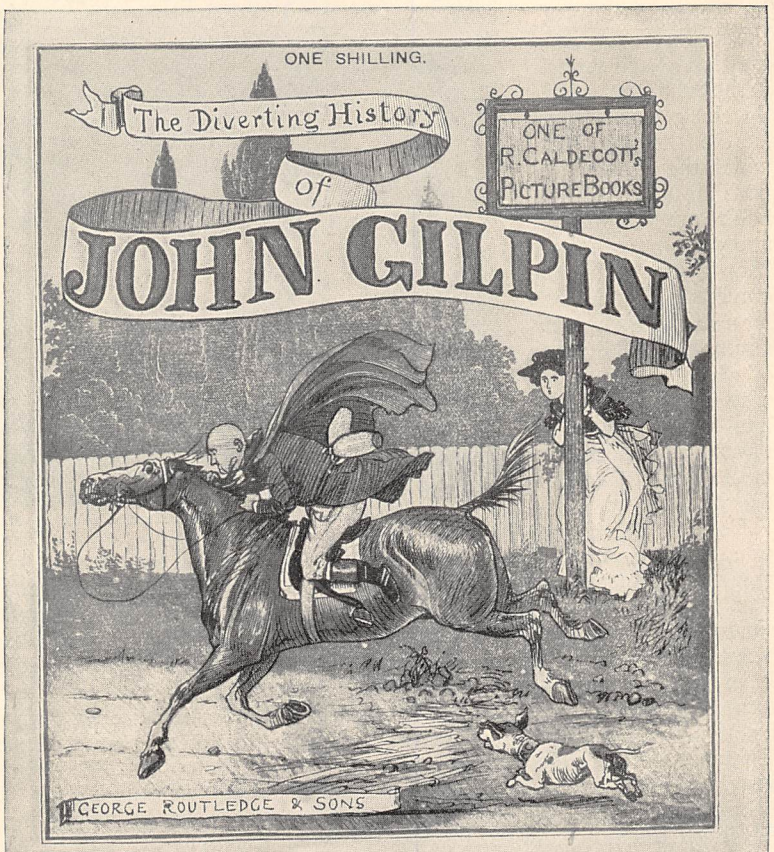
Indeed, the alliance between these two forms of chromatic decoration had been close for some time. Certain of M. Chéret's boldest and most vigorous compositions were for the purpose of advertising new books or new editions — M. Robida's "Rabelais," for example, and the "Three Musketeers" of the elder Dumas. Perhaps the point of contact is to be sought in the wrappers for sheet-music and for the scores of operas. The drawing prepared by M. Georges Clairin for M. Massenet's opera "Le Cid" had been enlarged to serve as a poster; and M. Willette's delightfully characteristic design of the old and young Pierrots for the pantomime of "L'Enfant Prodigue" did double duty in like manner. And in a little paper on the development of the pictorial poster (printed in this magazine in September, 1892) I have already

hinted at the influence exerted on this art by the brilliant school of chromolithographic draftsmen to whom we owe the dazzling colored covers of Milanese sheet-music.

In M. Chéret's book-covers we see the same freshness of touch, the same Japanese freedom of design, the same fantasy of invention, the same exceeding skill in the combination and contrast of simple colors, which delight us in his pictorial posters. We see also the same ingenuity in the adapting of the means to the end. M. Chéret's decoration, when he has been most inspired, consists of a single design covering the back and both of the sides of the wrapper, and adroitly devised so that each side has its own ornament. An excellent example of this is his cover for a sensational novel called "Pile de Pont," with its single stalwart figure of a man projected blackly within the light circle made by an arch of the bridge and its reflection in the water flowing placidly beneath, while the bridge extends its successive arches one behind the other across the back and around the other side of the wrapper. Another example is the cover of M. Lefèvre's "Scaramouche," with its Mephistophelian figure silhouetted sharply above the joyous trio of Pierrot, Columbine, and Harlequin. This wrapper is unusually effective and harmonious in color.

Of M. Willette's cover for "L'Enfant Prodigue" I have already made mention. Of M. Grasset's cover for the "Dix Contes" of M. Jules Lemaître I have no space to speak at length. It is one of the most elaborate and sumptuous of French paper covers, and, like M. Grasset's pictorial posters, it suggests the rich and solid translucency of stained glass. Modern and French as are both M. Grasset and M. Chéret, one seems to have found his inspiration in a medieval cathedral, and the other in a Japanese theater. In the rich polychromatic design made by M. Auriol for M. Octave Uzanne's "Contes pour les Bibliophiles," perhaps the first thing to strike us is a certain rigidity of the reading figures which pass before us in "stained-glass attitudes." In the equally unusual and effective decoration which M. Carloz Schwabe devised for M. Émile Zola's ecclesiastical tale, "Le Rêve," probably what we note before anything else is the strange complication of the design and its elaborate symbolism.

Of M. Steinlen I know no pictorial poster; but none the less is he the author of two of the most novel of recent French book-covers. One is for a book of M. Aristide Bruant's unconventional and unspeakable songs of the Paris streets, "Dans la Rue." It consists of a file of sandwichmen, beginning with a weather-worn old fellow (on the front), and extending (around the back) out into the gas-lit darkness of a damp and wintry boulevard. The other was made for one of M. Jules Moinaux's humorous legal year-books, "Les Tribunaux Comiques." Here the artist makes a clever and novel combination of figures colored naturally with solid silhouettes extending in pan-



DESIGNED BY R. CALDECOTT. BY PERMISSION OF EDMUND EVANS. LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.

oramic procession around the back of the volume.

Less unexpected are two other French paper covers herewith reproduced. Full of character is that which appears on the outside of "Bric-à-Brac," an album of comic sketches by that delightful pictorial humorist, the Franco-Russian who calls himself Caran d'Ache. Pleasantly rococo is the eighteenth-century flavor of the design with which M. Louis Morin has adorned the cover of a recent illustrated edition of Gautier's "Le Petit Chien de la Marquise."

One of the most amusing of M. Chéret's covers is that prepared for the illustrated catalogue of the "Exposition des Arts Incoherents" in 1886; it is as artistic and as incoherent as any of the studio jokes which may have been shown in the exhibition itself. Specially noteworthy is the humor with which the pictures on both the sides and the back are combined and yet kept separated. Mr. Harry Furniss confined his design for a British pamphlet about the "Pictures of 1891" to the front of the wrapper, which had for its center a palette with portraits of the best-known artists of London.



DESIGNED BY KATE GREENAWAY. BY PERMISSION OF EDMUND EVANS. LONDON : GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.

Covers of exhibition catalogues seem closely akin to covers of magazines, except that the former may be sportive, while the latter are condemned to greater seriousness by reason of their longer permanence. Many of the leading artists of the day have designed wrappers for magazines. The former cover of THE CENTURY was invented by Mr. Stanford White, and redrawn by Mr. Elihu Vedder, and the present cover was devised by Mr. Stanford White; that of the new "Scribner's" by Mr. Stanford White; that of the "English Illustrated Magazine" by Mr. Walter Crane. Messrs. Abbey and Parsons prepared the cover for the British edition of "Harper's"—to my mind far more appropriate than the cover of the American edition, a reminiscence of the old "Bentley's Miscellany." Mr. Francis Lathrop drew a dignified cover-design for the dead-and-gone "Manhattan"; and M. Luc-Olivier Merson made a design equally dignified for the equally defunct "Paris Illustré." Mr. Bertram Goodhue's wrapper for his quarterly "Knight-Errant," with its vague suggestion of "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came," is worthy to be compared with the "Century Guild Hobby-Horse"—also the organ of authors and artists dissatisfied with their environment and with their epoch. To be noted also are certain of the covers made by Mr. W. H. Bradley for the Chicago "Inland Printer"; and not to be omitted is the graceful and classic design by Mr. Will H. Low now seen on "The Book Buyer." The German "Daheim" changes

its cover with every issue; and of course it is only now and again that the result of the change is altogether an improvement.

A former cover of "St. Nicholas," the children's magazine, was designed by Mr. Walter Crane, to whom, for that and for other things, the gratitude of the nursery is forever due. Its present cover was drawn by Harold B. Sherwin. When Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, in "A Child's Garden of Verses," sings of "Picture-Books in Winter," he tells us that

> All the pretty things put by,
> Wait upon the children's eye,
> Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
> In the picture story-books.
>
> We may see how all things are
> Seas and cities, near and far,
> And the flying fairies' looks,
> In the picture story-books.

These illuminated horn-books, these tomes of youthful joy, are the guerdon of the children of the present. The children of the past knew them not. "The New England Primer" had a cover of the utmost typographic severity, and as scornful of vain delights as the "Bay Psalm Book" itself. Learning was not made alluring for the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers, not for their grandsons. I doubt not that Jonathan Edwards would have denounced "Reading without Tears" as a pestilent and irreligious work.

Yet a score of years before the American metaphysician was born, a French metaphysician had published a book on the "Education of Daughters," in which he advised that the young be taught to read in cheerful fairy-tales, so that the labor might be lightened. Fénelon even ordered that a well-bound book be given to the child — a book with gilt edges and fine illustrations. But the treatise of the Archbishop of Cambrai had been written originally for his friends the Duke and Duchess of Beauvilliers; and only in the households of the rich could the children be gratified and incited by well-bound books with gilt edges and fine engravings.

For the most part the little volumes prepared for the use and behoof of the young were but shabby things, and often little better than chap-books. The first edition of Goldsmith's "Goody Two Shoes" — if indeed it be Goldsmith's of a surety — is rudely manufactured; and so were most books for the young until within a quarter of a century ago. They were vilely illustrated, and they had colored covers crude and violent in outline and tint. Then — it was in 1865 — Mr. Walter Crane began designing children's toy-books in association with Mr. Edmund Evans, engraver and color-printer. In 1870 was published "This Little Pig went to Market," with its strong, definite outlines, and its flat, bright colors, and with its cover as seemly, as decorous, and as decorative as any baby, however fastidious, might wish. In 1875 began another series of eight larger toy-books, with a uniform wrapper; among these were "Beauty and the Beast" and "An Alphabet of Old Friends." Then, in 1876, came "The Baby's Opera," and in 1879 "The Baby's Bouquet," and in 1886 "The Baby's Own Æsop," all attired in printed paper covers mounted on pasteboard, harmonious in color and inventive in design. And all these books and many more were devised by Mr. Crane, not for the children of the rich only, not for the daughters of the Duchess of Beauvilliers, but for the children of the poor, able to pay only a sixpence, it might be, for the beginning of the baby's library.

After Mr. Crane had shown the way, Miss Kate Greenaway began to follow in his footsteps with her exquisite little books for little people; and so did the late Randolph Caldecott, with his more robust drawing. It was in 1878 that Caldecott published the first of his picture-books — "The House that Jack Built"; and in the same year came out the second — "John Gilpin." Fourteen more appeared in the next seven years, ending with "The Great Panjandrum Himself," which bore the date of 1885. It was in 1879 that Miss Greenaway published the first of her picture-books, the well-known "Kate Greenaway's Little Folks' Painting-Book," and in the same year came also her "Under the Window." The "Kate Greenaway Birthday-Book" bears the date of 1880, and the "Mother Goose" appeared the year after.

I have been able to give only a hasty glance over a field where there is much to be gleaned by the patient laborer; but I trust I have succeeded in showing that the paper cover is not a thing to be despised, that it may be a thing of beauty, and that it may be a thing of value. One word of warning, and I have done: never destroy the paper cover of a book, even of the least important pamphlet. The integument is an integral part of the book; and if the book is worth keeping, so is its cover, which should be bound in always. The wrapper may contain advertisements or other information, or it may have a portrait or some other illustration not contained within the book itself; and then if you remove the wrapper your book will never be perfect. To the expert it will seem always to be short of something, defective, incomplete, even though it should be in the binding of a Trautz-Bauzonnet or of a Cobden-Sanderson.

Brander Matthews.



CORINNA'S FIAMMETTA.

"YES," said my cousin Corinna, as we finished our coffee; "if I ever join another society, it will be for the education of the cultivated classes."

"And for the evangelization of Christians," I added, as I knew her hobbies, "and the enrichment of the lives of the wealthy."

"Certainly," said Corinna; "but it is all the same thing. The main trouble is ignorance. Our rich people would be better Christians and have a better time if they knew more about the world they live in."

"But I know all you can tell me about our rich people," I protested; "so we may as well go into the drawing-room and talk about something else."

My cousin Corinna — more exactly, my father's cousin Corinna — is nearly fifty years old; but she is handsome still, and charming, and from the way she looks I think she must always be very well dressed. She has a good house, in which she lives by herself, and a good income, every particle of which she spends. Her husband died many years ago, and her child. Now her love is humanity's, and her babies are the children of the poor. Nevertheless, she likes to amuse herself, and finds amusement even in that kind of society which, when it speaks of itself, pronounces its name as though it were spelled with seven large capital letters. She abuses it in the way I have noted; but she says she is not inconsistent. To be called a conscientious appraiser of human beings teases her terribly; what she calls herself is a student of human nature. Human nature, she explains, can be studied best where it reveals itself most clearly; and this means among the very poor, who have never learned the value of reticence, and among fashionable folk, who forget it in their narrow assumption that your point of view must be precisely like their own. Here, says Corinna, you may really read what lies at the bottom of people's minds, while among widely experienced men and women of other sorts you are kept at a distance, for they realize that your standpoint may not be theirs.

These are her theories. Her instinctive practice is to make herself so very agreeable to every one she meets that she is soon in a position to plant home-thrusts without offense. And, indeed, it would be wrong to take offense at Corinna's home-thrusts, for they are not malicious: they are affectionately conscientious. There are plenty of people whom she does not like; but I think she loves them all in a broad kind of way, and understands them all. If she has most indulgence for the sins of the humblest, that, she would tell you, is because congenital blindness excuses many missteps.

When I had found my cigar in the drawing-room, and she had seated herself cozily with her hands in her lap, — for Corinna knows that a useful woman should not waste herself upon useless trifles of labor, — she recited a few of the exasperating anecdotes which she delights to bring home from the dinner-tables of her high-placed friends.

"I sometimes think," she declared, "that the most exact science pursued in this town is the science of shutting one's eyes to facts. One of my neighbors at dinner last night told me that no 'worthy' person could really want for food in New York. I asked him how he knew, and what he meant by worthy, and he began to talk to the woman on the other side. On my other side there was a nice old gentleman who talked about the cholera, and said it came only from bad water, and, fortunately, purified water sells by the demijohn for twenty-five cents, which, of course, even the poorest people can afford. I asked him how they could all afford twenty-five cents for water when thousands have not always five cents for beer."

"You flippant Corinna!" I exclaimed.

"Flippant — yes," said Corinna; "but it does no good to be serious with people who

don't believe a word you say, first, because they would rather not, and secondly, because their minds are n't flexible enough. I offered to take my old gentleman to see two women who live and pay rent on three dollars a week. He thought that was a joke, too, and when he found I was in earnest, he only laughed the louder. And then, after we left the table, there was a young woman who said that she could n't take any personal interest in poor people, because they have no 'finer feelings'— they care only about things to eat and to wear."

"You seem to have kept your friends pretty closely to uncongenial subjects," I remarked.

"Don't be silly. You know I never follow up such subjects. I only try to throw out what my school-mistress used to call 'suggestive hints which may lead one to the roots of things.' But this woman did exasperate me, for she herself had n't feeling enough even to care about things to wear. I wanted to tell her about a girl who lives on Avenue A, but she would not have understood: I never saw a more unintelligent gown than the one she had on. The story would have been appropriate, too, because they had just been lamenting over Mary Cannon — the girl you met here last winter."

"I remember. She married a man who died a month afterward, did n't she?"

"Yes; they said last night that she married him because she would have had to earn her own living if she had n't, and that she was n't in love with him, but that she liked him very much, and that it was hard on her that he should die. I felt like saying there were harder things than that, as she does n't have to earn her living now. But I kept still. They would have called me cynical. And I am not cynical; I merely know about the harder things."

"Tell me about the woman on Avenue A," I begged.

"No; I don't want to bore you," said Corinna.

When Corinna says this, I know she wants to tell her tale whether she bores me or not; and she was persuaded in this instance by the thought that I might write it out.

"When you are an editor," she remarked, "you will have lots of conflicting things to attend to; while you are a reporter you should devote yourself to telling truths. Only, you cannot really tell about my Italian girl, and I cannot either, because she herself is the main thing. And one has to see her to appreciate her."

"She is an Italian, is she?" I asked, to start Corinna straight.

"A hybrid," she explained; "half Italian, and wholly indescribable. There are not very many grown-up half Italians in New York yet. The whole ones have n't been coming here long enough. But once in a while you find them, and they always are queer. This girl — I can't help calling her a girl — had an Italian mother and a German father. Her name is Fiammetta."

"That 's nice," I said.

"But for a time it was also Frau Klump, which was n't so nice. I wish you could hear her talk. She speaks Italian best, but with German and English mixed in; and she prefers to struggle with English because her children speak that. Really, you have to know the very worst of all three languages to understand her. Of course, things like 'Da lahdy iss sehr, sehr good-a,' any one can grasp; but if she goes any deeper than this she flounders dreadfully, and so do her hearers. That is why I was told about her. I can speak Italian. She was n't one of my people; mine are almost all Irish. But a woman who nurses sick people in the tenement-houses on the East Side —"

"Do you mean Mrs. Alleyn?" I asked.

"Yes; but how on earth do you know anything about Mrs. Alleyn?"

"Oh, it 's my business to know all the earth. I often cross Mrs. Alleyn's beat, and she has told me some very amusing things."

"Some of those she tells me," said Corinna, "might be a great deal more amusing. I was not a bit amused by her account of Fiammetta Klump. She was not simply a woman in trouble, but a 'case,' and one that promised to be chronic. She could n't support herself, and was getting to be a confirmed pauper. Mrs. Alleyn did not use this term, though; she likes it no better than I do. Just then Fiammetta had some special trouble on her mind: Mrs. Alleyn could not make out what, because of her jargons; and so my wider accomplishments were called in. I went to see her in a day or so. I wish you could see her — or, rather, I don't, for you might fall in love with her, she is so sweet, and touching, and irresponsible, and altogether fetching. And the best of her is that she has no idea she is fetching. It is harder to deceive Mrs. Alleyn than me, even; and she thinks, as I do, that a more modest, gentle, docile, good, innocent, ignorant little donkey does n't live. Heaven knows how she came to be so sweet and to stay so innocent. But Heaven does that sort of thing sometimes. It seems to know less about 'heredity' and 'environment' than we do.

"Is Fiammetta pretty?" I asked.

"Prettier than you can imagine. She looks like an Italian — all but her expression. She is three or four beautiful shades of brown, and her eyes are as big as tea-cups. But she does n't laugh all over her face like an Italian; she only smiles or giggles, and then she looks as Gretch-

eny as though she had blonde pigtails instead of brown curls. She has no brothers or sisters, and her father and mother are dead; so one can't really study heredity in her. And her environment has been about like other people's on Avenue A; only, one can see that her mother never let her run in the street or go to the public school; if she had, she would speak English better. Before her father died he married her to a German a good deal older than herself. He must have been a decent fellow, for she burst into tears when she talked about him. He died, too, about a year and a half ago; and then the baby died. That was when Mrs. Alleyn found her. But she has four children still — seven, six, five, and four years old; and she is only twenty-five herself. There was nothing she would n't tell me. She did n't ask me for money, but she did n't conceal the fact that she was getting it from other people. Her husband's brother helped her as much as he could, she said, but it was 'varra small-a.' And there were several societies — a German Half-orphan Society and an Italian Widows' Society among them; that shows the advantage of being a hybrid. She got only a dollar or two a month from each, and it was wonderful how she lived even among so many. But of course it was all wrong."

"If she was so awfully good," I inquired, "why did n't she work?"

"She could n't," Corinna explained. "She would have tried anything if I had told her to — tried to paint pictures if I had shown her how. But she did n't know how to do the simplest thing. She could cook very well, as such people do cook; but that was all. She could n't sew, or keep her rooms tidy, much less keep her children in order. She was n't lazy; she was forever fussing at the rooms and correcting the children, but it was perfectly useless. Dirt and infancy were both too much for her. A society agent had tried to set her at work at something, — she did n't exactly know what, — putting the children in a day-nursery. But the children would n't go to a day-nursery. She argued with them about it the first day I saw her, and it was awful, the way those mites stood up against her. 'I won't go,' they said, Four, Five, Six, and Seven all together; 'I won't go, and you can't make me, nor nobody else, nuther'; and they stuck up their chins, and she began to cry, and I saw that that was the end of it. You cannot have agents to carry children every morning to day-nurseries, and you cannot expect mothers to leave them when they insist upon staying at home. There was nothing hybrid about the children; they were real little New Yorkers, and spoke the real New York language. Not one of them was as big a baby as Fiammetta herself — a grown-up brown baby, with four cleverer real babies hanging on to her. What could any one do about it?" And Corinna sighed at the retrospect.

I was moved to sighing, too, as I considered Fiammetta's husband. "What do you suppose he thought of an ineffectual wife like that?" I asked.

"Adored her, of course," said my cousin, "just as men of our class adore just the same kind of woman. Men don't mind incompetence when it is sweet, or stupidity when it is n't actively idiotic. And Fiammetta is very far from idiotic. She can't do an intelligent thing, but she could n't do a downright silly one. She simply does nothing. Her children won't mind her, but they are forever hugging and kissing her. She can't keep them out of the street, but they run in every five minutes to tell her what is happening. When I think how charmingly happy she must have made Klump, I am very sorry, for his sake, that he is dead. And I told you she knows how to cook."

"I suppose that answers," I acknowledged. "But what was the special trouble Mrs. Alleyn could not understand?"

"About a man, of course," said Corinna; "a cousin of hers — a whole Italian — Paolo Something-or-other. As I made things out, he had been in love with her when she was a little girl, and had wanted to marry her before she married Klump. But her father would n't allow him to, and she herself did n't want him to. She 'like-a Paolo' — oh, of course — he was her cousin; she 'like-a Paolo, ah, varra mach-a'; but he was rough, she explained, and rude and cross, and most cross when he made love to her most. And he made love to other girls, too, and drank sometimes, and she was afraid of him. Evidently she had been very glad of Klump as a protection against his tragic rival. As long as Klump lived Paolo did not trouble her — Klump must have been a good deal of a man, I think; and when he died Paolo was away, peddling in the country. But now he had come back to New York, and was selling fruit down by the newspaper offices. And he was annoying her terribly when Mrs. Alleyn came to me."

"Did he want to marry her?" I inquired.

"I asked Fiammetta that, and she said, 'Ah, non, non, non!' and opened her eyes in amazement. Not Paolo — how should he? He was too selfish and too lazy. Paolo had got over his wish to marry anybody. He boasted all the time how well he was getting on, and how much money he had in the bank, and all because he had n't married any one, and had n't any children to feed. And he boasted, too, that he went where he chose and was questioned by nobody; and instead of

having one woman scold him, every girl in New York smiled at him. Marry Fiammetta and her four naughty *bambini!* No; not Paolo! But he bothered her all the same, protesting that she had no one else to 'protect' her. His way of protecting her was to come to her rooms, which discredited her with the neighbors; to scold her till she cried, because she did not go to work; to goad her with his fat bank account; and to break her soft little heart by telling her that although he himself did not care for her any longer, he was glad, all the same, that Klump was dead. Then one day he tried to kiss her. That was when she poured out her woes to Mrs. Alleyn."

"Pleasing party!" I commented. "What did you do about him?"

"Oh, that was easy," replied Corinna. "One of the children pointed him out to me at his fruit-stand, and I had a little talk with him. I told him that I was a friend of Fiammetta's, — no, that Fiammetta was a friend of mine,— and that he must let her alone, never go near her place, and never speak to her if he could not speak civilly. I said that if he did n't behave like a gentleman I would have his license taken away; and that was an effectual truth. He seemed to be doing a magnificent trade, and so he was sensible, if surly. He did n't bother Fiammetta again, though she told me he watched her, and used to speak to her in the street now and then.

"That was the worst of Fiammetta's troubles just then," continued my cousin, after a pause which I utilized in regretting that such fine simplicities of interference are not possible in higher social circles. "But it was not the worst of mine. I could see nothing ahead for the Klump family but plain 'pauperism,' and that meant ruin for the children. Not for Fiammetta — you might as well talk about ruining a kitten by giving it milk for nothing. A person has to have some intelligence to be depraved by charity, and Fiammetta has n't a shred of anything except affections, and pretty, gentle, grateful instincts."

"And all that did n't exasperate you?"

"Of course it did; but I don't exactly know with what. Certainly not with Fiammetta. She did n't create herself, and she had n't made herself any worse since she was created. She knew she ought to work, because everybody else did, and it was the normal way to get food for her children. But she did not know, and no one could have shown her, that she ought not to take money which she had n't worked for. People had it, and gave it; she had n't it, and took it. It was perfectly simple. And she did n't complain when she had to take, or even when there was nothing to take. She cried when the children were hungry, but never grasped the idea that the world owed her or them a living. You felt like that when you were five years old, and nobody blamed you. And Fiammetta is not more than three, and won't be if she lives to be ninety-three. So I just let things go on in the same way for several months, helping her a little myself, of course, for they sometimes came pretty near starving. And then I heard about a place on Staten Island where they take widows with little children, and teach the children something. I hate institutions, but they are not so bad when they take the mothers too; and this seemed better than getting perpetual scraps of charity, and letting the children run wild. So I arranged to have the Klump family admitted, and went to persuade Fiammetta. It took about half an hour of my very worst Italian to make her understand what the scheme was, and then she by no means jumped at it. She did n't say that she would not go — such energy and insubordination were quite beyond her. And she acknowledged that it would be a 'varra lofla t'ing' for the children. But would she have to go with them? I asked her whether she would like to part from them, and the tears came into her eyes, but she did not answer. Then she asked whether, if she did go, she could ever get out again. I said, certainly; whenever she wished; but she would hardly wish it until the children were big enough to work for her. 'You know, Fiammetta,' I told her, 'you are much too silly to take care of yourself.' Yes, she knew this; but — there might be some one else to do it without waiting till the children got big."

"Oh, ho! Another man to the front!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; I told you Fiammetta was that kind. It was another German this time, a friend of her husband's, but even older — very old — 'forta, forta-fife' — quite antique. Until just lately she had not seen him since her husband died. They had lived in the same house before that, and the men had worked together in a brewery. This one — his name was Schmaus (Fiammetta has n't been lucky in surnames) — had a wife then, an invalid. I asked Fiammetta whether he had been fond of her even then, and I felt wicked and brutal enough when I saw her expression. Ah, non, non, non! How could that be? How could the 'dear lady' think? He was *married*, and he loved his wife, and was very, very kind to her. No, no, indeed. He had just been Klump's very good friend; and when Klump died — he was scalded at the brewery — he had been Fiammetta's good friend, and had arranged things for her, and managed the funeral — and paid for it, too, I divined. Then Fiammetta had moved away, and had moved again two or three times since; and the

Schmauses had lost sight of her. But Mrs. Schmaus had died three months before she told me all this, and a few days before Schmaus had appeared, and had asked her to marry him. Not just at once, of course; he ought to wait, and he wanted to wait, until his wife had been dead six months. But he had to think of the children and of himself, too, and he had never forgotten Fiammetta, and with a good deal of trouble had traced her out; and would she let him know pretty soon whether she would consent at the end of the time which respect for the first Mrs. Schmaus prescribed? And Fiammetta was in a most confused condition of mind. Should she? Ought she to? Would it be 'nice'— or, as we should say, the proper thing? That was the question — not whether it would be to her worldly advantage. This was indisputable. Schmaus had only ten dollars a week, and he had two daughters, and ten dollars among eight is n't much; but it is a good deal more than no dollars among five, and a man to take care of you is a great thing — a quiet, steady man who is sure to be good to you and to look after the children. I did not wonder Fiammetta was tempted, and I was perfectly delighted myself at the thought of this honorable way out of her tangle. It may seem odder to you that Schmaus was tempted, but you don't know Fiammetta. However, her 'finer feelings' stood in the way. She had never thought of marrying again, and was afraid it might not be delicate under the circumstances —her husband's good friend, and she had been fond of his wife. And so soon — only six months! And would n't he get tired of the naughty *bambini* when he found how naughty they were? She could n't ask the priest about such things: he had n't any *bambini*, and did n't know anything about getting married. I don't think, by the way, that Fiammetta ever made much of her priest, perhaps on account of her German blood. Would the 'dear lady' say what she thought, for she herself could not decide? Any one could see that she could not; she could only stammer and blush, and perplex her empty little brain-box, and let two big tears roll down her cheeks. But the 'dear lady' decided at once. A solid treasure like Schmaus, I told her, was not to be missed. I did not tell her it was wrong to live on charity if one could help it, even in an institution; but I said it was very disagreeable, and might make the children grow up to be idlers; bad things of Paolo's sort would probably be coming in view if she were not in an institution and did not get married; and so, if she did not dislike Mr. Schmaus — No, no, no! she exclaimed; she did *not* dislike him — certainly not; not by any means! He reminded her of Klump, and he never was cross, and never drank too much. She would actually 'lofe mach-a' to marry him, if the 'dear lady' approved and thought Klump would not have minded. I told her he certainly would not if he had been the man I thought him; and so when Mr. Schmaus came for his answer —"

"He got a promise, good at three months," I broke in. "And they were married, and lived happily ever after, ten dollars a week among eight, and no pauperization at all. Thank you, Corinna. It is a nice little story, and I wish I could see your nice little Fiammetta."

"Do you call that a story?" asked Corinna. "It is n't finished yet. Yes; they were married; and before they were I had some funny interviews with Fiammetta: she was so afraid of not being nice enough to Schmaus, and just as much afraid of not being discreet enough in the eyes of the world. She asked me how often he ought to come to see her in the evenings, and how late he ought to stay. It was hard to advise her — standards are so different! And one day there was a very grave question indeed. It was just after they were engaged, and good old Schmaus evidently had twinges of conscience, thinking that Fiammetta might regret her hasty bargain. He had asked her to come on Sunday, with all four children, to spend the day with him and his two. The elder daughter was twelve, and could cook the dinner. Then Fiammetta could see whether she wanted to ratify the bargain; and meanwhile she need not consider it binding. Fiammetta was not afraid about this, but she wished very much to see her future establishment; only, would it be 'nice-a' to go? — good form, as Miss Mary Cannon might have said in a similar case. Would her future neighbors think the less of her? I told her I thought they might, although in the bottom of my heart my reason was that, on general principles, it is not well to do everything your future husband suggests. So she never saw the new home till after the wedding; and when I saw her in it, a few days later, she was prettier than ever. Perhaps the surroundings helped; for, really, the way those Schmaus children could scrub and wash and polish and dust would have been a lesson to my servants. And of course they were enchanted to do it for Fiammetta: it is n't everybody that has such a beautiful new mama, who not only lets you do things, but lets you do them just as you choose. But this was about the last of Fiammetta's good luck."

"You don't mean to say that she has had any more bad luck?" I asked.

"Yes, I do," said Corinna. "That is the story. I was sent for in a hurry early one morning. The little Schmaus girl came for me, and told my maid that something terrible had happened; the child was too upset to tell what, but

something about her father. I got there as soon as I could. The house was n't tidy that day. The six children were crying in a heap in one corner. Fiammetta was on the bed in another corner, making no noise, but with tears streaming down her face. On another bed in the inner room was Schmaus — dead, with a stab-wound in his back. And about twenty neighbors were pushing and lamenting and chattering in a dozen different languages. They went out when they saw me, all but two or three women; and from them I got exclamatory explanations — enough to tell the main facts. It was Paolo. He had raged, an Italian girl said, when he heard Fiammetta was married. He did n't dare to go to her place, but he had insulted her on the street, and had finally ventured to insult Schmaus, too, when he met him at night. He would n't have met him if he had not been looking for him, for it was not his part of the town. Of course no one knew how often this had happened (for Schmaus had said nothing to Fiammetta), or knew what had passed between the two men. But, the night before, this Italian girl had been standing near when Paolo brushed against Schmaus and spoke to him. She did n't hear what Schmaus growled back, but when Paolo answered, she saw Schmaus hit him a blow on the side of the head, and turn to go in the doorway. He might have known that the fellow would pull out his knife."

"Oh, I remember now!" I exclaimed. "It was n't my assignment; but I heard the man who had it talking at the office. Only, his version was a little different — with regard to Fiammetta."

"Oh, of course, of course!" cried Corinna. "You need n't tell me what he said — and put in the paper, probably. But what I say is the truth. Paolo was locked up, and they will hang him, I suppose. But that will only make it worse for Fiammetta, because she blames herself for the whole thing. I don't suppose she ever blamed herself for anything before; but this was enough to make a woman even of her. Not a sensible woman, of course,— a poor little plaintive, vaguely remorseful thing, saying that if she had n't married Schmaus so soon it would n't have happened, and if she had n't married Schmaus at all it would n't have happened, and if she had n't been so nice to Paolo it would n't have happened, and if she had been nicer to Paolo it would n't have happened — over and over again in her pitiful jargons. And then she would throw herself on the bed beside Schmaus, and beg him to forgive her, and beg his children to forgive her, till she nearly frightened them to death. It was horrible — horrid — awful!" said Corinna. "It happened two weeks ago, and Fiammetta is just the same still. She will get over it after a while, and be a vague, peaceful baby again. But it is not pleasant to see her now. I saw her yesterday, just before I went out to dinner. I suppose that was what made me so impatient with those people." There were tears in Corinna's voice as she finished.

"Yes," I said; "it was awful — it must be horrid. But I don't think you are impatient, dear. I wonder you have any patience at all with any of us. What are you going to do about Fiammetta now?"

"Oh, don't ask me!" cried Corinna. "Don't ask me. What *can* I do? There are seven of them now instead of five. Fiammetta would not know how to take care of them if I were to die and leave her all my money. And the place on Staten Island is full. What can any one do? We are all just as foolish and ineffectual as Fiammetta. She does n't know how to take care of herself, and we don't know how to take care of her. If only the powers above did not seem as unwise too! Think of the good that the power we call death might do, and the evil it actually does! It kills the one among eight who is the life of them all; and we have to kill a devil like Paolo ourselves, because it refuses to. Then — then — oh, there are millions of children in the world whom nobody knows what to do with; and only one comes to a woman who might know — and it —" And now there were tears on the hands that lay in Corinna's lap.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

THE CHANGELINGS.

WHO are the friends that draw anear,
Whose coming fills my soul with cheer?
The foes whom once I feared to meet —
Old Age and Death? How changed! How sweet!

Jeannie Oliver Benson.

BRYANT AND THE BERKSHIRE HILLS.

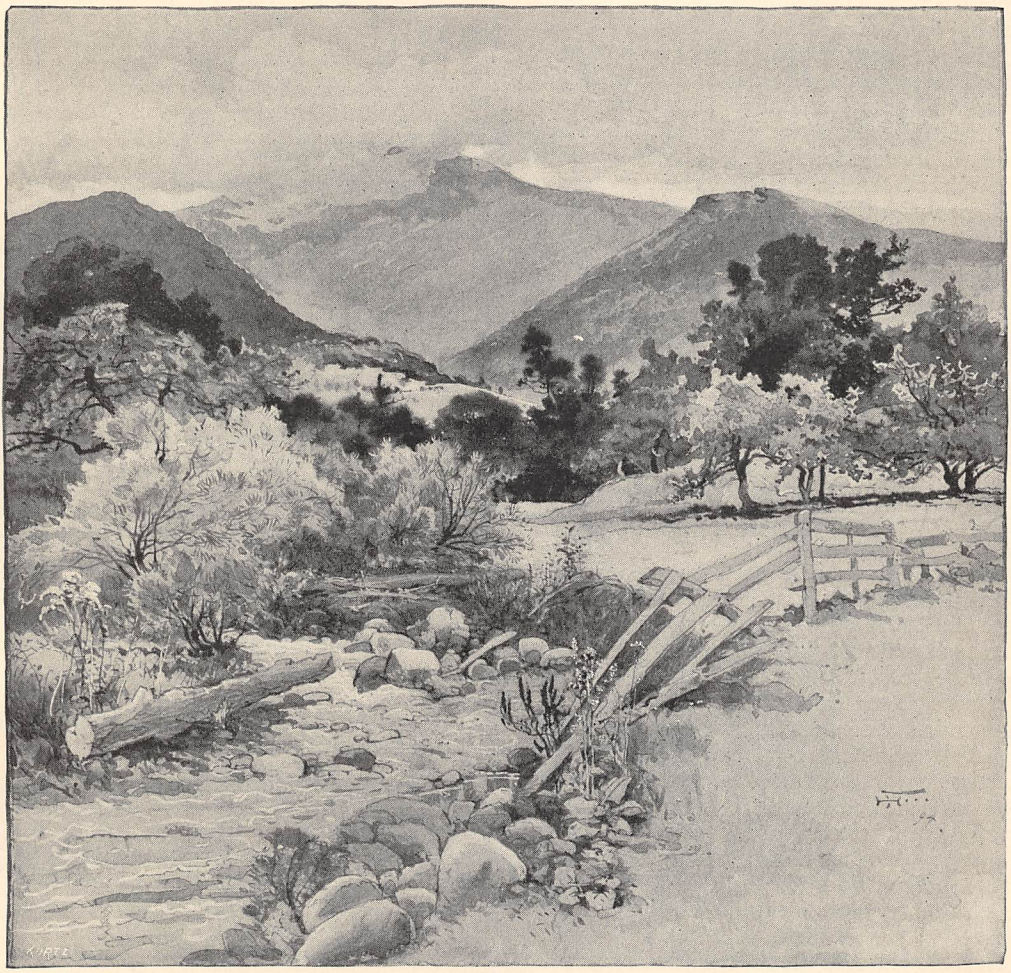
WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN.

MAN and nature have both done their part to give to the Berkshire region of Massachusetts a charm and character peculiarly its own.

A spur of the Green Mountains, running down through Massachusetts and losing itself in Connecticut and New York, gives to the country dignity at least, if not grandeur. In the north, Saddleback, the loftiest mountain in the State, overlooks the college village of Williamstown and the manufacturing towns of Adams and North Adams, while Mount Everett, otherwise called the Dome, dominates the south. The Housatonic River, rising near Pittsfield, winds in many and beautiful curves through the valleys; and meadow, mountain, and river lend their several charms to a diversified and satisfying landscape. In no other part of America do the wildness of nature and the finish of cultivation more beautifully blend: nowhere do they lie in closer contact. A severe but invigorating climate gives energy to mind and body; the somber grandeur of the winter alternates with a wealth of summer life, when the laurel clothes the hillsides with its tender glow and the bobolink floods with song the meadows, which the blossoms fill with beauty; abundant water-power tempts enterprise into varied industries, and a not infertile soil affords a livelihood to a sturdy farming race, always the basis of a strong and stable community. It is a region for which nature has done much, blending both her sterner and her kindlier forces to produce a country the charm of which has long appealed to many of the most observant and cultivated minds both in the Old World and the New. It has been called the Piedmont of America.

And this region, so favored by nature, owes much of its character and interest to its history as well. Settled later than the sea-coast, the western part of the State was in its beginnings made up of more varied elements than the eastern. From the valley of the Connecticut colonists pushed through the mountain-gaps into that of the Housatonic; the hills attracted settlers from the flat and sandy lands of Cape Cod; while the Dutch from New York have left in name and character their impress upon the Berkshire people of to-day. Spiritual and intellectual forces were largely prominent in the laying of its foundations, and such forces have contributed and continued their influences ever since. Missionary zeal, represented by such names as Eliot and Sargeant, founded Stockbridge. Jonathan Edwards here spent the years which represented the prime and fullness of his powers. Ephraim Williams, the fighter in the French and Indian war, dying on the battle-field, left his fortune to plant and endow the college which bears his name. Mark Hopkins, Berkshire born and bred, another Arnold of Rugby, set his stamp upon a whole generation; throughout its history, soldiers, saints, and scholars have both represented and impressed its life. The reasonings of Jonathan Edwards, which for good and evil have had so great an influence upon theological thought, found their most powerful expression in his treatise on the will, which was written while he lived in Stockbridge. Lenox heard the last public utterances of Channing; his successor, Orville Dewey, born a hundred years ago (1794), at Sheffield, long made that place his home; and there, too, were born the two Barnards, one the president of Columbia College, the other the soldier scholar of our Civil War. Oliver Wendell Holmes lived for years at Pittsfield. Catharine Maria Sedgwick drew around her at Stockbridge and Lenox a distinguished circle of the best literary society of our own country, and many cultivated wanderers from the Old World. Fanny Kemble here made for years her home. Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, Herman Melville, Beecher, G. P. R. James, George William Curtis, Matthew Arnold, and others lingered among and loved the beauty of these hills, where plain living and high thinking have found noble expression in the past, and where here and there they still survive, spite of the inflowing tide of wealth and luxury that floods the Berkshire of to-day.

It is a little land, but one which has contributed more than its share to the forces which have shaped and are shaping the life of our country and our time. Before the Philadelphia Congress of 1776, or the famous Mecklenburg Convention of 1775, a congress of deputies from the several towns in Berkshire met at Stockbridge, John Ashley being president, Theodore Sedgwick secretary, and some sixty delegates being in attendance. A covenant was agreed upon, to be signed by the people of the country, engaging "not to import, purchase, or consume, or suffer any person for, by, or under them, to import, purchase, or consume



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

GREYLOCK FROM THE NORTH, NEAR WILLIAMSTOWN.

in any manner whatever, any goods, wares, or manufactures which should arrive in America from Great Britain, from and after the first day of October next, or such other time as should be agreed upon by American Congress; nor any goods which should be ordered from thence from and after that day until our charter and Constitutional rights should be restored." Before the battles of Concord and Bunker Hill a regiment of minute-men had been formed, and the Berkshire men were on the march for Cambridge and Bunker Hill the day after the news of the battle of Lexington was received. In the trying times and critical periods which followed the Revolution, the hardest blow which was struck at Shays's rebellion was at Sheffield. It was Mumbet, the ex-slave and faithful servant in the Sedgwick family, whose case drew forth the judicial decision that the soil of Massachusetts could not hold a slave. Under the haystack at Williamstown began the movement which has girdled the world with a chain of American missions, while in Stockbridge was born and now lies buried the man over whose grave are carved the simple and significant words, "Cyrus West Field, to whose courage, energy, and perseverance the world owes the Atlantic cable." In a little study, hardly larger than a closet, looking out upon Bear Mountain was done much of the work of the codifying of procedure and of laws which the civilized world associates with the name of David Dudley Field. Yale University boasts that three of the nine judges who sit upon the Supreme bench of the United States are her graduates; one third of those nine judges went to school in the single village of Stockbridge. The esthetic movement which finds expression in numberless village improvement societies all over the land began in Berkshire; the Laurel Hill Society of Stockbridge is the oldest of them all. The wood pulp on which the modern

printed page so much depends was first made in the town of Lee.

And so we might go on, were it not that we might seem to be wandering from our subject, which is literary Berkshire. But it is not easy to speak of literary Berkshire merely. The forces which have made it what it is are so complex, its natural charms are so blended in their influence with the conditions of its moral, intellectual, and social life, that its literature is an expression and outcome of that life, and difficult to consider as a thing apart.

The great name which we associate with Berkshire is that of Bryant. At Williams College his only college days were passed. Though he cannot be called with exactness a Berkshire man, he was born in sight of the Berkshire Hills across the Hampshire border, at Cummington. There was spent most of his life up to his twentieth year. He entered Williams as a sophomore in 1810, but remained only seven months. The beauty of his person, his reputation for genius, and the dignity and grace of his manner made him a marked figure among his fellows; and had he chosen, he might have won their affection as a comrade and made his mark as a scholar. But he was not content, and in May, 1811, he retired. Something in the atmosphere of the place and of his surroundings he found uncongenial, and he betook himself once more to the retirement of his father's house at Cummington, with a Parthian shot behind him as he left, in the shape of a satiric poem upon the town and college, which his friends, out of regard for the fame both of his college and himself, did not for half a century permit to see the light or know the touch of printer's ink. He lived in West College, the oldest of the colleges, and room number eleven on the third floor is reputed to be the one which he occupied. Years later the college gave him degrees, and enrolled him among her graduates. His desire was to enter Yale, and it is pathetic to know that it was the narrowness of his father's means—himself a scholar and a cultivated gentleman—which prevented him from carrying out his earnest desire.

To this part of his life belong "Thanatopsis" and the "Ode to a Waterfowl." Bryant was only seventeen or eighteen years old when he wrote the former. It was composed, not, as tradition at one time had it, in Flora's Glen, a ravine not far from Williamstown, but in the woods at Cummington shortly after his return. It is interesting to trace the course of his thought which found utterance in "Thanatopsis." His biographer says, quoting from his autobiography:

> He had been engaged, as he says, in comparing Blair's poem of "The Grave" with another of the same cast by Bishop Porteus; and his mind was also considerably occupied with a recent volume of Kirke White's verses—those "Melodies of Death," to use a phrase from the ode to the Rosary. It was in the autumn; the blue of the summer sky had faded into gray, and the brown earth was heaped with sere and withered emblems of the departed glory of the year. As he trod upon the hollow-sounding ground, in the loneliness of the woods, and among the prostrate trunks of trees, that for generations had been mouldering into dust, he thought how the vast solitudes about him were filled with the same sad tokens of decay. He asked himself, as the thought expanded in his mind, What, indeed, is the whole earth but a great sepulcher of once living things; and its skies and stars, but the witnesses and decorations of a tomb? All that ever trod its surface, even they who preceded the kings and patriarchs of the ancient world, the teeming populations of buried cities that tradition itself has forgotten, are mingled with its soil. All who tread it now in the flush of beauty, hope, and joy, will soon lie down with them, and all who are yet to tread it in ages still unknown, . . . will join the innumerable hosts that have gone the dusky way.
>
> While his mind was yet tossing with the thought, he hurried home, and endeavored to paint it to the eye, and render it in music to the ear. . . . This poem, for which he coined a name from the Greek, was, says the poet Stoddard, "the greatest poem ever written by so young a man." . . . And as it came out of the heart of our primeval woods, so it first gave articulate voice to the genius of the New World, which is yet, as the geologists tell us, older than the Old.

To these early years belongs also the "Ode to a Waterfowl." That, too, was written amid these Northern hills. When the time had come for Bryant to begin his work as a lawyer, his first venture was at Plainfield, a hamlet only seven miles from his father's home. On December 15, 1815, says his biographer,

> He went over to the place to make the necessary inquiries. He says in a letter that he walked up the hills very forlorn and desolate indeed, not knowing what was to become of him in the big world, which grew bigger as he ascended, and yet darker with the coming on of night. The sun had already set, leaving behind it one of those brilliant seas of chrysolite and opal which often flood the New England skies; and while he was looking upon the rosy splendor with rapt admiration, a solitary bird made wing along the illuminated horizon. He watched the lone wanderer until it was lost in the distance, asking himself whither it had come and to what far home it was flying. When he went to the house where he was to stop for the night, his mind was still full of what he had seen and felt, and he wrote those lines as imperishable as our language, "The Waterfowl."

But at Plainfield he stayed only eight months, and then Berkshire once more claimed him. He was invited to a partnership with a young lawyer named George H. Ives of Great Barrington, and at once accepted the invitation, making the journey, probably, on foot. He

writes to Miss Catharine M. Sedgwick in after years:

The woods were in all the glory of autumn, and I well remember, as I passed through Stockbridge, how much I was struck by the beauty of the smooth, green meadows on the banks of that lovely river, which winds near the Sedgwick family mansion, the Housatonic, and whose gently flowing waters seemed tinged with the gold and crimson of the trees that overhung them. I admired no less the contrast between this soft scene and the steep, craggy hills that overlooked it, clothed with their many-colored forests. I had never before seen the southern part of Berkshire, and congratulated myself on being a resident of so picturesque a region.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

GREEN RIVER, NEAR GREAT BARRINGTON, WHERE THE POEM OF THAT NAME WAS WRITTEN.

His health had probably something to do with his removal to Great Barrington. It is hard to realize, as one recalls the astonishing vigor and vitality of his old age, that as a young man he should have apparently been a consumptive. He says of himself that he had been wasted to a shadow by a complaint of the lungs, probably a pulmonary weakness that had already assailed his father and a young and favorite sister, whose death occurred a year or two after her marriage, and was probably the occasion of the poem beginning,

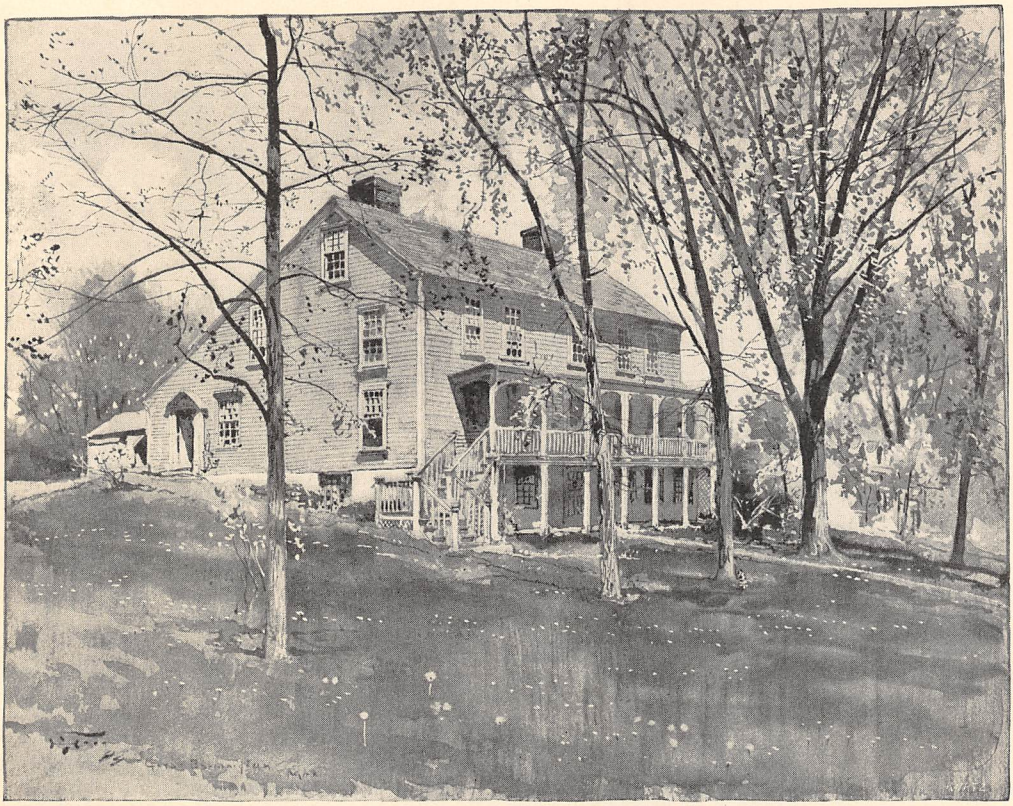
Ay, thou art for the grave; thy glances shine
Too brightly to shine long.

His health improved, however, and he worked faithfully and diligently at his profession. But his heart was not in it, nor did the improvement in his income keep pace with that of his health. He had not yet found his life-work, and he was destined to be dissatisfied until he had. He writes to an old friend:

You ask whether I am pleased with my profession. Alas! Sir, the Muse was my first love, and the remains of that passion which is not *rooted out* nor chilled into extinction, will always, I fear, cause me to look coldly upon the severe beauties of Themis. Yet I tame myself to its labors as well as I can, and have endeavored to discharge with punctuality and attention such of the duties of my profession as I am capable of performing.

And so he did, and not only performed the duties of his profession, but was faithful to his responsibilities as a citizen. Once more we quote his biography:

On the 9th of March, 1819, he was elected one of its [Great Barrington's] tithing men, whose duties consisted in keeping order in the churches, and enforcing the observance of the Sabbath. I may add that soon afterward he was chosen town clerk by a vote of 82 out of 102. His principal function in this capacity was to keep account of the town's doings, such as the appointment of selectmen, sur-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

HOUSE IN WHICH BRYANT WAS MARRIED, GREAT BARRINGTON.

veyors of the highway, fence viewers, field drivers, and hog reeves. One may still see his records at Great Barrington, where they form an object of considerable curiosity to summer visitors. Written in a neat and flexible hand, it is remarked that almost the only blot is where he registers his own marriage, and the only interlineation where in giving the birth of his first child he had left out the name of the mother. . . . His salary as clerk was five dollars per annum, at which rate he held the place for the period of five years—all the time that he remained in the village. A more important dignity, conferred upon him by the Governor of the Commonwealth, was that of Justice of the Peace, empowered to hear and try small causes as an inferior local court. In this character, it appears, he performed the marriage ceremony twice, for contracting parties who objected to the service of the usual clergyman because they differed from him in religious opinion. An old gentleman still living makes it a boast that he was "jined to his first old woman by Squire Bryant."

One little incident may not be without interest. It was Mr. Bryant's duty as town clerk to publish the banns of marriage in the church, which was generally done by reading them aloud; but in his own case he pinned the required notice on the door of the vestibule, and kept carefully out of sight.

It is not easy, after all these years, to learn very much as to the details of his Great Barrington life. His biographer says that he "was commonly gentle, courteous, and polite; but he allowed of no familiarities, and impertinence or vulgarism he rebuked on the spot, no matter who the offender. He was punctual in going to church, owning half a pew in the Congregational Church, but he was terribly prone to pick the sermon all to pieces." He was courteous, and in a way social, but had few intimates, and lived much by himself and among his books. He loved out-of-door life. He was fond of going into the woods, by himself or with some congenial friend. The best botanist in Berkshire, he knew every tree and shrub and flower; with an exquisite sense of all that was grand and beautiful in nature, he was able in a rare degree to read her secrets and understand her mysteries and to divine those harmonies of hers too fine for human ear. He loved to people in his imagination the surrounding solitudes with their earlier occupants, and to dwell upon the legends and histories of their Indian possessors.

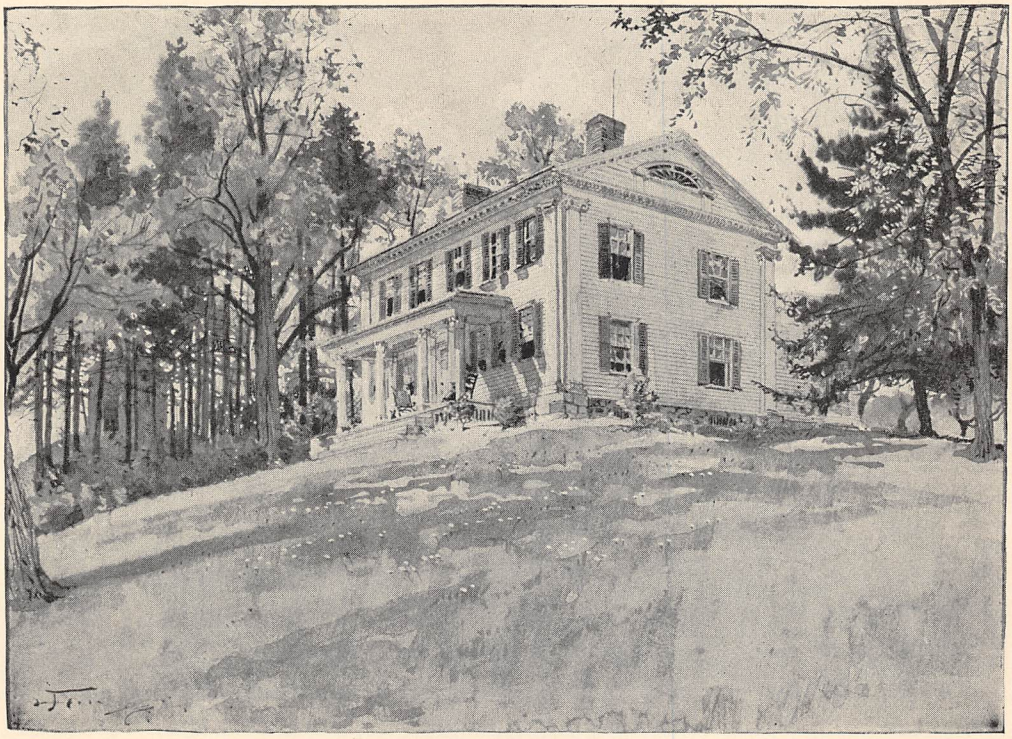
Monument Mountain has preserved one of these legends; the "Indian at the Burial-place of his Fathers" is full of the spirit of that past.

> It is the spot I came to seek—
> My fathers' ancient burial-place,
> Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
> Withdrew our wasted race.

It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river-side;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide,
The plains, that, toward the southern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

He used often to make his way across the hills from the village to a spot upon the banks of Green River in what is now the estate of the late J. Milton Mackie, where his favorite seat was upon the twisted roots of a large tree which overhung the stream, and there it was that he wrote the poem "Green River." The



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

HOUSE IN WHICH BRYANT LIVED, GREAT BARRINGTON.

illustration by Mr. Harry Fenn on page 371 gives an admirable idea of the place as it now is.

Yet pure its waters — its shallows are bright
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away,
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root.

. . . . . .

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud—
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
For in thy lonely and lovely stream
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.

The Green River seems always to have lingered in his memory. As late as June 19, 1869, he wrote to his friend Mr. John H. Gourlie:

You spoke of going to Green River the day after writing your letter. If you had given me more notice I would have sent my compliments, for we were once well acquainted, though I dare say Green River has forgotten me by this time.

There is a touch of reality in the first lines of the stanza last quoted which throws light upon his frame of mind. His aversion to the practical side of his profession was steadily growing. The love of letters was ever stronger with him than the love of the law, and he felt deeply the contrast between the theory of the majesty of the law and its actual workings in the courts. The outcome of a particular case in which he was engaged did special violence to his sense of right and justice; and at last, after five years' residence at Great Barrington, he flung down his law-books, and set his face toward New York, specially encouraged thereto by one for whom he felt the greatest admiration and reverence, Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick, though he had been tempted to make his home in Bos-

ton, where Allston, Pierpont, Sprague, Dana, and others drew him toward a circle whose poetic and literary charm had strong attractions for him. But New York presented on the whole the stronger inducements, and to New York from this time forth his life belongs.

The years at Great Barrington were fruitful years, though their fruitfulness was more apparent in after life than at the time. They brought him but little money, but they added

cant and notable time in our literary annals. It was then that Cooper published his "Spy"; Washington Irving his "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall"; Halleck his "Fanny"; Sands and Eastburn their "Yamoyden"; Dana his "Idle Man"; Hillhouse his "Percy's Masque"; Percival his "Prometheus"; Miss Sedgwick her "New England Tale"; Channing his earliest essays in the "Christian Disciple"; Daniel Webster his "Plymouth Oration"; and Edward Livingston his "Penal Codes."



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE ANCIENT BURIAL-PLACE OF THE STOCKBRIDGE INDIANS, AT STOCKBRIDGE; MONUMENT MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE.

to his influence, and witnessed his increasing recognition in the world of letters. His pen was busy, and some of his best-known poems belong to this time. It was then that he published his first volume of poems. Among them were "Thanatopsis," "The Waterfowl," "Green River," "The Yellow Violet," "The Song," and "The Ages," which last poem was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University. They made an era in, or rather they belonged to an era of, American literature which marked the beginning of a new life of the highest promise to America. Mr. Godwin says:

The year . . . which saw the publication of Mr. Bryant's little volume belonged to a signifi-

It is amusing to know how small were the pecuniary rewards of Bryant's literary labors, whatever may have been the fame they brought him. Two dollars a poem was the price that he named, and he seemed to be abundantly satisfied with the terms. A gentleman met him in New York many years after, and said to him, "I have just bought the earliest edition of your poems, and gave twenty dollars for it." "More, by a long shot," replied the poet, "than I received for writing the whole work."

Allusion has already been made to his marriage. None could have been happier; no union more nearly an ideal one. Miss Fanny Fairchild was a young lady whose parents had

lived on the Seekonk, a stream tributary to the Green River, not far from Great Barrington. Early left an orphan, she made her home alternately with her married sisters in that place, and there it was that Bryant met her. Charming in person, sweet in disposition, lovely in character, she drew him to her through his sympathy with her orphanage, his admiration of her beauty, and his appreciation of her worth. For forty-five years she was the stay and blessing of his life. What that marriage was to him they knew best who knew him best. Reserved on the subject to the world at large, he allowed only those who were nearest him to know the wonderful depth and tenderness of his affection. Their sympathy was perfect, their dependence mutual. He said after her death, "I never wrote a poem that I did not repeat it to her and take her judgment upon it. I found its success with the public to be precisely in proportion to the impression it made upon her." A dear friend of them both has said, "The union between Mr. and Mrs. Bryant was a poem of the tenderest rhythm. Any of us who remember Mr. Bryant's voice when he said 'Frances' will join in his hope that she kept the same beloved name in heaven. I remember alluding to those exquisite lines, 'The Future Life,' to Mrs. Bryant, and her replying, 'Oh, my dear, I am always sorry for any one who sees me after reading those lines; they must be so disappointed.' Beatrice and Laura have not received such tributes from their poets, for Mrs. Bryant's husband was her poet and lover at seventy as at seventeen."

The lovers were married June 11, 1821, and Bryant, in the humorous vein which was one of his best gifts, announced the fact to his mother as follows:

DEAR MOTHER:

I hasten to send you the melancholy intelligence of what has lately happened to me.

Early on the evening of the eleventh day of the present month I was at a neighboring house in this village. Several people of both sexes were assembled in one of the apartments, and three or four others, with myself, were in another. At last came in a little elderly gentleman, pale, thin, with a solemn countenance, pleuritic voice, hooked nose, and hollow eyes. It was not long before we were summoned to attend in the apartment where he and the rest of the company were gathered. We went in and took our seats; the little elderly gentleman with the hooked nose prayed, and we all stood up. When he had finished, most of us sat down. The gentleman with the hooked nose then muttered certain cabalistical expressions which I was too much frightened to remember, but I recollect that at the conclusion I was given to understand that I was married to a young lady of the name of Frances Fairchild, whom I perceived standing by my side, and I hope in the course of a few months to have the pleasure of introducing to you as your daughter-in-law, which is a matter of some interest to the poor girl, who has neither father nor mother in the world.

I have not "played the fool and married an Ethiop for the jewel in her ear." I looked only for goodness of heart, an ingenuous and affectionate disposition, a good understanding, etc., and the character of my wife is too frank and single-hearted to suffer me to fear that I may be disappointed. I do myself wrong; I did not look for these nor any other qualities, but they trapped me before I was aware, and now I am married in spite of myself.

Thus the current of destiny carries us all along. None but a madman would swim against the stream, and none but a fool would exert himself to swim with it. The best way is to float quietly with the tide. So much for philosophy—now for business. . . . Your affectionate son,

WILLIAM.

His biographer adds: "When this singular epistle, in which his pride seems to be awkwardly seeking excuses for a humiliating surrender, reached his good mother, she is said to have exclaimed: 'He make a fool of himself! He never has done so yet, and could n't if he tried.'"

The house still stands in which the young couple began their married life. Instead of taking the whole, they hired two rooms, a chamber and a parlor, and shared the kitchen with the other occupants of the house. Their housekeeping was on a modest scale. Here are some items connected with it, taken from an old account-book still preserved under the same roof:

1821. Dr. William C. Bryant in account—

Mr. Bryant with his family moved into my house to occupy certain rooms and other priviledges at the rate of thirty dollars for the year by agreement, Mr. Charles Taylor being the appraiser.....	$30.00
May 5, To one bushel of potatoes.....	.11
Bushels of potatoes	.66
Nov. 23, To 2 bushels ears of corn.....	.50
Dec. 3, 1821, To pasturing your cow, 28½ weeks at 17 cents per week.....	4.75
19 Jan'y, 1822, To 67 lbs. beef.....	2.01
[*sic*]	$37.92

The memory of that early married life never grew dim. Mr. Godwin says that fifty-five years after his marriage, and ten years after his wife's death, the poet visited once more the house where the marriage had taken place. He walked about for some time, saying nothing; but as he was about to turn away he exclaimed, "There is not a spire of grass her foot has not touched," and his eyes filled with tears. Beneath that calm and undemonstrative exterior lay hid the deepest and tenderest feeling.

Arthur Lawrence.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE. IN THE CASSEL GALLERY.

LADY WITH A LUTE, BY GERARD TERBURG.

OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

GERARD TERBURG. (1617–81.)

THE birth of Terburg, which took place at Zwolle, is fixed by recent discoveries as happening in 1617 instead of 1608, the hitherto commonly received date. Terburg's parents were wealthy, and his father, who instructed him in drawing, was an amateur painter who had visited Italy in his youth. Gerard was soon placed under a teacher in Haarlem,—one Peter Molyn,—and it was not long before he there became a member of the Guild of St. Luke. While still a youth he visited England, and thence set out on further travels, passing through Germany into Italy, where he studied the works of the great Italians. Returning to Holland by way of France, he remained some time at Amsterdam, and learned much from the works of Rembrandt.

As he happened to be at Münster during the sitting of the memorable Peace Congress, he painted for his own pleasure the marvelous little picture of the "Ratification of the Treaty of Peace," which is now to be seen in the National Gallery at London. After the signing of the treaty in 1648, the Spanish minister at the imperial court took Terburg with him to Spain, and thus enabled the still young painter to see what the great Velasquez was doing. In two years he was back again in Holland, and finally settled at Deventer, where he married, and rose to the distinction of a member of the town council, in which character he has left us a portrait of himself, to be seen at The Hague museum. At Deventer he passed the remainder of his quiet life, and painted the majority of his works. His death took place in 1681, and he was buried at Zwolle, his native town, in accordance with the terms of his will.

Terburg ranks among the foremost of the genre painters of Holland, and he was the first to paint subjects taken from the wealthier classes of society — interiors in which richness of costume and drapery, and of all accompanying details, is rendered with exquisite feeling combined with realistic truth to nature. His pictures, which are among the rarities of European galleries (not more than eighty having been classified), are seldom composed of more than three figures, and often of only one, and represent scenes such as are in general termed "conversations"—parties at cards, gallantries, visits, etc. His ladies generally are dressed in white satin, which material he seemed fond of painting, and no one has ever been able to surpass him in this. The satin robe, indeed, appertains to Terburg. Terburg also painted portraits, generally on a very small scale, and these are full of distinction, and exhibit his finest qualities.

T. Cole.

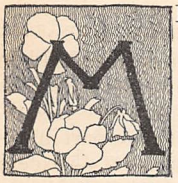
A LYRIC OF JOY.

OVER the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, a snowdrift in June,
The people God sends us to set our heart free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood;
And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well!"
And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good!"

Bliss Carman.

THE STRIKE AT MR. MOBLEY'S.



RS. MOBLEY took down the dinner-horn and blew a long, shrill blast. It pierced the hot stillness of the summer noon, traveling far across the valley, and splintering into a thousand echoes among the mountains. She had a stout pair of lungs, and prided herself upon the force she could throw into that dinner-signal. It would cause more than one busy farmer to stop his plow, take out his jaded horse, or shoulder his hoe, and go home for an hour's rest and refreshment.

"It 's a little early," she mused, with her eye fixed upon the twelve-o'clock mark on the door-step; "but I know in reason the girls must be plumb worn out this hot day — an' Sary with her weak back, too. I reckon I 'd better set things to coolin' a little."

She went back into the kitchen, spread the cloth, and dished up the midday meal of boiled vegetables and corn-bread. She was just putting on her bonnet to go to the spring for a bucket of fresh water when the two girls came up into the yard, Caroline brisk and animated, but her sister with a lagging step.

"Now, ma, I 'll do that," said Caroline, hurrying forward to take the bucket; but her mother held it firmly.

"La, Ca'line, do you s'pose I 'm goin' to let you do the house-work and the field-work too? Ain't you tired plumb to death, Sary?"

"I do feel about tuckered out," Sary acknowledged, sitting down on the door-step and untying her bonnet.

A frown wrinkled Mrs. Mobley's forehead. "Ain't your pa or the boys been to the field today?"

"Not that I 've seen," said Caroline.

"It does beat all!" Mrs. Mobley exclaimed in an exasperated tone. "I never saw such men folks in all my born days. I do believe they 'd let us work till we fell in our tracks 'thout a word. I asked your pa to chop some wood this mornin', but he 'lowed that he must go right over to the store for a plow; an' Jim and Eli both put out, too, so I had to cook dinner with chips and sticks. I tell you things are comin' to a purty pass, an' I ain't goin' to stand it much longer." She tucked the water-pail under her arm, and started for the spring.

"Ma is real mad, ain't she?" Sary remarked, looking gravely after her.

"Well, I don't blame her," declared the more spirited Caroline. "She 's been takin' a good deal, an' so have we. I know well enough what the boys are up to. They 're workin' in the 'stillery with —"

"Don't talk so loud, Ca'line," warned Sary, apprehensively. "I 'm always skeered o' the revenue men bein' about."

"I don't care if they are," said Caroline, defiantly. "I s'pose Silas is doin' the same. I would n't marry a man that could n't work in open daylight for a livin'. I 'd ruther hoe my own row," stretching out her strong young arms with a proud gesture.

Sary winced, and over her pale, freckled face the color flowed hotly. "You 're hurtin' my feelin's, Ca'line."

"I ain't meanin' to, Sary; but it does 'pear so strange that all our men folks are lazy an' triflin'. There comes pa now, an' he ain't got no plow, neither."

Mr. Mobley entered the gate just as Mrs. Mobley appeared around the corner of the house with the pail of water on her head.

"Let me take that, Susan," he said, with an air of solicitude. "It ain't good for your back;" but she passed him in stern silence, and called the girls to dinner.

Mr. Mobley was a large, lazy, good-natured-looking man, with his shirt-collar habitually unbuttoned, and his gray hair long and unkempt. He always made it a point to be exceedingly good-humored when his wife was angry, and would tell funny stories and make jokes until she relaxed her rigid manner. But that day he failed to appease her wrath.

"Where 's that plow, Mr. Mobley? You went to the store about five o'clock this mornin' to get it," she said, right in the midst of his account of a runaway marriage in the settlement.

"The blacksmith's shop, Susan," he said pleasantly. "I did n't find just what I wanted."

"I 'lowed you would n't when you went. I s'pose you don't know that the grass is eatin' up the potato-patch, an' that the corn needs plowin'? Things are sufferin' for work on this place, an' me an' the girls can't do it all."

"Now, Susan — now, honey, don't fret," he said; but her anger only fed upon the oil of his words.

"Don't fret, Mr. Mobley? I 've got to, if anybody does. You can't take time from the store an' blacksmith's shop even to do that much."

"Crops are sufferin' more for rain than work," he remarked cheerfully, helping himself to more cabbage. "You certainly do know how to cook, Susan, if anybody in this settlement does. When folks talk about cookin' an' good eatin', I tell 'em they oughter come an' try yourn. I think I 'd better go to mill this evenin'."

"I think you had, if you want any bread for supper. I 've been borrowin' meal two days, an' I ain't goin' to do it any more."

"Why ain't the boys at home helpin' their sisters?" said Mr. Mobley, with a sudden affectation of indignation.

"Because they take after you too much," said Mrs. Mobley, grimly. "They 're Mobleys to the bone."

Mr. Mobley was vanquished. He had finished his dinner, so he softly rose, and left the room.

"You are certainly on the war-path, ma," exclaimed Caroline, admiringly. Sary sighed, and looked wistfully after her father. She was a gentle, sensitive soul, wearing the yoke of her bondage meekly, and always ready to work her poor little fingers off for those she loved. Peace and love meant far more to her than independence.

"Yes, I am declared," Mrs. Mobley said. "Melissy Davis 's been over this mornin', an' we talked a long time 'bout the rights o' women. She 'lows it 's a burnin' shame the way we put up with men folks an' their lazy ways, doin' all the work while they do all the talkin' an' the votin'."

"Goodness, ma! You don't wanter vote, do you?" exclaimed Caroline, amused, but dismayed.

"Well, I don't see as there 's any good reason against it. This house an' land was mine when I married your pa, an' it 's mine yet. I don't see but I 've as good a right as he to say what oughter be done with the country. If women can have children an' train 'em to know how to make laws, I think they can go 'long with 'em. Melissy 'lows she thinks it 's her duty to talk to all her old friends, an' even to speak at the meetin'-house if they 'll let her. She 's been speakin' in other parts; and out where she lives, she says, it 's mighty different from what it is here. I 've been mistrustin' somethin' a long time; but not knowin' for sure, I 'lowed I would n't say anythin'. Now the time 's come for us to do somethin' besides work."

It was the first warning gun fired into the camp of the enemy over in Deer Creek valley. It was a rather isolated community, shut in by mountains, and with no railroad nearer than ten miles. Communication with the outer world was not frequent or easy. The mail came once a week, and only a few of the farmers subscribed for the county paper.

The Mobleys lived near the center of things in the valley; that is, the Deer Creek church, post-office, store, and blacksmith's shop were not more than a good stone's throw away, with farm-houses clustered near. The church was the only public building Deer Creek settlement possessed. Divine services, school exhibitions, and political meetings were held in it, and even the Odd Fellows devoted it to their sacred rites one night in every month. Mr. Mobley always took an active part in everything going on in the settlement — except work. No man could equal him in stirring up the political interest of his neighbors, and he was always foremost in encouraging a "big meetin'." Fences might fall down, gates swing on one hinge, but he never failed to be in possession of the latest news concerning the goings out and comings in of his friends and neighbors, and to keep well posted in county politics.

But a day of reckoning was at hand. Mrs. Mobley had never failed him in five and thirty years. She might get exasperated and scold, but she had held firmly and faithfully at her post, cherishing all the illusions concerning life and Mr. Mobley as long as she could. But she was a woman of character, and when roused could fight for her opinion as obstinately as any one. Mrs. Davis had succeeded in thoroughly rousing her. They had been girls together, but while one married and settled in her native place, the other went west — to the far progressive West. It was her first visit to her old home, after an absence of nearly thirty years, and somehow she seemed to bring with her into the fastnesses of the mountains the breath of the plains.

She talked of things hitherto unknown to the women of Deer Creek valley, and stung them with her scorn. She was a woman of some wit and a good deal of tongue, and talked with an eloquence impressive to her old neighbors. The seeds of discontent she sowed found ready soil in Mrs. Mobley's mind. She grasped the situation, or thought she did, immediately. She saw no chance of overturning the Government,— she was not missionary enough for that,— but she did breathe in a larger desire for freedom, and more courage to fight for it, under the guidance of her old friend.

When Mrs. Davis proposed to lecture publicly on "woman's rights" it created a sensation in the settlement. The men laughed and jeered; the women were frightened — that is, the more timid ones were. But Mrs. Mobley gave enthusiastic support to the cause, and there were others ready to follow her example.

"I never heard tell o' such a thing!" exclaimed Silas Bates, indignantly. "Ma is at

home talkin' nothin' but the rights — the rights o' women; an' here 's your ma doin' the same. I hope to goodness, Sary, you ain't runnin' after Mis' Davis, too."

"I don't know as I rightly understand what it all means, Sile," she replied hesitatingly. "I don't wanter vote. I don't know nothin' 'bout politics."

"Well, I should hope not. 'T ain't a woman's business to know such things. If she 'll stay at home an' see after her work, she 'll be doin' what she was made for."

"Listen to them katydids, Sile; an' do see how purty the shadders are dancin' on the ground," said Sary, laying her hand softly, shyly, upon his shoulder. The great problems of the world were nothing to her. Her soul thrilled an undefined response to beauty, to harmony, and to romance. But deep content filled her heart. She loved Silas; he loved her. They expected to be married some time. What more could she ask for? She would joyfully work for him; yes, in the house or in the field.

"You 're always thinkin' o' them triflin' things, Sary," he grumbled, but took her hand into his rough grasp, and kept it there.

They were sitting out under a tree in the front yard, infolded in the warmth and sweetness of the summer night. Moonlight flooded the valley, and lay in a silvery sheen upon the mountains. Through the deep stillness they could now and then hear voices and laughter over at the store.

"I reckon pa 's tellin' one o' his stories."

"I wonder, for my part, where he gets so many. I think he must make 'em up."

"They 're awful funny," said Sary, admiringly; then she sighed faintly, because her mother no longer seemed to appreciate them.

Certainly no one enjoyed the excitement of the approaching lecture more than Mr. Mobley. It was a huge joke to him, and the grass continued to devour the potato-patch, and the corn to wither for lack of plowing, while he sat before the post-office or store, with a few choice spirits about him, whittling sticks and discussing the situation.

"I reckon it 'll come to our tendin' the children an' doin' the house-work while the women make the laws. Think o' Mis' Mobley votin' for president, or even for sheriff!" He doubled over with laughter. "Why, I asked her t' other day who helt the highest office in the State, an' blamed if she could tell me. La, boys; let 's see the fun out. I 'm goin' to hear M'lissy when she gets up to speak. I just wanter know what a woman can say on the platform."

"It 's a sinful thing for 'em to do, as I told her to-day. The Scriptures are p'intedly against such carryin' on," remarked one of his companions.

"I 've been told the world 's gettin' purty bad, an' I think it must be so," said another. "I never would 'a' thought M'lissy Davis would come to this pass. Why, I recollect her when she was a girl, an' a modester one never lived in these parts. Bud Davis is to be pitied now."

"She 'lows he don't care."

"Well, anyway, I 'd make her stay to home an' tend to her own business. No wife o' mine could go trapesin' round the country makin' speeches."

But in spite of criticism and the guilty consciousness that they were encouraging a fellow-being in the disregard of scriptural law, the church was crowded with men as well as with women the night of the speech. Mrs. Davis had to stand on a bench to address her audience, as a few of the older and more serious-minded church members objected to the pulpit being put to such sacrilegious use.

It is not the purpose of this historian to record the speech. It was reported in the county paper, and a three-line notice of it even appeared in a larger and more important journal, but all on account of some funny remarks the editor desired to make.

The speech bristled with the usual number of accusations against man to be found in all such speeches made by an uncultivated woman who had gotten hold of only one side of the subject. She declared that man always wanted to be looked up to, and that accounted in part for his unwillingness that woman should have her rights.

"He knows that if her eyes are opened he 'll not get looked up to very much. What 's the reason we ain't the equal o' our husbands an' sons? Why, men could n't exist if it war n't for the women. I 'd like to know if it ain't the women that does the child-bearin' and the keepin' o' the home."

"That 's just the reason she ain't no business meddlin' with things outside o' her sp'ere," said a masculine voice in the audience.

"But who 's a-goin' to be the judge o' what 's outside o' her sp'ere?" cried the speaker, excitedly, her plump cheeks flushing, her rather small eyes flashing with enthusiasm. "If she can do them things so well, who 's to say she can't do others?"

"That 's a very good p'int, Melissy; very good," exclaimed Mr. Mobley, patronizingly; then turned, and winked at the other men. He sat upon the front seat, enjoying himself hugely. Mrs. Davis's most cutting remarks had no more effect upon him than the buzzing of a harmless fly. But, nettled by his patronage, she shot an arrow directly at him.

"Now, what o' the men o' this very settlement? They 're mighty willin' to let the women folks work in the field as well as the house,

while they sit around the store whittlin' sticks an' swappin yarns. Ain't I knowed o' men takin' the molasses-jug an' goin' to the store while their women folks shouldered hoes an' went to the field? An' I 've knowed 'em make a spool o' thread excuse for stayin' half a day."

Mrs. Mobley nodded her head in grim approval, then leaned over toward her husband, and whispered:

"That 's your own time, Mr. Mobley."

His armor was pierced, but the wound was slight and soon forgotten. He was ready in a few minutes to laugh again.

Mrs. Davis had reason to congratulate herself upon her audience. It was good-humored even when rude. There was a rough chivalry in those men of Deer Creek settlement which made it impossible for them to abuse or insult a woman, and certainly not an old friend. They laughed at her, or winced, perhaps, or even felt some secret anger: but she was helped down from the shaky rostrum, at the end of her speech, thirsty, and flushed with heat, but triumphant in the consciousness that her friends were still her friends. And she had made some converts, too, as well as confirmed those already her adherents.

"You give it to 'em just right, Melissy," exclaimed Mrs. Mobley, pressing forward the moment her speech was concluded. "An' I told Mr. Mobley so, too, more 'n once while you was talkin'. I never did know before women had so many wrongs, an' had been so put upon. It 's a plumb shame, an' I for one am goin' to strike for liberty."

"That 's right, Sue; that 's right. We ain't goin' to get no help from the men folks long as we submit," said her friend, approvingly, wiping her face with a gay cotton handkerchief. "Now, if they was all Bud, there would n't be no need o' this talk. Bud he 'lows he don't care how many rights we have. He says we can run the country if we wanter — that we really do it, anyway; but then he 's more interested in his grain-fields than he is in politics."

A few unsympathetic listeners, who remembered Bud Davis in his youth, smiled at that remark; for they were of the opinion that he had not sense enough very ably to judge of any matter.

The peaceful valley was full of the sound of voices and argument that evening as the people wended their way home along the dusky roads; and opinions clashed quite loudly, and the harmony of more than one household threatened to go to pieces under the shock. Mrs. Mobley wisely held her peace even when she heard Mr. Mobley and a neighbor walking behind them, tearing the speech to shreds, and pointing out its weak spots. She smiled grimly to herself in the dark as she turned over a little scheme in her mind.

"Pa 'pears to be havin' just as good a time as he always does," Caroline remarked as he fell back to join the neighbor so they could carry on their discussion.

"I 'll give him somethin' to set him to thinkin' 'fore he 's many days older," said her mother.

"What you goin' to do, ma? You ain't goin' to run away, are you?" in a tone of alarm.

"Run away! Well, I 'd hope not," indignantly.

"I did n't know but you was thinkin' o' makin' speeches, too."

"I ain't a plumb fool, Ca'line, if I have been actin' like one so long. I 'm just goin' to learn your pa a lesson."

But she did not act hastily. She quietly bided her time while other discontented women in the settlement were talking loudly of what they would and would not do. Mrs. Davis had really created enough discord in the valley to satisfy even the most malicious spirit, let alone a kindly disposed, simple-minded creature who had adopted the woman's rights question because she had no children to absorb her heart and mind. Fighting was rare, and yet two men came to blows, while a woman left her husband and returned to her father's house in less than two days after that speech. The very spirit of malicious mischief seemed abroad in the air, stirring up the innocent, contented folk to all sorts of strange thoughts and words. It was beautiful to see Mr. Mobley at this time. He was so actively engaged in trying to make peace between his neighbors that he had no time at all to give to his own affairs. He appeared to be the one serene spirit left in the valley. He declared it was perfect folly for people to be disturbed by so little. As for his part, he only felt like laughing. And he did laugh, and even sing a little, as he went to and fro between the store and his home, or to see his neighbors.

Mrs. Mobley watched him in grim silence. The more cheerful he appeared, the more her heart hardened against him.

"He 'lows I 'll give in just as I always have done 'bout things; but he 's mighty mistaken. See that corn! See them potatoes! There ain't another place in this whole settlement goin' to rack and ruin like this, an' I 've grinned an' bore it long as I 'm goin' to," she communed bitterly with herself.

THE summer noon was full upon the land, the shadow had even turned a little, but the silence of Deer Creek valley remained unbroken.

"It 's strange I don't hear Mis' Mobley's dinner-horn," mused a hungry farmer. "I ain't knowed her to fail o' blowin' it just at the right time, winter and summer, for twenty years an' more." He paused to wipe his heated face, and to look at the sun. "I certainly could n't 'a' missed hearin' it."

"Say, have you heard Mis' Mobley blow that horn o' hern?" a voice shouted to him from an adjoining field.

"No, I ain't; an' that 's just what 's a-pesterin' me. I 've been goin' by that horn for years."

"An' so have I; but I don't believe we 'll have it to go by to-day."

They both listened intently; but through the palpitant heat came only the drowsy twitter of a bird.

If they were dismayed, imagine Mr. Mobley's feelings when that signal failed him! He was at the post-office, sitting on the shady side of the house, when some one announced the hour. He started briskly to his feet.

"After twelve o'clock, did you say? Why, Susan hain't blowed the dinner-horn. Your clock must be fast. Susan goes by the sun, an' it ain't more regular than her."

Nevertheless, he started for home. Mrs. Mobley sat in the kitchen door, smoking her pipe and knitting; but not a wisp of smoke rose from the chimney, and the dinner-table was bare and freshly scrubbed. Mr. Mobley was conscious of an odd sinking of the heart as he looked over his wife's shoulder into the room. He took off his hat and wiped the perspiration from his face; then, as she did not offer to move away from the door, he sat down on the steps. Shadows danced and quivered in the yard; the dog lay stretched lazily in the shade of a tree, snapping at the flies.

"Where are the girls?" Mr. Mobley inquired.

"I made 'em go and spend the day with their aunt Tobier," Mrs. Mobley replied, knocking the ashes from her pipe, and laying it up between the logs of the wall.

"Why—" but he wisely refrained from venting his surprise. "When is dinner comin', Susan?"

"I 've had mine, Mr. Mobley."

"I did n't hear you blow the horn."

"I did n't blow it."

"Well, I 'll just take a snack, as I—"

"There ain't nothin' here for you, Mr. Mobley."

"Nothin'?"

"No; I 'm done slavin' an' cookin' for men folks that only stay at home long 'nough to eat an' sleep; and the girls are done workin' in the field, too. I told 'em this mornin' they 'd not strike another lick."

Her voice was calm, her enunciation clear. She evidently meant what she said. Mr. Mobley sat and stared blankly at the sunny yard. Somehow he would as soon have thought of the heavens falling as Mrs. Mobley failing him, specially in always having his meals ready.

"We 've been livin' together nigh on to thirty-five years now, Mr. Mobley," she continued; "an' I 'low it 's about time for me to give out. You begin to give out more 'n thirty year ago," sarcastically. "I fetched you this land an' this house, Mr. Mobley; an' you ain't had grit 'nough to keep it up, let alone add to it. Look at them fence corners! Look at them gates, an' the cow lot, an' the barn, an' ever'thin'! Why, this house itself is purty nearly ready to fall down over us. No; I 'm done workin', too."

Mr. Mobley made no reply. He still sat and stared at the yard. His silence exasperated her still more, and she went on to remind him how she had worked, and how faithfully she had performed her duties, even when he tried her most severely.

"I never could 'a' had courage to take this stand if it had n't 'a' been for Melissy Davis. It was her talkin' put me to thinkin', and I just up an' 'lowed I 'd stop, an' I have."

Still she had not provoked a response, and, oppressed somewhat by the silence, she rose and went away. Mr. Mobley sat on the door-step for a long time, then he got up, put on his hat, and went out toward the fields. Mrs. Mobley watched him from behind the sheltering foliage of a quince-bush in the garden.

"Now I wonder what he 's goin' to do," she mused, not feeling altogether as happy as she had expected after vindicating her rights. "I s'pose I need n't to 'a' hid all the cold victuals, for I don't believe he went in to look for anythin'. Just like a man! They 're that helpless. I don't s'pose he 'll suffer, though. He 'll go to the store, an' git somethin'. Why, if that ain't Sary comin' home right in the heat o' the day, an' cryin' at that! What in the world is the matter?" she cried anxiously, hurrying out of the garden to meet the girl. Sary sat down on the bench in the yard, weeping bitterly.

"Oh, ma, Sile 's mad with me!"

"Gracious, child! is that all? I surely 'lowed the revenue men had got him. What 's he mad with you about, for goodness sake?"

"Woman's rights. He was passin' Aunt Tobier's, an' he saw us there, so he had to come in, an' what did Ca'line do but tell him 'bout pa, an' how we 'd come to be over there, an' that pa was n't to get nothin' to eat at home any more, for we 'd all struck."

"Ca'line oughter 'a' kept her mouth shut," said Mrs. Mobley, angrily. "It 'll be all over the settlement in no time."

"So I told her, ma; but she kept on talkin' till Sile was so mad! He 'lowed that the way the women o' this settlement was carryin' on was enough to make a man sick o' the thought o' marryin', an', as for his part, he 'd never marry anybody. An' he looked straight at me while he said it," she concluded, with a wail, her face going down into the depths of her bonnet.

Mrs. Mobley sighed, and felt very uncomfortable, even guilty. She had not intended that her punishment should fall upon the innocent.

"I don't know, Sary, but it 's just as well for you not to marry him —"

"Oh, ma!"

"But young folks will be young folks, an' it 's natural for 'em to wanter get settled in life. Don't be pestered so. He 'll come round when he gets in a good humor."

"He never will, he says, long as woman's rights rule the day; an' you know Sile is mighty set in his ways when he takes a notion."

Mrs. Mobley sighed again. She had not forgotten her own youth and its illusions, and she regarded her daughter with a pitying eye.

"Oh, we women folks, we women folks!" she said, half under her breath. "What are we made of, all heart an' feelin'? We 're blinder 'n moles an' weaker 'n water when it comes to them we love; an' we 're ready to tote more burdens than Samson just for the sake o' having somethin' to love. Silas Bates 'll make Sary toe the mark,—I know in reason he will,—but here she sits a-cryin' her eyes out for fear he 'll not marry her. We be such plumb fools, I declare I don't know what the Almighty was a-thinkin' of to make us!"

It was altogether a most uncomfortable afternoon for Mrs. Mobley. Sary cried until she had to go to bed with a headache, and her mother went back into the garden to weed the cabbage-bed. A neighbor came along the road, and stopped at the garden fence for a little chat.

"I hear you done stopped givin' Mr. Mobley anythin' to eat at home," she remarked, taking off her bonnet to use it as a fan.

"Where 'd you hear that?" exclaimed Mrs. Mobley, flushing with annoyance.

"The men was talkin' 'bout it up at the store. Sile Bates told it."

"Sile Bates had better keep his tongue to hisself."

"Oh, it ain't so, then?"

"I 'm not sayin' it ain't," taking off a young cabbage-head with a vicious blow of her weeding-hoe.

"Well, I don't blame you. I always have said if Mr. Mobley was my husband —"

"He 'd be so much better than any you 've ever had, Mis' Peasly, that you 'd never get done bein' thankful," cutting into her speech.

"La, Mis' Mobley, you must n't be gittin' so mad," said her neighbor, in an offended tone, moving away from the fence.

"I 'm not mad, Mis' Peasly; but I can't have anybody findin' fault o' Mr. Mobley, or blamin' him to me."

"Well, the next time I pester myself to be sorry for folks, I 'll just keep it to myself," was the angry retort.

"Now I 've had words with Samanthy Peasly, and she one o' my best neighbors, too," Mrs. Mobley sighed, looking after her regretfully. "But what did she mean comin' here to talk 'bout Mr. Mobley right to my face? No woman ain't goin' to stand that."

The boys had evidently heard of their father's unfortunate experience, for they did not come home to supper. Caroline and her mother sat down to a cold repast; for Mrs. Mobley had prepared for this day by cooking various things which she had stored away for herself and the girls. She was sadly out of humor with Caroline that night, because she had created such mischief with her heedless talk; and she scolded the girl so severely that she went away and left her alone.

It was a splendid night. The full moon sailed high and clear above the earth; the mountain-tops were silvered to radiance in its pure light. Now and then lightning flashed across the dun-colored clouds piled in the northwest; but they were too far away for even the remotest sound of thunder to reach Deer Creek valley. Mrs. Mobley sat down on the door-step, feeling rather melancholy. The shrilling of the crickets in the grass, the piping of a stray bird seeking its roost, only added to her loneliness. One bold stroke had given her independence; but, alas! she suffered the fate of many great people in that she had to enjoy her triumph alone. She had driven away the last member of her own family, and had quarreled with her best friend. Not even the dog came to keep her company. She heard him down in the field, baying at the moon.

"I do wonder where Mr. Mobley can be keepin' hisself. Over to one o' the neighbors' houses, I s'pose, or up to the store. I need n't be frettin' 'bout him. He 's plenty able to take care of hisself, an' I might just as well go to bed an' to sleep. Oh, dear me! I 'm expectin' any day to hear that the revenue men have got the boys. This kind o' livin' ain't worth much."

She went sorrowfully to bed, but not to sleep. Scenes from her girlhood would rise like pictures before her mental vision, and, curiously enough, they were always connected with Mr. Mobley. She thought of the first time he had ever talked to her of love. What a trembling

had seized her, what blushes burned her face, what rapture filled her heart!

"He was a handsome young man; an' he 's handsome now — yes, he is, if I do say it," wiping her eyes on the string of her night-cap.

She heard footsteps in the yard, and raised herself in bed to listen. Yes; some one was walking to and fro. Her heart gave a little jump. She softly rose, and looked out of the window. Mr. Mobley was pacing slowly back and forth across the yard, smoking his pipe. She watched him for a few minutes, then she called him.

"Mr. Mobley!"

"Yes, Susan."

"Had n't you better come to bed?"

"I ain't sleepy, honey."

"But you 'll be catchin' your death o' rheumatics stayin' out in the damp night air."

He made no reply.

"Now, I don't know as I oughter be foolin' 'way my time pesterin' 'bout him, if he don't care," she said to herself, and went back to bed. But those slow steps made her restless. "He might at least stop walkin' an' let me go to sleep; but some folks never can think o' anything but theirselves. I wonder if he has lighted that pipe again. He knows well 'nough he ain't no business smokin' so much; but that 's his way if he 's troubled." She lay still a few minutes, and listened. "I declare, I must get up an' speak to him 'bout that smokin'."

She went over to the window again, and looked out. He was not smoking, but standing at the edge of the yard, in the moonlight, with his hands clasped behind his back, gazing out over the fields. His attitude expressed a loneliness which brought all the secret yearnings of her heart to the surface. She suddenly remembered how kind he had always been to her.

"He never mistrusted me in his life. It was only his keerlessness made him forget things." Her eyes were so blurred that she had to wipe them again on the strings of her night-cap. She slipped on her petticoat, wrapped a shawl around her, and went out. "It 's a right purty night, Mr. Mobley, ain't it?" she began rather diffidently.

"Is it?" he said sorrowfully. "I had n't noticed; I 've been busy a-thinkin' o' other things. I 'm sorry, Susan, I ain't been a better man to you —"

"An' I wanter say right here an' now, Mr. Mobley, that I 'm sorry I said what I did 'bout the place to-day. It 's as much yourn as 't is mine; an' to throw it up to you that it was n't was a mean an' triflin' thing in me," she said, with a choking in her throat.

"No; you was right, Susan, an' I 've just been a-spongin' on you all these years. I 've been a mighty poor provider, an' I did n't fetch you nothin' but cares when we married."

"Now, Mr. Mobley!"

"An' it was what you oughter 'a' done long ago, to tell me, an' to stop givin' me my victuals. I did n't deserve nothin'."

His gravity and humility seemed terrible to the poor woman, who had known him always as an easy-going, sunny-tempered man, ready to shirk his duties, but doing it in such a pleasant way.

"I never did stop to think much, Susan. I ain't been one o' the thinkin' kind; but —"

"Oh, Mr. Mobley!"

"But if you ruther I 'd go away now, an' leave you an' the children, I 'll do it."

Mrs. Mobley's tears were flowing too fast for the night-cap strings to be of much service.

"An' we been married more 'n thirty years."

"Yes, more 'n thirty years, Susan. It was thirty-five yesterday."

"An' me a-planning to — to not give you nothin' to eat while you was thinkin' o' that! Oh! Oh!"

"It was just right, Susan, as I 'lowed before. All your talkin' ain't set me to thinkin' an' feelin' like comin' home an' not findin' dinner ready."

Mrs. Mobley choked down rising sobs. "Well, I do hope you went an' took supper with some o' the neighbors."

"I did n't; I 've been down in the fields."

"All this time?" drying her tears.

"Yes."

"Mr. Mobley, you come right in this house an' get somethin' to eat. Think o' your fastin' ever since breakfast! I declare, men folks never do know how to take keer o' theirselves!"

"But, Susan —"

"Don't talk to me, Mr. Mobley! Why, you must be plumb ready to drop in your tracks!"

She did not stop to think of Mrs. Davis, or that she was voluntarily assuming the yoke of bondage again. She did not even stop to think that he had made no promises of reformation, or that one grown old in a certain habit finds it most difficult to break. She was the unconscious exponent of that truth herself, as she hurried away to minister to his needs.

Caroline was wakened from sleep by the rattling of dishes. She sprang up. "Ma, is that you?"

"Yes."

"What are you doin'?"

"I 'm gettin' your pa somethin' to eat."

The girl listened to the sound of their voices a few minutes, then turned, and called her sister.

"Sary! Sary! The strike is over! Ma 's a-givin' pa his supper, an' he 's a-tellin' her one o' his stories."

Matt Crim.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON THE MASTER OF OPPORTUNITY.

BONAPARTE'S PLAN OF ORIENTAL CONQUEST THWARTED — ABOUKIR AND THE GREAT DESERTION — "THE RETURN OF THE HERO" — BONAPARTE SEIZES HIS OPPORTUNITY — THE OVERTHROW OF THE CONSTITUTION.

BONAPARTE'S PLAN OF ORIENTAL CONQUEST THWARTED.



MEDAL OF THE THREE CONSULS.
FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE CARNAVALET MUSEUM.

"THIS is the moment," said Bonaparte on hearing how Brueys's splendid fleet had been annihilated, and his own retreat cut off, "when characters of a superior order assert themselves." "The English," he cried on another occasion, "will compel us to do greater things than we meant to." So far from his activity being lamed in the isolation of Egypt, it was redoubled. To preserve the fiction of his mission as the restorer of Ottoman power, the tricolor and the crescent floated everywhere side by side, while prayers were said for both France and Turkey in the mosques. The utmost respect was paid to the Koran and its precepts. Menou and a number of others made an open profession of Islam. To soothe all popular apprehension, existing institutions were changed only to strengthen them, while contemplated reforms were to follow only as increasing public enlightenment demanded them. In particular, the utmost respect was paid to the marriage customs, and no license among the common soldiers was tolerated. In marked contrast was Bonaparte's own conduct. An intercepted letter written from Alexandria to his brother Joseph expressed jealous doubts of Josephine's fidelity — or, rather, a certainty of her infidelity. From that instant his own licentiousness became a scandal even to the loose notions of his train. But outwardly he affected the inflated speech of a semi-divine messenger; once, while visiting the burial crypt in the pyramid of Cheops, he pretended to a mufti that he was a proselyte, and pronounced with an air of conviction the Mohammedan creed. Every element in the population, however,—Copts, Turks, Greeks, and Arabs,—was courted, and made to share in the administration. Printing-presses were established, and the French scholars, though surprised and disenchanted by what they found, united into an institute, and began the study of every possible improvement in political, social, and domestic economy. Nor was the army forgotten: the captured Mamelukes and other available youth were enrolled in the French battalions, and taught the drill and discipline of war. Even the scattered Bedouin received the conqueror's flattering attentions with ever lessening distrust.

All this was part of a plan to effect a religious and political revolution in the East, the two to move hand in hand, by an appeal to Mohammedan zeal for coöperation with those who had already destroyed Christianity in Europe. Talleyrand was to have been the representative in Constantinople of the same idea. But he had broken his promise, and stayed at home; and neither the Sultan, as the political and religious head of Islam, nor its devotees, were for a moment deceived. On the well-known principle that offers of peace come best while war is hottest, Bonaparte's iron hand was shown in certain most stringent regulations, and one determined insurrection was put down with merciless rigor. The domestic relations of the people were sacred, but they must buy indemnity with the payment of all their cash; and treasure, wherever found, was seized for the army chest. The old city barriers of Cairo were broken down, and fortified turrets were built in their places. Resistance of any kind met with quick punishment, and heads fell throughout the land with such regularity and frequency as to force from the natives a recognition of Bonaparte as el Kebir (the Exalted).

The utter isolation of summer, autumn, and

winter would have been intolerable but for such occupations. Only a single official despatch, and that a most insignificant one, reached Egypt from France during this interval; and the rush of events in Europe was for months utterly unknown to the castaway army. In fact, but two efforts were made to forward news — an astounding proof of the feeling in Paris. The Directory had failed in their attempts to cajole the Sultan, and a message from Bonaparte arrived too late to influence him; for, on receipt of news from Nelson's victorious fleet, the monarch hesitated no longer, and Turkey accepted the proffered alliance of Russia. The only certain news from Europe which was generally disseminated in Cairo was contained in a packet of Italian newspapers brought into Alexandria by a blockade-runner. Through them it was known that the invasion of Ireland, having been precipitated by a misunderstanding between the secret society of United Irishmen and the Directory, had failed; that Malta and Corfu were blockaded; that the Spanish fleet was significantly inactive; and that all Europe was arming for the renewal of hostilities in the spring. Bonaparte made every effort to communicate with Paris. Some of his frequent despatches certainly reached their destination; but going by circuitous routes, they were belated. This very fact, however, went far in France to surround him with a halo of romance, and to glorify the legend, never eradicated from French imaginations, that their arms had subjugated the land of the Pharaohs. As every day revealed the incapacity of the Directory in the face of an exasperated and united Europe, the fancied splendor of the French arms in Egypt shone with an effulgence which neutralized any remnants of suspicion remaining in the minds of the people regarding their absent victor. The conquering republic was over the sea; the spurious one had remained at home to be humiliated.

Disquieting rumors of Bonaparte's death, said to have been spread by English and Russian agents, were prevalent during a part of December; but while at their height they were allayed by the arrival, direct from the seat of war, of a budget dated October 7. The condition of the colony was described in glowing terms, but the gist of the despatches was that the Spanish admiral must be goaded to activity, and that the fleet from Brest must be sent to coöperate with him in the Mediterranean, in order to restore the prestige of the French arms in the East. As for the writer himself, he hoped, should war break out again in Europe, to return in the spring. Meantime, the Neapolitans were marching on Rome, a fact which inclined the vacillating and harassed directors to act on the suggestions of their real master, although they kept his recommendations secret.

It was, therefore, not entirely without a coördination of plans that the Army of Egypt, strengthened and refreshed, made ready to move in February. The Turks, under Jezzar, were mustering in Syria, and it was necessary to anticipate them. Kléber was put at the head of 12,000 men, and, after dispersing the 800 Mamelukes who had retreated in the direction of Rahmaniyeh, advanced some days' march to El Arish, which was at once beset. Bonaparte tarried for a few days, and, having learned that the congress at Rastatt was still sitting, and that war, though imminent, was not yet declared, came up on February 17, 1799. Three days later the Turkish garrison, composed largely of volunteers, surrendered. They were paroled, and ordered to march toward Damascus. Gaza fell with the exchange of a few musket-balls, and delivered important munitions of war into the hands of the French. On March 4 the invaders were before Jaffa, which had a garrison of 4000 men, a part of Jezzar's army. After three days' bombardment a breach was made in the walls, and 2000 troops who had taken refuge behind caravansary walls surrendered under promise of their lives; the rest, it is said, had been killed in a massacre which immediately followed the assault. [See map, page 214, June CENTURY.]

No French victory was ever marked by such unbridled license as that which the victorious troops practised at Jaffa. But what followed was worse; for the prisoners of war were too numerous for the ordinary usage. For some days they were treated according to the terms of quarter they had exacted. On the 17th a council of war unanimously voted that the old rule under which no quarter is given to defenders in an assault should be applied to them. For three days Bonaparte hesitated, but on the 20th his decision was taken. A few Egyptians were sent home, and the remainder of the prisoners, together with the 800 militia from El Arish, were marched to the beach, and shot. In the report to the Directory the number was put at 1200. Two eye-witnesses estimated it — one at 3000, the other at 4000. "I have been severe with those of your troops who violated the laws of war," wrote the author of the deed to Jezzar. No mention of the fact or excuse for it was made in any of his other correspondence at the time. All winter long he had been dealing as an Oriental with Orientals, and this was but a piece of the same conduct. The code of Christian morality was far from his mind. In January, for instance, he had ordered Murat to kill all the prisoners of a hostile tribe in the desert, whom he could not bring away; and in the same month identical orders were issued to



PAINTED BY F. DE MYRBACH.

BONAPARTE, KLÉBER, EUGÈNE DE BEAUHARNAIS, LASALLE, AND JUNOT AT THE TIVOLI GARDEN IN CAIRO.

Berthier concerning another existing horde. The plea which is made by the eulogists of Napoleon, and by some recent military writers, for this wholesale execution, is that among these slaughtered men the garrison of El Arish, which had surrendered, had been found again with arms in their hands; that they were deserving of death according to all the laws of war; and that, as to the rest, there were no French prisoners for whom to exchange them, and no provisions to support them, consequently their presence with the army would jeopardize its success, and it was therefore justifiable to diminish the enemy's resisting power by their execution. Those who believe that war, whether just or unjust, justifies any barbarity which will lead to speedy victory will agree with that opinion.

Bonaparte had foreseen that of all the Syrian towns the Pasha's capital, St. Jean d'Acre, which was on the shore, and not inland like the places so easily taken, would make the strongest resistance. Accordingly he had provided a siege-train, and despatched it by sea from Alexandria. The English squadron in those waters, now in command of Sir Sidney Smith, was in the offing when the French army arrived on the coast. Approaching in order to open fire, the English admiral became aware after a few shots that his enemy had no artillery. Divining the reason, he swiftly put to sea, and easily captured their transports. Phélippeaux, a French emigrant who had been graduated from the military school at Paris only two days before Bonaparte, was sent by Smith to superintend the fortification of the city with the very guns destined for its destruction. The siege of Acre thus became a task quite different from any hitherto imposed on the French. Supported by an English fleet, and easily provisioned under protection of their guns, the city might have made a determined stand even against an enemy with cannon; but to one without artillery it was likely that its resistance would be effectual. And so it proved; for under the old Gothic walls of a city whose name recalled the fleeting dominion of the Frank crusaders, Bonaparte's dreams of an Oriental empire vanished forever. On March 19 he sat down before them, with really no dependence except in fate. In spite of discouragements, however, a breach was effected on the 28th by means of a mine, but the assault was repulsed.

Day followed day without an important incident, until in the third week an army of 25,000 men, under Abdullah Pasha, approached from Damascus to relieve Jezzar. Kléber set out to check their march, and the first skirmish of advance-guards occurred at Nazareth. For eight hours Junot, in the van with a few hundred men, stood firm against a tenfold force; and even when the whole French division arrived the overwhelming superiority of the Turkish numbers was not perceptibly diminished. Bonaparte was not far behind. Leaving a respectable array before the town to keep up appearances, he hurried away with the rest, and by a forced march debouched on April 16 into the plain of Esdraelon. In the distance, at the foot of Mount Tabor, he could see a cloud of dust and smoke in the midst of which the ranks of Kléber's division seemed buried beneath the masses of his foe. Throwing his fine cavalry on the Turkish flanks, the commander-in-chief, at the head of the infantry, caught his enemy unawares from behind the whirling sand which had concealed his presence. The result was an utter rout of the Turks, who fled by the mountain passes in complete disorder.

Bonaparte returned victorious to Acre, and resumed the siege with a grim determination such as even he had not often felt. He had good cause. Another messenger from the Directory, traveling with comparative directness by way of Genoa, had arrived with despatches and newspapers dated as late as February. Two Austrian generals, Mack and Sachsen, had put themselves at the head of the Neapolitan army, and were about to march on Rome. An Austrian army division had already begun hostilities by entering the Grisons, thus violating the neutrality of the allied Helvetian Republic. Russia, Turkey, and Austria were in alliance: Russia would despatch troops to defend the Turkish capital and to aid in conquering Italy. Two new French armies were in the field. Moreau, the only first-rate general in France, was still under suspicion of complicity with Pichegru, and although permitted to accompany the Army of Italy as a volunteer, had been passed over in the choice of commanders. Jourdan, whose consistent democracy as a member of the Five Hundred had restored him to favor and rank, was to command the Army of the Danube; Joubert was to succeed Bonaparte in Italy. As for himself, he was left unhampered by instructions, but three alternatives had suggested themselves to the Directory — that he should either remain in Egypt and complete his colonial organization, or else press on to India and there supplant the English power, or, finally, march straight to Constantinople and attack the Russians. The tone of the despatches was one of anxiety. From earliest times Acre had been the key of Palestine; if Bonaparte should secure it, he would become the arbiter of his own destiny and of the world's. With Palestine, Egypt, and India at his feet, the tricontinental monarchy of his dreams was realizable, or else, in the same case, he could return to Paris with laurels unknown since the crusades, and put the copestone on the nearly



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-PAULIN GUÉRIN, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

JEAN-BAPTISTE KLÉBER.

completed structure of military domination in France and Europe. To the end of his days he imagined, or represented himself as imagining, that he would have altered the world's career by choosing the part of Oriental conqueror. We may call these notions dreams, or fancies, or visions, or what we will: they were true conceptions in themselves, although it is not likely that England would have been conquered in the loss of India. She had been vigorous without it; she could have survived even that blow. For the moment the fall of Acre appeared to be an antecedent condition to either of the courses which were in the mind of Bonaparte.

But the siege was not prosperous. The assault and the defense during the attack in March had been alike desperate, and French valor had been futile. A fleet was now on its way from Constantinople to throw additional men and provisions into the town. At the same time Phélippeaux had constructed a new girdle of forts inside the walls, and had barricaded the streets. In the interval, however, the French had brought up some heavy guns from Jaffa, and were making preparations to renew operations. A breach was easily effected, and a few gallant fellows seized the tower which controlled the outworks and curtain; but the storming party was repulsed, and the men in the tower, though they held it for two days, were finally so reduced in numbers that they

succumbed. This exasperated the French soldiers intensely. For the first two weeks of May there was scarcely a break in the succession of assaults. The fierce struggles which occurred in the breaches, on the barricades, even in the streets, to which the French once or twice penetrated, resulted in an appalling loss of life; but neither party quailed. Before long a pestilence broke out in the French camp, and the hospitals established at Jaffa and elsewhere were crowded with sick and dying.

On May 7 Kléber's division was called in for a conclusive onslaught, and in the face of a double fire from Sir Sidney Smith's cannon and the guns on the walls, both the first and second works were scaled and taken. All was in vain. Every house rained bullets from embrasures made for the purpose, and the entering columns retreated on the very threshold of their goal. Three days later a second equally desperate attempt likewise failed. In all, the siege lasted sixty-two days; the French assaulted forty times, and twenty-six sallies were made by the garrison; while four thousand soldiers and four good generals from his splendid army were the sacrifice of human life which Bonaparte offered at Acre to his ambition. Finally, the squadron from Constantinople having safely arrived, news came that another was fitting out at Rhodes to retake Egypt itself. Nothing was left but to retreat, and on the 17th the siege was abandoned. The retreat began on the 20th. At Jaffa Bonaparte passed through the hospital wards calling out in a loud voice: "The Turks will be here in a few hours. Whoever feels strong enough, let him rise and follow us."

As a votary at the shrine of science he believed in the lawfulness of suicide, and he now coldly suggested murder to his surgeon-general, hinting that an overdose of opium would end the sufferings of those plague-stricken men who would have to be abandoned. It was long believed that such a dose actually had been administered to the sixty or more who were left behind. But the conclusive evidence that the report was false is in the fact that when Sir Sidney Smith occupied Jaffa the sufferers were still alive. Napoleon to the last defended the suggestion as proper, though he falsely denied having made it himself, and untruthfully declared at St. Helena that he had delayed three days to protect the dying patients. With cynical good nature, he told the fine story of how the noble French physician Desgenettes (who, in spite of his conviction that the plague was contagious, had already inoculated himself with the disease in order to allay the panic of the terror-stricken soldiers) had rejected the criminal suggestion replying that a physician's profession was to save, not to destroy, human life.

After a nine days' march through the burning sands, the exhausted columns of the French reached Cairo. Such was their unparalleled vigor that a few days' rest and proper food sufficed to recuperate their strength.

More wonderful still, they soon believed themselves to have returned with crowns of victory. Their crafty general explained that but for the terrible heats of Syria, the pest, and the expedition from Rhodes, which threatened their rear, they would have leveled the walls of Acre and destroyed Jezzar's palace, returning with standards and spoils to confirm France's dominion in the hearts and fears of the Egyptians. The volatile and sanguine soldiery, unwilling to admit defeat even to themselves, half believed this was true, and soon by an easy transition came to hold the mere suggestions as actual facts. Berthier was instructed that the native authorities at Cairo were to be so informed by an advance agent, General Boyer. The few important prisoners whose lives had been spared were to be conveyed, with due display of captured standards, to the citadel of Cairo, and there imprisoned with the public announcement "that a great number of such were coming." The litters of the wounded French officers Lannes, Duroc, Croizier, and Arrighi were to be quietly carried in on different days. In one emphatic paragraph are the instructions for Boyer: "He is to write, to say, to do, everything which may secure a triumphal entry." So adroitly were truth and fiction intermingled and confused by Bonaparte and his agents that in spite of various attempted risings the country as a whole remained quiet. Murad, however, who had fled to Nubia, and had there remained in concealment until informed of the proposed Turkish expedition, soon reappeared with the remnants of his cavalry, for the purpose of coöperating with the Sultan's forces. For weeks he came and went among the people so mysteriously that the French guards could never seize him. Bonaparte's superstition was awakened by the hidden and uncanny movements of his enemy, and in July he gave vent to his nervous irritation in a request to one of his subordinates either to kill or worry to death the object of his dread. "Let him die one way or another, I shall be equally obliged," were his words.

ABOUKIR AND THE GREAT DESERTION.

THE Turkish army which had sailed from Rhodes numbered about 12,000 men. The fleet on board of which they were appeared off Alexandria on July 20, and a landing was attempted. Repulsed by the forts, it drew off to Aboukir, where the effort was successful. The force was composed of infantry, and as



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. L. GÉRÔME.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

BONAPARTE IN EGYPT.

they could do nothing without cavalry, they began immediately to throw up breastworks behind which they hoped to make a stand until the arrival of Murad. But this romantic personage, the last of the Mamelukes to enjoy undisputed sway, now came no farther than the Pyramids; the land at which he gazed from the summit of Cheops was never again to be his. Before he could reach his allies they had been overwhelmed, and before the evacuation of Egypt by its invaders he himself fell a victim to the plague. Mehemet Ali and the Albanians were to inherit his power. By July 24 the Turks had strongly fortified the peninsula of Aboukir with a double line of works. Not only Murad but Ibrahim, who was expected from Syria, failed them, and the lack of cavalry threw them on the defensive. But their presence would be sufficient to fan the rebellious spirit of the country, and they might maintain themselves until new reinforcements should come by sea, or the belated cavalry arrive by land. With his accustomed rapidity Bonaparte made ready to strike. Ibrahim was checked, Murad was finally driven back, and Desaix was called in from Upper Egypt to assure subordination below while the contest was going on in the Delta. With 6000 men in the main army, and 2000 reserves under Kléber, Bonaparte set out. On July 25 the battle was joined. It was short and murderous. The enemy was first outflanked on the left, and that wing driven into the sea; then the right was caught in the same manner, and suffered a like fate. Finally, with a rush the infantry of Lannes surmounted a redoubt in the center. What was their surprise to find Murat with his cavalry already on the other side! The dashing riders had madly circumvented the line of intrenchment. There were but 3000 Turks now left, and these took refuge in a citadel which they had constructed at the apex of the peninsula. On August 1, 1799, the anniversary of the battle of the Nile, the entire force surrendered. Bonaparte told the Directory that 12,000 Turks were drowned. As he said in his despatch to Cairo, "Not a single man of the hostile army which had landed escaped." The French troops were now convinced that their general had ever been invincible, and that somehow he would open the doors of their prison-house, and find a way for their return.

It was nearly six months since the date of the latest authentic news from Paris. At least so thought the general's adjutants and companions, and they were possibly right. They knew that he had been constantly forwarding news of their enterprise, and probably regular directions, to the authorities at Paris. Bonaparte mentions in his correspondence the despatch of sixty vessels of various kinds with his letters, and some of them, at least, reached their destination. This certainty, with the wise adaptation of his subsequent course to his ultimate ends, has led to the supposition that he was in constant receipt of secret information from his brothers, by way of Genoa and Tunis. "On my return to Egypt," he said at St. Helena, "I received news by way of Tunis"; and the memoirs of Joseph declare that he himself sent a messenger to tell the sorry tale of French affairs to Napoleon. But there is no proof and no likelihood that this courier ever reached his destination. It is more probable that Bonaparte's mysterious news came in part by way of the Barbary States, but chiefly through the English fleet, which was now off Alexandria, negotiating for exchanges on behalf of Turkey.[1] According to Marmont,[2] Sir Sidney Smith, hoping to discourage his enemy, sent a packet of papers ashore, and declared that if Bonaparte's army should strive to escape, in accordance with the desire of the Directory, he would endeavor to give an account of himself to the fugitives. In any case, what was now definitely made known to Bonaparte was not unwelcome information. He learned that war had, as he expected, broken out; that the French arms had suffered disgrace in Italy; and that a fleet under Admiral Bruix had been despatched to conquer the Mediterranean and to bring home the Army of Egypt. No doubt he guessed that the Directory was showing hopeless incapacity. What he could not know was that on May 26 they had actually despatched a special courier to express the hope that he himself would return to take command of the armies of the republic. This messenger, we know, never landed in Egypt, but his services were not required; for no sooner was Bonaparte convinced that the crisis he had long foreseen was actually occurring than the resolution he had twice foreshadowed in his letters to Paris was finally taken. He told Marmont that the state of things in Europe compelled him to return: the French armies defeated, all the fruits of his hard-earned victories in Italy lost! Of what use were these incapables who were at the head of affairs? With them all was hesitation, stupidity, and corruption. "I—I alone have borne the burden, and by constant victory have given strength to this administration, which without me would never have lifted its head. On my departure everything must of necessity crumble. Let us not wait until the destruction is complete; the evil would be irremediable. . . . The news of my return will be heard in France simultane-

[1] The "Commentaries," Vol. V, p. 710, state that the first inkling of the truth was received in a conversation with Phélippeaux, held between the hostile lines at Acre.

[2] "Mémoires du Duc de Raguse," Vol. II, p. 31.



FROM THE PAINTING BY L. SERGENT.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

THE EXAMPLE—KLÉBER AT THE ASSAULT OF ACRE.

ously with that of the destruction of the Turkish army at Aboukir. My presence will elevate men's spirits, restore to the army its lost confidence, and to the good people the hope of a prosperous future." No commentary could make this language clearer.

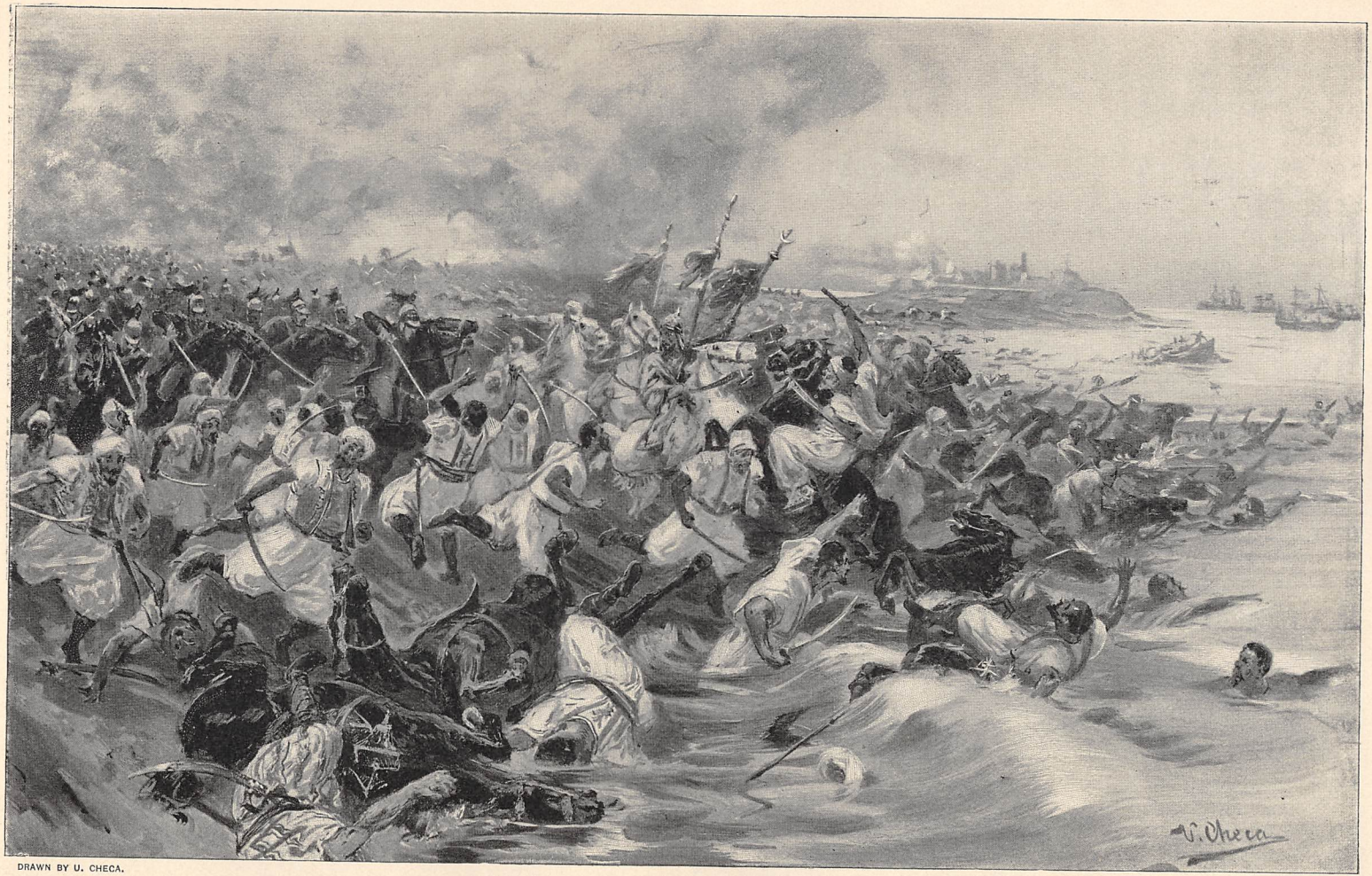
His arrangements were quickly made. A few trusted men were confidentially informed of the situation, and Kléber was appointed to the chief command of the army, which was so dishonorably to be abandoned in a most critical situation, reduced as it was to half its original numbers, destitute of provisions and ammunition, surrounded by a hostile and ever more fanatical population, and confronted by the powerful fleet of its most unrelenting enemy. Secretly, and by night, two frigates were prepared, and anchored off a remote point of the shore. In the early hours of August 22 he embarked, accompanied by a few devoted and able friends — capable generals like Murat, Lannes, Marmont, Berthier, and Andréossy; equally able political scholars like Monge, Denon, and Berthollet. It was arranged that Junot and Desaix should come later.

The great deserter could easily persuade himself that this was an act of heroism — risking his life on hostile waters to save France. It was not hard to reason speciously that it was a colony which had been intended, and a colony which had been planted; that in his own return he was using the discretion granted by the Directory, and carrying out a plan announced from the outset. But it needed no verdict of posterity to declare that it would have been more heroic to remain and share the consequences of a scheme so largely his own. His own shriveled conscience asserted it, for he deceived the brilliant and acute Kléber in an appointment to say farewell, which was not kept; while the Grand Council of Cairo was told that he had gone to take command of his fleet, and would return in three months. Orders were left that if 1500 soldiers should die of the pest, Kléber should open negotiations for evacuating the country. An angry and emphatic protest was written by the victimized general; but it was intercepted by the English cruisers, and did not fall into the hands of his betrayer until after he had become First Consul.

At St. Helena Napoleon declared that the failure of the expedition was clear to him from the moment of Nelson's victory; for any force which cannot be recruited must melt away and eventually surrender. The following spring saw 60,000 Turks routed at Heliopolis by Kléber's 10,000 gallant men. Cairo, which seized the occasion and revolted against French rule, was again subdued in March, 1800; but the dagger of a fanatic ended the life of the brilliant leader. "One rival less," said Bonaparte, when he heard of the assassination.

Sir Sidney Smith, never dreaming either that a general would abandon his army, or that vessels would sail for Europe against the adverse winds of that season, had made for Cyprus to renew his supply of water. In that interval the two French frigates gained the open sea in the vague hope of reaching Toulon direct, by some reversal of nature's laws. But the prevalent breezes continued, and compelled them to coast along the African shore. It was three weeks before they even sighted the headlands of Tunis. At last a favoring wind began to blow. With lights extinguished and at night, they passed the strait which separates Africa from Sicily, escaping the observation of the English cruisers sent from Nelson's fleet to patrol those waters. Skirting Sardinia, the flotilla reached Corsica early in October. Though, as he declared, he was "deeply moved by the sight of his native town," no remnant of his early enthusiasm could sweeten for Bonaparte the enforced delay of several days in the harbor of Ajaccio. He had left far behind the emotions of that primitive society, and was indifferent to the abounding caresses of all the friends who crowded the decks to see him, evidently fretting to be gone. One fact alone has been recorded to his credit: his features relaxed with evident joy as he tenderly returned the greeting of the old woman who had been his earliest attendant. It was his last visit to the island of his birth, but not the last time the accents of its dialect fell on his ears, for it was a Corsican who soothed his last hours at St. Helena.

What moved him really and deeply was the news of French disasters on the Trebbia and at Novi, of Joubert's death, of the dissolution of the Italian republics, and of Moreau's last stand in the Piedmont fortresses. What probably moved him most was the further news that the old Directory had virtually fallen on 30 Prairial, and that Sieyès, who had returned but partly successful from Berlin, had been chosen as a member of the new one, to preserve at least a semblance of respect for the institution. Finally, the favoring breeze sprang up, and on October 8 sail was made again, not for Italy, to restore the fortunes of the army, as Bourrienne says he had planned during the voyage, but direct for France. Suddenly, at sunset, a British squadron loomed on the horizon. Was Fortune at last to desert her child? It seemed so. The captain of Bonaparte's vessel gave orders to make again for Ajaccio, and prepared a longboat for the solitary landing of his passenger on the wild shores in case of extremity. But a dark night revived his courage. The English, deceived by the apparent angle of their enemy's yards, mistook his course, and sailed in a



DRAWN BY U. CHECA.

THE BATTLE OF ABOUKIR.

wrong direction. The French kept directly on. Next morning the adventurer set foot once more on French soil near Fréjus. A few nights later news of Bonaparte's landing was brought to his sisters in their box at the theater. They received it with exultation, but apparently with no manifestation of surprise.

"THE RETURN OF THE HERO."

How was he received, this thwarted leader of a costly fiasco, this general who for nothing had left the bones of thousands to whiten upon Eastern deserts, who had deserted in a plague-stricken land many thousands more of the finest troops which France could furnish? With a passion of delight! From Fréjus through Lyons to Paris, along the old familiar route, the people knew nothing of their hero's failures. They had not forgotten his Italian victories, which only a short year before had made them masters where now their armies were in disgrace and their name was execrated; they knew only too well the wide-spread legends of the same man's triumphs in the romantic East, before Cairo and at the feet of the Pyramids. With all this they contrasted the valley of humiliation through which the republic had been dragged by the incapacity of their leaders. Was it wonderful that at Lyons, as Marbo. graphically relates, the fêtes were like a jubilee through which Bonaparte, aware that his goal was near, moved like one already elevated among his fellows — conciliating, deprecating, mysterious?

It was on October 16 that he arrived at his house on Victory street, in Paris. Mme. Bonaparte was not there to give him a welcome. During the absence of her husband she had made her house the center of a brilliant society which numbered among its members the ablest men of the time. This circle was untiring in its devotion to Bonaparte's interests, making friends for him at home, plotting in his behalf abroad, turning every political incident to his advantage, and building up a strong party which believed that he was the only possible savior of France. In conduct the associates were gay and even dissolute; occasionally a select inner coterie withdrew to Plombières, nominally for repose, but probably for a seclusion not altogether innocent. Into this loyal but licentious company the sudden announcement of Bonaparte's approach brought something like consternation. Josephine, in particular, was over-anxious to display a feigned devotion to her husband. Learning of his approach, she went out some distance to meet him, but took the wrong road, and passed him unawares. Hurrying back, she found the door of his chamber barred, her absence being of course a confirmation of the general's jealous suspicions. For hours her entreaties and tears were vain. At last Eugène and Hortense joined theirs with their mother's, and the door was opened. The breach was apparently healed, but rather to avoid a scandal than from sincere forgiveness, and this scene was the beginning of estrangement.

The situation of affairs in Europe at the close of 1799 was, as Bonaparte had anticipated, by no means simple. England, having been scorned in her propositions for peace made through Malmesbury in 1797 at Lille, had found everything ripe for a second coalition of France's enemies, which was formed in 1798, largely through the efforts of Paul I., the new Czar of Russia. The organization of the Helvetian Republic in Switzerland had brought the Revolution into the very heart of central Europe, and thus had further estranged the trembling dynasties of both Austria and Prussia. The organization on February 18, 1798, of the Roman Republic had brought the Revolution to the frontiers of Naples; and when her king, having joined the coalition, rose to repel it, and threw an army into Rome, the French troops in Italy were divided, and a portion of the army, under Championnet, in a kind of pleasure excursion overturned the Neapolitan throne, and in January, 1799, proclaimed the Parthenopean Republic. By a skilfully devised complot in which Lucien Bonaparte was active, the Directory charged the feeble King of Sardinia with unfriendliness, the Cisalpine Republic picked a quarrel with him, Tuscany became involved in the ensuing disorders, and Charles Emmanuel IV. was compelled on December 9, 1798, to abandon all his territories on the mainland, while the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand III., fled shortly after, in 1799, to his friends in Vienna, leaving his dominions at the disposal of France. It was doubtless a pleasant delusion for sincere republicans to imagine that in these events free governments were rising on the wreck of absolutism; but unfortunately the fact was otherwise: every one of these so-called free states was founded, not in the hearts of its people, but in the power of French arms. With the waning of this military ascendancy, they must of necessity lose all vitality. Bonaparte had stated to the Directory, in defense of his own conduct, and of course both repeatedly and emphatically, that to divide the Army of Italy and leave the Austrians on the Adige would be to lose Italy. And yet this was precisely the blunder the directors made in sending Championnet to Naples. Angered by the unexpected renewal of hostilities, their preparations for the coming war, though vigorous



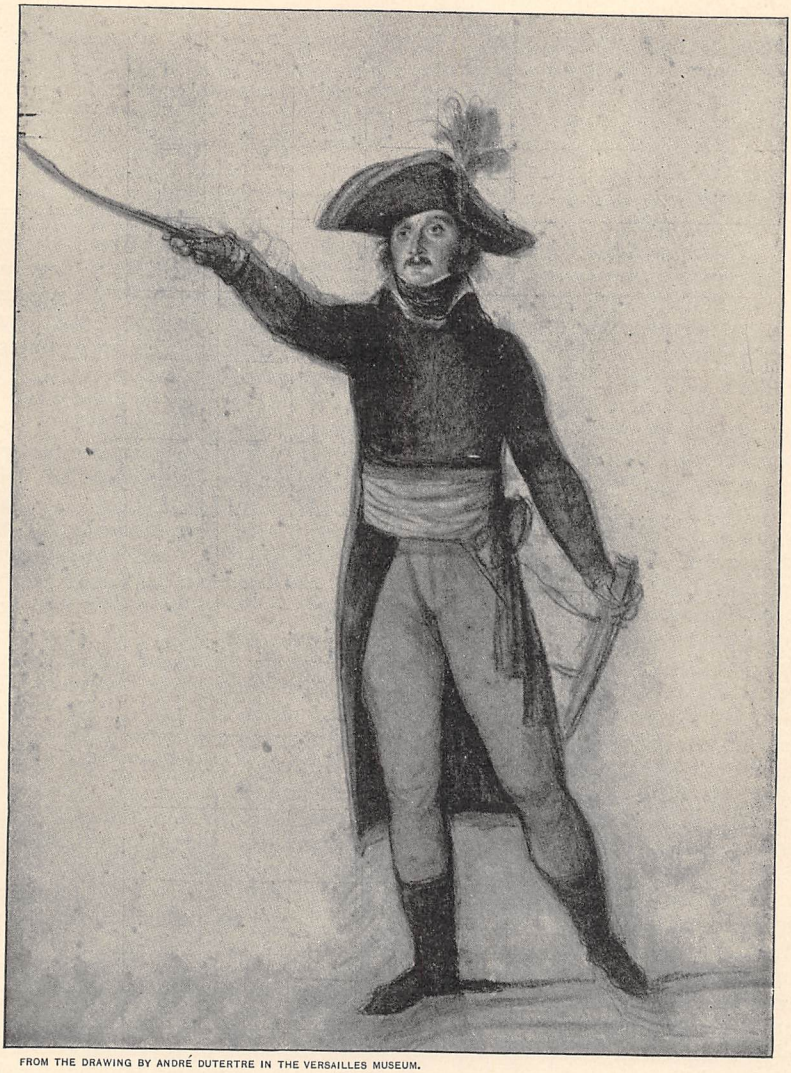
FROM THE PAINTING BY HORACE DE CALLIAS. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE ASSASSINATION OF KLÉBER AT CAIRO, JUNE 14, 1800.

and energetic, were made unadvisedly and in haste. Brune was sent to command in Holland, Bernadotte to the middle Rhine, Jourdan into central Germany, Masséna to Switzerland, Macdonald to Naples, and Schérer to upper Italy. Two hundred thousand men were raised under the new conscription law, and these conscripts—a word then used in that sense for the first time—were sent to fill the depleted ranks of the respective armies. Brune and Masséna were destined to show ability and win success; the others were marked for overwhelming defeat: in particular the crowning example of folly was the appointment of Schérer to the post of greatest importance. He had once before shown his inability to master the rudiments of warfare in Italy, and this time his command was as inefficient as might have been expected. Jourdan, having been defeated toward the close of March, by the archduke Charles, both at Ostrach and at Stockach, was succeeded by Lenouf, who was at once compelled to retreat behind the Rhine. On the heels of this disaster Schérer was driven first behind the Mincio, then to the Oglio; he was defeated at Magnano in April, and then voluntarily made way for Moreau. He laid down his command amid the jeers of his troops.

Meantime the congress at Rastatt had been keeping up the forms of negotiation, its proceedings being in the main perfunctory, and its sessions deriving their interest mainly from the attempts of the French plenipotentiaries to overawe their colleagues. In this they were largely successful, because they had in their possession the clearest evidence of Austria's earlier determination to secure her importance by the dismemberment of Bavaria. They were three in number: two — Roberjot and Bonnier — were honest supporters of the Directory; the third—Debry—was an old friend of Bonaparte's, and had never swerved from his allegiance. As chief of the embassy he had attracted great attention, and having displayed a spirit far from conciliatory, he gave some cause for the special dislike in which he was held not only by the other delegates, but even by his own colleagues. There was the utmost tension in the congress when hostilities were renewed. With the successes of Charles, Austria grew so bold that she determined to break off all negotiation. Already one imperial representative had withdrawn in dudgeon; the others were ready to follow. Aware that war was imminent, both French and Austrian troops had begun early in 1799 to scour the suburbs of Rastatt, and had in frequent forays not merely attacked each other, but had molested the citizens and even the ambassadors. Finally, in April, the imperial troops beset the town, and ordered the remaining members of the congress to leave within a term which, according to usage, was to be fixed by the assembly itself. The French ministers, in obedience to orders received from Paris, waited until the very last, leaving with their train only at nightfall on April 28. In a few moments, and almost before the gates, they were surrounded and hustled by Austrian hussars. In the ensuing tumult the three plenipotentiaries were dragged from their carriages and furiously assaulted; Roberjot and Bonnier were killed, Debry escaped. Next morning he appeared in Rastatt wounded and bloody, but not seriously injured. This murder has become one of the standing historical puzzles. Many claim that the blows were struck by Debry himself, who, it is thought, was one of those Bonapartist agents, like Garat in Naples and Ginguené in Turin, whose business, as is claimed, was to bring on anarchy at any price, and discredit the Directory. The royalists, supported by the declarations of Mme. Roberjot, who was in the carriage with her husband, asserted this at the time, and the numerous hewers at the greatness of Napoleon have again repeated it in our day. There are circumstances which could be twisted into corroborative evidence if even the slightest positive proof existed; but no satisfactory testimony has ever been offered from Austrian sources to prove that these attacks, like others of the time and in other lands, were not instigated by the authorities, and made in order to conceal inconvenient shortcomings, and to bring on the war for which Austria was now ready.

The second coalition was stronger than the first, because, although Prussia remained neutral for reasons already mentioned, it included not only England and Austria, but also both Turkey and Russia, with Portugal and Naples. The long frontier, from Holland to Naples, which France was called on to defend in the absence of her best troops and generals in Egypt, made her weak and vulnerable as never before. England appeared in Holland with an Anglo-Russian army; the Russians poured into Switzerland and Italy; the Austrians were again on the Rhine and the Adige; while Turkey was showing unexpected energy in repelling the invaders from lands which, slack as was the tie, she still considered her own. Worse than all, the false position of the republic and the Church with reference to each other had kept alive smoldering coals of discontent, and as a result civil war again broke out in Brittany and Vendée. To meet this appalling emergency there was needed either a capable, homogeneous administration heartily supported by the nation, or else a military despotism such as was the logical result of Vendémiaire and Fructidor. The former did not exist. Instead of gaining strength by wise self-denial, the Directory had



FROM THE DRAWING BY ANDRÉ DUTERTRE IN THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM.

FRANÇOIS LANUSSE. KILLED AT BELBEYS, EGYPT, MAY 19, 1801.

grown steadily weaker, usurping authority of every kind, and actually seating in the councils of 1798, by the basest arts, creatures of their own as representatives of no less than forty-nine departments. The May elections of 1799 expressed the popular discontent in an uprising of extreme Jacobinism, which sent an opposition delegation into the councils too strong to be thus supplanted or overthrown.

The new legislature met the executive, and at once, with their own weapons. Aided by public clamor, and the influence of a widely read pamphlet which Carnot had written in justification of his course, they obtained in June a virtual reconstruction of the Directory. Barras, who had become known as a weak trimmer, was suffered to remain. Rewbell, as a supporter of the unsuccessful Schérer and the pertinacious associate of Rapinat, a dishonest contractor connected with the Army of Italy, had been himself suspected of peculation, although unjustly, and his time having expired, he was not reëlected. The others went as a matter of course: Merlin and Larevellière were permitted to resign because, although troublesome, they were nonentities; Treilhard, though honest and able, could not make himself felt, and a flaw in his election was used as a pretext to replace him by Gohier, a feeble creature, though formerly minister of justice. Sieyès was put in Rewbell's place in order to secure a better constitution. He carried into his new sphere the same habits of supercilious mystery which he had always had, continuing likewise the scheming for radical change which he had so long carried on. He looked to Joubert as the

popular general most likely to become an easy tool, and formed an intimacy with him. The two other places were filled by utter mediocrities: Roger Ducos, a moderate, and Moulins, a radical. This revolution of 30 Prairial was thought to be a Jacobin counterstroke to that of 18 Fructidor. The legislature had shown itself as lawless as the Directory; the constitution was proved to be worthless: another must be enacted. With Fouché at the head of the police, and other Robespierrians restored to office, it appeared to the majority of the nation as if all constitutional government were jeopardized, as if the Terror were to be revived, as if such madness could be repressed only by military force.

But where was the general? Championnet had disgraced himself by permitting the unbridled license which followed his capture of Naples on January 23, 1799, and his army was in a state of disreputable disorganization. Macdonald had gathered together and reorganized the remnants, but only to be defeated by Suvaroff with his Russians on the Trebbia. The army of Joubert, who succeeded Moreau, had been overwhelmed, and its leader killed, by an Austro-Russian force at Novi on August 15. Mantua was already lost. Moreau, having saved some remnants of Joubert's troops, made a successful stand in the Apennines, where his army still was. Masséna was defeated at Zurich, in June, by the Austrians under the archduke Charles; but on September 25–26 he routed the Russians under Korsakoff at the same place. Brune had defeated on September 19, at Bergen, an Anglo-Russian army under the Duke of York, who was forced to capitulate at Alkmaar on October 10, and to evacuate the Batavian Republic. Bernadotte was the new secretary of war, more successful in that office than as a diplomat. Although he was Joseph Bonaparte's brother-in-law, he was not a Bonapartist, being first, last, and always a Bernadottist. Under his administration Jourdan had devised and carried out the new conscription measures which filled once more the empty army lists. This sweeping measure was the extreme development of the system introduced by Carnot, whereby all able-bodied French citizens were declared liable to military service, and drafts were made only when voluntary enlistment failed. The conscription law was passed on September 5, 1798, and compelled the service of all young men, or at least of as many as the government saw fit to draw, between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. This procedure differed but little from that now universal in modern Europe, and created the Napoleonic armies as distinguished from those of the republic. Organized into divisions, brigades, and half-brigades as before, the new ranks appear to have been quite as enthusiastic as the old, for the young of the nation now looked to war as the quickest road to glory. Bernadotte expressed the common conviction of all ambitious young men when he said, "Children, there are certainly great captains among you." The treasury was replenished by a forced loan disguised under the form of an arbitrary tariff. Besides all this, a frightful measure had been passed, known as the Hostage Law, which made the innocent relatives of every Chouan or emigrant responsible for his conduct.

These measures were indicative of a dangerous and rising tide of the new Jacobinism, which was represented by a majority in the Five Hundred, in the Directory by Gohier and Moulins, and outside by a recognized club of terrorists, which began to sit in the famous riding-school where the Convention had held its sessions. The well-to-do men like Talleyrand, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angély, and Roederer, the philosophers Cambacérès, Sémonville, Benjamin Constant, and even Daunou, were outraged at the thought of a new Terror, and looked to Sieyès and Barras to prevent it. In view of these disturbing circumstances, many also asked, Where is the statesman? The Jacobins, as of old, had perfect faith that the chapter of accidents would reveal a statesman; a general they had either in the calm Jourdan or the hotspur Augereau. Their policy was to repeat republican victories, and fortify democracy in the coming constitution, whatever shape it should take. Sieyès and his friends naturally would have turned to the conqueror of Italy, with whom they had already plotted; but he was absent, and, besides, they wanted a tool, not a master. They actually tried Moreau with an offer of a dictatorship to be equally shared with Bonaparte; but he was already under the spell of royalism, and proved coy. It has been suggested that but for the arrival of Bonaparte himself, Masséna, who much resembled Monk in character, might have repeated that general's rôle in France. Certainly the advocates of a limited monarchy would, in the extremity, have welcomed even the Bourbons as a constitutional dynasty, and this although they were so distrustful that Sieyès, when ambassador in Prussia, had dreamed of choosing a foreign royal house for that purpose, selecting as his own preference that of Brunswick.

Such, then, was the complicated web of defeat and victory in war, of plot and counterplot in politics, of cross-purposes everywhere, which was displayed to Bonaparte on his return to the capital. Should he, the hitherto avowed republican whose devoted soldiers still believed themselves to be fighting for freedom's cause, continue the farce still further,



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. — ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

JOSEPHINE AT THE DOOR OF BONAPARTE'S CHAMBER.

and throw in his fate with the Jacobins? Or should he put down the mask? It soon became clear that Paris and the people would never again tolerate a Terror, and that success in the long run lay in an alliance with them. If they would accept his leadership, the game was won. But was this possible? The cool heads, like Baron de Pasquier, had noted the real character of the Egyptian and Syrian campaigns; but even they had an admiration for an adventurer's effrontery, and they were too few to make much impression upon the masses. By large numbers of the hitherto indifferent it was now believed that Bonaparte and his army had been deported to Egypt from jealousy on the part of the Directory; and to some of the conservatives he was a martyr returning from exile, and bringing new trophies to his country. This rumor was not only never contradicted, but was rather increased by the significant hints of those among the Bonaparte family who were now in the thick of events. Joseph, having three years previously been elected to the Five Hundred, had risen high in the public esteem; and Lucien for two years past had likewise been one of the most influential members. Both were changed men. Polished, at least superficially, and apparently devoted to letters, they were known as solid citizens. Their own social gifts, aided by the charm of their attractive wives, had made their homes, like that of Mme. Bonaparte herself, centers of influence among the best people of the capital. Hers, however, was far more exclusive, and affected a lofty superiority to all others. Between it and the other two there existed intense jealousy concerning the general's favor, but all were heartily united in furthering his interests.



FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY L. DUPRÉ IN THE CARNAVALET MUSEUM.

L. J. GOHIER.

The people of Paris did not, like those of Lyons, run to meet Bonaparte as if he were already a sovereign; but they received him warmly. In particular the malcontents of every party who were plotting in his behalf, as if under his personal direction, welcomed him with effusion. Without a moment's delay he took charge of their councils. Sieyès had lost his mainstay in Joubert, and his prestige by the defeat at Novi. With the help of Talleyrand and Roederer he was soon brought to terms, and under Bonaparte's immediate direction the careful, daring plan for a complete change in the constitution and the administration already discussed by Sieyès and his followers, the so-called Reformists, was revised and finished. It was on its face a determined attempt to remedy the radical defects of the constitution of the year III, and to organize a strong constitutional government. In fact, its author had already shown a certain executive ability in preparing the way. Waving the red signal of the Terror, he had by a series of arbitrary measures suppressed the Jacobin papers and banished their editors. Jourdan at this crisis demanded from the assemblies a vote that the "country was in danger," but his appeal fell flat. Then came the stirring news that under Masséna and Brune the armies of France were renewing their pristine glories, and that the Rhine and the Alps at least were safe. A few days later a messenger from the executive read to the councils, in solemn state, the despatch, composed by Bonaparte for the purpose, containing his exaggerated narrative of the battle of Aboukir. Tremendous enthusiasm swept over both chambers. Lucien was



SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE. AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHOT IN THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM.

BARTHÉLEMY-CATHERINE JOUBERT.

elected president of the Five Hundred, which, unlike the Ancients, had been and remained Jacobin in sentiment. Gohier, who had fallen a victim to the charms of Josephine in her frequent visits to his flattered wife, was the president of the Directory. To him Bonaparte had paid his first official visit, and on the following day the Directory received in formal audience the general, who, as he declared to Gohier, had "left his army to come and share the national perils," reports of which had so disquieted him in Egypt.

The official and the popular good will were therefore before long alike intense: Paris was within a few days as much dazzled by Bonaparte's return as the country had been. The "Return of the Hero" was the catchword of the nation. Recent events had shattered parties into fragments: here was a leader who had never been identified with any one of them. The newspapers took up the pæan of his virtues. Meanness and mediocrity were to disappear; the French people, avid of great things, had found again the favorite of fortune who alone could accomplish them. First Talleyrand, then Sieyès, then all the other well-known men, from Gohier down, openly joined in the train of admirers. The shifty course of large numbers who, like Roederer, were opportunists at heart, had become wearisome to the moneyed classes, and they also soon arrayed themselves under Bonaparte's banner. Doubtful or distant persons of influence were courted, and, as in the case of Moreau, were by consummate art often won. Before long the defeated general had at Paris a court more influential than he had had at Montebello in the hour of victory. His personal demeanor was much the same as then — quiet, reserved, and even dark, but conciliatory, simple, and frank. He frequented the Institute, of which he had been made a member, and associated by preference with men like Volney, discussing questions of philosophy and science. Soon it was whispered that his plans were maturing. What could they be? The answer was not long in suspense. The pear was ripe.

BONAPARTE SEIZES HIS OPPORTUNITY.

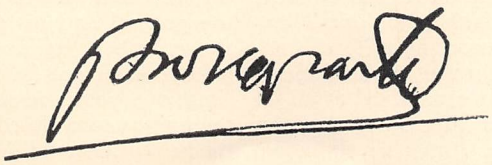
On November 1, 1799, Sieyès formally surrendered all control. By agreeing, as he did in a conference with Bonaparte, that the outline of the "perfect" constitution which he had written — it was his own epithet — should not be laid directly before the councils, but should be submitted to a committee, he abdicated the public leadership, and became the dupe of his colleagues. On the 6th a banquet was given to Bonaparte in the church of St. Sulpice. It had originally been intended that the tribute should come from both chambers; in reality the affair was arranged entirely by a few of the Ancients, who were now almost to a man Bonapartists. Moreau was present as a guest. Embittered against the Directory by the impossible labors they had assigned to him, he had arrived in Paris cautiously and quietly. Bonaparte, equally embittered, but by his own failures, came amid the plaudits of a nation; but the two were for all that justly ranked together as the great captains of the hour. The occasion, however, fell flat; for both Jourdan and Augereau, the Jacobin generals, remained away, and they were the intimates of Bernadotte. Moreau himself was sullen, and the only incident of importance was Bonaparte's toast to the "harmony of all the French." He drank it in wine that was brought in a bottle by Duroc, his aide-de-camp; for his guilty conscience made him suspicious that the meat and drink provided in his honor were poisoned. Immediately after the close of the gloomy ovation he had a meeting with Sieyès, who produced his draft of three measures, the general tenor of which had been previously agreed upon. In the revolutionary movement now arranged, the Council of the Ancients, in which a majority was certain, were to take the initiative according to constitutional provision, and pass all three as preliminary to the overthrow of the constitution. They were first to declare the existence of a plot, the nature and size of which were not to be mentioned; then to ordain the session of both councils at St. Cloud; and lastly to appoint Bonaparte commander of the troops in Paris. When assembled next day at St. Cloud, they were to accept the resignations from the Directory of Sieyès and Ducos, the latter having been persuaded to join the new movement. Finally Gohier, Barras, and Moulins were to be cowed into resigning, and thereupon a provisional consulate, consisting of Bonaparte, Sieyès, and Ducos, was to be intrusted with the work of reconstruction.

A sufficient military force having been made ready, it was determined at a secret meeting of the Bonapartists, held on 15 Brumaire (November 7), that the blow should be struck three days later. To that end the Ancients were to meet, according to the program, on the morning of 17 Brumaire, and summon both assemblies to hold a session on 18 Brumaire at St. Cloud. Under a provision of the constitution, whenever an amendment to that document was to be considered, the two bodies were to sit outside the walls of Paris. This move would naturally excite considerable suspicion among the uninitiated; and although there might be no disorder, there would certainly be much heated discussion in the streets. Still greater was the danger which lay in the



FROM THE BUST BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-CLAUDE-EUGÈNE GUILLAUME, PRESENTED TO THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE BY PRINCE NAPOLEON.

BONAPARTE AS A MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE.



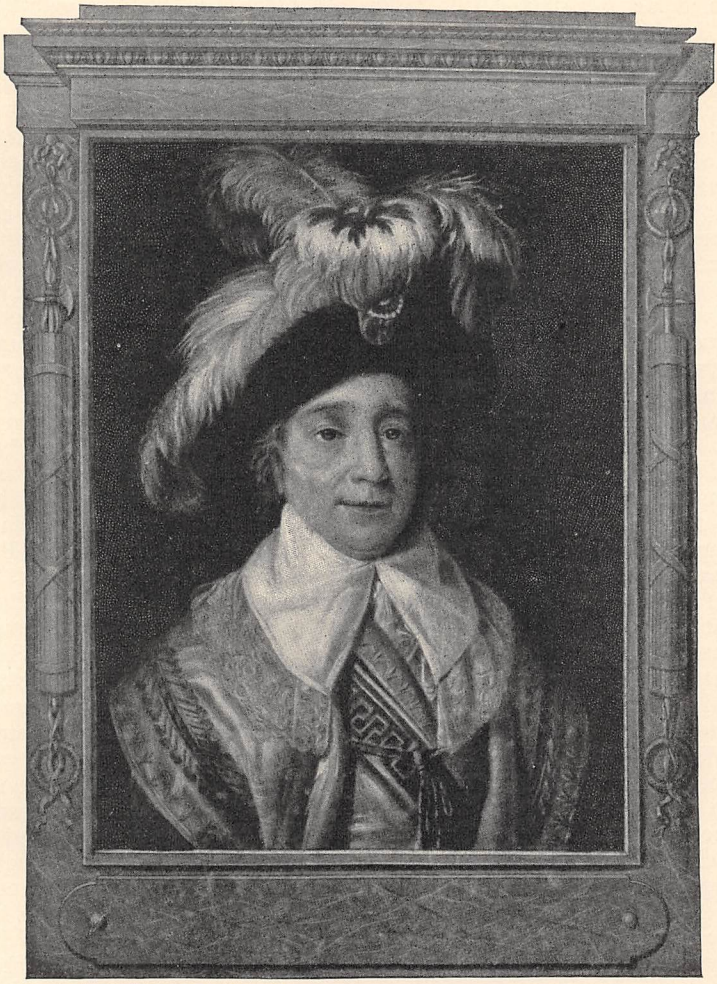
AUTOGRAPH FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN BOYD THACHER.

temper of the troops. Enthusiastic for what they felt to be still the republic, every appearance of offering violence to any and all avowed republicans like those who sat among the Five Hundred must be avoided. The solution of this latter problem was really the key to the whole combination. Success would depend entirely on the momentary instinct of plain, honest republican soldiers taken unawares. Minor troubles there were also. Sieyès, sensitive under the evident determination of Bonaparte to use him only so long as he was necessary, became restive, and it required the nicest balancing of interests to keep him temporarily in the traces. It was a time of terrible anxiety to the conspirators. Talleyrand never forgot a scene which took place at his house in the Rue Taitbout a few nights antecedent to the crisis. He and Bonaparte were still deep in conversation about one in the morning, when they heard the rumbling of carriage-wheels and the ring of cavalry hoofs in the street. Suddenly both ceased; they had paused at the door. Bonaparte turned pale, and Talleyrand also, as they paused and listened, fully convinced that both were to be arrested. The latter blew out the candles, and hurried through a passageway to gain a view of the street. After some delay he discovered that the carriage of a gambling-house keeper, returning under police escort from the Palais Royal with his spoils, had broken down. His fears relieved, he returned to joke with Bonaparte about the scare. Before the appointed day, however, everything which master-schemers could foresee was carefully adjusted and in equilibrium. The apparent resurrection of Jacobinism was actually the last appearance of its ghost; for the Directory, shorn of all prestige, was divided and shaky; the army, republican to the core, was weary with its inefficiency and furious with its bankruptcy; the mass of the nation, conservative and royalist, despaired of a restoration, and, sick of war, were for the moment in a humor to accept any strong government. The majority of the administration, the nation, and the army were, therefore, in readiness, while the numerous malcontents in each were at least temporarily silenced. Every little hidden wire of private interest was in hand, and plans were ripe to coerce those who could not be cajoled.

All night long, from the 16 to the 17 Brumaire, a committee of the Ancients was in session, minutely perfecting their plans. Next morning at seven the faithful majority, having been summoned according to form, convened as the council; for the doubtful members had either not been summoned at all, or had received notice of a later hour. As soon as a quorum was present, Cornet, a well-known butt for the wits, rose and denounced the terrible conspiracy which was menacing them. Regnier then moved that according to articles 102, 103, and 104 of the constitution both branches of the legislature should meet next day at noon, and not before, in the palace of St. Cloud; that General Bonaparte should be intrusted with the execution of their decree, and that to that end he be appointed commander of the Paris garrison, of their own special guard, and of the National Guard; that he therefore appear and take the oath; and that these resolutions be duly communicated to the Directory, to the Five Hundred, and also to the public by printed proclamation. The motion was carried unanimously.

During these proceedings, all the generals present in Paris except Jourdan and Augereau, who had not been invited, but including the stanch republican Lefebvre, commander of the garrison, had gathered in and before Bonaparte's house. They had been requested to come in uniform in order to arrange for a review. It was noticed that Bernadotte, though present, was not in uniform. He had so far yielded to the blandishments of his brother-in-law as to come, but declared that he would obey only what was at that moment the chief authority in the state. Lefebvre was in uniform, but having met on the way bodies of troops moving without his orders, and not being initiated, he was naturally startled. But Bonaparte knew his man. "Would you, a supporter of the republic, leave it to perish in the hands of these lawyers?" was his greeting. "See, here is the sword I carried at the Pyramids. I give it to you as a mark of my esteem and confidence." "Let us throw the lawyers into the river," came the expected answer.

A few moments later arrived the authoritative summons from the Ancients. Bonaparte stepped out on the porch, and read their proceedings aloud. By a united impulse the officers flourished their swords in response. It was but an instant before they were mounted, and with Bonaparte in front, the cavalcade, headed by men either already famous or destined to become so,—Macdonald, Sérurier, Murat, Lannes, Andréossy, Berthier, and Lefebvre,—proceeded to the council-chamber. It needed but a hasty glance, as they passed through the city, to see that preconcerted orders had already been carefully executed. The troops were all under arms and at their stations in commanding places throughout the town. Arrived at the Tuileries, the general and his glittering escort entered the chamber. "Citizen delegates," he said, "the republic was falling. You understood the situation; your course has saved it. Woe to them who cause disorder or disturbance! With the help of General Lefebvre, of General Berthier, and my other brethren in arms, I will ar-



FROM THE PRINT IN THE CARNAVALET MUSEUM.

PAUL-JEAN-FRANÇOIS-NICOLAS, COMTE DE BARRAS.

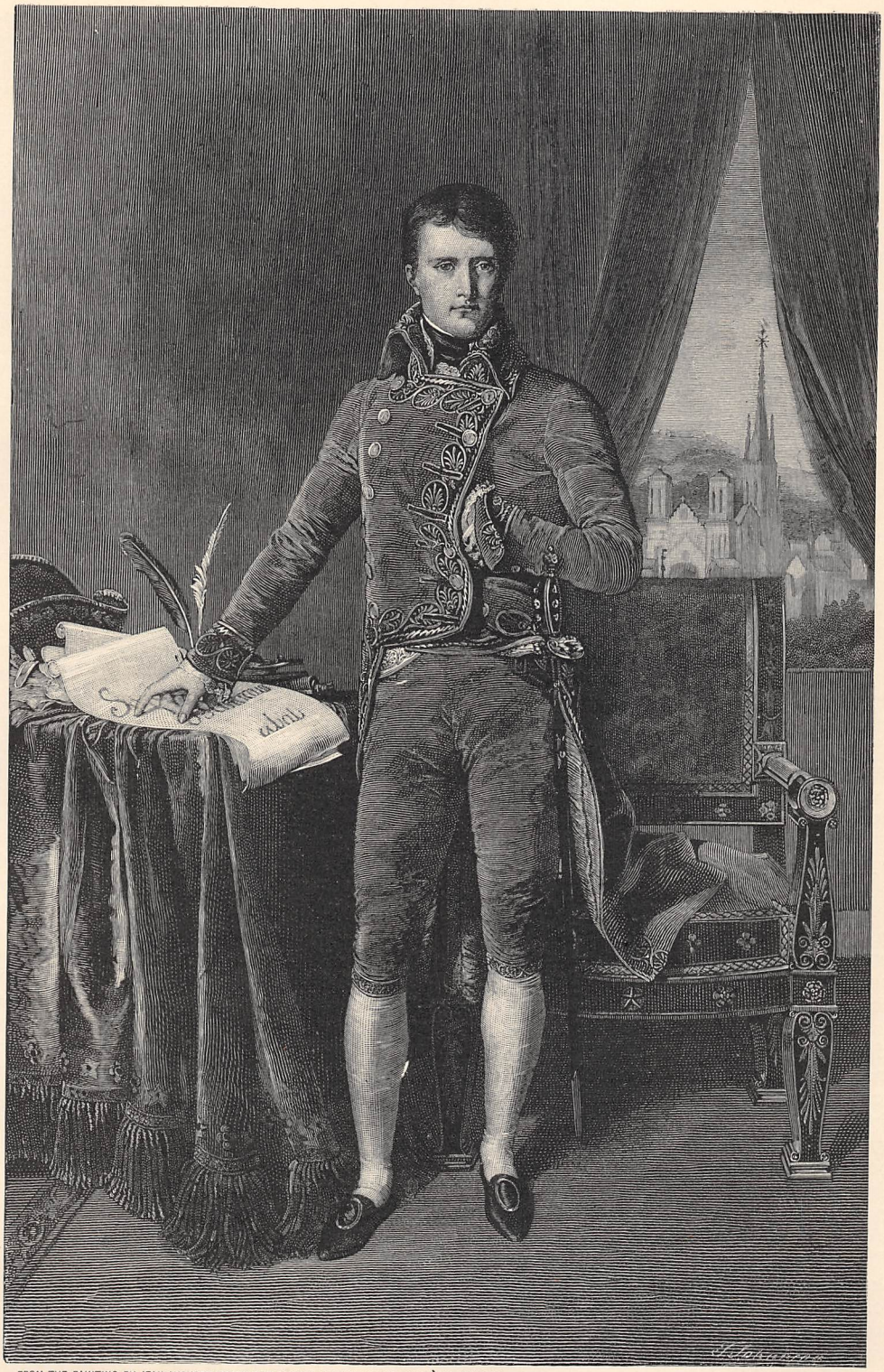
rest them. Let no man look for precedents in the past. Nothing in history is comparable to the end of the eighteenth century, nothing to the present moment. Your wisdom passed this motion, our arms will execute it. We desire a republic founded in true liberty, in civil liberty, in popular representation. We are going to have it. I swear it in my own name and in that of my brethren in arms!" "We swear it!" was the antiphonal response of the assembled generals. Some one indiscreetly suggested that Bonaparte had sworn, but not the oath of allegiance to the constitution required by their previous action; but the president hurriedly declared all further proceedings out of order, the assembly having adjourned by its own act.

By this time it was eleven o'clock, and the members of the Five Hundred were gathering. Their meeting was soon called to order, with Lucien in the chair. The recent action of the Ancients was announced amid a deep silence, broken only at the conclusion by numerous calls for an explanation. In strict legality, and according to the letter of the constitution, the lower house had on such an occasion no function but to listen, and the president announced the session ended. Amid cheers for the constitution of the year III the representatives then dispersed. A more impressive and dramatic scene was the reception of Bonaparte a few seconds later by the soldiers who had been assembled in the courtyard below for the purpose. Their cheers rang out in volleys as he mounted and rode away, the hero of the hour. A few moments later he reached his headquarters in the Tuileries to find all his chosen subordinates assembled. Fouché, the Jacobin minister of police, having seen how the weathercock was veering, was there likewise, obsequious and superserviceable.

In fact, the incidents of that day were all uncommon. The "Moniteur" published an article hinting that the Jacobins contemplated merging the two councils into a convention. The populace, so far from being uneasy and riotous, seemed dazzled by the military display, and were not alarmed by the movements of the soldiery. It was only with languid interest that they read a pamphlet scattered everywhere, which had been written by Roederer to prove the need for renewing the constitution. Bonaparte as commandant, and therefore temporary dictator, received according to prearrangement the resignations of Sieyès and Ducos, to be presented on the morrow at St. Cloud. The Gohiers had been invited to breakfast with Mme. Bonaparte that morning at the unusual hour of eight o'clock. Pleading official duties, the director himself did not go; his wife, amazed by the dazzling assemblage of generals which she found before the Bonapartes' door, hurried back to announce what she had seen. We may surmise that had Gohier accompanied his wife, both might have been won to the support of the movement in hand, or, in the other event, might even have been forcibly detained. As it was, his first instinct was to consult Barras, and he hurried in search of his colleague; but the fallen statesman was in his bath, and could see nobody. He sent word to Gohier to count on him; but before his toilet was complete he was forced to receive Bruix and Talleyrand, who had come as emissaries from Bonaparte. A guilty conscience made him like wax in the hands of Talleyrand, who successfully pleaded with him to resign, and secured his signature to a form, prepared in advance by Roederer under Bonaparte's supervision, which declared that all danger to freedom was past, thanks to the illustrious warrior for whom he had had the honor to open the way to glory. Such was the haste that even before Moulins, the remaining director, could reach the Tuileries, where Bonaparte had established an office, this paper of Barras had been delivered, and the Directory had ceased to exist. "What have you done," said the dictator to Barras's messenger—"what have you done with the France I made so brilliant? I left you victory: I find nothing but defeat. I left you the millions from Italy: I find plundering laws and misery. Where are the 100,000 warriors who have disappeared from the soil of France? They are dead, and they were my comrades! Such conditions cannot last; in three years anarchy will land us in despotism. We want a republic founded on the basis of equality, of morality, of civil liberty, of political long-suffering." It is perhaps needless to say that there was present a reporter, — the poet Arnault,—who printed this fine language next day in the newspapers.

Finally Moulins and Gohier were admitted. Welcomed as if they, too, were about to join in the movement "to save the commonwealth," it was with feigned astonishment that the general heard them plead for the laws, for the constitution, for the sanctity of oaths, and for good faith to the republican armies, once again victorious. Their adversary was of course immovable. With Gohier he tried argument; to Moulins he menacingly remarked that if Santerre, the notorious demagogue and his relative, should this time make a move to raise the populace, his fate would be death. To a point-blank demand for their resignation both firmly answered, "No," and withdrew to the Luxembourg, where the now defunct Directory had had its seat. With no knowledge or intention on their part, they were to serve as a means for the immolation of Bonaparte's last victim and most dangerous rival. In the military dispositions of that day, Lannes had been put in command at the Tuileries, Sérurier at the Point-du-Jour, Marmont at the Military School, Macdonald at Versailles, and Murat at St. Cloud. To the central point, the seat of government, the home of the Directory, Moreau had been assigned. If Bonaparte became the statesman of the impending revolution, Moreau reasoned that he himself would of necessity become the general of the new government, and regarding his selection for this post as a distinction, he accepted. By the orders of his temporary superior, Gohier and Moulins, two unyielding and incorruptible members of the executive, though not shamefully treated, were yet deprived of their liberty. With the proverbial fickleness of humanity, the agent was held by the public solely responsible for this conduct, and was harshly judged. To him was imputed the stain of arbitrarily applying force at the critical moment, and his influence disappeared like a mirage. During these closing hours of the day, Augereau, too, appeared to make his peace, asking with perplexed jocularity, and with the use of the familiar "thou," if Bonaparte could count no more on his "little Augereau." His fears were scarcely allayed by the brusque advice that both he and Jourdan should keep the peace.

Did ever the wheels of conspiracy run so smoothly? The officious Fouché had closed the city barriers. Bonaparte was so secure that he ordered them thrown wide open. The night was apparently as serene as his spirit. In reality there was a counterplot, and that in a dangerous quarter. Bernadotte met with a little junta, comprising a few members of the Five Hundred, at Salicetti's house, and planned, with himself in uniform as commander, to reach St. Cloud next day in advance of all others, and to install himself, with his supporters, in charge of the palace, so as to control events in his



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-AUGUSTE-DOMINIQUE INGRES IN THE MUSEUM AT LIÈGE, BELGIUM. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL.

(Presented to the city of Liège by Napoleon in 1806. This is claimed to be one of the few portraits for which Bonaparte posed.)

favor. But Salicetti was a traitor in the camp. He had long been double-faced with Bonaparte; but, having at last recognized where lay the mastery, had made his peace, and had been forgiven for the unforgotten imprisonment. Fouché was duly informed by him of the counterplot, and he, in his official capacity, without exciting suspicion, managed in the morning to delay every member of the Bernadotte junta far beyond the time appointed, and their scheme failed. Besides this fiasco, there was a division of opinion among Bonaparte's own friends, some of the more timid recommending in the early morning hours that Bonaparte should accept a seat in the Directory. "There is no Directory," was his reply; and it was determined, after a number had withdrawn, that they should adhere to the original plan, which was to demand an adjournment of the councils until 1 Ventose (February 19, 1800), and that in the long interval Bonaparte should be intrusted with the administration. Unfortunately, the conspirators overlooked two important points. Nothing was prearranged as to who should act in case the Five Hundred proved refractory, and no preparations were made in the palace of St. Cloud for the reception of the deputies. It was a strange fatality that Bonaparte, who elsewhere and at other times had always two strings to his bow, should, in the heart of France and at the very nick of his fortunes, have provided only one. It was a rash satisfaction with the day's events which he expressed to Bourrienne on retiring for a few hours' rest.

THE OVERTHROW OF THE CONSTITUTION.

NEXT morning there was much coming and going in the city, much discussion in the streets, but no disorder. Toward noon — the hour appointed for their meeting — the delegates, accompanied by many of the people, moved in the direction of St. Cloud. Bonaparte, with eight thousand troops, was already there. The members of the two councils found nothing ready for their reception, and during the almost fatal interval of hasty preparation the Jacobins gathered in groups to discuss the situation, suspecting for the first time that what confronted them was not reform of the constitution, however radical, but its overthrow. It was two o'clock before they were called to order — the Five Hundred in the Orangery on the ground floor, the Ancients up-stairs in the Hall of Apollo. Bonaparte and the half-hearted, timid Sieyès were closeted in one of the chambers, awaiting events. A six-horse carriage had been stationed by the latter at the gate, for his own use in case of mishap. Soldiers stood guard at all the approaches, and the reception-rooms were filled with men and officers, friends of the arch-conspirator. Disquieting news soon began to arrive from the assemblies. Up-stairs the Ancients, amid intense excitement, had voted to postpone consideration of the proposition to intrust Bonaparte with the conduct of affairs. They wished to ascertain if the executive were duly constituted, and all the directors present; for in that case only would their action be legal. Anarchy broke loose when the secretary announced — falsely, of course — that four directors had resigned, and that the fifth was in restraint.

At that moment Bonaparte, with his staff, appeared at the door. The scene appalled him. The bravery of the general is different from the personal courage of the soldier in the face of physical danger, and both are unlike the pluck of him who defies the law. The latter Bonaparte never had. For a moment he was pale; but gathering resolution by a mighty effort, he spoke in disjointed but rudely eloquent phrase. They were on a volcano, he said. He was no Cæsar or Cromwell, but a plain soldier living quietly in Paris, who had been called unawares to save his country. If he had been a usurper, he would have called not on the legislature, but on the soldiers of Italy. It was the duty of those present to save liberty and equality — "and the constitution," cried a voice. "The constitution!" was his answer. "You violated it on 18 Fructidor; you violated it on 22 Floréal; you violated it on 30 Prairial. The constitution! All factions invoke it, and it has been violated by all. It is despised by everybody; it can no longer save us, because it commands the respect of nobody." He then proceeded to ask for the powers necessary in the emergency, promising to lay them down when his work was done. "What are the pressing dangers?" said some one. What were they, indeed? If he must speak, he would. "I declare," he cried, "that Barras and Moulins have invited me to head a party in order to overthrow all men of liberal ideas." The clumsy falsehood produced a storm. Was this the Jacobin conspiracy they had been told of — Barras the aristocrat and Moulins the democrat conspiring together! They wanted details.

In the interval of speaking, the orator had found his cue again, and at once launched out, not into the asked-for details, but into a tornado of language, abusing the constitution and the Five Hundred, and at the same time adroitly threatening that if the old cry of outlaw were raised against him, he would call on the grenadiers whose caps he saw, on the soldiers whose bayonets were in view. "Remember that I walk with the goddess of fortune, accompanied by the god of war!" "General," whispered Bourrienne in his ear, "you no longer know what you are



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHOT IN THE LOUVRE. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

BONAPARTE AT THE COUNCIL OF THE FIVE HUNDRED AT ST. CLOUD, NOVEMBER 10, 1799 (19TH BRUMAIRE).

saying." The president of the Ancients was at his wit's end. How could the council, eager as they were to do so, grant the general's demands on such a showing as this? A third time came calls from the benches for details of the plot which made necessary the contemplated measures. And a third time Bonaparte's gift of specious prevarication failed. He could think of nothing but Barras and Moulins; but now, in mentioning their names once more, he added that what made them dangerous was that they had expressed what was almost universally desired, otherwise they would be no worse than a very large number of others who were at heart of the same mind. Therewith he was virtually dragged from the room by his dismayed companions. The preconcerted program was then carried out, and a vote of confidence in Bonaparte was passed. To retrieve the blunders of his speech, a revised version, of the same general tenor, but more as it should have been, was next day printed by "authority."

Down-stairs the uproar was terrific. Lucien had expected the Ancients to act swiftly and remit their decree at once to the Five Hundred. He hoped to put and carry a motion to sanction it without giving time for deliberation. The opening formalities of the session passed quietly, and the assembly listened without interruption to a short, vague, and feeble speech in which a Bonapartist deputy professed to announce the pretended plot. The delay of two hours in meeting had, however, given the Jacobins time to consider; there was no business before the

house, the resignations of the directors had not been presented to them, and, apparently to pass the time, it was proposed that every delegate present should renew his oath to the constitution. This was done by all, not excepting even Lucien. But in the process desultory cries began to be uttered: "No dictation!" "Down with dictators!" "We are all free here!" Finally they swelled in volume so as to reach the sympathetic ears of the guards outside. In this critical moment arrived Barras's resignation. It was read in full, including the passage which declared that with the return of the illustrious warrior for whom he had had the honor to open the way, and amid the striking marks of confidence which the legislature had shown in their general, he felt sure that liberty was no longer in danger, and he was therefore glad to return to the walks of private life.

The delegates—most of them, at least—were unaware of the fact that Sieyès and Ducos had already handed their resignations to Bonaparte, and did not know that Gohier and Moulins were in duress. This language, read between the lines, made it evident that the Directory was on the verge of dissolution, or already dissolved, and confirmed their suspicions of impending revolution. The Jacobin majority was utterly disconcerted. Some proposed the immediate election of a new Directory; others insisted on the constitutional term of delay, and called for an adjournment. The most clear-sighted saw the trap into which they had fallen, and began to speak of what the circumstances meant. "I believe," said Grandmaison, "that among those present some know whence we have come, and whither we are going." At that critical instant the doors opened, and Bonaparte, surrounded by grenadiers, appeared on the threshold. Chaos ensued. The delegates rose from their seats, some made for the windows, some rushed with menacing gestures toward the intruder, some shouted "Outlaw him!" "Outlaw him!" and demanded that a motion to that effect be put. This redoubled the disorder. "Put him out!" "Outlaw the dictator!" cried the multitude. "Begone, rash man!" said one near by. "You are violating the sanctuary of the law." "Was it for this," said another, "that you were victorious?" In the heat of passion the unavoidable collision occurred, and the angry representatives laid rude hands on Bonaparte. It was said next day that one grenadier—Thomé—threw himself in front of Bonaparte, and received in his own coat-sleeve a dagger-thrust intended for his general; but no credible witness ever professed to have seen the deed or the wound. Overpowered by excitement and the mortal agony of one who has staked his all on a doubtful event, the leader turned pale and lost consciousness. The soldiers caught him in their arms, and dragged him into the open air, where he at once recovered, and mounted his horse.

The decisive moment had arrived. Would the soldiers obey if ordered to take violent measures? Among the generals were many anxious, troubled faces. After his incursion upon the Ancients, Bonaparte had rushed into the antechamber where his commanders sat, exclaiming, "There must be an end to this." During his second absence, Sérurier took the cue, and marched up and down, declaiming, "They were going to kill your general, but be calm!" In the Orangery Lucien steadily refused to put the motion for outlawry, and demanded a hearing for his brother. His plea being of no avail, he left the chair, and with the despairing cry, "There is no liberty here!" rushed from the room. The dreary honors of the day were to be his. Bonaparte despatched a file of soldiers to escort him through the throng. The drums rolled for silence, and a horse was brought, which he mounted. Presenting himself then to the troops, he declared, as president of the Five Hundred, that the majority of the legislature were honorable men, but that in the room from which he had come were a few assassins, English hirelings, who held the rest in terror. "Hurrah for Bonaparte!" cried the soldiers; but they made no motion to clear the Orangery, and Napoleon uttered no command. This was the historic moment. Lucien, seizing a dagger, and pointing it at Napoleon's breast, exclaimed: "I swear I would strike down my own brother should he ever endanger the liberties of the French!" There was at last a movement in the lines. "Shall we enter the hall?" said Murat to Bonaparte. "Yes," was the reply; "and if they resist, kill, kill! Yes; follow me! I am the god of the day!" Fortunately, these hysterical words were heard only by a few. "Keep still!" said Lucien. "Do you think you are talking to the Mamelukes?" With that the order rang out, and with the brothers on horseback at their head, the grenadiers advanced. There was no resistance, and in a few moments the disordered room was empty.

If Bonaparte were to be neither a Cæsar nor a Cromwell, it was Sieyès, as the civilian and the constitution-maker, who should have swayed the legislative councils in behalf of reform; but his heart was no more engaged in Bonaparte's behalf now than it had ever been. Anxious to be a leader, and impose on France a constitution which by its "perfection" should command authority, he had ever been relegated to a second place. Instead of seizing this, his greatest opportunity as a lawgiver, he and Ducos had softly withdrawn to their carriage. The "perfect" constitution he had prepared would, in view of what had just happened, consequently

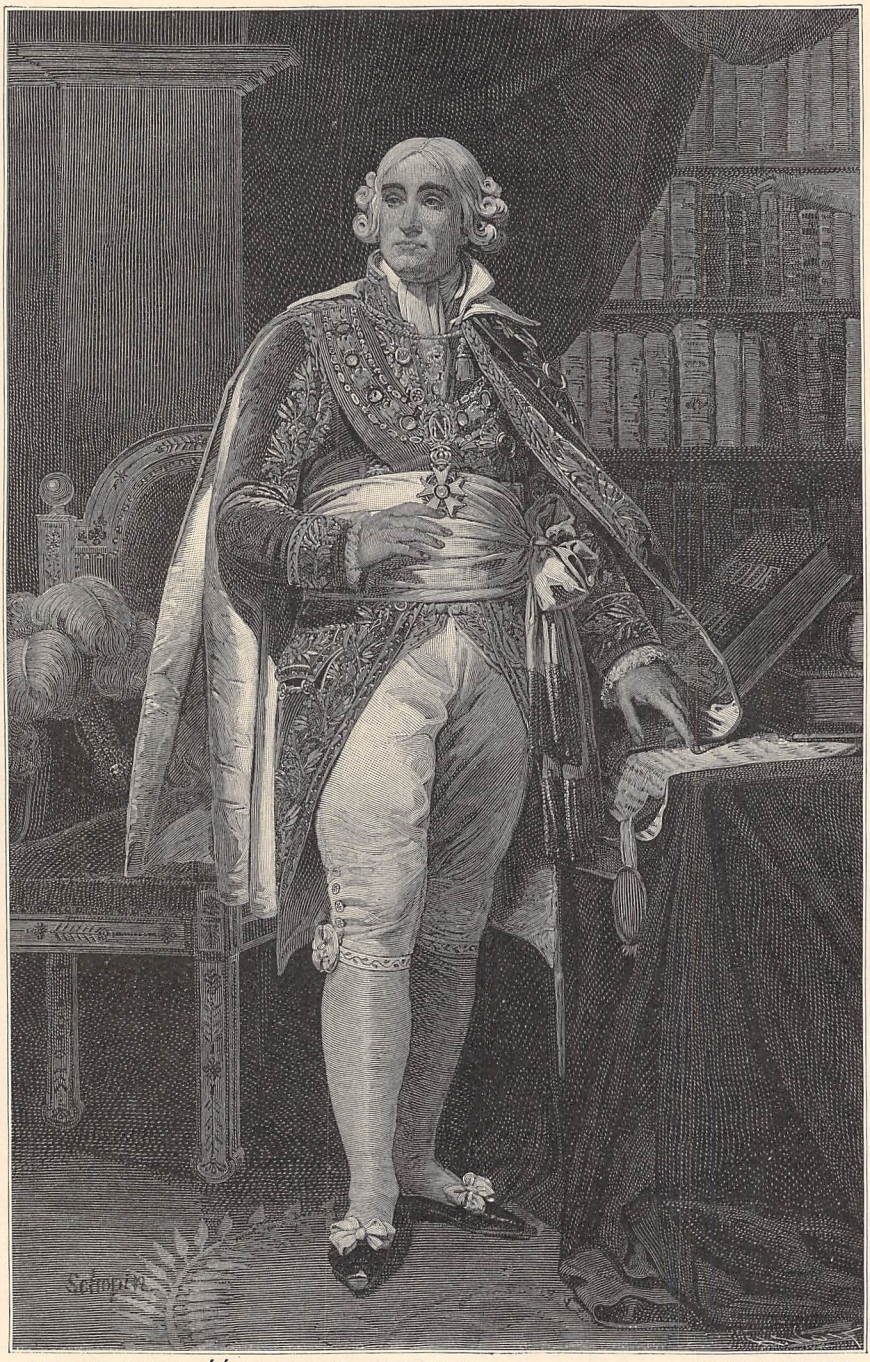


FROM THE PAINTING BY LOUIS-CHARLES-AUGUSTE COUDER, IN THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

INSTALLATION OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE (BONAPARTE, CAMBACÉRÈS, AND LEBRUN) AT THE PALACE OF THE LITTLE LUXEMBOURG, DECEMBER 25, 1799.

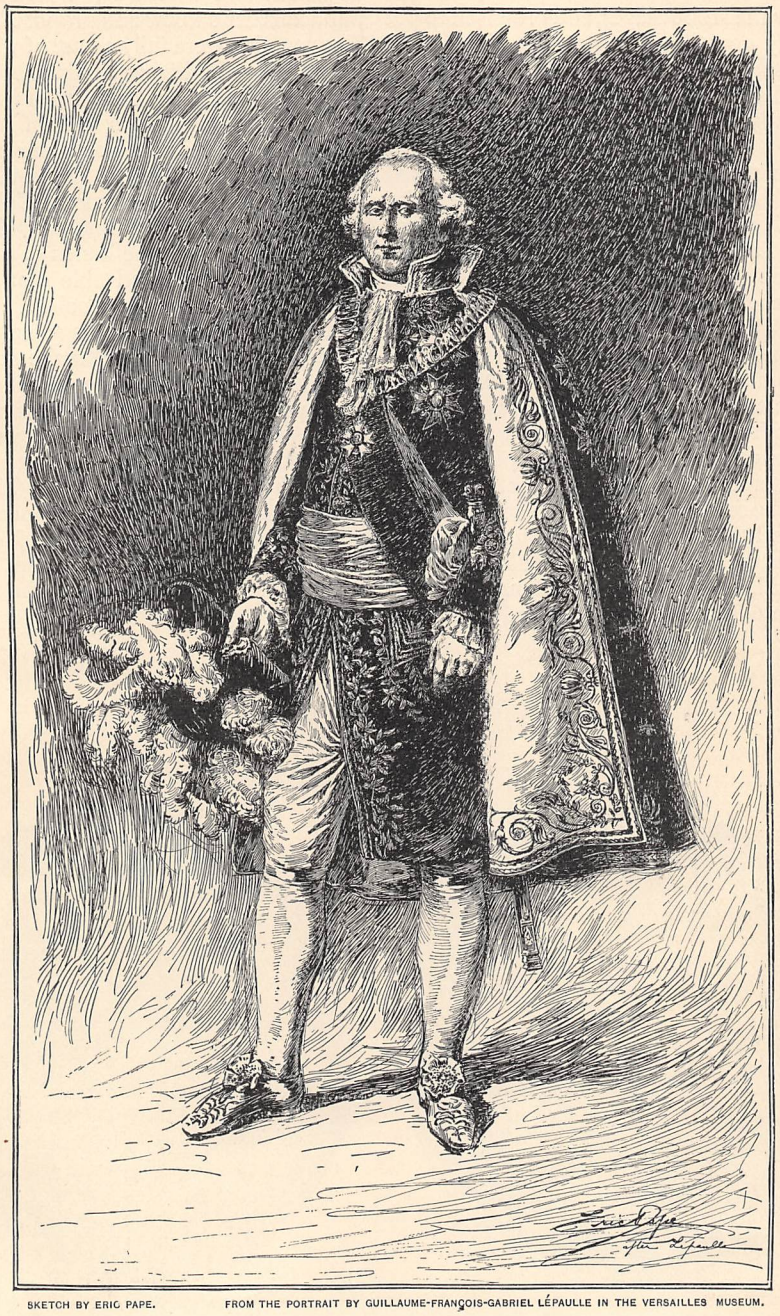
rest, like the one overthrown, upon military force. Nevertheless, he thoroughly understood that Bonaparte had gone too far, and that his mistake must be retrieved. The country was not ripe for a military despot who, like Charles XII. of Sweden, would send his boot to preside over the representatives of the people, or else turn them out of doors without a qualm. Accordingly, the few Bonapartist delegates, who had fled with the rest, were by his advice, but with some difficulty, found and summoned by Lucien to meet that evening in Paris. Upward of fifty out of the Five Hundred — some impartial witnesses have put the number as high as one hundred and twenty — ventured to come, and the semblance of representative government was restored. To them the new, impossible, and clumsy constitution made by Sieyès, who boasted himself "perfect" in political science, was presented for consideration.

Meantime Bonaparte had thoroughly recovered his self-control and all his delusions. He declared at St. Helena that he had been the pivot of all the conspiracies of the time; that all were alike without a head because they needed a "sword"; and that, possessing one,



FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRI-FRÉDÉRIC SCHOPIN IN THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

JEAN-JACQUES-RÉGIS DE CAMBACÉRÈS, DUKE OF PARMA.



SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GUILLAUME-FRANÇOIS-GABRIEL LÉPAULLE IN THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM.

CHARLES-FRANCOIS LEBRUN, DUKE OF PIACENZA.

he alone could choose what pleased him best. To Mme. de Rémusat he said: "It was one of the epochs in my life when I was most skilful. I saw the Abbé Sieyès, and promised to put his wordy constitution into operation. I received the Jacobin leaders, and the agents of the Bourbons. I refused no one's advice, but I gave only such as was in the interest of my plans. I withdrew from the people's observation because I knew that when the time arrived curiosity to see me would throw them under my feet. Every one fell into my toils [*s'enferrait dans mes lacs*], and when I became head of the state there was not a party in France which did not cherish some hopes for my success." Mme. de Staël, returning on 18 Brumaire from Switzerland to Paris, saw Barras driving by to his country-seat of Gros bois. On her arrival men talked no longer of abstractions, of the Constituent Assembly, of the people, or of the Convention: it was all of a person — of what General Bonaparte had done. Her own feelings, she says, were mixed. If the battle were joined, and the Jacobins victorious, she might turn about and fly, for blood would flow once more. Still, at the thought of Bonaparte's triumph she felt a prophetic sadness. She could not mourn for liberty, for liberty had never existed in France. This was the voice of the dispirited and disheartened constitutional republicans, who knew and proposed no remedy. The royalists were fully aware of what they desired. They had been sighing for a despot in France, for another Richelieu, a fierce, intractable master, wielding a rod of iron without which the inhabitants could never be reconstructed into a nation. In the words of a letter written somewhat earlier from Coblentz, their city of refuge on the Rhine, they desired "the union of powers in the hands of an imperious master, of a fierce and able man, zealous of domination, and really absolute, . . . a magnanimous usurper who, by a splendid and brilliant Cromwellism, would make the world admire, and hold in awe the people whom he forces to respect and bless their own servitude." As to the mass of the nation, they were tired of war and eager for a peace that would bring prosperity, pleasure, and glory. The few honest and austere radicals went down with their greedy and noisy fellows; the Jacobin party was no more. There had been a complete rearrangement of the factors in the French problem.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.



OBVERSE.



REVERSE.

MEDAL OF THE 18TH BRUMAIRE. FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE CARNAVALET MUSEUM.

TRIBULATIONS OF A CHEERFUL GIVER.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

I.



MY friend who was not sure that Christ's doctrine was the last word in regard to charity, was quite sure that you ought to have a conscience against dead-beats, whom I suggested for his consideration, especially the dead-beats who come to your house and try to work you upon one pretext or another. He said he never gave to them, and I asked what he answered them when they professed themselves in instant want, and whether he plumply denied them; and it appeared that he told them he had other use for his money. I suspect this was a proper answer to make. It had never occurred to me, but I think I will try it with the next one who comes, and see what effect it has upon him. Hitherto I have had no better way with them than to offer them a compromise: if they ask twenty, to propose ten; and if they ask ten, to propose five; and so on down. The first time I did this (it was with an actor, who gave me his I O U—the first and only I O U that I ever got: I suppose he was used to giving it on the stage) it seemed to me that I had made ten dollars, and since then it has seemed to me that I made five dollars on several occasions; but I now think this was an illusion, and that I only saved the money: I did not actually add to my store.

It is usually indigent literature which presents itself with these imaginative demands, and I think usually fictionists of the romantic school. I do not know but it would be well for me as a man of principle to confine my benefactions to destitute realists: I am sure it would be cheaper. Last winter there came to me a gentleman thrown out of employment by the completion of an encyclopedia he had been at work on, and he said that he was in absolute want of food for his family, who had that morning been set out with all his household stuff on the sidewalk, for default of rent. I relieved his immediate necessity, and suggested to him that if he would write a simple, unrhetorical account of his eviction, I could probably sell it for him; that this sort of thing mostly happened to the inarticulate classes; and that he had the chance of doing a perfectly fresh thing in literature. He caught at the notion, and said he would begin at once, and I said the sooner the better. He asked if it would not be well to get the narrative typewritten, and I begged him not to wait for that; but he said that he knew a person who would typewrite it for him without charge. I could only urge haste, and he went away in a glow of enterprise. He left with me the address of a twenty-five-cent lodging-house in the Bowery; for he explained that he had got money enough, by selling his furniture on the sidewalk, to send his family into the country, and he was living alone and as cheaply as he could. While at work on his narrative he came for more relief, and then he vanished out of my knowledge altogether. I had a leisure afternoon, and went down into the Bowery to his lodging-house, and found that he really lodged there, but he was then out; and so far as I am concerned he is out still. I am out myself, in the amount I advanced him, and which he was to repay me from the money for his eviction article. He never wrote it, apparently; and perhaps his experience of eviction lacked the vital element of reality. I am quite sure he was at heart a romanticist, for he was an Englishman, and the Englishmen are all romanticists.

II.

I WAS at one time worked for a period of years by a German-born veteran of our war, whom I was called out to see one night from dinner, when I was full of good cheer, and, of course, quite helpless against a case of want like his. He represented that he was the victim of an infirmity brought on by falling from a burning bridge under the rebel fire, and was liable to be overtaken by it at any moment; and he showed me all sorts of surgeons' certificates in proof of the fact, as well as kindly notes from college professors and clergymen. I had, therefore, a double motive for befriending him. I had as little wish that he should be overtaken by his infirmity in my reception-room as that he should go on sleeping in unfurnished houses and basement areas; and so I gave him some money at once. He was to have his pension money at the end of the month, and till then he said he could live on what I gave him. I hurried him out of the house as fast as I could, for I did not feel safe from his infirmity while he was there. But he kept coming back, and always, in view of his threatening infirmity, got money from

me; I am not sure that I always pitied him so much. At last he agreed to seek refuge in a soldiers' home, upon my urgence, and I lost sight of him for several years. When he reappeared, one summer, at the seaside, as destitute as ever, and as threatening as ever in regard to his infirmity, it seemed that he had passed the time in working his way from one soldiers' home to another, in Maine and in New York, in Virginia and in Ohio, but everywhere, because of some informality in his papers, the gates were closed against him. I gave him a suit of clothes and some more money, and I thought I had done with him at last, for he said that now, as soon as he got his next pension money, he was going home to Germany, to spend his last years with his brother,— a surgeon, retired from the German army,— who could take care of him and his infirmity, and they could live cheaply together upon their joint pensions. I applauded so wise a plan, and we parted with expressions of mutual esteem. Two or three months later, after I had come from the seaside place, where he visited me, to New York for the winter, he presented himself again to me. Heaven knows how he had found me out, but there he was, with his infirmity, and his story was that now he had money enough to buy his steamer ticket to Hamburg, but that he lacked his railroad fare from Hamburg to the little village where his brother lived. His notion seemed to be that I should subscribe with others to supply the amount; but I had at last a gleam of worldly wisdom. I said I thought the subscription business had gone on long enough; and he assented that it had at least gone on a good while.

"Very well, then," I added; "you go now with the money you have for your steamer ticket, and buy it. Come back here with the ticket, and I will not oblige you to wait till you can collect your railroad fare from different people; I will give you the whole of it myself."

Will it be credited that this sufferer did not come back with his steamer ticket? I have never seen him since, though a few weeks later I went to call upon him at the ten-cent hotel in the Bowery where he said he slept. The clerk said he was staying there, but he could not throw any light upon his intention of going back to Germany, for he had never heard him say anything about it. He was out at the moment, like my romanticistic Englishman.

Whilst I lived in Boston I had a visit from another romanticistic Englishman, who professed to be no other than the cousin of Mr. Walter Besant, though he gave me reason to think he was mistaken. It seems that he had arrived that very morning from Central Africa, and, for all I know, from the mystical presence of She herself. In that strange land, he wished me to believe, he had been a playwright and a journalist, but he really looked and spoke and smelled like a groom. He dropped his aspirates everywhere, and when he picked them up he put them on in the wrong places. In his parlance I was a bird of night, or several such, and I cannot rid myself now of the belated conjecture that he had possibly mistaken me for Mr. 'Aggard. He was a cheery little creature, however; and when I put it to him, as between man and man, whether he did not think he was telling me a rather improbable story, he owned so sweetly he did that I could not help contributing to pay his expenses 'ome to Hengland. He was not quite clear why he should have come round by way of Boston, but he said that he would send me the money back directly he got 'ome.

He did not do so, and my experience is that they never do so. They may forget it, they may never be able to spare the money. Never? I am wrong. Only last winter I made my usual compromise with a man who asked ten, and lent him five; and though he was yet another Englishman, and, for anything I can say, another romanticist, he returned my little loan with such a manly, honest letter that my heart smote me for not having made it ten. I looked upon his five-dollar bill as a gift from heaven, and I made haste to bestow it where I am sure it will never stand the remotest chance of getting back to me.

III.

I WISH, sometimes, that they would not say they were going to send the money back; but I wish this rather for their sake than for mine. I am pretty well inured to the disappointment sure to follow; but I am afraid that the poor pretense demoralizes them, and, above all, I do not wish to demoralize them by my connivance. Once, when I was a visitor for the Associated Charities in Boston, the question came up in the weekly meeting whether, if one gave money when there was no hope of getting work, one ought to let the beneficiary suppose that one expected to get it back. Ought one to say that he was making his gift a loan? Would it not be better to treat it frankly as a gift? A man to whose goodness I mentally uncover said he had given that point some thought, and he believed one ought not to pretend that it was a loan when it was not; but one might fitly say, "I let you have this money. If you are ever able to give it back, I shall be glad to have you do so." It seems to me that this is the wisest possible word on the subject.

Of course the reason why we have such a bad conscience in giving is that we feel we ought not to pauperize people. Perhaps this

is one reason why we give so little to obvious destitution. I am this moment just in from the street, where I gave alms to a one-armed tatterdemalion, with something of this obscure struggle in my mind. As I came up with him, well fenced against the bitter wind that blew through his ruins, I foresaw that I should give him something, and I took from my outside pocket all the change there was in it — three coppers, a nickel, and a piece of twenty-five. I was ashamed to give the coppers, and I felt that a good citizen ought not to give a quarter for fear of pauperizing a man who had already nothing in the world, and no hopeful appearance of being able to get anything. So I gave him the nickel, and I am not quite easy in my mind about it.

Perhaps I was remotely influenced not to give a quarter to that one-armed man by the behavior of another one-armed man whom I befriended. I did give him a quarter, not from a good impulse, but because I had no smaller change, and it was that or nothing. The gift seemed to astound him. It was in a shoe-store, where I had only one boot on, in the process of trying a pair, and I was quite helpless against him when he burst into blessings of Irish picturesqueness, and asked my name, apparently that he might pray for me without making a mistake in the address; and when I said, from a natural bashfulness, and a mean fear that he might find me out at home and come again to beg of me, that I would take the chance of the answer of his prayers getting to me, he told me all about the railroad accident that lost him his arm; and not content with this, he took his poor stump — as if to prove that it was real — and rubbed it over me, and blessed me and blessed me again, till I was quite ashamed of getting so much more than my money's worth. Shall I own that I began to fear this grateful man was not entirely sober?

IV.

I DARE say poverty and the pangs of hunger and cold do not foster habits of strict temperance. It is a great pity they do not, since they are so common. If they did, they could do more than anything else to advance the cause of prohibition. Still, I will not say that all the poor I give to are in liquor at the moment, or that drunkenness is peculiarly the vice of one-armed destitution. Neither is gratitude a very common or articulate emotion in my beneficiaries. They are mostly, if thankful at all, silently thankful; and I find this in better taste. I do not believe that as a rule they are very imaginative, or at least so imaginative as romantic novelists. Yet there was one sufferer came up the back elevator on a certain evening not long ago, and burst upon me suddenly, somehow as if he had come up through a trap in the stage, who seemed to have rather a gift in that way. He was most amusingly shabby and dirty (though I do not know why shabbiness and dirt should be at all amusing), with a cutaway coat worn down to its ultimate gloss, a frayed neckcloth, and the very foulest collar I can remember seeing. But he had a brisk and pleasing address, and I must say an excellent diction. He called me by name, and at once said that friends whom he had expected to find in New York were most inopportunely in Europe at this moment of his arrival from a protracted sojourn in the West. But he was very anxious to get on that night to Hartford, and complete his journey home from Denver, where he had fallen a prey to the hard times in the very hour of the most prosperous speculation; and he proposed, as an inducement to a loan, borrowing only enough money to take him to New Haven by the boat: he would walk the rest of the way to Hartford. I no more believed him than I should believe a ghost if it said it was a ghost. But I believed that he was in want,— his clothes proved that,— and I gave him the little sum he asked. He said he would send it back the instant he reached Hartford; and I am left to think that he has not yet arrived. But I am sure that even that brief moment of his airy and almost joyous companionship was worth the money. He was of an order of classic impostors dear to literature, and grown all too few in these times of hurry and fierce competition. I wish I had seen more of him, and yet I cannot say that I wish he would come back; it might be embarrassing for both of us.

Not long before his visit, I had a call from another imaginative person, whom I was not able to meet so fully in her views. This was a middle-aged lady who said she had come on that morning from Boston to see me. She owned we had never met before, and that she was quite unknown to me; but apparently she did not think this any bar to her asking me for $250 to aid in the education of her son. I confess that I was bewildered for a moment. My simple device of offering half the amount demanded would have been too costly: I really could not have afforded to give her $125, even if she had been willing to compromise, which I was not sure of. I am afraid the reader will think I shirked. I said that I had a great many demands upon me, and I ended by refusing to give anything. I really do not know how I had the courage; perhaps it was only frenzy. She insisted, with reasons for my giving which she laid before me; but either they did not convince me, or I had hardened my heart so well that they could not prevail with me, and she

got up and went away. As she went out of the room, she looked about its appointments, which I had not thought very luxurious before, and said that she saw I was able to *live* very comfortably, at any rate; and left me to the mute reproach of my carpets and easy-chairs.

I do not remember whether she alleged any inspiration in coming to see me for this good object; but a summer or two since, a lady came to me, at my hotel in the mountains, who said that she had been moved to do so by an impulse which seemed little short of mystical. She said that she was not ordinarily superstitious, but she had wakened that morning in Boston with my name the first thing in her thoughts, and it seemed so directly related to what she had in view that she could not resist the suggestion it conveyed that she should come at once to lay her scheme before me. She took a good deal of time to do this; and romantic as it appeared, I felt sure that she was working with real material. It was of a nature so complex, however, and on a scale so vast, that I should despair of getting it intelligibly before the reader, and I will not attempt it. I listened with the greatest interest; but at the end I was obliged to say that I thought her mystical impulse was mistaken; I was sorry it had deceived her; I was quite certain that I had not the means nor the tastes to enter upon the esthetic enterprise which she proposed. In return, I suggested a number of millionaires whose notorious softness of heart, or whose wish to get themselves before the public by their good deeds, ought to make them more available, and we parted the best of friends. I am not yet quite able to make up my mind that she was not the victim of a hypnotic suggestion from the unseen world, and altogether innocent in her appeal to me.

V.

In fact, I am not able to think very ill even of impostors. It is a great pity for them, and even a great shame, to go about deceiving people of means; but I do not believe they are so numerous as people of means imagine. As a rule, I do not suppose they succeed for long, and their lives must be full of cares and anxieties, which of course one must not sympathize with, but which are real enough, nevertheless. People of means would do well to consider this, and at least not plume themselves very much upon not being cheated. If they have means, it is perhaps part of the curse of money, or of that unfriendliness to riches which our religion is full of, that money should be got from them by unworthy persons. They have their little romantic superstitions, too. One of these is the belief that beggars are generally persons who will not work, and that they are often persons of secret wealth, which they constantly increase by preying upon the public. I take leave to doubt this altogether. Beggary appears to me in its conditions almost harder than any other trade; and from what I have seen of the amount it earns, the return it makes is smaller than any other. I should not myself feel safe in refusing anything to a beggar upon the theory of a fortune sewn into a mattress, to be discovered after the beggar has died intestate. I know that a great many good people pin their faith to such mattresses; but I should be greatly surprised if one such could be discovered in the whole city of New York. On the other hand, I feel pretty sure that there are hundreds and even thousands of people who are insufficiently fed and clad in New York; and if here and there one of these has the courage of his misery, and asks alms, one must not be too cocksure it is a sin to give to him.

Of course one must not pauperize him: that ought by all means to be avoided; I am always agreeing to that. But if he is already pauperized; if we know by statistics and personal knowledge that there are hundreds and even thousands of people who cannot get work, and that they must suffer if they do not beg, let us not be too hard upon them. Let us refuse them kindly, and try not to see them; for if we see their misery, and do not give, that demoralizes us. Come, I say; have not we some rights, too? No man strikes another man a blow without becoming in some sort and measure a devil; and to see what looks like want, and to deny its prayer, has an effect upon the heart which is not less depraving. Perhaps it would be a fair division of the work if we let the deserving rich give only to the deserving poor, and kept the undeserving poor for ourselves, who, if we are not rich, are not deserving, either.

VI.

I should be sorry if anything I have said seemed to cast slight upon the organized efforts at relieving want, especially such as unite inquiry into the facts and the provision of work with the relief of want. All that I contend for is the right — or call it the privilege — of giving to him that asketh, even when you do not know that he needs, or deserves to need. Both here and in Boston I have lent myself — sparingly and grudgingly, I 'll own — to those organized efforts; and I know how sincere and generous they are, how effective they often are, how ineffective. They used to let me go mostly to the Italian folk who applied for aid in Boston, because I could more or less meet them in their own language; but once they gave me a Russian to manage — I think because I was known to have a devotion for Tolstoi and for the other

Russian novelists. The Russian in question was not a novelist, but a washer of bags in a sugar-refinery; and at the time I went to make my first call upon him he had been "laid off," as the euphemism is, for two months; that is, he had been without work, and had been wholly dependent upon the allowance the charities made him. He had a wife and a complement of children — I do not know just how many; but they all seemed to live in one attic room in the North End. I acquainted myself fully with the case, and went about looking for work in his behalf. In this, I think, I found my only use: but it was use to me only, for the people of whom I asked work for him treated me with much the same ignominy as if I had been seeking it for myself; and it was well that I should learn just what the exasperated mind of a fellow-being is when he is asked for work, and has none to give. He regards the applicant as an oppressor, or at least an aggressor, and he is eager to get rid of him by bluntness, by coldness, even by rudeness. After the unavailing activity of a week or two, I myself began to resent the Russian's desire for work, and I visited him at longer and longer intervals to find whether he had got anything to do; for he was looking after work, too. At last I let a month go by, and when I came he met me at the street door — or, say, alley door — of the tenement-house with a smiling face. He was always smiling, poor fellow, but now he smiled joyously. He had got a job — they always call it a job, and the Italians pronounce it a *giobbe*. His job was one which testified to the heterogeneous character of American civilization in even amusing measure. The Jews had come into a neighboring street so thickly that they had crowded every one else out; they had bought the Congregational meeting-house, which they were turning into a synagogue, and they had given this orthodox Russian the job of knocking the nails out of the old woodwork. His only complaint was that the Jews would not let him work on Saturday, and the Christians would not let him work on Sunday, and so he could earn but five dollars a week. He did not blame me for my long failure to help him; on the contrary, so far as I could make out from the limited vocabulary we enjoyed in common, he was grateful. But I have no doubt he was glad to be rid of me; and Heaven knows how glad I was to be rid of him.

I do not believe I ever found work for any one, though I tried diligently and I think not unwisely. Perhaps the best effect from my efforts was that they inspired the poor creatures to efforts of their own, which were sometimes successful. I had on my hands and heart for nearly a whole winter the most meritorious Italian family I ever knew, without being able to do anything but sympathize and offer secret alms in little gifts to the children. Once I got one of the boys a place in a book-store, but the law would not allow him to take it because he was not past the age of compulsory schooling. The father had a peripatetic fruit-stand, which he pushed about on a cart; and his great aim was to get the privilege of stationing himself at one of the railroad depots. I found that there were stations which were considered particularly desirable by the fruiterers, and that the chief of these was in front of the old United States court-house. A fruiterer out of place, whose family I visited for the charities, tried even to corrupt me, and promised me that if I would get him this *stendio* (they Italianize "stand" to that effect, just as they translate "bar" into *barra*, and so on) he would give me something outright. "*E poi, ci sarà sempre la mancia*" ("And then there will always be the drink-money"). I lost an occasion to lecture him upon the duties of the citizen; but I am not a ready speaker.

The sole success — but it was very signal — of my winter's work was getting a young Italian into the hospital. He had got a rheumatic trouble of the heart from keeping a *stendio* in a cellarway, and when I saw him I thought it would be little use to get him into the hospital. The young doctor who had charge of him, and whom I looked up, was of the same mind. Nevertheless, I could not help trying for him; and when the sisters at the hospital (where he got well, in spite of all) said he could be received, I made favor for an ambulance to carry him to it. I cannot forget the beautiful white spring day it was when I went to tell him the hour the ambulance would call; how the sky was blue overhead, and the canaries sang in their cages along the street. I left all this behind when I entered the dark, chill tenement-house, where that dreadful *poverty-smell* struck the life out of the spring in my soul at the first breath. In his own apartment it was better, for it was clean and sweet there, through his mother's care (I will say that this poor woman was as wholly a lady as any I have seen); but when I passed into his room, he clutched himself up from the bed, and stretched his arms toward me with gasps of "*Lo spedale, lo spedale!*"

The spring, the coming glory of this world, was nothing to him. It was the hospital he wanted; and to the poor, to the incurable disease of our conditions, the hospital is the best we have to give. To be sure, there is also the grave.

William Dean Howells.

THE FUTURE OF WAR.

MILITARY OPERATIONS AS AFFECTED BY THE NEW WEAPONS.

IF all the world could be at peace, all the world would agree with Shakspere in saying,

> It was great pity, so it was,
> This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
> Out of the bowels of the harmless earth.

But up to the present moment it would seem that disputes between nations must sometimes be referred to the sword. If the horrors of war can be increased, the necessity of adopting some other method of settlement may receive greater consideration. The number of those killed and wounded in combats is greater in proportion to the efficiency of the cannon and small arms employed; and the improvement in weapons, therefore, is likely to add a more sanguinary spectacle to future battle-fields, and may in time prove a great blessing by disposing nations to arbitrate rather than to fight.

Five and a half centuries ago gunpowder was first used upon a battle-field; but the progress in the manufacture and use of it, and of the weapons forged to fire it, has been slow and gradual until a comparatively late period. The public mind, deeply occupied by other events, has failed to appreciate the marvelous progress made in the proficiency of firearms since 1865; or how smokeless powders, the increased velocity of projectiles, greater accuracy of aim, longer range, and greater rapidity of fire, have revolutionized tactics and even affected strategy.

The United States, being in a measure secure by geographical position from the attack of foreign powers, and the desire to fight at home having been fully gratified, has not considered it so important in time of peace to prepare for war again, and has been slow as compared with other countries in making changes in the arms of the different branches of her military service. Resting serene, as it were, on her old arms, she could wait until the bugle sounded the first notes of alarm. Four years ago, after the adoption of great changes by all the other leading powers, the subject was practically considered by an able board of American army officers. They had, however, the great advantage of comparing and testing all other inventions with those of some of our own citizens, thus obtaining the best possible results. The rifle for infantry finally selected (called the Krag-Jorgensen from the names of the Norse inventors) is known now as the United States magazine-rifle, model 1892, caliber 30. It weighs nine pounds and has an extreme range of 3000 yards, and the sight is graduated to 1900 yards. The steel-coated lead bullet weighs 220 grains, and with smokeless powder can be fired with an initial velocity of 2000 feet per second. Its penetration in hard oak is over six times that of the bullet of the Springfield or the Winchester rifle, with little or no injury to the bullet.

Recent experiments at Willets Point proved that shots fired at pieces of inch pine blocked together until a thickness of four feet was obtained would send the balls entirely through. Substituting oak for pine, the penetration obtained was three feet; while three quarters of an inch of iron plate could be clearly perforated. Experiments have been made abroad to test the effect of these small-caliber bullets on the bones and tissue of the human body. Where a bone is struck at range the injury is of an explosive character, and the resisting parts are pulverized. An artery, large or small, is cut as with a knife, while there is virtually no damage if the ball passes through muscles only. The magazine carries five cartridges, but is so arranged as to be cut off, that the rifle may be fired as a single-loader until the enemy gets into close quarters. The progress in the rapidity of fire of infantry guns since 1865 is marvelous. A soldier can now aim at an object and fire twenty shots in less than one minute, or if he rapidly throws his gun to his shoulder and fires without aim, forty shots may be discharged in sixty-eight seconds. If the cartridges in the magazine are reserved, and he begins the action by using his gun as a single-loader, he can fire fifteen shots with it in forty-seven seconds, or from the magazine throw a ball in the air every two seconds; whereas in our civil war forty rounds of ammunition in the cartridge-box and twenty in the haversack were a full allowance for a day's fighting.

If we suppose an enemy to be within range of this gun, and unprotected, and the marksman does not miss his man, and in one minute should fire twenty aimed shots, he would kill or wound twenty men; and if he could maintain this wonderful performance as the hostile lines come closer, he could in half an hour kill 600 men, and in the same time ten men could put *hors*

de combat 6000 of the enemy. While these figures depend on impracticable conditions, they serve to show the approximate results which might be obtained. Many men can kill a squirrel within range at every shot, but they would sometimes miss if the squirrel were returning the fire.

In a rapid rush on intrenched lines soldiers do not fire, and a brave, disciplined infantryman, well protected, with open ground in his front, should kill or disable, say, twenty-five of the charging lines in fifteen minutes; for if he should average only ten shots per minute he would discharge his gun 150 times in a quarter of an hour, and would kill or wound one man in six shots.

At Gettysburg, in July, 1863, had the Federal troops been armed with the rifle now being issued to the United States infantry, and with the present improved field-guns, Pickett's heroic band in the charge on the third day would have been under fire from start to finish, and the fire of massed infantry, combined with breech-loading cannon, would probably have destroyed every man in the assaulting lines. Pickett's right, when formed for the charge, was 1800 yards from the Union lines; and the magazine-rifle sight is graduated, it will be remembered, to 1900 yards. With the weapons then in use the Federals did not open with artillery on the charging Southern troops until they were within 1100 yards of their lines, and their infantry did not fire until they were within a much closer range. In the recent war between China and Japan, it was stated that a ball fired from a Japanese rifle called the Murata, similar to the United States magazine-rifle, struck a Chinese three quarters of a mile away in the knee, and crushed it to atoms.

The improvement in field-cannon has kept pace with that in small arms. It is doubtful whether troops can be held in column or mass formation within two miles of an enemy firing the present modern breech-loading field-guns. The extreme range of these 3.2- and 3.6-inch-caliber field-guns is over five miles, and when a suitable smokeless powder is found, they may throw a projectile eight miles. Had McClellan had these guns when his lines were five miles from Richmond, he could have ruined the city. No troops can live in front of them when they are rapidly discharging shrapnel, two hundred bullets to the case; and they can defend themselves without infantry support, and can be captured only by surprise, or when their ammunition is exhausted.

A steel shell with thick walls now does the work of the old-fashioned solid shot, and has in addition an explosive effect. The rapidity of fire has been much increased by the use of metallic cartridges which contain in one case projectile and powder; and five rounds of shrapnel can be fired from a single gun in less than one minute. Then, with the Maxim automatic machine-gun, firing 650 shots per minute without human assistance, and the latest Gatling, delivering 1800 shots per minute, it would seem that the splendid exhibition of courage with which brave men have charged to the cannon's mouth will never again be recorded on the pages of history, for no commanding general is likely to order a direct assault on an enemy occupying strong defensive lines.

On the first day's fight on the Richmond lines at Mechanicsville, and along Fitz-John Porter's front, McClellan's troops, so armed, might have successfully resisted Lee, and at Malvern Hill might have destroyed the attacking force. With both sides so armed, Lee could have held his position in McClellan's front with a largely reduced force; but his flank movement would probably have been made with a much more extended circuit, which would have given McClellan an opportunity to hold Huger's and Magruder's divisions in his front at arm's length with a small force in his fortified lines, while he threw the greater part of his army on Longstreet, the two Hills, and Jackson at some point as they moved on a necessarily wide curve toward his right rear.

At the second Manassas, Pope's defensive position could not have been successfully assailed; and at Sharpsburg (or Antietam) Lee, with both flanks secure, could have easily defied the attack of an army twice as strong as the one which fought him there. At Fredericksburg, it will be remembered, the Union forces were obliged to cross a river two hundred yards wide, and pass over a plain nine hundred yards from the river, to Lee's position on Marye's Hill. With no smoke over the battle-field to decrease the accuracy of fire, and with the air filled with projectiles at high velocities, Burnside's army, if persisting in the attack, would never have fought another battle. At Chancellorsville and in the Wilderness the slaughter would have been immense on both sides, and there would not have been men enough in the North to have supplied Grant's army had he continued to pursue his "direct tactics" from the Rapidan to Richmond; and later that city and Petersburg would have been captured only by throwing circumvallating lines around them which would have embraced the railroads running into them, and cut off all supplies.

Black powder may never again be seen on the battle-field. Smokeless powders give greater force of explosion, and produce higher velocities, a flatter trajectory, increased accuracy of aim, and greater range. These powders consist of a basis of some high explosive material mixed with a suitable inert substance termed a "re-

strainer." The English "cordite," for instance, is a compound of fifty-eight parts of nitroglycerin and thirty-seven parts of guncotton, to which are added five parts of vaseline to restrain the explosive, and prevent the bursting of the gun. Such a charge will give double the amount of velocity and pressure of the ordinary gunpowder. If the knowledge that these modern guns will cover a field of battle with the bodies of the dead and wounded combatants, making war still more horrible, should preserve peace, the result would be a monument to those who have been most instrumental in perfecting these terribly destructive weapons.

The modern guns will make great changes in the art of war, and the plans employed in former campaigns by the great commanders will receive many modifications. Defensive battles will be at a premium, and defensive warfare will be simplified. Armies will manœuver for position, and the generals commanding them will gain fame by movements skilfully conducted to concentrate their scattered battalions at the proper time, with the purpose of forcing an antagonist to give rather than to accept battle. If a campaign with a designated objective point is planned, and the strategy is offensive on the part of one of the commanders, if possible his tactics will be defensive. Hostile armies will keep at greater distances, and in an open country out of sight of each other, unless they can take up a line at night, and intrench; and direct flank movements will not be attempted where troops are visible before the assault. Field balloons will locate the position, and photography mark the formation, of contending forces, while telephones and electricity will play prominent parts in the war drama. Night marching and night attacks will be more frequent, and columns of troops organized to charge stationary positions will be moved under darkness to close points so that the charge at dawn will occupy the shortest time possible.

Raging battles will be fought by infantry and artillery, and one of the problems will be the protection of the horses that draw the guns. Temporary field-works cannot shelter them, and unless hills afford protection they will perish in the leaden hail. Cavalry will not be employed on the main field of battle, but on the flanks of armies, against cavalry. Cavalry chieftains will no longer assail infantry or artillery, and no more charges will be recorded like those of Ponsonby at Waterloo, or Murat at Jena. This arm will still be effective in reconnaissances, picketing, guarding trains, and as escorts; but except in small bodies its use for advance- and rear-guards will be diminished. The target presented is too large to be risked before field-guns firing with great rapidity, even if several miles distant, as well as before infantry rifles incessantly flashing a mile away.

Manœuvering a cavalry corps with, say, 10,000 horses on a future battle-field would be a high type of cruelty to animals; but the regiments, brigades, and divisions composing it can still render good service. They can be moved with celerity long distances, and the troopers, except the horse-holders, can be dismounted and used as infantry, their modern carbines being nearly as effective as the magazine-rifle of the infantryman; but it will be most difficult to protect the horses while locating them in such a position as to reach their riders or be reached by them quickly, when necessary.

Perhaps the most interesting problem to be solved by those who organize armies in the future is the disposition and arrangement of the immense ammunition-trains. The greedy guns must be fed, and great will be their rapacity. Next to the commanding general and his principal assistants will rank in importance the field chief of ordnance, who has the location of supply depots and the management of the transportation of large and small cartridges to the combatants. The continual replenishing of caisson and limber boxes, the smaller charges for infantry during actual conflict, and the safety and efficiency of vast trains where electric or steam roads cannot be constructed, will require a brave, enterprising, cool, vigilant officer of conspicuous ability and executive capacity.

The medical departments, too, must be reorganized and enlarged to convey the disabled to field hospitals, for field ambulances cannot be placed close to battle lines, and the numbers of the wounded will be greatly increased.

The great captains of future wars will be those who fully comprehend the destructive power of improved cannon and small arms, and whose calm and fertile intellect will grasp the importance of so manœuvering as to force the antagonist to give offensive battle, and who will never be without a "clear conception of the object to be achieved and the best way of achieving it." They will parry and fence like great swordsmen, but they will thrust only when the enemy rushes upon them.

Fitzhugh Lee.



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

St Yves, Priez pour nous! Painted by William Sergeant Kendall

TO IDLENESS.

SWEET Idleness, thou waitest at the door
To lead me down through meadows cool with shade—
Down to the river, o'er whose pebbly floor
The fishes, unafraid,
Swim softly, careless of our airy world.
I hear thee ever singing, calling ever,
Bidding me sever
The chain so close about my spirit curled.
Why do I toil and pore
When thou art at the door?
Surely Time's slave am I, and thou wilt shun me;
Surely the delvers of the dark have won me
If here I stay when thou art fled away.

O Idleness, where sleep thy votaries?
In what enchanted garden of pure bliss
Float their dim dreams on lotus-laden wings?
What joy of musical imaginings
Lulls them in banishment?
Ah, call them back to earth, that weary is!
Ah, call them back, with sleepy-eyed Content
Close in their flowery train,
And bid them soothe a world whose joys are spent,
Who seeketh peace in vain!
Yea, bid them twine their wreaths round yon wan brow,
Whence lovely hopes flamed skyward once, where now
Greed showers his ashes gray.
Bedew those eyes until they shine once more;
For exiled youth unbar the rusted door,
And save a soul to-day.

Yea, wilt thou linger with the butterflies,
And man's high love despise?
I know one fit for thy sweet wooing—
Ah, save him from the beckoning death!
Too swiftly Beauty's quest pursuing,
Soon must he fall, and fail of breath.
The dull world speeds him on — oh, haste!
With roses bind him, bear him far,
Sing him sweet songs, weave visions chaste,
Till he is strong to seek his star!

Ah, we have sinned and grievous is our shame!
Thee we have banished, and reviled thy name,
Till men dig deep in shadows, rubbing o'er
Their earthy store,
And maidens fair as dreams of morn,
For thee and love and dalliance born,
Toil clamorous in the dark, and smile no more.
Hear'st thou the noise? Ah, no! for thou art flown.
Now wilt thou follow
The flight of song o'er fields with daisies sown.
The sport of thrush and swallow
Rhymes with thy joy, and I must brood alone.

Harriet Monroe.

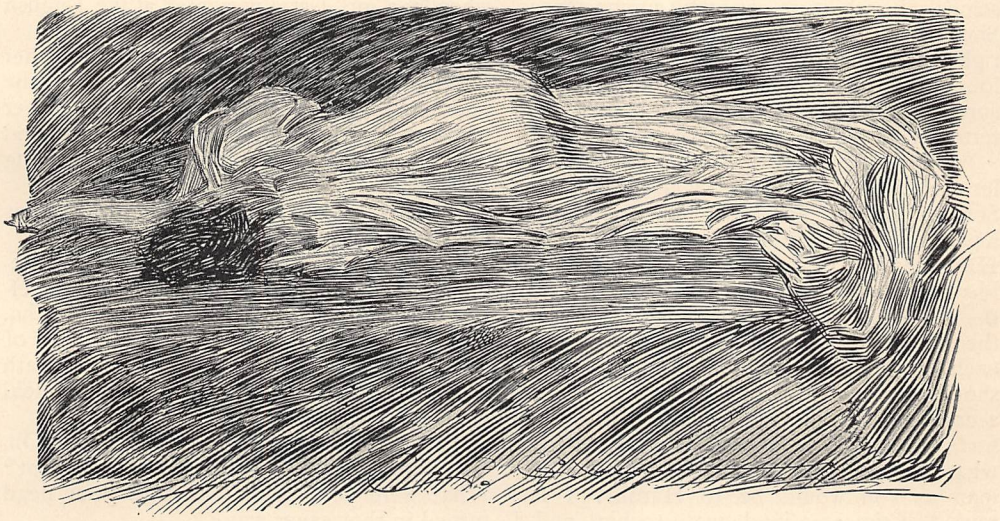
[*BEGUN IN THE MAY NUMBER.*]

THE PRINCESS SONIA.

BY JULIA MAGRUDER,

Author of "Across the Chasm," "The Child Amy," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"AS SHE HAD SEEN HER ONCE BEFORE."

VIII.

THE day after the wedding, when the bridal pair had left Paris by one train and the bride's mother and younger sisters by another, when Harold had gone off to attend to some business which formed one part of the reason of his coming to Paris, Martha, having now full use of the carriage, ordered it to wait outside the atelier while she went in to see if the princess was there. It confirmed a suspicion which had somehow got into her head when she found that her friend was absent. With scarcely a glance at the model and the busy students, she withdrew, and, reëntering her carriage, ordered her coachman to drive her to the Rue Presbourg.

Upon going at once to her friend's private rooms, she found her lying on the lounge in semi-darkness, as she had seen her once before; but now there were no tears, nor any trace of them.

"I have a real headache this time," she said, as she stretched out her hand, with a smile. "It 's better than it was, though, and I am glad to see you."

"Were you at the wedding?" was Martha's first eager question when she had kissed her friend and taken the seat beside her.

"Yes, I was there," said the other promptly. "How charming you looked in your bridesmaid's dress, and how handsome your Alice really is!"

She wondered what Martha would think if she knew the truth, that she had seen Alice and herself scarcely more than if they had not been present.

"And you saw Harold?" was the next question.

"Yes; I saw your paragon of paragons," was the answer, spoken in light and well-guarded tones.

Martha's face fell. Still, she was too earnest to be lightly rebuffed, so she went on:

"And what did you think of him? Now, Sonia, don't tease me! You know how important it is to me — what you think of Harold. Do tell me, dear, and don't laugh."

In response to this earnest appeal her friend's face grew grave. She did not look at Martha, however, but occupied herself with twisting up her long hair as she answered:

"I thought him handsome, dear. I thought his face both strong and clever. I could understand your loving him so much. I could see nothing in his face, or figure, or expression, that looked in the least degree unworthy of the great ideal that you have of him. There! Does that satisfy you?"

She caught Martha's chin between her thumb and forefinger, and for a second she met her gaze full. Then she got up hastily, and walked across the room.

When she presently came back, she had the air of a person thoroughly on guard, and conscious of her ability to cope with circumstances. She did not return to the lounge, but sat upright in a small chair which admitted of no lounging. Martha, who was glowing with pleasure at her heroine's praise of her hero, was determined to follow up her advantage.

"Oh, you will take back what you said, and let me bring him to see you — won't you, Sonia?" she said ardently. "We are going to have the apartment to ourselves for weeks, Harold and I; and we three could have such ideal times — such little dinners and jaunts to the play! As things are with you both, I think there is all the more reason for you to know each other. You could be such friends! I should think a real man friend would be such a comfort to you. You seem made for that sort of *camaraderie*, as well as for love. And what a comfort the friendship of such a woman as you would be to Harold! I feel myself at times so inadequate to him, and I have the very same feeling, sometimes, with you. I will confess to you, Sonia, that I did have a hope once, even though you are a princess and he just a simple American gentleman, that you and Harold might some time, after years, come to be something to each other; but I have given that up. I see that it is impossible to either of you. I had a talk with Harold yesterday, and he is as much protected by his past as you are by yours. So there could be no danger to either in such an intercourse. Oh, Sonia, *won't* you consent to it?"

There was great gravity and deliberation in the tones of the princess as she answered impressively:

"Now, Martha, listen to me. I want you to put that idea out of your head at once and forever. You will do this, I am sure, when I tell you how it distresses me and embarrasses our whole intercourse. You are quite mistaken in supposing that I have either a need or a desire for the friendship of any man alive. You really must believe me when I tell you that I am sick of men. One reason that I have so entirely given up society is that they fret me so with their offers of what you and they call friendship. I did have men friends once, and I know what they amount to. While I was married, my — I mean the man I married — was my friend. Since I lost him I have never had another."

As she ended, she rose and walked across the room. Her tone was so decided that Martha felt that she could say nothing more, and so, with a sigh, she gave up this dream too.

In a moment the princess returned, bringing two photographs which she had taken from a drawer.

"I have been looking at some old pictures this morning," she said. "This one was taken when, as a girl, I was presented at the English court."

She was silent while Martha was uttering her glowing words of praise, as she looked at the photograph of the beautiful young girl in her white court-dress with plumes and veil; and then she put the other into her hand, saying quietly:

"This was taken in my wedding-dress, a few days after my marriage."

Her manner indicated a controlled excitement, but she was quite unprepared for the effect that this photograph had upon Martha. The girl fixed her eyes upon it with a sort of greedy delight, and while she drew in her breath with thick, short respirations, the hand that held the picture trembled.

"I can see it all!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Sonia, were you ever really as happy as that? What were you looking at, with your head turned in that eager way?"

"Yes, I was a Happy Princess once, my dear. But you are a wonderful creature, Martha! No one but you ever thought to ask that question, so I have been saved the embarrassment of explaining. Since you have asked me, I will tell you that I was looking at my husband. While the photographer was posing me in various ways, my husband was waiting for me. He was supposed to be out of sight, but I heard a newspaper rustle, and looked quickly around, and caught a glimpse of him, between two screens, seated quietly and unconsciously reading the paper. One of those great rushes of passionate tenderness which the sight of the man she loves can sometimes bring to a woman's heart came over me. At that moment the photographer got the instantaneous impression. I don't know why I should tell you all this, except that you saw it all there. To other people there never seemed any special significance in the picture."

She reached out her hand to take back the photographs, but Martha handed her only the first.

"Oh, Sonia, *let* me keep this!" she begged. "It is such delight to me to look at it!"

"No, dear; I could n't. No one but myself



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"'OH, SONIA, WERE YOU EVER REALLY AS HAPPY AS THAT?'"

should ever see that picture. I ought not perhaps to have shown it to you. It was just an impulse. Promise never to speak of either of these pictures—not even to me. You never will?"

"Never," said Martha, sadly, as she gave the picture up. Her friend took it, and, without glancing at it, locked it away in a drawer.

When she came back her whole manner had changed. She began at once to talk about her work at the atelier, and told Martha that Étienne wished her to enter a picture for the Salon. The wedding preparations had kept Martha at home a good deal lately, and the princess had some interesting bits of news to give her. She was very graphic in her account of some of Étienne's last criticisms, and got into high spirits, in which Martha, somehow, could not entirely take part.

The girl went away at last rather heavy-hearted. This conversation had deprived her of her last hope of bringing the princess and her brother together. She had an engagement with Harold for the afternoon, so she could not go to the atelier; but she promised to meet the princess there in good time next morning.

That afternoon she indulged herself in giving her brother a brief account of her romantic

friendship. She did not, however, mention the name by which the princess was known to her, or any but the external facts in the case.

As she had foreseen, her brother made no objection to the intercourse, and told her she had been very wise to keep the whole thing to herself. He did not seem in the least surprised that the princess refused to make his acquaintance, and explained it to Martha by saying that she was probably an independent and self-willed young woman, who was disposed to suit only herself in the matter of friends; but that this was not inconsistent with a certain regard for conventionalities, and it was probable that she did not care to bother with her family, or even to take the trouble to find out anything about them. Martha felt that her brother was moderately interested in the matter because of its relation to herself; but in spite of all her enthusiasm she could not feel that she had inspired him with any special interest in the princess, or any appreciably greater desire to make her acquaintance than she had shown to make his.

IX.

A FEW days later Martha came to the atelier in a state of only half-concealed excitement. She had a plan which she broached to the princess with some timidity. She began by saying that her brother was compelled to be absent from Paris during the whole of the next day, and that, as it was Sunday, and there would be no work at the atelier, she would have the whole day on her hands.

"Come and spend it with me," said the princess.

"Oh, if you would only come and spend it with *me!*" said Martha, so wistfully that her friend laughed gaily, and said:

"Why not?"

"Harold takes an early train, and will not be back until night," said Martha; "and it would be such joy to have you in my own room, sitting in my own chair, lying on my own bed, standing on my own rugs, and giving me sweet associations with these things forever."

"Of course I 'll come — with pleasure," said Sonia, pausing in her work to answer Martha's whispered words.

So, in this dream at least Martha was not to be disappointed; and she parted from her friend with the delightful expectation that she was to see her next as her guest.

The young girl waked early next morning, and had her first breakfast with her brother; and after he had gone she found the time long while she waited for her visitor. No definite hour had been agreed upon, and she was afraid that the princess would come far too late to suit her eager longing. Still she had not liked to urge too much upon her.

Martha had ordered heaps of flowers to make her room and the little boudoir which adjoined it look attractive; and she took Harold in to inspect them before he went away. He rushed through hurriedly, said everything was charming, gave her a hasty kiss, and was gone.

She stood at the window, which looked upon the Place de la Madeleine, and waited a long time, thinking deeply. The flower-market below was unusually rich, as the day was warm and springlike; and it presently occurred to her that among the glowing masses of bloom exposed to view there were some varieties of flowers which she did not have. She therefore determined to fill up a part of the time of waiting by going down to get some of these. Hastily putting on her hat, she ran down the winding stairway, crossed the open space, and was soon threading her way among the flower-stalls under the shadow of the beautiful great church. She kept her eye on the entrance to her apartment-house, however; and as she knew the princess's carriage and livery, she felt that there was no danger of failing to see her friend, should she happen to arrive during her brief absence.

The princess, however, did not come in her carriage, or, rather, she sent it away after having crossed the thronged streets of the Place de la Concorde, and, wrapped in her dark cloak, she walked quickly along with the foot-passengers until she reached the house of which she was in search. Then she slipped quietly in, and mounted the steps to the third story.

Her ring was answered by a man-servant, who explained that his young mistress had just gone down to the flower-market for a moment, and who ushered her into the large salon to wait.

Scarcely was she seated there when the bell rang again, and the servant opened the door to admit Harold. He had forgotten an important paper, and had come back for it in great haste. He knew that it was his part to avoid the princess in case she should have arrived; but concluding that she would, of course, be with Martha in her own rooms, he came directly into the salon, which was the nearest way of reaching his own apartment.

When he had entered, and the door was closed behind him, he took two or three steps forward, and then stopped as if petrified in his place.

The princess had risen to her feet, and stood confronting him, her face as pale and agitated as his own.

"I beg your pardon," he said, taking off his hat mechanically; "did you, perhaps, wish to see me?"

"No," she answered; "I wished to see your sister. She has gone across to the flower-market."

Her eyes had fallen under his, and she felt that she was trembling as she stood in front of him and answered his questions as mechanically as a stupid child.

"I beg your pardon," he said again; and he seemed to grow paler still as he stood there irresolute.

"Do you wish to see my sister alone?" he then said. "I don't understand. Do you wish me to stay or to go?"

"I wish you to go," she said, rallying a little as the thought occurred to her that Martha might return. "Your sister is expecting me. I came with the understanding that you were to be away."

A light broke over him, but it cast a sudden shadow on his face.

"You are, then, the princess of whom she has spoken to me," he said. "I beg your pardon."

"I am Sophia Rutledge," she said. "Martha believes me to be a princess, and I let her think it. Some one in the atelier told her so. What will you tell her now?"

"Exactly what you wish."

"Say nothing. Let her keep her delusion Her friendship is dear to me; I do not wish it turned to hate."

"I shall say nothing," he said.

They both stood silent there a moment, looking away from each other. Then the woman, feeling her knees grow weak and trembling under her, sank back into her seat; and the man, urged by some impulse of self-protection which demanded that he should fly, had bowed and left the room before she had quite recovered from the momentary dizziness which had possessed her as she fell into her chair. She heard the front door close behind him presently, and knew that he was gone. Then she felt that she must brace herself to meet Martha calmly.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"AMONG THE FLOWER-STALLS."

When the young girl, a few moments later, came in with her load of flowers, and smilingly uttered her apologies and surprise at having missed her, her friend's senses seemed somehow to return, and she was able to answer calmly.

It seemed to Martha that the beautiful princess looked ill, and she was tenderly anxious about her; but she little suspected that during those few moments of her absence Sonia and her old love had been face to face, or, more marvelous still, that Harold had seen again the woman who had been his wife.

X.

THE impression left upon the mind of Sonia by that meeting with Harold was an intensely disturbing one. Even the stirrings of old feeling, and the memories of past pleasures and pains, which the sight of him had recalled, were less strong in her than a certain feeling of humiliation. She felt that she had been overcome by so great a weakness that she must have made a self-betrayal of which it nearly maddened her to think. Knowing how completely she had been thrown off her guard by this totally unexpected meeting, she felt that every emotion of her heart, which she herself was so conscious of, had been laid bare to him, and she could not rest for the torment of that thought. Her hours with Martha were therefore disturbed and unsatisfactory to them both; and when, soon after the midday meal, Martha asked her if she would like to drive, she accepted the relief of that idea with alacrity, only stipulating that they should not go to the crowded Bois.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"'I BEG YOUR PARDON,' HE SAID AGAIN."

Martha ordered the carriage, and they drove about for an hour or two, stopping several times to go in and look at churches which they had often seen, but never entered. In some of these vespers were in progress, and they paid their sous for seats near the door, and sat down for a few moments; but the music played too dangerously upon Sonia's overwrought feelings, and she hurried her friend away.

In one or two of the smaller churches there were only silent kneeling figures here and there, and the two women walked about, looking at the mixture of dignified antiquity and tawdry decoration on every side, and reading the tablets all about the approach to the chancel, erected as thank-offerings to Mary and Joseph for favors granted. In spite of her inward perturbation, Sonia could not help smiling at the economy of words on some of these. One or two had merely, "Merci, Joseph," or "Merci, Marie et Joseph," while the more elaborate ones recorded the thanks of the giver of the tablet for a favor received — the restoration of a beloved child from illness, the conversion of an erring son, the rescue of a husband from shipwreck, and even the miraculous intervention of Mary and Joseph to restore to health a little boy who had been gored by a bull. The very ignorance of it was touching to the two women, and the conviction that it was in each of these poor hearts a reaching upward kept them from feeling any scorn.

As they returned to their carriage, Martha, who during the recent scene had been furtively watching her friend's face, now saw upon it an expression which she was at a loss to account for. Was it, she wondered, religious devotion, stirred by the associations of the church, which made the lovely face beside her look so passionately tense with feeling? For the first time it occurred to her to wonder what her friend's religion was.

"Are you a Catholic, Sonia?" she said.

The answer came impulsively:

"No, I am not a Catholic. It is easier to say what I am not than what I am — except that, before and beyond all, I am a miserable woman."

As these words escaped her the lack of self-control of which they gave proof was so alarming to her that she begged her friend to take her home at once, saying that she was really not well, and must be alone to rest. Martha felt chilled and hurt. It was all so disappointing, and she seemed so completely put at a distance. The day which she had looked forward to with such eager joy had turned out dreary and sad. There was nothing to do, however, but to drive her friend back to her apartment.

When they got there, Sonia turned and kissed her warmly, but said nothing; and Martha drove home, feeling lonely and perplexed.

She did not expect to see the princess at the atelier next morning; but to her amazement, when she got there quite early herself, the beautiful, lithe figure was already before the easel, hard at work. There was, moreover, an air of strength and self-reliance about her which offered the greatest contrast to her manner of the day before.

As Martha came into the room, Sonia, who was one of the quiet group around the model (a thin child who twitched and wriggled and could not keep still for two consecutive minutes), waved her a welcome with a little flourish of her brush, and gave her a bright, decided nod. It was too late for Martha to get a position near her, so talk was impossible until the midday recess; but that gesture, glance, and bow of the head were enough of themselves to put new spirit into the girl, and she found her place, and fell to work, going ahead with more vim than she had been able to command for a long time.

When rest-time came the two friends showed their canvases to each other, and both of them could see the improvement in their work, and, feeling much encouraged, they went off to the butcher's shop, selected their chops, and while waiting for them to be cooked, sat at their little table in the *crèmerie*, and talked.

At first they spoke only of their atelier work and Étienne's criticisms and suggestions; but when that was pretty much talked out for the moment, Sonia, with a sudden change of manner, said abruptly:

"I want to atone to you for the gruesome mood that I was in when I went to see you yesterday. If you 'll invite me again, I will be different — and, oh, by the way, I 've got over that foolish idea that I had about not meeting your brother. If it would give you any pleasure, I don't in the least object. It would certainly be very silly to let him spoil this beautiful chance of our being together, as it would if I refused to meet him."

Martha looked at her in surprise. She had so entirely made up her mind that the powers had decreed that these two beings should not meet that Sonia's words rather disconcerted her.

"Oh, are you not pleased?" said the latter, disappointedly. "I thought it would delight you."

"So it does," said Martha, quickly; "but to be perfectly frank, I had so entirely accepted the idea that there might be some unknown danger in a meeting between you two that I had given it up; and now that the likelihood of it comes again, some sense of danger comes with it. You both seem such tremendous forces — in my eyes, at least,— that it is not like any ordinary acquaintanceship. It is very foolish, though; for even two locomotives may rush toward each other without danger, if each is solid on its own track, leading to its different destination. And surely no harm is done when they come very close, and exchange signals of friendliness, and then part, and go their opposite ways."

"Perfectly sage and true! Most wisely spoken!" said Sonia. "So you are reconciled now, are you? What weathercocks we women are! I am sure I may say it of you as well as of myself, contrasting your former eagerness with your present reluctance for this meeting. Well, I suppose it 's a part of our nature, and I don't know that men are so very different."

"Harold is different," said Martha.

"Oh, no doubt *he* is quite, quite the immaculate," said her friend, lightly; and then, with a sudden change, she added in tones of extreme earnestness:

"Martha, you have never told him one word about me — have you? Nothing, I mean, of what I have told you or let you see concerning myself. All that was and must remain sacred between you and me."

"Not a word, not a syllable!" cried Martha. "How could you even ask? He knows of you only as my atelier friend, and that you are a Russian princess, and he knows of my visits to you, and my love and admiration for you; but not one word of what your confidence

has taken me into about yourself personally. I told him how little I knew or cared to know about you — that you were a young and beautiful widow whose past history was wholly unknown to me. What you have let me see of the writing which that history has made upon your heart was a sacred confidence which no power could ever draw out of me."

"I knew it, dear. I never doubted it. Don't defend yourself, as if I had distrusted you. It is because I do trust you that I consent to meet your brother. I would certainly not willingly make the acquaintance of any man who could possibly be supposed to know as much of my heart and its weaknesses as I have revealed to you."

"And when will you come to me again?" said Martha, allowing herself to feel unchecked the joy which the prospect before her stirred within her heart.

"I will dine with you to-morrow, if you like," said Sonia, with an air of decision.

It was an intense surprise to Harold when Martha told him that the princess was to dine with her next evening. He at once proposed to go out and leave them *tête-à-tête*, but his wonder increased when he was told that the princess had avowed her willingness to meet him. After hearing that, there was but one thing for him to do. This he saw plainly; but at the same time he realized that a more difficult ordeal could not possibly be put before him. What could be her object in a course so extraordinary, and what could be the feeling in her heart to make such a course possible?

He had believed her to be deeply moved, as no sensitive woman could fail to be, by their unexpected meeting of the day before; but that she should deliberately wish to repeat the meeting looked like the most heartless caprice. She had always been capricious, daring, and impetuous, and had loved to do unusual and exciting things; but that he could excuse as a part of her character and individuality. Heartless he had never had occasion to think her. Even her sudden recoil from him and repudiation of their marriage he believed to be the result of some commanding quality of her fine nature which he could not help reverencing, even though he did not comprehend it.

The courtship of Harold Keene and Sophia Rutledge had been very short, and their wedding sudden. He had met the young English girl in London near the close of the season; had seen her first in her court-dress, at her presentation; and had afterward spent ten days with her at a country house. Their mutual attraction had been a current which had swept everything before it; and when it had to be decided whether she should go on a voyage to Japan with her aunt, as had been planned,— a prospect which would separate them for months to come,— they took things into their own hands, and were married at short notice. The parents of Miss Rutledge were both dead. Her father, an Englishman, had married a Russian; and it was her mother's sister with whom she was supposed to live, though she had spent most of her grown-up years, and all of her childhood, in England. Her aunt was now a widow and a feverishly enthusiastic traveler, and the girl had looked forward with some pleasure to the long travels ahead of them. Her sudden marriage to the young American, introduced to her by some common friends, changed her life absolutely; but Harold was determined that she should realize at least one of her ardent dreams of travel, and take a journey up the Nile. Soon after their marriage they had set out on this journey, and the history of its rapturous beginning and miserable ending was known only to themselves.

In this way it had happened that Harold's wife had never been seen by his family, and he had even declined to send them a photograph of her. He said he disliked photographs, and none could ever give a fair representation of his beautiful wife. He wrote Martha that she must do her best to restrain her impatience, as they were to come at once to America at the end of their honeymoon on the Nile, and to make their home there, while he settled down to work.

Instead of this, however, came the brief announcement of their separation, which almost broke Martha's heart. She had put aside any natural feeling of deprivation and pain, to throw herself, heart and soul, into the delight of Harold's romantic marriage, and as the young couple dreamed their way up the old Nile, she dreamed it with them. It is probable that few people in the world get the intense joy out of their personal experiences of love that this ardent and impassioned girl derived from the mere imagination of her brother's happiness. The blow that followed it was therefore very keen and deep. The courage and complete reserve which her brother had shown in the matter had given her strength to bear it; but in spite of that, a permanent shadow had been cast upon her life.

(To be continued.)

Julia Magruder.

A JAPANESE LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT.

FIFTEEN years ago, an American tourist, returning from an evening call in Tokio, was attracted to a book-stand illuminated by a flickering lamp. His eye was at once caught by a colored print meant unmistakably for an American soldier.

During his efforts to negotiate a purchase a crowd silently gathered, such a crowd as is seen only in Japan—as gentle, polite, and respectful as it is interested, inquisitive, and amused. Finding the situation embarrassing, the tourist was about to drop the print and beat a retreat, when the salesman gathered together nine little books which evidently went together as one set, and which the tourist discovered to be a life of General Grant in Japanese. Out of curiosity he purchased them. It was not long before he found that he had become the possessor of a rare work. The missionaries to whom it was shown hunted in vain through Tokio for additional copies. Not a single one could be found.

In New York the little books attracted much attention. A friend of General Grant, who was then living, took them to the great soldier. The general kept them a week, and then returned them to their owner without comment. Two or three attempts to translate them were made by Japanese who deemed it their duty to make the translation sound as American as possible, paraphrasing all Oriental expressions in such a way as to destroy their characteristic force. Finally, the Rev. J. S. Motoda, a native Japanese then residing at the Episcopal Divinity School in West Philadelphia, produced the following literal translation of the more interesting parts of the work.

The nine volumes, each consisting of twenty pages of text and pictures, are arranged in groups of three, so that the illuminated covers of each group form a single picture. The first group deals with General Grant's early life, the Mexican war, and the civil war; the second group with the civil war and his travels in England and France; and the third group with his travels in Africa, Asia, and Japan.

H. C. M.

GURANDO'S LIFE, YAMATO BUNSHO.[1]

THE FIRST SERIES, UPPER BOOK.

KANAGAKI ROBUN WROTE, SENSAI YEITAKU DREW, SHIDZUOKAYA-BUNSUKE PRINTED.

INTRODUCTION.

The multitude of stars, on every hand,
Turn toward the spot where the Northern Star doth stand.

THE American flag, which has so many stars in itself, is the flag which may be called the soil which produces many heroes of the civilized countries of liberty, which is the foundation of independence. But beginning with the founder, Washinton Kuen,[2] there was no want of rulers—among them the former great ruler, Gurando Kuen. Although he was given by the people great power which never was before, by his generous and philanthropic virtue he came to our country. This fact, being the happy sign of the outing [departure] of Rin[3] and the coming of Ho,[4] is clearly a thing of happy auspices of friendship between Nippon and America. Therefore, writing a life of this famous man, I wish to let children and women know his beautiful doings; and I call the title Yamato Bunsho. Meizi 12th year, 7th month. The middle Jun (July, 1879). Kanagaki Robun writes:

Eight years ago I wrote a book called "Sekai Miyakoji," for small learners, from which I now extract the condition of North America, and will explain the opening of that continent to young girls and young boys. In olden times, besides the three continents Ashia, Afurika, Yoropa, thinking that there was no land, and also knowing that the shape of the earth was like a ball, being convinced that there must be a land between the east and the west, the German astronomer Koberunikusu[5] sent a ship toward the west, and saw afar the new land. After that, Koronbusu[6] of Itaria[7] rode out in only three ships, great and small, six hundred days, the time being the beginning of Mei-o of Nippon.

He discovered a new world. Having followed the foot [track] of those ships, a general of Itaria, Amerikusu, went around this great continent, and wrote out its products, its geog-

1 Japan's literary reward. 2 Mr.
3 Rin is a little animal, and Ho 4 is a bird, which the Japanese associate with the birth of a hero.
5 Copernicus. 6 Columbus. 7 Italy.



THE CIVIL WAR—PICTURE MADE BY UNITING THE COVERS OF VOLUMES THREE, TWO, AND ONE.

raphy, and customs. On account of the merit of the opening of this land (by him), this is called America. From this time, the going and the coming between the east and the west making a ring, things about the ball of the earth became clear. This great continent is divided into two—the South and the North. North America, the land of which was most opened by Igirisu,[1] broke out the beginning of quarrels, and for the sake of country those who joined themselves to the thirteen confederated States raised up Washinton Shi[2] to the generalship, under whom they fought against the Igirisu government, defeated its great army, and completely won the victory. Now, Igirisu having no power to rival, ninety-seven years from now [ago]—one thousand, seven hundred, eight, ten, three [1783]—America escaped the rule of Igirisu, and, peace having been made, became an independent country, having gathered a multitude of people, determined a government of self-ruling, and determined that the one who had the greatest number of votes should be ruler for four years limited. At this time Washinton, because he had the greatest merit, was made the Taitoryo.[3] Henceforth the country was well governed, and its capital was called Washinton. The fifteenth Taitoryo, Yurishesu Shimuson Gurando,[4] fifty-eight years from now, the fourth month, twenty-seventh day, in America, Ohayo State, Monto Gori,[5] Pointo Puranto,[6] was born.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

FROM the time of his birth he was different from an ordinary baby. His body was large. He weighed 1 kwan, 292 me. As he grew, his thought became deeper accordingly. It was seen by the eye of every man. He showed no color of fear, however great the sound that came into his ear. When he was not fully two years old his father, Jesshi Rumito Gurando, happened to carry him outside of his house, and some bad young men in the neighborhood, looking back at Gurando Kuen, said, "We hear that this baby, as people say, has a brave heart, and never fears anything; we will try whether this is true or false." And they went away and got a pistol, and gave it to the hand of Gurando Kuen, and pulled the trigger. Then came out a bullet like a thunder-storm. The baby was not afraid of it, and never changed the color of his face; but pointing to the pistol, asked another shot. The father, as well as the bad boys, was astonished; and there was no one who did not roll his tongue.

A year and a half later a circus-rider entered his village. Desiring to see the show, Gurando Kuen, on his father's arm, entered the place. Pointing to the horse, he insisted on riding it himself. His father consequently asked the circus-rider to let his boy ride. Gurando Kuen, showing in his face perfect satisfaction, rode on the neck of the horse, and appeared as if he was persuading the horse to go. One day, when he was older, he was playing ball by his own house, and he accidentally broke a glass window of his neighbor. Having regretted what he had done, he made up his mind, and went into the neighbor's house, and excused himself to the lord of the house, saying, "I accidentally broke the window of thy honorable house. I have

1 England.
2 Mr., like Kuen, but used of a person who is not living.
3 President.
4 Ulysses Simpson Grant.
5 County.
6 Point Pleasant.

no word to excuse myself. The only thing I can do is to my father tell, a new glass window buy, this loss repay. Please excuse." This house lord, having been much pleased with this child's unusual thoughtfulness, without any condition excused his sin. Indeed, Gurando Kuen's heavenly nature is like a serpent which has its own nature when it is but one inch long. "He is the Kirin[1] boy of this village," said every one. Gurando Kuen's father, having leather-making as his business, supported himself and his boy. His house was very poor. The education of his own son he could not do sufficiently. Gurando Kuen, when four years old, for the first time entered a school of this village; but being unable to get sufficient for the expense of his education, he left the school. Although he was not equal in strength to one arm of his father, he helped in his father's business. Five or six years he spent thus, and he had already become eleven years old. In this winter he again entered the village school, but within three months he left. Being prevented by his poverty, he could not continue to study. But his nature being straight, he was not willing to give up the thing when once he intended to do. Bearing the sufferings and cares of one hundred breakings and one thousand temptations, he thought this time is what is called in the world "seven falls and eight risings," and so he did not show the color of discouragement, but, on the contrary, showed greater strength.

In the spring of his seventeenth year he expressed a great thought to his father, and addressed him, saying, "I have in my mind the thought that, when four years from to-day have passed, I shall not be doing this kind of labor." The father, thinking it a strange thing, said, "Do you hate your father's hereditary trade? Do you hate to become a leather-maker, and spend your life thus? What profession, then, do you expect to adopt in future? Do you expect to go into the fields carrying a sickle and a hoe? Do you expect to sell and buy things in the market? Or do you fix your eyeballs upon books of ten thousand volumes, and desire to speculate reasons and promote moralities, and become a man of wide knowledge?" Gurando Kuen, replying to these questions, said, "To cultivate the field and become a farmer is well, but to spend the whole life as a hireling is not well. To take a Soroban[2] and become a merchant and gain profit is well, but along with it to make bad practice is not my desire. Contrary to all this, our ancestors, in the War of Independence of this country, showed great merit, I hear. I also, entering a military school, will have to show my arm in

[1] The Kirin is a rare bird, somewhat like a crane, which is supposed to appear once in many years as a sign of some great event.

[2] Counting-machine.



DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY "AMERICUS."



GRANT AS A CHILD ADMIRES A CIRCUS-HORSE.

the time of great things. O Father Kuen, how is it?" The father, being exceedingly glad, did as he wished.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

THE wish of Gurando Kuen the father thought good. The father himself desired that it should be so. Now, as the two wishes met like a bamboo splice, desiring to accomplish his son's request he sought the way. Through the introduction of a certain person, a representative of the State, he entered the military school of a place called Wesu-To Pointo.[1] Henceforth, day and night, he studied diligently, and in four years he finished his course. On the 1st day of the 7th month of his 22d year he became a Sho-i.[2] Among 39 men of his class he ranked 21st. Therefore his name was not very well known. After two years, between this America and Mekishiko[3] a trouble of boundary arose. They began the opening of war. Gurando Kuen, making his courageous nature more courageous, followed great General Rincorun,[4] and went to West Mekishiko.

On the 8th day of the 5th month of the next year, in the land called Paruaruto,[5] there began a battle. Beginning with this engagement, in fourteen battles, great and small, Gurando Kuen showed peerless military merit in each battle. When, on the 23d of the 9th month of the same year, there were three successive engagements in the town of Montere, Gurando Kuen, encouraging his soldiers, broke in the middle defense of the enemy. He happened to be besieged by them, and he found no way to advance or retreat, and he was troubled, his ammunition being exhausted. But without showing the slightest color of terror he pushed on his soldiers, receiving the enemy from eight directions. By the time when the day began to become dark, he changed his horse. . . . His left foot on the stirrup and grasping the mane with his left hand, gave the whip to the horse, calling his soldiers to follow him, and broke through the siege of the enemy and returned to his headquarters; and receiving more men, he again put his men in order, and manifested unusual merit. From this time he was promoted Tai-i [captain], and his name thundered far and near. Gurando Kuen, after the war with Mekishiko had been settled, continued to serve the army eleven returns of the stars and frosts. His service was faithful. In his 33d year, on the 31st day of the 7th month, he resigned his office, and returned home, and took up agriculture. Before this time he became engaged to a daughter of the great merchant Frederiku Tendo,[6] in the land of Sento

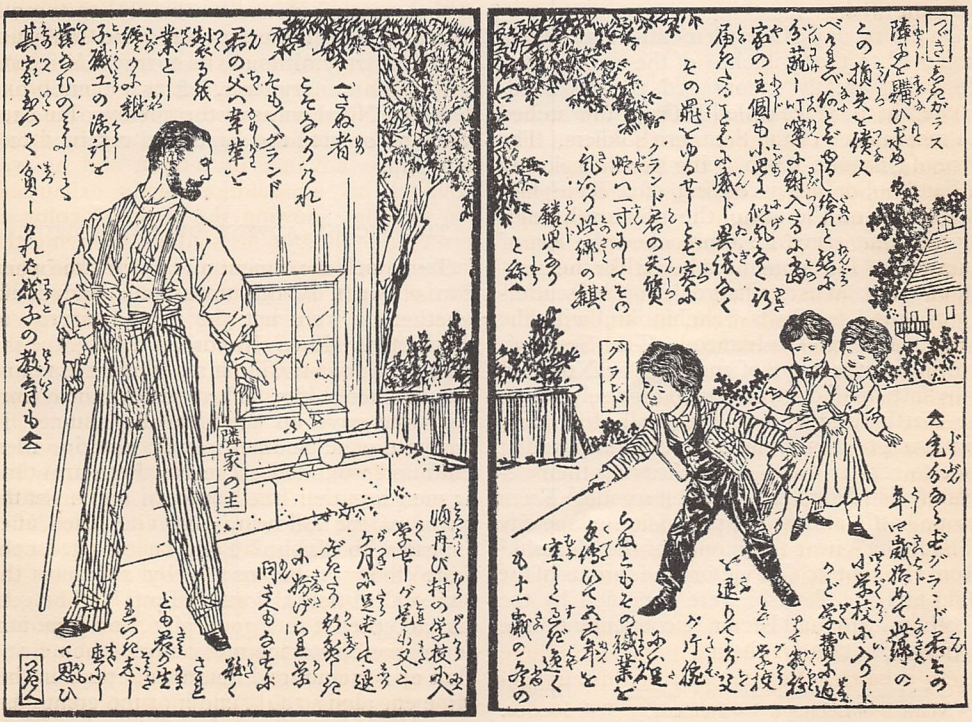
1 West Point. 2 Lieutenant. 3 Mexico.
4 Lincoln. 5 Palo Alto. 6 Frederick Dent.

Rui;[1] and while he was in the army in the same place he celebrated his wedding ceremony, and after he resigned his office he bought a piece of land near his wife's father. In the spring he cultivated, in the autumn he harvested. Farming he made his business. In his business many unfortunate things happened in succession. He lost his capital. He then changed his mind, and removed to a place called Gayarena,[2] of the State of Irinoi,[3] and spent his life making leather, which he learned from his father in his childhood. Until he became 39 years old he pasted his mouth in solitude.

THE CIVIL WAR BEGINS.

THE time comes when a dragon must ascend into heaven. Western calendar 1861, America was divided into two, and great trouble arose. This trouble was that the Southern States of the United States, trying to separate from the Northern States, lifted the flag of rebellion. Having heard this, the Taitoryo of this time, Rincorun,[4] feeling uneasy, hastened to gather soldiers. On the 15th day of the 4th month of the same year he appealed to the whole country. At this time Gurando Kuen, although he was in a trade by which he was not able to raise the smoke of his whole house, yet the time came when he could serve his country with his unusual, heaven-gifted brave spirit. He quickly called together those who had the same idea in the neighboring villages. On the 19th day of the same month he organized a company of volunteers, and he taught to these men the military advance and retreat, and the skill of attack and defense. He waited for the time to come for sending his soldiers. In the mean time Gurando Kuen went to see the governor of the State, and said, "Thy humble servant, having become an assistant officer of a great company of the volunteer army, desires permission to advance to the State of South Misori, and break underfoot the Southern army, and defeat them in one battle." The governor did not accede to his request, but he made him a messenger to enlist soldiers. Kuen, suppressing his courage, which was about to burst out of his breast, flying in wind, running in rain, endeavored to enlist soldiers. In the latter part of the 5th month he was chosen Dai Taicho (head of the great division) of the Irinoi Shu[5] 21st Tai.[6] In the beginning of the 6th month, South Misori Shu, a place called Shenerarubopu, sent out his Tai. Gurando Kuen's direction of advancing and retreating, being just right, satisfied the wish of the soldiers, and they thought it was certain to beat down the enemy if they served under him. Thus his fragrant name thundered. On the 7th of the 8th month he

1 St. Louis. 2 Galena. 3 Illinois.
4 Lincoln. 5 Illinois State. 6 Regiment.



GRANT AS A BOY BREAKS A NEIGHBOR'S WINDOW.



GRANT TELLS HIS FATHER HE MUST BE A SOLDIER.

was elected Sanbo[1] of the volunteer army at the time of the election of the representatives of Irinoi Shu.

On the 1st day of the 9th month he was again promoted to the Shikicho[2] of the whole army. He, being greatly encouraged, put his headquarters in the place called Kairo, and watched the movements of the Southern soldiers. The force of Gurando Kuen, being like the splitting of bamboo, or the ascending of a Ryo[3] into the clouds, on the 6th of the 9th month, leading his great army, he approached the fort of his enemy. His movement being like the beating of great waves against rocks, or the scattering of small fish by a Shachihoko,[4] with the shout "Yei, yei!" advanced. The Southern army, with the hope of making the Northern army into small dust, defended themselves; but the Northern army was not at all afraid, and continued to attack the Southern army, and at once to scatter them. They, leaving their defense, fled in disorder toward Berumodo.[5] Kuen in one battle almost got possession of the city of Bachuka,[6] near the mouth of the Teneshi.[7] From the time of this victory the throats of the Ohio and the Teneshi were occupied by the Northern army, and became a convenient place of transportation for them.

1 Counselor. 2 Director in General. 3 Dragon.
4 Shark. 5 Belmont. 6 Paducah. 7 Tennessee.
8 Columbus. 9 General. 10 Fort Henry.

On the 5th day of the 11th month of the same year he was sent to attack Bachuka again, and on the following day, leading the whole army, he left the camp at Kairo and moved toward Berumodo. The Southern army made preparation at a critical place, and put a great army in Coronbiya,[8] on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, and a great armory, and waited to beat and break the Northern army from the sideway. Kuen, being not at all afraid, on the 7th day of the same month arrived, commanding three thousand one hundred men. Seven thousand and more men of the Southern army, raising the whole wave, appeared at once, trying to get ahead one of another; and putting forth their guns in a row, and glittering their swords' points, began to attack.

The Northern army met them, beating and being beaten. Their rushing blood made, as it were, a scarlet rain, and for a time there was no sign of decision.

The artillery began to fire, and the sound of the cannon could be compared with nothing; and it struck down the camp of the Northern army, and several hundred men fell dead with their heads in a row. The usually courageous Northern army began to waver; the Southern army continued to attack. Gurando Kuen, whose courage had no rival, on account of the confusion of his men determined to retreat once; and leading his men began to retreat, driving out his enemy near at hand, and firing at the enemy from a distance. He thus broke them with his utmost power; and the great Southern army, although its energy was like the power of an angry tiger, left two cannon and fled. The Northern army captured two hundred men and opened the siege, and returned to a war-ship.

THE SECOND ADVENT OF WASHINGTON.

THE quick movement and spirit-like operation of Kuen at this time made one doubt whether he were not the second advent of Washinton. Even Naporeon I. would have been far from a rival to him. Both enemy and friend admired him. The Southern army from this time gave up the idea of pursuing. In this battle the Southern army lost 632 men, dead and wounded. The Northern army lost 25 men less than the Southern army. In the spring of the following year Gurando Kuen appealed to Taisho[9] Perukku to cut off the right elbow of the enemy by attacking the place called South Poruto Henri.[10] The general accepted it as a good plan, and gave him permission to start immediately. Kuen, being glad and encouraged, marched, commanding his men, along the Teneshi, succeeding day to night. It is necessary for military operations

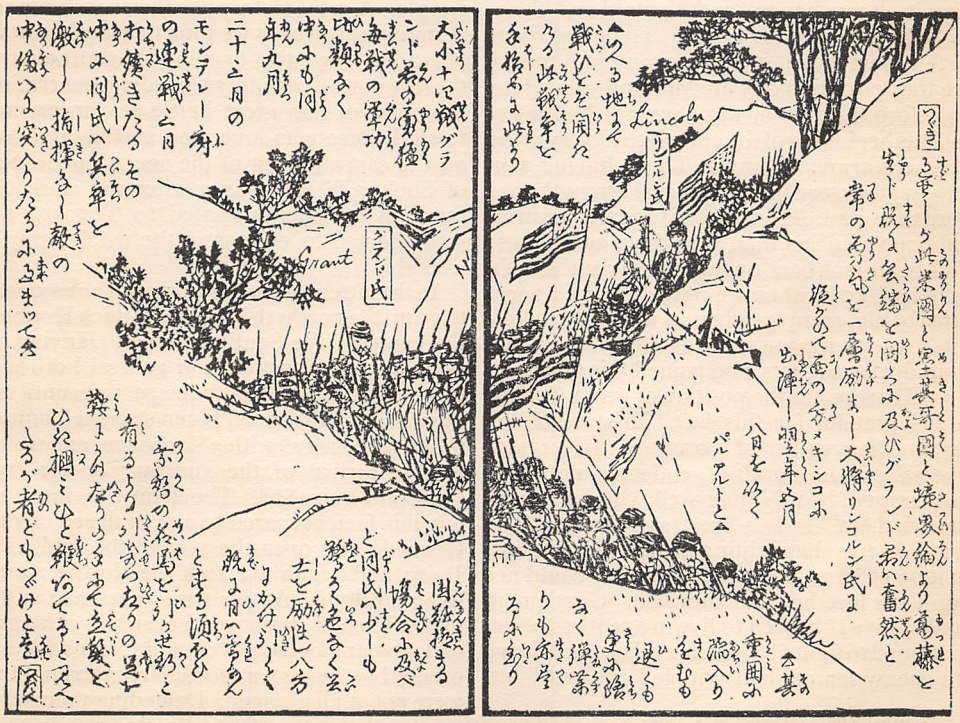
to be with spirit-like quickness, and to ride every opportunity. One who is first, rules others. This can be also said of the military policy. Gurando Kuen, seizing the opportunity, did not hesitate to march out his soldiers. His quickness cannot be rivaled by any ordinary man. To win a complete victory is to know the best opportunity.

The popularity of the whole country turns to one person. His virtue extends over the globe. Wherever he goes, he creates the sense of respect in men who hear his name. This is a Heaven-bestowed wise man. In the whole world there are very few men like this. His wisdom is abundant, yet not with fox-like cunning. His courage excels that of others, yet not like that of a lion or tiger. Commanding his army, he subdues rebellious men; executing the government, he wins the hearts of the people; his work being completed, his name being widely known, he retires. This is the former Taitoryo of America. His meritorious works deserve thanks.

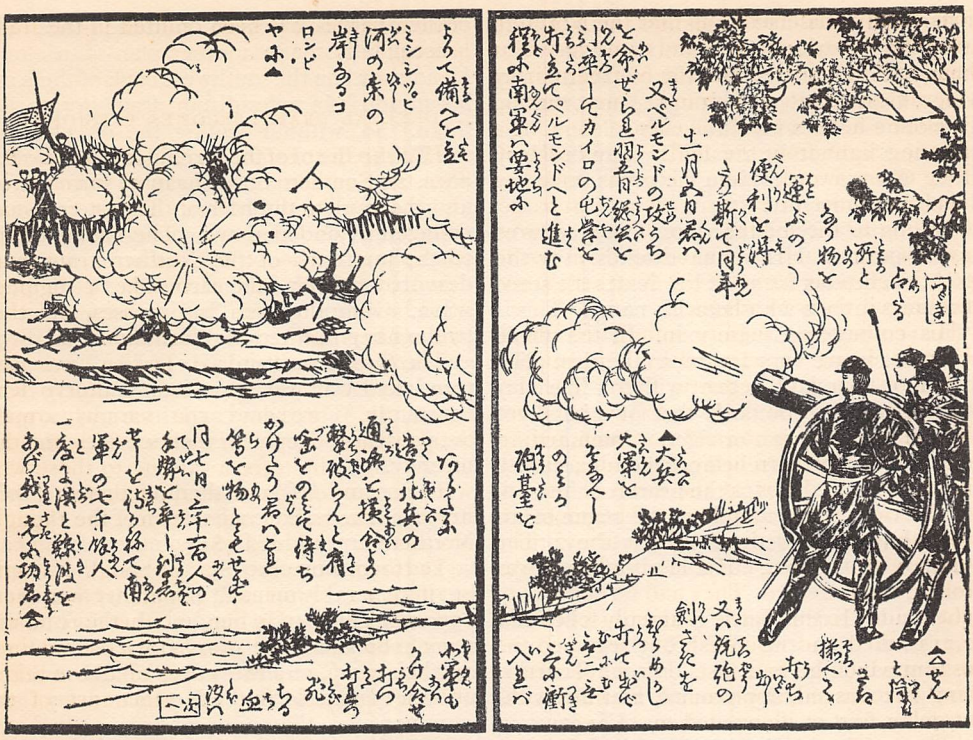
Gurando Kuen, having already obtained permission from the Taisho, gladly moved on, commanding his men along the Teneshi. That part was marshy ground, and he could not go as fast as he wanted to. His journey was much delayed. In the mean time the men of the navy took possession of the place. He consequently made another plan — to attack Denoruson[1] on the southwest bank of the Konborurando,[2] six miles distant from Poruto Peshiku. So, without waiting the direction of the Taisho, he marched against that place at once, and on the 12th began to attack with his 15,000 men and horses. The enemy, consisting of 21,000 men and more, having heard of the approach of the Northern army, endeavored to defend themselves in a strong position. Gurando Kuen, having been preceded by the navy in attacking *that* place, sought to attack *this* place instead. He divided his 15,000 men into several divisions, interchanging them constantly. Three days and three nights, without pausing for breath, he attacked them most severely.

The enemy defended themselves with death-struggle energy, but at the dawn of the 15th the Northern army added 16,000 new men, and attacked them more forcibly. The Southern army lost innumerable men. It is said that there were 2500 men killed and wounded. In the Southern army 4000 and more who survived fled, leaving their camp, and finally they gave themselves up. In this battle, in the Northern army there were not more than 2000 who were killed and wounded. They captured 65 cannon, 14,600 muskets, and 14,623 men. By this great vic-

[1] Donelson. [2] Cumberland.



GRANT AND LINCOLN AS OFFICERS IN THE MEXICAN WAR. THE TRANSLATIONS OF THEIR NAMES ARE WRITTEN ON THE FACE OF THE PICTURE.



BATTLE OF RICHMOND.

tory the force of the Northern army began to show itself much more, and Kentoki and Teneshi Shus[1] fell into his hands. The great rivers of this part gave great convenience to the free transportation of war-ships and transports. Therefore this victory was known to be the auspicious beginning of the complete victory of the Northern army. Gurando Kuen, having won this great victory by his unusual strength, was more than glad. He gathered together his men, and expressed his thanks to them as follows: "When we look back on the three days, the 13th, 14th, and 15th, when we were fighting a most bitter battle, many gentlemen with unusual efforts in the pouring of gun-balls like rain, you led around your soldiers, and gained this great victory. He who has the position of general ought to feel grateful for this fact. In spite of the changeable weather of Porudo and Neruson, especially in the morning, gentlemen, not being discouraged, but fighting well, you have conquered them. It is a great satisfaction. The Southern army has fighting men like mountains, military officers like a cloud, yet they could not stop their feet, but afar they fled. Gentlemen, thinking it a title even to live in a tentless place, continued to fight for three long days, and drove the enemy far off, and crippled the rebellious men, and encouraged the spirit of the Northern people. A great victory like this we seldom see. As many captives as we took this day, we never heard of since the opening of the country; therefore we leave to succeeding generations the name of this great battle-field in order to remind those who love men and liberty, both on the east and west of the ocean, of the merit of Shokun."[2] By this meritorious work Gurando Kuen was promoted to Teitoku,[3] and was directed to command the whole army of Teneshi.

In the latter part of the 3d month he requested to go up the northern bank and attack Korinsu,[4] the camp of the Southern army. Having obtained permission from the general headquarters, being forbidden to wage war until the auxiliary should come, Kuen stationed himself at Botseoburugu[5] with 38,000 men, and waited for the arrival of the auxiliary 40,000 from Generuru Boiru Shi.[6] The enemy, having found out this fact, prepared to attack the soldiers of Gurando and open the nose of the soldiers of Boiru, and began to attack the Northern army like a cyclone. At this time 5000 men of Gurando Kuen's stationed themselves at a great distance, and could not communicate with each other; but being extraordinary warriors, they were not at all alarmed. Defending themselves against the enemy, they retreated slowly as far as to the bank of the Teneshi. The victo-

1 Kentucky and Tennessee States.
2 Gentlemen. 3 Commander-in-chief. 4 Corinth.
5 Pittsburg Landing. 6 General Buell, Mr.

rious enemy, understanding that the Northern army was fleeing, pursued, and came very near them, and it appeared that the Northern army were almost defeated. Gurando Kuen, turning his horse's head toward the enemy, shooting a glittering light from the midst of his eyeball, lifting up his sword, raising his great voice like a peal of thunder, threatening his men to charge, according to the military law, if they showed any cowardice, and commanding them not to spoil the glorious name of the Northern army, encouraged them to advance.

His courageous dignity humiliated them. His men, being encouraged by him, stopped their footsteps, and began to fight. The day was beginning to be dark, and General Boiru Shi, commanding 40,000 and more men, arrived there. The Northern army, becoming elated, like the rain in drops, at the dawn of the 7th put the two armies together, and began to attack the position of the Southern army. The Southern army, being not able to endure it, was broken, and retreated. They had no courage to fight again. In this battle Gurando Kuen lost 12,217 killed and wounded, but regained the position which he had lost. His whole army, being encouraged, approached Korinsu without delay, and challenged them to fight. . . .

[The matter between page 13 of Volume III and Volume V, being a description of successive battles, has been omitted in the translation.]

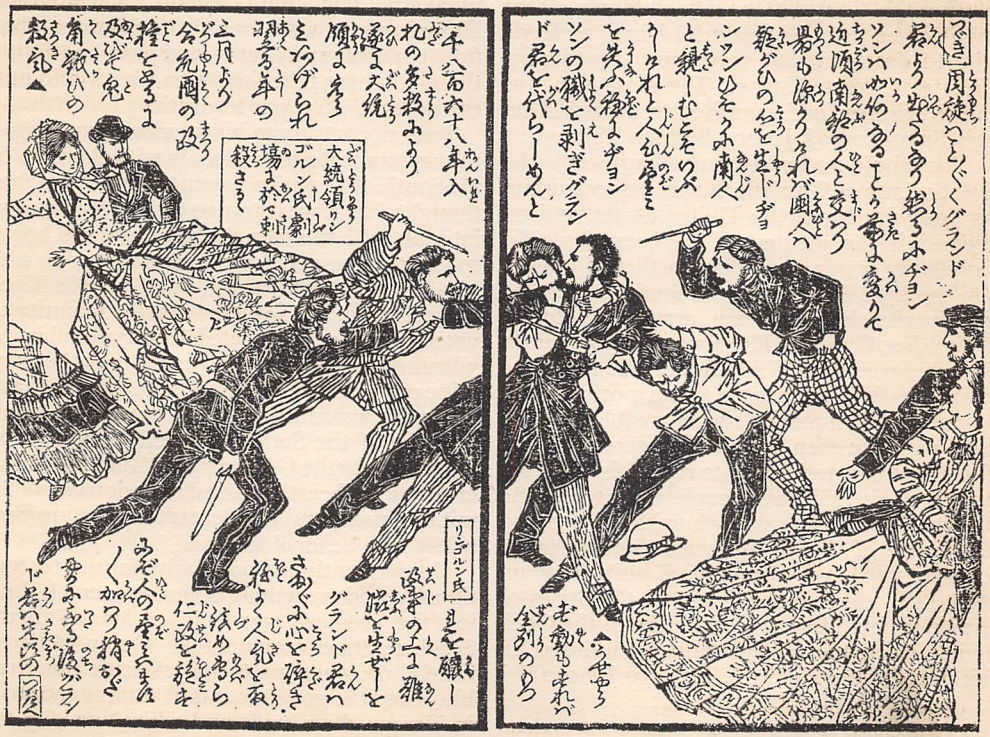
GENERAL GRANT BECOMES PRESIDENT.

HAVING heard of the surrender of Taisho Ri-i Shi,[1] the Southern States hastily[2] surrendered, and the warlike disorder of the past five years completely settled down. The sound of the triumphant songs of the Northern army thundered in heaven and earth like a dignified wind bowing the trees and grasses, and they [the soldiers] retired to Washinton Fu.

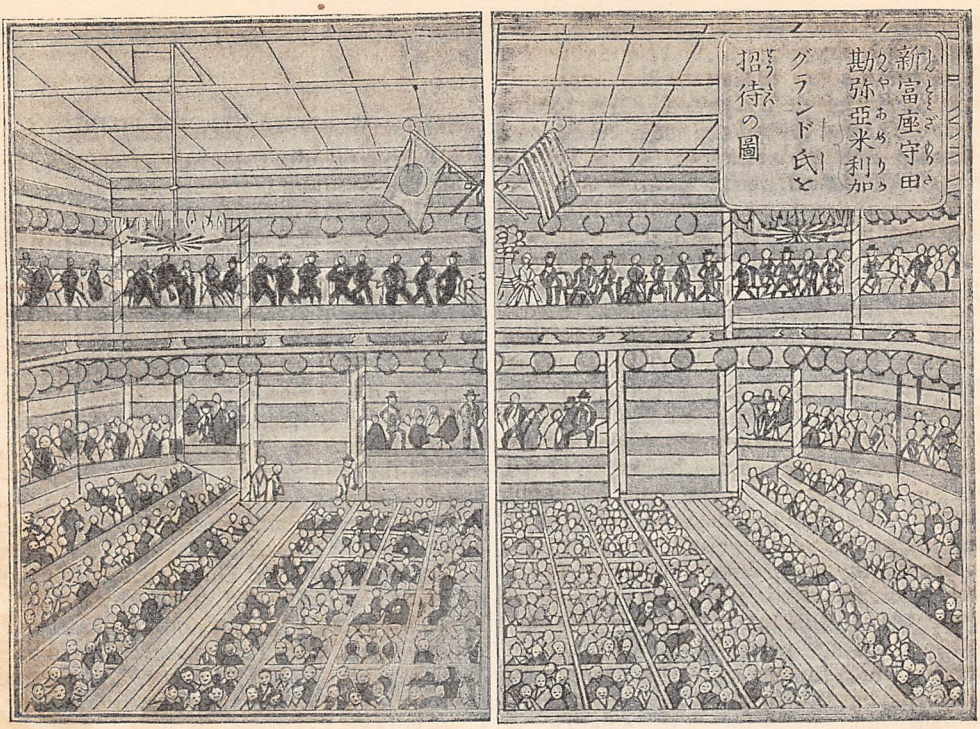
The Southern Taitoryo, Debisu,[3] was captured, and war was appeased. Taitoryo Rincorun Shi[4] gathered the various armies, thanked them deeply for their services, and dismissed the volunteers, awarding to those who were meritorious, and sending them to their homes. The nation began to feel the thought of easiness. This was 1865.

Taitoryo Rincorun Shi, although his term of office was completed, popularity was more and more centered in him, and therefore he was put into the office of Taitoryo for a second time, and the winds and the waves of all the States became quieted. But the remainder of the

1 General Lee, Mr.
2 Literally, "vying with each other, in haste."
3 President Davis. 4 President Lincoln, Mr.



ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



GENERAL GRANT'S RECEPTION IN JAPAN.

Southern rebellious men were still living. One night when the Taitoryo Rincorun Shi was witnessing the theater in the city, suddenly a bent man[1] came near Rincorun Shi, and pierced[2] him to death in that very spot. By this act there was great dismay. The bent man was taken prisoner, and punished to death. After this Fuku-Toryo[3] Jonson became Taitoryo.

The whole nation, commending deeply the great merits of Gurando Kuen, respected him as one who loved the United States, and esteemed it the greatest of all countries. His popularity was increased above that of Jonson. On the 25th day of the 7th month, in 1867, he was made the American army's Sototoku.[4] This office Gurando Kuen was the only one to receive, excepting Washinton, since the independence of the country. And not only did Gurando Kuen receive such a great honor, but also patriotic men, subscribing money, made for him a new residence, to repay his laborious merit. It is said that people went to see the beautiful house in his very humble village, and the name of the place became known to far countries. Thus Gurando Kuen's fragrant name thundered not only in all the States of America, but also in old countries of the Occident. Even the other continents admired his virtue. On the contrary, Taitoryo Jonson Shi, since the settlement of the war, hated deeply the men of the South, and punished with unusual strict law. But Gurando Kuen, advising him in various ways, saved the Southern Sho[5] from ten thousand deaths, and punished lightly those Southern rebellious men who would otherwise have been put to death.

Jonson, contrary to his previousness,[6] began to communicate most deeply with the men of the South. The nation began to doubt, and they thought that it was strange that Jonson was so intimate with the men of the South, and began to lose their respect for him, and wished to take him out of the office, and put Gurando Kuen there instead. In 1868, by a great majority of votes, he was at last elected Taitoryo, and in the 3d month of the following year he took the executive power of the United States. But the warlike spirit was not lost, and occasionally some tangling of the States occurred, thus creating difficulties for the Government. Gurando Kuen, crushing his heart,[7] quieted in various ways the mind of men, and conducted the government solely in a benevolent way.

Consequently his popularity increased continually, and everything became peaceful. During the previous war Igirisu[8] loaned to the Southern States ammunition. Gurando Kuen, instead of appealing to war to settle this trouble, asked the governments of various countries in Yoropa their black and white,[9] and by the joint judgment of the various states he re-

1 Villain. 2 Stabbed. 3 Vice-President. 4 Commander-in-chief. 5 General. 6 Previous course. 7 Being anxious. 8 England. 9 Their decision.

ceived from Igirisu a proper compensation. In 1872 Gurando Kuen's term was completed. At the next presidential election he was elected again, by the greatest number of votes which had never been since the opening of this country. Many persons, being perfectly devoted to Kuen's virtue of benevolence and righteousness, sang of peace to the country; but Kuen, not forgetting the time of war in the time of peace, trained soldiers and encouraged industry, rectified loss and lightened punishments. There was not one fault in his executive government. He was respected as the father of the country. Even a three-year-old child admired his virtue. The four years of his second term having been completed in 1876, in the 7th month of the 11th year of Meizi of Dai Nippon[1] he retired from the office of Taitoryo, and insisted on returning quietly to the house in Pointo Puranto[2] in Monto Gori,[3] in the State of Ohayo;[4] and, gazing upon the moon, looking at flowers, enjoying the mountains and waters, and thus resting from labor of many years, he thought best to make a circuit around the world. In the autumn of the same year, in company with his wife and child and others, he left his native place, rode in a train of great railroad, and wanted to see the countries of Yoropa first. Many men, coming to see him depart for his trip round the world, desired him to return early, and all wet their hankechi with their tears.

In Gurando Kuen's dealing with men in war, he makes the enemy of a hundred thousand man to shudder with fear; in the time of peace even a child may be intimate with him. He never loses the sense of respect before men. He treats them like his own blood relations. Therefore, wherever he went, men, having heard of his benevolence and righteousness, admired his virtue. A man like him is a real hero, such as is rarely seen in the world. He also can be said to be a wise man of benevolence and righteousness.

[Here follow descriptions of General Grant's travels in England and France.]

THE RECEPTION IN JAPAN.

Noin ho shi,[5] who sang,

> From the Miyako[6] I go,
> As the mist doth disappear
> When the autumn breezes blow
> By the Shirakawa[7] near,

was worried at the thought of a journey of a few ri, so he hid himself in his house, and refused to meet callers, pretending that he had gone out to visit the famous places and the old remains. But this fact was known, and caused ill comment. This story has become widely known in the society of Fuga.[8] Judging the conservative spirit of the ancient times from the condition of to-day, it is more than deplorable to see our state. No longer standing alone in the midst of the ocean, without



SCENE FROM A MILITARY DRAMA PLAYED BEFORE GENERAL GRANT IN TOKIO.

knowing the outside world, now, the light of civilization beginning to shine upon the globe, we go to their country and they go to our country, and friendly communication is increasing widely and more intimately.

Gurando Kuen, having left his own land and having crossed the eastern countries Afurika and Indo, having gone around the eastern part of Ashia and Shina,[9] has arrived at Yokohama of our Dai Nippon, in the first part of the 7th month of this year. The Nippon government, having decided to extend him an extraordinary reception, sent to Yokohama, on that day, Choku, So, and Han, officials of the Departments of the Foreign and Interior Intercourse, and received him at the station of Tokio Shimbashi, and treated him most kindly, receiving him as equal to the royal rank. The people

[1] Great Japan. [2] Point Pleasant. [3] Monroe County. [4] Ohio. [5] Name of a Buddhist monk. [6] The capital city—*i. e.*, any city where the emperor is present. [7] A river of Japan. [8] Convivial persons who enjoy life without laboring. [9] China.

at large are commanded by the government to show their thick will.[1] To receive Gurando Kuen [they] hung lanterns at each door, with the flags of Nippon and America on both sides of the street. The bridges of great roads fluttered with the flags of both countries as if it were the feast-day of Ubusuna.[2]

Since Gurando Kuen arrived, his residence at a palace at Shibama, and a reception was provided, in charge of a committee. Gurando Kuen, with his wife and son, went around to see different official buildings, factories, museums, and parks, and greatly admired the rapid progress of our country. They visited the imperial palace, and saw the Shujo and Kwogo,[3] and received most kindly words from them. It was an honor to them.[4] On the other hand, it is a beautiful lifting[5] of our intercourse, for our country to make intimate acquaintance with such a renowned Shi.[6]

[The translation here ends in the middle of Volume VIII, which, with Volume IX, is devoted principally to the military dramas and amusements with which General Grant was entertained in Japan.]

1 Kind feeling. 2 A local god, supposed to govern one or more streets. 3 Emperor and empress. 4 That is, to Grant and party. 5 Undertaking or event. 6 Gentleman.



PICTURE FORMED BY UNITING THE COVERS OF VOLUMES NINE, EIGHT, AND SEVEN: PORTRAITS OF GENERAL AND MRS. GRANT. JAPANESE GIRLS DANCING IN THE AMERICAN COLORS TO ENTERTAIN GENERAL GRANT.

AFTER YEARS.

"GIVE back my child!" I plead that day,
My face against the coffin-lid.
"Here is his place, upon my breast;
Not there, in cold and darkness hid.
Why, he had just begun to live —
To know my face, to laugh, to reach
His hands to meet my lips, and make
Sweet essays at some unknown speech!

"Untrodden round his baby feet
The whole fair realm of childhood lay;
Nor stones nor thorns to make them bleed —
My hand had smoothed them all away.
No wind of heaven had buffeted
His sunny head with cruel breath —
My arms had safely sheltered him.
Give him to me, O Death!"

Now, standing by that little grave
Where in and out the passing years
Weave tapestries of green and gold,
I smile, remembering my tears.
I lay my gray head on the mound
That drank my tears, and 'neath my breath
I whisper: "It is better so!
Keep him, O gentle Death!"

Julia Schayer.

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

IN setting down my recollections of Louis Stevenson, I desire to confine the record to what I have myself known and seen. His writings will be mentioned only in so far as I heard them planned and discussed. Of his career and character I shall not attempt to give a complete outline; all I purpose to do is to present those sides of them which came under my personal notice. The larger portrait it will be his privilege to prepare who was the closest and the most responsible of all Stevenson's friends; and it is only while we wait for Mr. Sidney Colvin's biography that these imperfect sketches can retain their value. The most that can be hoped for is that they may have a niche in his gallery. And now, pen in hand, I pause to think how I can render in words a faint impression of the most inspiriting, the most fascinating human being that I have known.

I.

IT is nearly a quarter of a century since I first saw Stevenson. In the autumn of 1870, in company with a former school-fellow, I was in the Hebrides. We had been wandering in the Long Island, as they name the outer archipelago, and our steamer, returning, called at Skye. At the pier of Portree, I think, a company came on board — "people of importance in their day," Edinburgh acquaintances, I suppose, who had accidentally met in Skye on various errands. At all events, they invaded our modest vessel with a loud sound of talk. Professor Blackie was among them, a famous figure that calls for no description; and a voluble, shaggy man, clad in homespun, with spectacles forward upon nose, who, it was whispered to us, was Mr. Sam Bough, the Scottish Academician, a water-color painter of some repute, who was to die in 1878. There were also several engineers of prominence. At the tail of this chatty, jesting little crowd of invaders came a youth of about my own age, whose appearance, for some mysterious reason, instantly attracted me. He was tall, preternaturally lean, with longish hair, and as restless and questing as a spaniel. The party from Portree fairly took possession of us; at meals they crowded around the captain, and we common tourists sat silent, below the salt. The stories of Blackie and Sam Bough were resonant. Meanwhile, I knew not why, I watched the plain, pale lad who took the lowest place in this privileged company.

The summer of 1870 remains in the memory of western Scotland as one of incomparable splendor. Our voyage, especially as evening drew on, was like an emperor's progress. We stayed on deck till the latest moment possible, and I occasionally watched the lean youth, busy and serviceable, with some of the little tricks with which we were later on to grow familiar — the advance with hand on hip, the sidewise bending of the head to listen. Meanwhile darkness overtook us, a wonderful halo of moonlight swam up over Glenelg, the indigo of the peaks of the Cuchullins faded into the general blue night. I went below, but was presently aware of some change of course, and then of an unexpected stoppage. I tore on deck, and found that we had left our track among the islands, and had steamed up a narrow and unvisited fiord of the mainland — I think Loch Nevis. The sight was curious and bewildering. We lay in a gorge of blackness, with only a strip of the blue moonlit sky overhead; in the dark a few lanterns jumped about the shore, carried by agitated but unseen and soundless persons. As I leaned over the bulwarks, Stevenson was at my side, and he explained to me that we had come up this loch to take away to Glasgow a large party of emigrants driven from their homes in the interests of a deer-forest. As he spoke, a black mass became visible entering the vessel. Then, as we slipped off shore, the fact of their hopeless exile came home to these poor fugitives, and suddenly, through the absolute silence, there rose from them a wild kerning and wailing, reverberated by the cliffs of the loch, and at that strange place and hour infinitely poignant. When I came on deck next morning, my unnamed friend was gone. He had put off with the engineers to visit some remote lighthouse of the Hebrides.

This early glimpse of Stevenson is a delightful memory to me. When we met next, not only did I instantly recall him, but, what was stranger, he remembered me. This voyage in the *Clansman* was often mentioned between us, and it has received for me a sort of consecration from the fact that in the very last letter that Louis wrote, finished on the day of his death, he made a reference to it.

II.

In the very touching "Recollections" which our friend Mr. Andrew Lang has published, he says: "I shall not deny that my first impression [of Stevenson] was not wholly favourable." I remember, too, that John Addington Symonds was not pleased at first. It only shows how different are our moods. I must confess that in my case the invading army simply walked up and took the fort by storm. It was in 1877, or late in 1876, that I was presented to Stevenson, at the old Savile Club, by Mr. Sidney Colvin, who thereupon left us to our devices. We went down-stairs and lunched together, and then we adjourned to the smoking-room. As twilight came on I tore myself away, but Stevenson walked with me across Hyde Park, and nearly to my house. He had an engagement, and so had I, but I walked a mile or two back with him. The fountains of talk had been unsealed, and they drowned the conventions. I came home dazzled with my new friend, saying, as Constance does of Arthur, "Was ever such a gracious creature born?" That impression of ineffable mental charm was formed at the first moment of acquaintance, and it never lessened or became modified. Stevenson's rapidity in the sympathetic interchange of ideas was, doubtless, the source of it. He has been described as an "egotist," but I challenge the description. If ever there was an altruist, it was Louis Stevenson; he seemed to feign an interest in himself merely to stimulate you to be liberal in your confidences.

Those who have written about him from later impressions than these of which I speak seem to me to give insufficient prominence to the gaiety of Stevenson. It was his cardinal quality in those early days. A childlike mirth leaped and danced in him; he seemed to skip upon the hills of life. He was simply bubbling with quips and jests; his inherent earnestness or passion about abstract things was incessantly relieved by jocosity; and when he had built one of his intellectual castles in the sand, a wave of humor was certain to sweep in and destroy it. I cannot, for the life of me, recall any of his jokes; and written down in cold blood, they might not be funny if I did. They were not wit so much as humanity, the many-sided outlook upon life. I am anxious that his laughter-loving mood should not be forgotten, because later on it was partly, but I think never wholly, quenched by ill health, responsibility, and the advance of years. He was often, in the old days, excessively and delightfully silly — silly with the silliness of an inspired school-boy; and I am afraid that our laughter sometimes sounded ill in the ears of age.

A pathos was given to his gaiety by the fragility of his health. He was never well, all the years I knew him; and we looked upon his life as hanging by the frailest tenure. As he never complained or maundered, this, no doubt,— though we were not aware of it,— added to the charm of his presence. He was so bright and keen and witty, and any week he might die. No one, certainly, conceived it possible that he could reach his forty-fifth year. In 1879 his health visibly began to run lower, and he used to bury himself in lonely Scotch and French places, "tinkering himself with solitude," as he used to say.

My experience of Stevenson during these first years was confined to London, upon which he would make sudden piratical descents, staying a few days or weeks, and melting into air again. He was much at my house; and it must be told that my wife and I, as young married people, had possessed ourselves of a house too large for our slender means immediately to furnish. The one person who thoroughly approved of our great, bare, absurd drawing-room was Louis, who very earnestly dealt with us on the immorality of chairs and tables, and desired us to sit always, as he delighted to sit, upon hassocks on the floor. Nevertheless, as arm-chairs and settees straggled into existence, he handsomely consented to use them, although never in the usual way, but with his legs thrown sidewise over the arms of them, or the head of a sofa treated as a perch. In particular, a certain shelf, with cupboards below, attached to a bookcase, is worn with the person of Stevenson, who would spend half an evening, while passionately discussing some great question of morality or literature, leaping sidewise in a seated posture to the length of this shelf, and then back again. He was eminently peripatetic, too, and never better company than walking in the street, this exercise seeming to inflame his fancy. But his most habitual dwelling-place in the London of those days was the Savile Club, then lodged in an inconvenient but very friendly house in Savile Row. Louis pervaded the club; he was its most affable and chatty member; and he lifted it, by the ingenuity of his incessant dialectic, to the level of a sort of humorous Academe or Mouseion.

At this time he must not be thought of as a successful author. A very few of us were convinced of his genius; but with the exception of Mr. Leslie Stephen, nobody of editorial status was sure of it. I remember the publication of "An Inland Voyage" in 1878, and the inability of the critics and the public to see anything unusual in it.

Stevenson was not without a good deal of innocent oddity in his dress. When I try to conjure up his figure, I can see only a slight, lean lad, in a suit of blue sea-cloth, a black

shirt, and a wisp of yellow carpet that did duty for a necktie. This was long his attire, persevered in to the anguish of his more conventional acquaintances. I have a ludicrous memory of going, in 1878, to buy him a new hat, in company with Mr. Lang, the thing then upon his head having lost the very semblance of a human article of dress. Aided by a very civil shopman, we suggested several hats and caps, and Louis at first seemed interested; but having at last hit upon one which appeared to us pleasing and decorous, we turned for a moment to inquire the price. We turned back, and found that Louis had fled, the idea of parting with the shapeless object having proved too painful to be entertained. By the way, Mr. Lang will pardon me if I tell, with an added detail, a story of his. It was immediately after the adventure with the hat that, not having quite enough money to take him from London to Edinburgh, third class, he proposed to the railway clerk to throw in a copy of Mr. Swinburne's "Queen-Mother and Rosamond." The offer was refused with scorn, although the book was of the first edition, and even then worth more than the cost of a whole ticket.

Stevenson's pity was a very marked quality, and it extended to beggars, which is, I think, to go too far. His optimism, however, suffered a rude shock in South Audley street one summer afternoon. We met a stalwart beggar, whom I refused to aid. Louis, however, wavered, and finally handed him sixpence. The man pocketed the coin, forbore to thank his benefactor, but, fixing his eye on me, said in a loud voice, "And what is the other little gentleman going to give me?" "In future," said Louis, as we strode coldly on, "*I* shall be 'the other little gentleman.'"

In those early days he suffered many indignities on account of his extreme youthfulness of appearance and absence of self-assertion. He was at Inverness,—being five or six and twenty at the time,— and had taken a room in a hotel. Coming back about dinner-time, he asked the hour of table d'hôte, whereupon the landlady said, in a motherly way: "Oh, I knew you would n't like to sit in there among the grown-up people, so I 've had a place put for you in the bar." There was a frolic at the Royal Hotel, Bathgate, in the summer of 1879. Louis was lunching alone, and the maid, considering him a negligible quantity, came and leaned out of the window. This outrage on the proprieties was so stinging that Louis at length made free to ask her, with irony, what she was doing there. "I 'm looking for my lad," she replied. "Is that he?" asked Stevenson, with keener sarcasm. "Weel, I 've been lookin' for him a' my life, and I 've never seen him yet," was the response. Louis was disarmed at once, and wrote her on the spot some beautiful verses in the vernacular. "They 're no bad for a beginner," she was kind enough to say when she had read them.

The year 1879 was a dark one in the life of Louis. He had formed a conviction that it was his duty to go out to the extreme west of the United States, while his family and the inner circle of his friends were equally certain that it was neither needful nor expedient that he should make this journey. As it turned out, they were wrong, and he was right; but in the circumstances their opinion seemed the only wise one. His health was particularly bad, and he was ordered, not West, but South. The expedition, which he has partly described in "The Amateur Emigrant" and "Across the Plains," was taken, therefore, in violent opposition to all those whom he left in England and Scotland; and this accounts for the mode in which it was taken. No one would give him any money to be spent in going to California, and it was hoped that the withdrawal of supplies would make the voyage impossible. But Louis, bringing to the front a streak of iron obstinacy which lay hidden somewhere in his gentle nature, scraped together enough to secure him a steerage passage across the Atlantic.

The day before he started he spent with my wife and me — a day of stormy agitation, an April day of rain-clouds and sunshine; for it was not in Louis to remain long in any mood. I seem to see him now, pacing the room, a cigarette spinning in his wasted fingers. To the last we were trying to dissuade him from what seemed to us the maddest of enterprises. He was so ill that I did not like to leave him, and at night — it was midsummer weather — we walked down into town together. We were by this time, I suppose, in a pretty hysterical state of mind, and as we went through Berkeley Square, in mournful discussion of the future, Louis suddenly proposed that we should visit the so-called "Haunted House," which then occupied the newspapers. The square was quiet in the decency of a Sunday evening. We found the house, and one of us boldly knocked at the door. There was no answer and no sound, and we jeered upon the door-step; but suddenly we were both aware of a pale face — a phantasm in the dusk — gazing down upon us from a surprising height. It was the caretaker, I suppose, mounted upon a flight of steps; but terror gripped us at the heart, and we fled with footsteps as precipitate as those of schoolboys caught in an orchard. I think that ghostly face in Berkeley Square must have been Louis's latest European impression for many months.

III.

ALL the world now knows, through the two books which I have named, what immediately happened. Presently letters began to arrive, and in one from Monterey, written early in October, 1879, he told me of what was probably the nearest approach of death that ever came until the end, fifteen years later. I do not think it is generally known, even in the inner circle of his friends, that in September of that year he was violently ill, alone, at an Angora-goat ranch in the Santa Lucia Mountains. "I scarcely slept or ate or thought for four days," he said. "Two nights I lay out under a tree, in a sort of stupor, doing nothing but fetch water for myself and horse, light a fire and make coffee, and all night awake hearing the goat-bells ringing and the tree-toads singing, when each new noise was enough to set me mad." Then an old frontiersman, a mighty hunter of bears, came round, and tenderly nursed him through his attack. "By all rule this should have been my death; but after a while my spirit got up again in a divine frenzy, and has since kicked and spurred my vile body forward with great emphasis and success."

Late in the winter of 1879, with renewed happiness and calm of life, and also under the spur of a need of money, he wrote with much assiduity. Among other things, he composed at Monterey the earliest of his novels, a book called "A Vendetta in the West," the manuscript of which seems to have disappeared. Perhaps we need not regret it; for, so he declared to me, "It was about as bad as Ouida, but not quite, for it was not so eloquent." He had made a great mystery of his whereabouts; indeed, for several months no one was to know what had become of him, and his letters were to be considered secret. At length, in writing from Monterey, on November 15, 1879, he removed the embargo: "That I am in California may now be published to the brethren." In the summer of the next year, after a winter of very serious ill health, during which more than once he seemed on the brink of a galloping consumption, he returned to England. He had married in California a charming lady whom we all soon learned to regard as the most appropriate and helpful companion that Louis could possibly have secured. On October 8, 1880,— a memorable day,—he made his first appearance in London since his American exile. A post-card from Edinburgh had summoned me to "appoint with an appointment" certain particular friends; "and let us once again," Louis wrote, "lunch together in the Savile Halls." Mr. Lang and Mr. Walter Pollock, and, I think, Mr. Henley, graced the occasion, and the club cellar produced a bottle of Chambertin of quite uncommon merit. Louis, I may explain, had a peculiar passion for Burgundy, which he esteemed the wine of highest possibilities in the whole Bacchic order; and I have often known him descant on a Pommard or a Montrachet in terms so exquisite that the listeners could scarcely taste the wine itself.

Davos-Platz was now prescribed for the rickety lungs; and late in that year Louis and his wife took up their abode there, at the Hôtel Buol, he carrying with him a note from me recommending him to the care of John Addington Symonds. Not at first, but presently and on the whole, these two men, so singular in their generation, so unique and so unlike, "hit it off," as people say, and were an intellectual solace to each other; but their real friendship did not begin till a later year. I remember Stevenson saying to me next spring that to be much with Symonds was to "adventure in a thornwood." It was at Davos, this winter of 1880, that Stevenson took up the study of Hazlitt, having found a publisher who was willing to bring out a critical and biographical memoir. This scheme took up a great part of Louis's attention, but was eventually dropped; for the further he progressed in the investigation of Hazlitt's character the less he liked it, and the squalid "Liber Amoris" gave the *coup de grâce*. He did not know what he would be at. His vocation was not yet apparent to him. He talked of writing on craniology and the botany of the Alps. The unwritten books of Stevenson will one day attract the scholiast, who will endeavor, perhaps, to reconstruct them from the references to them in his correspondence. It may, therefore, be permissible to record here that he was long proposing to write a life of the Duke of Wellington, for which he made some considerable collections. This was even advertised as "in preparation," on several occasions, from 1885 until 1887, but was ultimately abandoned. I remember his telling me that he intended to give emphasis to the "humour" of Wellington.

In June, 1881, we saw him again; but he passed very rapidly through London to a cottage at Pitlochry in Perthshire. He had lost his hold on town. "London," he wrote me, "now chiefly means to me Colvin and Henley, Leslie Stephen and you." He was now coursing a fresh literary hare, and set Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Saintsbury, and me busily hunting out facts about a certain Jean Cavalier, a romantic eighteenth-century adventurer whose life he fancied that he would write. His thoughts had recurred, in fact, to Scottish history; and he suddenly determined to do what seemed rather a mad thing — namely, to stand for the Edinburgh professorship of history, then just vacant. We were all whipped up for testi-

monials, and a little pamphlet exists, in a pearl-gray cover,—the despair of bibliophiles,—in which he and a strange assortment of his friends set forth his claims. These required nimble treatment, since, to put it plainly, it was impossible to say that he had any. His appeal was treated by the advocates, who were the electing body, with scant consideration, and some worthy gentleman was elected. The round Louis was well out of such a square hole as a chair in a university.

But something better was at hand. It was now, and in the peace of the Highlands, that Louis set out to become a popular writer. The fine art of "booming" had not then been introduced, nor the race of those who week by week discover coveys of fresh geniuses. Although Stevenson, in a sporadic way, had written much that was delightful, and that will last, he was yet — now at the close of his thirty-first year — by no means successful. The income he made by his pen was still ridiculously small; and Mr. John Morley, amazing as it sounds to-day, had just refused to give him a book to write in the "English Men of Letters" series, on the ground of his obscurity as an author. All this was to be changed, and the book that was to do it was even now upon the stocks. In August the Stevensons moved to a house in Braemar — a place, as Louis said, "patronized by the royalty of the Sister Kingdoms — Victoria and the Cairngorms, sir, honouring that country-side by their conjunct presence." Hither I was invited, and here I spent an ever memorable visit. The house, as Louis was careful to instruct me, was entitled, "The Cottage, late the late Miss McGregor's, Castleton of Braemar"; and so I obediently addressed my letters until Louis remarked that "the reference to a deceased Highland lady, tending as it does to foster unavailing sorrow, may be with advantage omitted from the address."

To the Cottage, therefore, heedless of the manes of the late Miss McGregor, I proceeded in the most violent storm of hail and rain that even Aberdeenshire can produce in August, and found Louis as frail as a ghost, indeed, but better than I expected. He had adopted a trick of stretching his thin limbs over the back of a wicker sofa, which gave him an extraordinary resemblance to that quaint insect, the praying mantis; but it was a mercy to find him out of bed at all. Among the many attractions of the Cottage, the presence of Mr. Thomas Stevenson — Louis's father — must not be omitted. He was then a singularly charming and vigorous personality, indignantly hovering at the borders of old age ("Sixty-three, sir, this year; and, deuce take it! am I to be called 'an old gentleman' by a cab-driver in the streets of Aberdeen?"), and, to my gratitude and delight, my companion in long morning walks. The detestable weather presently brought all the other members of the household to their beds, and Louis in particular became a wreck. However, it was a wreck that floated every day at nightfall; for at the worst he was able to come down-stairs to dinner and spend the evening with us.

We passed the days with regularity. After breakfast I went to Louis's bedroom, where he sat up in bed, with dark, flashing eyes and ruffled hair, and we played chess on the coverlid. Not a word passed, for he was strictly forbidden to speak in the early part of the day. As soon as he felt tired — often in the middle of a game — he would rap with peremptory knuckles on the board as a signal to stop, and then Mrs. Stevenson or I would arrange his writing-materials on the bed. Then I would see no more of him till dinner-time, when he would appear, smiling and voluble, the horrid bar of speechlessness having been let down. Then every night, after dinner, he would read us what he had written during the day. I find in a note to my wife, dated October 3, 1881: "Louis has been writing, all the time I have been here, a novel of pirates and hidden treasure, in the highest degree exciting. He reads it to us every night, chapter by chapter." This, of course, was "Treasure Island," about the composition of which, long afterward, in Samoa, he wrote an account in some parts of which I think that his memory played him false. I look back to no keener intellectual pleasure than those cold nights at Braemar, with the sleet howling outside, and Louis reading his budding romance by the lamp-light, emphasizing the purpler passages with lifted voice and gesticulating finger.

IV.

HARDLY had I left the Cottage than the harsh and damp climate of Aberdeenshire was felt to be rapidly destroying Louis, and he and his wife fled for Davos. Before the end of October they were ensconced there in a fairly comfortable chalet. Here Louis and his stepson amused themselves by setting up a hand-press, which Mr. Osbourne worked, and for which Louis provided the literary material. Four or five laborious little publications were put forth, some of them illustrated by the daring hand of Stevenson himself. He complained to me that Mr. Osbourne was a very ungenerous publisher — "one penny a cut, and one halfpenny a set of verses. What do you say to that for Grub street?" These little diversions were brought to a close by the printer-publisher breaking, at one fell swoop, the press and his own finger. The little "Davos Press"

issues now fetch extravagant prices, which would have filled author and printer with amazement. About this time Louis and I had a good deal of correspondence about a work which he had proposed that we should undertake in collaboration — a retelling, in choice literary form, of the most picturesque murder cases of the last hundred years. We were to visit the scenes of these crimes, and turn over the evidence. The great thing, Louis said, was not to begin to write until we were thoroughly alarmed. "These things must be done, my boy, under the very shudder of the goose-flesh." We were to begin with the "Story of the Red Barn," which indeed is a tale preëminently worthy to be retold by Stevenson. But the scheme never came off, and is another of the dead leaves in his Vallombrosa.

We saw him in London again, for a few days, in October, 1882; but this was a melancholy period. For eight months at the close of that year and the beginning of 1883 he was capable of no mental exertion. He was in the depths of languor, and in nightly apprehension of a fresh attack. He slept excessively, and gave humorous accounts of the drowsiness that hung upon him, addressing his notes as "from the Arms of Porpus" (Morpheus) and "at the Sign of the Poppy." No climate seemed to relieve him, and so, in the early spring of 1883, a bold experiment was tried. As the snows of Davos were of no avail, the hot, damp airs of Hyères should be essayed. I am inclined to dwell in some fullness on the year he spent at Hyères, because, curiously enough, it was not so much as mentioned, to my knowledge, by any of the writers of obituary notices at Stevenson's death. It takes, nevertheless, a prominent place in his life's history, for his removal thither marked a sudden and brilliant, though only temporary, revival in his health and spirits. Some of his best work, too, was written at Hyères, and one might say that fame first found him in this warm corner of southern France.

The house at Hyères was called "La Solitude." It stood in a paradise of roses and aloes, fig-marigolds and olives. It had delectable and even, so Louis declared, "sub-celestial" views over a plain bounded by "certain mountains as graceful as Apollo, as severe as Zeus"; and at first the hot mistral, which blew and burned where it blew, seemed the only drawback. Not a few of the best poems in the "Underwoods" reflect the ecstasy of convalescence under the skies and perfumes of La Solitude. By the summer Louis could report "good health of a radiant order." It was while he was at Hyères that Stevenson first directly addressed an American audience, and in writing for an American review I may record that, in September, 1883, he told me to "beg G—— your prettiest for a gentleman in pecuniary sloughs." Mr. G—— was quite alive to the importance of securing such a contributor, although when the Amateur Emigrant had entered the office of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE in 1879 he had been very civilly but coldly shown the door. (I must be allowed to tease my good friends in Union Square by recording that fact![1]) Mr. G—— asked for fiction, but received instead "The Silverado Squatters," which duly appeared in the magazine.[2]

It was also arranged that Stevenson should make an ascent of the Rhone for THE CENTURY, and an artist was to accompany him to make sketches for the magazine. But Stevenson's health failed again: the sudden death of a very dear old friend was a painful shock to him, and the winter of that year was not pro-

1 Since our friend Mr. Gosse has mentioned the matter, let us once for all correct this unpleasing error. Before starting across the continent, Stevenson spent one wet and dreary day in New York in the manner described in "The Amateur Emigrant." He went, unknown, to several publishing houses, but describes his visit to only one book-store, where he was first treated brusquely by a clerk, and then most cordially. This is not the visit (referred to by Mr. Gosse) to the office of the old "Scribner's,"— now THE CENTURY,— on the upper floors of 743 Broadway. What happened there the present writer once tried to find out from Stevenson himself.

He seems to have appeared at a small window in the business department, and asked a clerk whether he might write for the magazine. He brought no credentials or manuscripts. If he saw any of the editorial corps, none of them had any remembrance of it, nor did he seem himself to have carried away any impression of any editorial conversation. Certainly he remembered no rudeness.

Doubtless the angel Gabriel may any day suffer the same fate at any little window of any publisher's, and no one be to blame.

It is just such a possibility as this, however, and the fact that every editor knows in his heart how often he does disastrous things in his own proper person, and not by proxy, that keep him in a perpetual state of anxiety, and make him waste precious time over possible angel Gabriels who are so often nothing but poor (literary) sinners.

Shall the present writer ever forget the bad quarter of five minutes that Stevenson once gave him, out of pure deviltry? "Now whom *did* you see there that day, Stevenson?" said he. Stevenson looked his questioner straight in the face. "Come to think of it, I believe it was you. Yes, it *was* you!" If ever blood ran cold, it did then. "Now let us get at the date," quoth the accused. Ah, the date! That settled it! A protracted sick-leave, a European "alibi," released his victim from torment!

It was during that same visit abroad that the writer first heard of Stevenson, and, fitly enough, from Gosse himself. If a happy fate ever brings him back to London, he thinks he can go to the very spot in the very street where the author of these "Personal Memories" spoke to him the name of his friend, with quiet and sure conviction of his unique genius. It is a pleasure to remember that THE CENTURY was the first American monthly magazine to welcome him to its pages. — R. W. G.

2 See THE CENTURY for Nov. and Dec., 1883.

pitious. Abruptly, however, in January, 1884, another crisis came. He went to Nice, where he was thought to be dying. He saw no letters; all his business was kindly taken charge of by Mr. Henley; and again, for a long time, he passed beneath the penumbra of steady languor and infirmity. When it is known how constantly he suffered, how brief and flickering were the intervals of comparative health, it cannot but add to the impression of his radiant fortitude through all these trials, and of his persistent employment of all his lucid moments. It was pitiful, and yet at the same time very inspiriting, to see a creature so feeble and so ill equipped for the struggle bear himself so smilingly and so manfully through all his afflictions. There can be no doubt, however, that this latest breakdown vitally affected his spirits. He was never, after this, quite the gay child of genius that he had previously been. Something of a graver cast became natural to his thoughts; he had seen Death in the cave. And now for the first time we traced a new note in his writings — the note of "Pulvis et Umbra."

After 1883 my personal memories of Stevenson became very casual. In November, 1884, he was settled at Bournemouth, in a villa called Bonaltie Towers, and there he stayed until in March, 1885, he took a house of his own, which, in pious memory of his grandfather, he named Skerryvore. In the preceding winter, when I was going to America to lecture, he was particularly anxious that I should lay at the feet of Mr. Frank R. Stockton his homage, couched in the following lines:

> My Stockton if I failed to like,
> It were a sheer depravity;
> For I went down with the "Thomas Hyke,"
> And up with the "Negative Gravity."

He adored these tales of Mr. Stockton's, a taste which must be shared by all good men. To my constant sorrow, I was never able to go to Bournemouth during the years he lived there. It has been described to me, by those who were more fortunate, as a pleasure that was apt to tantalize and evade the visitor, so constantly was the invalid unable, at the last, to see the friend who had traveled a hundred miles to speak with him. It was therefore during his visits to London, infrequent as these were, that we saw him at his best, for these were made at moments of unusual recovery. He generally lodged at what he called the "Monument," this being his title for Mr. Colvin's house, a wing of the vast structure of the British Museum. I recall an occasion on which Louis dined with us (March, 1886) because of the startling interest in the art of strategy which he had developed — an interest which delayed the meal with arrangements of serried bottles counterscarped and lines of cruets drawn up on horseback ready to charge. So infectious was his enthusiasm that we forgot our hunger, and hung over the embattled table-cloth, easily persuaded to agree with him that neither poetry nor the plastic arts could compete for a moment with "the finished conduct, sir, of a large body of men in face of the enemy." It was a little later that he took up the practice of modeling clay figures as he sat up in bed. Some of these compositions — which needed, perhaps, his eloquent commentary to convey their full effect to the spectator — were not without a measure of skill of design. I recollect his saying, with extreme gravity, "I am in sculpture what Mr. Watts is in painting. We are both of us preoccupied with moral and abstract ideas." I wonder whether any one has preserved specimens of these allegorical groups in clay.

The last time I had the happiness of seeing Stevenson was on Sunday, August 21, 1887. He had been brought up from Bournemouth the day before in a wretched condition of health, and was lodged in a private hotel in Finsbury Circus, in the City, ready to be easily moved to a steamer in the Thames on the morrow. I was warned, in a note, of his passage through town, and of the uncertainty whether he could be seen. On the chance, I went over early on the morrow, and, very happily for me, he had had a fair night, and could see me for an hour or two. No one else but Mrs. Stevenson was with him. His position was one which might have daunted any man's spirit, doomed to exile, in miserable health, starting vaguely across the Atlantic, with all his domestic interests rooted up, and with no notion where, or if at all, they should be replanted. If ever a man of imagination could be excused for repining, it was now. But Louis showed no white feather. He was radiantly humorous and romantic. It was church time, and there was some talk of my witnessing his will, which I did not do, because there could be found no other reputable witness, the whole crew of the hotel being at church. This set Louis off on a splendid dream of romance. "This," he said, "is the way in which our valuable city hotels — packed, doubtless, with rich objects of jewelry — are deserted on a Sunday morning. Some bold piratical fellow, defying the spirit of Sabbatarianism, might make a handsome revenue by sacking the derelict hotels between the hours of ten and twelve. One hotel a week would suffice to enable such a man to retire into private life within the space of a year. A mask might, perhaps, be worn for the mere fancy of the thing, and to terrify kitchen-maids, but no real disguise would be needful to an enterprise that would require nothing but a brave heart and a careful study of the

City Postal Directory." He spoke of the matter with so much fire and gallantry that I blushed for the youth of England and its lack of manly enterprise. No one ever could describe preposterous conduct with such a convincing air as Louis could. Common sense was positively humbled in his presence.

The volume of his poems called "Underwoods" had just appeared, and he inscribed a copy of it to me in the words "at Todgers's, as ever was, chez Todgers, Pecksniff street." The only new book he seemed to wish to carry away with him was Mr. Hardy's beautiful romance, "The Woodlanders," which we had to scour London that Sunday afternoon to get hold of. In the evening Mr. Colvin and I each returned to "Todgers's" with the three volumes, borrowed or stolen somewhere, and wrapped up for the voyage next day. And so the following morning, in an extraordinary vessel called the *Ludgate Hill*, as though in compliment to Mr. Stockton's genius, and carrying, besides the Stevensons, a cargo of stallions and monkeys, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne steamed down the Thames in search of health across the Atlantic and the Pacific. The horses, Louis declared, protruded their noses in an unmannerly way between the passengers at dinner, and the poor little gray monkeys, giving up life as a bad job on board that strange, heaving cage, died by dozens, and were flung contemptuously out into the ocean. The strangest voyage, however, some time comes to an end, and Louis landed in America. He was never to cross the Atlantic again; and for those who loved him in Europe he had already journeyed more than half-way to another world.

v.

It is impossible to deal, however lightly, with the personal qualities of Robert Louis Stevenson without dwelling on the extreme beauty of his character. In looking back over the twenty years in which I knew him, I feel that, since he was eminently human, I ought to recall his faults, but I protest that I can remember none. Perhaps the nearest approach to a fault was a certain want of discretion, always founded on a wish to make people understand each other, but not exactly according to wisdom. I recollect that he once embroiled me for a moment with John Addington Symonds in a manner altogether bloodthirsty and ridiculous, so that we both fell upon him and rended him. This little weakness is really the blackest crime I can lay to his charge. And on the other side, what courage, what love, what an indomitable spirit, what a melting pity! He had none of the sordid errors of the man who writes — no sick ambition, no envy of others, no exaggeration of the value of this ephemeral trick of scribbling. He was eager to help his fellows, ready to take a second place, offended with great difficulty, perfectly appeased by the least show of repentance. Stevenson was the most exquisite English writer of his generation; but those who lived close to him are apt to think less of that than of the fact that he was the most unselfish and the most lovable of human beings.

Edmund Gosse.

THE PASSING OF THE SPIRIT.

THE wind, the world-old rhapsodist, goes by,
And the great pines, in changeless vesture gloomed,
And all the towering elm-trees, thatched and plumed
With green, take up, one after one, the cry;
And as their choral voices swell and die,
Catching the infinite note from tree to tree,
Others far off, in long antistrophe,
With swaying arms and surging tops reply.
So to men's souls, at sacred intervals,
Out of the dust of life takes wing and calls
A spirit that we know not, nor can trace;
And heart to heart makes answer with strange thrill:
It passes, and a moment, face to face,
We dream ourselves immortal, and are still.

Archibald Lampman.

PICTURING THE PLANETS.

PORTRAITS OF JUPITER, MARS, AND SATURN, AND HOW THEY WERE MADE AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the successes which have been achieved by photography in the pictorial representation of various classes of celestial objects, there is one part of this field, and that an important one, in which the older methods still maintain their ascendancy. For representing the surface features of a planet, recourse must still be had to the pencil guided by ocular observation, although there is abundance of light for affecting the photographic plate. It is not difficult to see why this is so. In dealing with a faint object, such as a nebula, no advantage is gained by the eye in long-continued gazing; but it is exactly in such a case as this that the camera finds its most successful application. The effect upon the photographic plate is cumulative, and the impression which is not produced in one hour's exposure may appear in two or three. The difficulty in photographing a planet arises from the close juxtaposition of the markings on its disk, and their slight contrast in brightness.

Unavoidable spreading of the photographic image is one source of indistinctness, relatively important in so small an image;[1] moreover, on account of atmospheric disturbances, the details are continually blurring and overlapping in the tremulous image formed by the lens, and, as the exposure must continue for a considerable part of a minute, a correspondingly blurred picture is the result. The eye seizes some minute detail which is visible only for an instant, perhaps, in the course of an hour's steady gazing, and even if an "instantaneous" exposure were possible, this detail would appear upon a photograph only in case it had been taken at that particular instant.

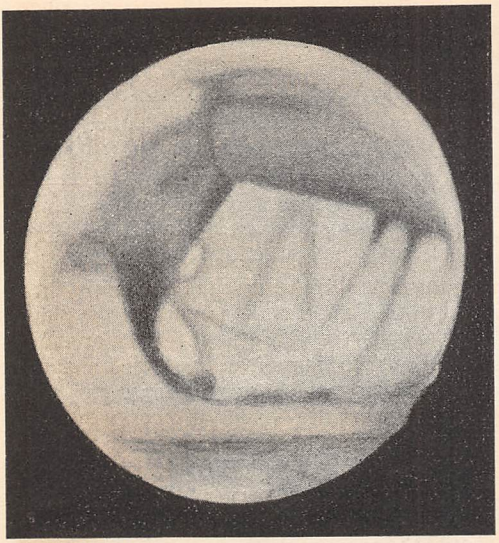
But progress is rapid. The success with which the moon can now be photographed has already been made known to the readers of THE CENTURY, and really useful photographs of Jupiter have been obtained at the Lick observatory. There is every reason to expect that with improvements in apparatus and methods, and the selection of the best sites for purposes of observation, photography of the planets will soon have passed the experimental stage.

For the brief researches of the average Saturday-night visitor who makes the ascent of Mount Hamilton to gratify his curiosity in regard to the far-off worlds in space, the planets offer the most inviting field. They are members of our own family, and yet our knowledge of their personal characteristics is still so incomplete that they excite the curiosity which we feel in regard to strangers. In the telescope they are brilliant objects, visible without effort on the part of the observer. To many persons who have never before looked through a telescope, the view with the great instrument on Mount Hamilton is disappointing; the beauty and size of the object fall far below their expectations, and it occasionally happens that a dissatisfied visitor indignantly declares his conviction that the whole institution is a fraud.

A large part of this disappointment is due to lack of experience in observing, as well as to exaggerated expectations. To see with a telescope, simple as the operation appears to be, is an art which is not immediately acquired. In illustration of this may be mentioned the fact that the majority of visitors who look at the rings of Saturn with the great telescope fail to see the broad black line or division which was discovered by Cassini in 1675 with one of the imperfect telescopes of that time. Some experience in observation, and some knowledge of the object observed, are necessary in order to appreciate the powers of a great telescope.

Only three of the planets—Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn—exhibit surface-markings sufficiently definite to engage the attention of the astronomical draftsman. Mercury and Venus, whose orbits lie within the orbit of the earth, are sometimes marked by very faint spots, but they are so vague and indefinite in character that even yet the rotation times of these planets are subjects of dispute. Faint belts have been suspected on Uranus, but the evidence of their existence is far from satisfactory; while Neptune, the farthest of the planets, shows a pale, uniformly illuminated disk, on which the most powerful telescopes have failed to show the slightest trace of details. The three planets first mentioned, however, exhibit a vast variety of intricate and often highly perplexing detail, taxing to the utmost the skill of the draftsman,

[1] The image of Jupiter in the focus of the photographic lens of the Lick telescope is only a little more than one eighth of an inch in diameter; and although the image may be enlarged some ten times by suitable apparatus, all the difficulties mentioned are not overcome in this way, and some new ones are introduced.



DRAWN BY J. E. KEELER.

MARS. JULY 6, 1890. 9 HOURS 25 MINUTES PACIFIC TIME. THE LONGITUDE OF CENTRAL MERIDIAN IS ABOUT 320°.

and offering abundance of material for profitable study.

The drawings which accompany the present article were made from sketches and measurements with the Lick telescope, and they fairly represent what is shown by the instrument under good conditions. It may be well to mention here that in an astronomical drawing the prominence of the markings must be exaggerated, for otherwise those details which are of the last degree of faintness could not be shown at all. The amount of exaggeration must depend upon the taste and judgment of the draftsman, but it certainly should not be carried so far as to offend the cultivated eye, and the same scale of relative intensities must be preserved throughout.

What the various spots and markings shown in the drawings really mean can seldom be determined by simple inspection with the telescope. Their changes, if any, must be studied; they must be viewed under all possible differences of position resulting from the planetary motions; and information derived from all the branches of astronomy must be taken into consideration. In some cases, as for instance in the question as to the constitution of Saturn's rings, rigid mathematical analysis is applicable, and our interpretation must not conflict with its conclusions.

Taking the three planets mentioned in the order of their distance from the sun, let us first consider the two drawings of Mars. In both drawings the axis of the planet is vertical, and the south pole is at the top.[1] The dark spots are regarded as representing oceans, and the light spots continents; but it should be borne in mind that even in making this first assumption, which is evidently of fundamental importance, we are passing beyond the bounds of certain knowledge. If erroneous, all our speculation on the meaning of the fainter markings must be futile. However, in thus pointing out the lack of certainty in the assumption, I would by no means deny the probability of its correctness. Adopting this interpretation, we may regard indentations of the outlines of the bright spots as "bays," and small bright spots surrounded by a dark shading as "islands." The principal markings have been named in accordance with this view.

At each pole of Mars is a brilliant white spot, generally a very conspicuous feature of the surface; and from the way in which these spots increase and diminish with the changing Martian seasons, we conclude that they are snow-caps, similar to the great masses of ice and snow which surround the poles of the earth. In the drawings the northern or lower snow-cap is inclined slightly toward the observer, but in 1890 it was not strongly marked. The limb or edge of Mars is bright, and the snow-cap is lost in the general brightness of the limb.

The ruddy color of Mars is due to the continents. The oceans are not red, but gray, with occasionally a greenish shade. That it is not the atmosphere of Mars which imparts the red color to the continents we know from the fact that the snow-caps are white, notwithstanding the great depth of atmosphere through which the light reflected from them must pass to reach our eye.

On both drawings are shown faint dark lines connecting dark spots on different parts of the planet. When Professor Schiaparelli, the eminent Italian astronomer, following out the system of nomenclature which has already been referred to, gave the name of "canals" to these faint lines, he probably did not perceive the mischief which lurked within the name. "Oceans" and "continents," although perhaps suggesting more than is strictly justified by our present knowledge, imply the action of natural causes only, but the term "canal"[2] implies the work of intelligent beings like ourselves. Hence has probably arisen the impression, which, judging from the inquiries of visitors who come to Mount Hamilton, is very widely spread, that Mars is actually known to be inhabited. As these markings must have a width of at least

[1] Because in an astronomical telescope objects are always seen inverted.

[2] It should be mentioned, however, that the Italian word *canale*, used by Schiaparelli, signifies a canal, channel, pipe, or conduit, and hence has a broader meaning than the English "canal," into which it has been translated.

twenty miles in order to be visible at the distance of the earth, and have been observed by Professor Schiaparelli to change in the course of a single day to a pair of parallel lines from one hundred to two hundred miles apart, it is evident that they have very little resemblance to our terrestrial canals. According to Schiaparelli, whose visual powers for detecting such faint tracings seem to be extraordinary, these canals cover the whole surface of the Martian continents with a complicated network. He has suggested that they are natural waterways, following the course of cracks in the original surface, by which the polar floods find a passage toward the equator. The "gemination" of the canals has been observed at Mount Hamilton and at other observatories, but its nature is still a profound mystery.

The dark, funnel-shaped bay shown in the drawing of July 6 is one of the strongest and most easily recognized on Mars, and it is shown in the drawings of the earliest observers. It is called the Syrtis Magna by Schiaparelli, who has replaced the names of persons given to the markings on the planet by English astronomers by names drawn from classical geography — a change which will commend itself to unprejudiced students. All the main outlines shown in this drawing are closely in accordance with Schiaparelli's maps, although differences exist in some of the minor details. On the left of the Syrtis Magna, at its bell-shaped mouth, is the region called Libya, one of those curious regions which are sometimes bright, like the continents, and sometimes dark, like the oceans, and which may therefore be regarded as low tracts of land occasionally inundated with water. It is in this inundated condition that Libya is shown in the drawing.

One of the large continents of Mars occupies the central part of the disk. On its southern shore is a strongly marked forked bay the middle point of which is just on the equator, and which, on account of its definiteness, has been chosen as the starting-point from which to reckon Martian longitudes. A straight canal, the Gehon, extending inland from the right-hand fork of this bay, was, at the time of the drawing, one of the most distinct on the planet. From the other fork of the bay extends a somewhat similar canal, the Hiddekel. The straight canal extending horizontally from the head of the Syrtis Magna toward the right is called the Protonilus. All these canals are shown much wider than they are drawn by Schiaparelli.

The most novel feature of the drawing is a pair of white spots projecting from the east limb, or right-hand edge, of the planet. These spots were first noticed by a visitor who was looking at Mars on one of the public nights at the observatory. On the next night, Mars having made one revolution in the mean time, they appeared again at the same place, and the drawing was then made. It will be noticed that in this drawing Mars has a gibbous phase, a portion of the disk being unilluminated, and the spots are on the "terminator," or boundary between the bright and obscure portions. The most obvious interpretation of the phenomenon is that the spots are projections above the surface of Mars, and, as the elevation necessary to produce such an appearance is very considerable, that they are clouds floating high in his atmosphere. The drawing is the first known record of an appearance of this kind.

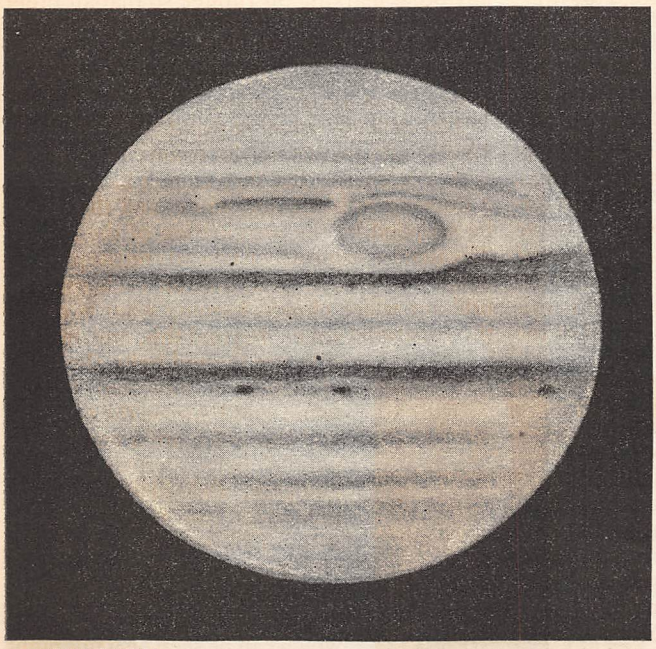


DRAWN BY E. S. HOLDEN.

MARS. MAY 21, 1890. 12 HOURS 30 MINUTES PACIFIC TIME. THE LONGITUDE OF THE CENTRAL MERIDIAN IS ABOUT 60°.

The drawing of May 21 was made when Mars was nearly in opposition, and the disk is round and fully illuminated. The forked bay from which longitude is reckoned is on the extreme left, on the point of passing out of view by the rotation of the planet. Just to the right of it is a larger bay, the Margaritifer Sinus. A curious marking, shaped like a horseshoe, in the southeast quadrant, is one of the most interesting regions on Mars. The central dark spot, or Solis Lacus, is seen at all oppositions, but the surrounding bright ring seems to change in a remarkable manner, being at some oppositions broad and bright, at others narrow and dim, sometimes traversed by canals connecting the central lake with the ocean outside, and sometimes forming a complete annulus in which the eye can perceive no break. These changes

can be accounted for if we suppose the land in this region to be low and flat, so that a comparatively slight change in the water-level would have a great effect upon the configuration of the coast-line. We can picture to ourselves how greatly the shape of Florida would be changed if the ocean were to rise only ten feet. It is true that on the earth such enormous inundations are unknown, but the seas of Mars are narrow, and vast volumes of water must be set free by the rapid melting of the polar ice.



DRAWN BY J. E. KEELER.

JUPITER. AUGUST 28, 1890. 8 HOURS 14 MINUTES PACIFIC TIME. THE RED SPOT IS ON THE CENTRAL MERIDIAN.

Referring again to the drawing of May 21, the dark spots on the lower part of the disk are the Nilacus Lacus and the Acidalium Mare. In the center of the disk is the Juventæ Fons, a small, round, isolated dark spot. A little below this, toward the northeast, is the Lunæ Lacus, which seems to be the point of crossing of several canals. The two satellites of Mars are not represented. On the scale of the drawings they would be no more than pinpoints. Small as they are, their eclipses in the shadow of Mars were observed at Mount Hamilton in 1890, and again during the opposition of 1892.

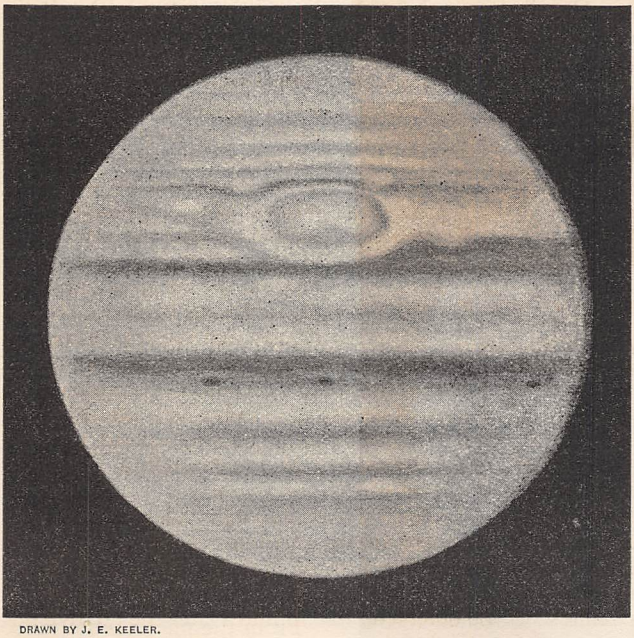
Before leaving Mars, a few words may be devoted to the much-discussed question, whether Mars is inhabited by beings like ourselves. No question in astronomy excites so much popular interest as this, and none would be of more absorbing interest to astronomers if a definite answer appeared to be within even the remotest bounds of possibility. But, taking into account all that has been learned of this planet by years of study, the nearest approach that can be made to an answer is that Mars may possibly be habitable. This is certainly unsatisfactory, but no statement more definite is justified by the evidence; and while we may amuse ourselves by speculating on the character of the hypothetical inhabitants, and computing their stature from the known gravitational force at the surface of the planet, it is well to remember the slightness of the foundation on which our superstructure is reared.

Passing outward three hundred and forty millions of miles beyond the orbit of Mars, we come to the planet Jupiter, the largest in the solar system. All the evidence so far collected goes to show that this immense planet is still intensely heated, possibly to a point almost approaching self-luminosity. The water which at some future time will make the Jovian oceans cannot therefore exist in the liquid form, but is vaporized by the heat, and floats above the surface in an impenetrable cloud-envelop, beneath which the solid body of the planet (if it has one) is hidden. In the great telescope the surface of Jupiter *looks* like clouds, and the appearance of the gray and white belts on the northern hemisphere of the planet is beautifully reproduced in the sea of terrestrial clouds which, under a clear sky and bright sun, sometimes pours through the valley west of Mount Hamilton, far below the level of the observatory.

Jupiter turns on its axis in a few minutes less than ten hours, and this swiftness of rotation makes the task of drawing its surface a very difficult one. In a single minute the motion can be detected; five minutes later the relative position of the markings has changed very perceptibly; and at the end of fifteen minutes a drawing can no longer be continued. At his first attempt the draftsman simply despairs; but he soon learns to prepare for his work by marking on an outline sketch the features which do not change,—such as the general position, width, and direction of the belts,—and then, at a noted instant, he rapidly sketches in the more prominent markings, completing the drawing with reference to the points so established.

Like the sun, Jupiter has no *definite* period of rotation, the equatorial portions moving

more swiftly than those nearer the poles. A comparison of the accompanying drawings will show this peculiarity very clearly. The motion of the surface is from right to left. In the drawing of August 28, a small black spot on the lower of the two strong equatorial belts is just on the point of crossing the central meridian, and so is the remarkable large oval spot some distance above. In the second drawing, made five weeks later, the small spot is again central, the planet in the interval having made eighty-seven complete revolutions; but the great oval spot has not yet reached the central meridian, while still other markings, which were formerly in the same longitude, have passed it, and therefore rotate more rapidly than the small spot chosen as a reference-point. It is not surprising that mere cloud-forms should be so loosely coherent, but the progressive change of their drift from the equator toward the poles has never been satisfactorily explained. It is evidently connected with the internal heat of the planet, and probably analogous to the similar drift which we observe on the surface of the sun.



DRAWN BY J. E. KEELER.

JUPITER. OCTOBER 3, 1890. 7 HOURS 35 MINUTES PACIFIC TIME. THE RED SPOT APPROACHING THE CENTRAL MERIDIAN.

The aspect of Jupiter is not only continually changing in consequence of the drift just described, but the general character of the markings changes greatly from year to year. The feature which shows the greatest permanence is the large oval spot shown in the drawings of August 28 and October 3. It was first seen in 1878, as a pale pinkish ring. The color gradually extended inward, and deepened until it became a full Indian red, and this marking has ever since been known as the great red spot. After some years it became pale again, and in 1884 could hardly be distinguished. In 1890 the color was deeper, particularly around the edges, and the spot had again assumed the aspect of an oval ring. It rotates more slowly than any other marking on Jupiter, so that all other spots drift by it toward the west, or toward the left hand in the drawings. The length is somewhat variable, but at the time of the drawings it was about 18,500 miles.

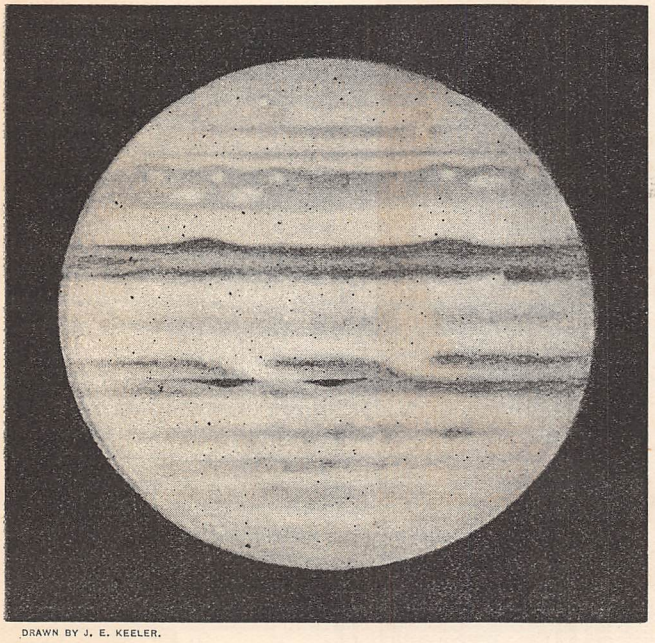
The delicate colors of the different belts of Jupiter add greatly to the beauty of the view with a telescope, but they cannot be shown in a drawing in black and white, and they must be supplied by the imagination of the reader. The narrow stripe which is nearly on the planet's equator is salmon-pink, and on each side are brilliant white clouds, forming what is called the equatorial zone. Beyond this, one on each side, are the red belts, the color of which is indicated by the name, and between the red belts and the poles are a number of parallel belts, alternately white and gray. Pale lilac, olive, and slate-color are frequently met with. This has been the general arrangement for several years, but space does not permit a description of the smaller details which can be seen on a fine night with the thirty-six-inch refractor on Mount Hamilton. Attention must be called, however, to the remarkable small spots on the lower red belt. They were first discovered at the Lick Observatory in April, 1890, when their color was a very deep red. Two more of these spots on the other side of the planet are, of course, not shown in the drawings. It frequently happens that such spots spread, become paler and more diffuse, and, blending together, add a new dark belt to the surface ornamentation of Jupiter.

The view represented in the third drawing owed much of its beauty to the small white spots in the southern hemisphere, and to the curious symmetry with which they were grouped. Long white streamers are seen in this drawing, extending from the equatorial zone into the red belts. They are perhaps cloud-masses projected outward from the equatorial zone, and drawn out into their characteristic shape by the current due to the relative drift.

Ever since its discovery the red spot has

been the object of a great deal of study. In June, 1890, an English observer, Mr. Stanley Williams, called attention to a large dark spot which was drifting down on the great red spot from the east, and if in no way diverted would pass directly over it during the month of August. It was obviously of great interest to see what would happen. Cloudy weather, most unusual at that season, prevented observation at the Lick Observatory until August 28, so that what happened when the contact occurred was lost; but the subsequent history is clearly shown in the two drawings of August 28 and October 3, which were indeed made specially for this purpose. In the first drawing we see Mr. Williams's spot lengthened out into a narrow dark stripe, and so far diverted from its course that it lies above and entirely clear of the red spot. In the other drawing the spot has drifted still farther westward, but it has not returned to its original line of travel; its latitude has been permanently altered.

These interesting observations, as well as others which have been made at Mount Hamilton, show that the clouds which form the belts of Jupiter flow around the great red spot, as foam floating on the surface of a river flows around a sand-bank in the stream. By applying a scale to the drawings we find that the rate of drift is 18,000 miles in about five weeks, or about twenty miles an hour. Evidently it is no gentle current that flows past the shores of the great red spot.



DRAWN BY J. E. KEELER.

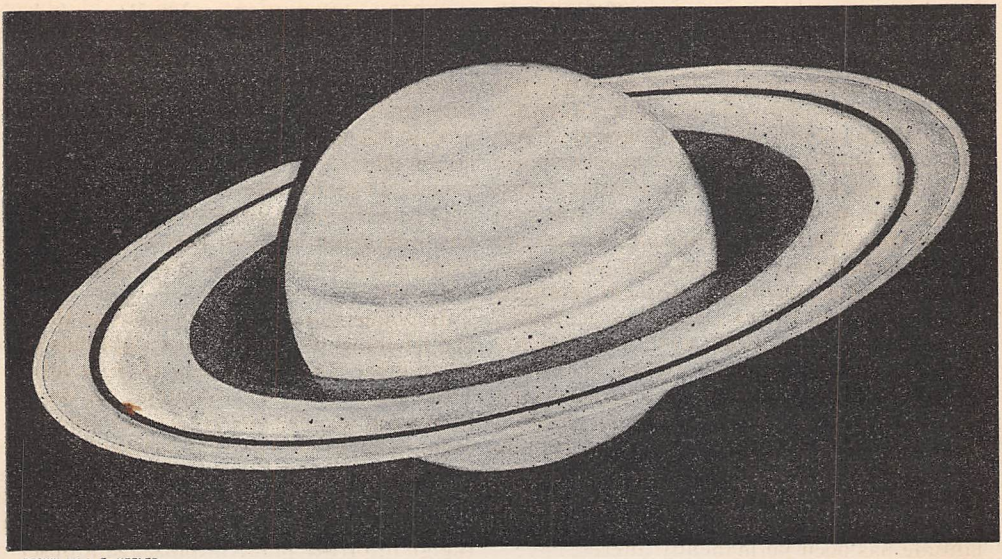
JUPITER. JULY 10, 1889. 10 HOURS 2 MINUTES PACIFIC TIME. THE RED SPOT IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PLANET.

What is the nature of this remarkable object? Is it really a projection of the more solid interior portion of the planet above the general level of the surface? If so, the projection is too slight to be noticeable when the red spot passes around the limb, although it is true that it might amount to several miles without being visible at this distance. At any rate, no explanation of the red spot more probable than this has been given, and we may accept it provisionally while waiting for the light of future discovery.

In connection with Jupiter, one of the special triumphs of the great telescope has to be mentioned. On the evening of September 9, 1892, Mr. Barnard was examining the sky close to Jupiter, keeping the planet just outside the eyepiece in order to prevent its light from overpowering any faint object in the field. He soon detected a tiny point of light, which was visible for a short time, and then disappeared in the glare of the planet. Subsequent observations showed that it was a new satellite, with an estimated diameter of only one hundred miles, revolving around Jupiter in a period of about twelve hours.

The last of the preceding achievements of this nature was the discovery of the satellites of Mars by Hall, in 1877. It has been mistakenly supposed that both of these telescopic discoveries were accidental. Both were, on the contrary, the reward of a deliberate search for just such objects as were actually found. It would be almost impossible to make an accidental discovery of a new satellite, for the reason that an object so conspicuous as to attract the attention of an observer engaged in other work would have been found long ago as the result of a special search with smaller instruments.

From the micrometric measurements which have been made, it appears that the new satellite revolves nearly in the plane of Jupiter's equator. A body which had recently entered the system from without could move in this way only by the merest chance. It is practically certain, therefore, as Mr. Barnard has pointed out, that the new satellite has been revolving in its present orbit for ages. It is not some eccentric asteroid which has been drawn out of its path and adopted into the family of the great planet,



DRAWN BY J. E. KEELER.

SATURN. JANUARY 7, 1888.

but an own brother to the satellites discovered by Galileo.

Four hundred million miles beyond Jupiter is the planet Saturn, which is represented in the drawing as it was seen under the most favorable conditions, shortly after the great telescope was erected. The body of the planet is marked with belts like those of Jupiter, but there is an absence of detail, and indeed it is seldom that any spot appears on Saturn sufficiently definite to serve as a mark for measuring the rotation of the planet. We notice on the drawing the same darkening and indistinctness at the limb that characterize the disk of Jupiter. The general color, which again must be supplied by the imagination, is golden yellow, the belts exhibiting various faint shades of gray, dove-color, and pink.

The most interesting feature of Saturn is of course the great flat ring by which it is encircled—an object at which every telescope in the world has been leveled, and which has furnished material for the profoundest researches of philosophers. It is now certain that the rings are nothing more or less than a swarm of small bodies, too minute to be separately distinguished, revolving around Saturn in orbits like satellites, but doubtless jostling one another rudely on the way. For convenience of reference, astronomers divide the ring into three components, designated by the letters A, B, and C. The outermost ring, A, is separated from B by a black gap 1600 miles wide, known as the Cassini division. The innermost ring, C, is often called the gauze, crape, or dusky ring, on account of its hazy appearance and partial transparency. Here the particles of the swarm are thinly scattered, and some light passes between them.

Close to the outer edge of ring A, the drawing shows a very fine line or division, which is distinct from the line or shading usually seen either near the middle of the ring, or a third of the way from the outer edge. It was discovered with the great telescope on the night of the drawing, and has since been seen occasionally with the same instrument, but it is beyond the power of the smaller (twelve-inch) telescope. It is not quite certain that this marking is a permanent division; still, its appearance remained the same for two years after discovery. Outside this fine division was the brightest part of ring A, but the difference in brightness was very slight, and it is necessarily much exaggerated in the drawing. The darkest part of the ring was a little way inside the division.

The outer edge of ring B is the brightest part of the whole system of Saturn. In many drawings this ring blends gradually into the gauze ring, but in the Lick telescope the boundary has always appeared sharp. Another feature of the view with this instrument is the uniform tint of the gauze ring, which is frequently drawn notched, mottled with black spots, or otherwise singularly marked.

This brings up the case of large versus small telescopes, on which much argument was once expended. Are the appearances (always at the limit of perception) seen with small instruments and not confirmed by large ones illusory, or is the large telescope inferior in defining power to the small one? As the question is purely one of instruments, and not of the relative skill of observers, only those who have

used both classes of instruments have the opportunity to form an unbiased judgment, and such observers invariably put their faith in the large telescope.

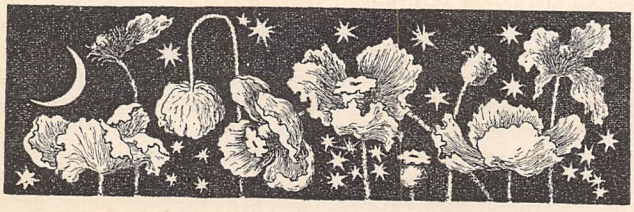
In the following incident, which may be considered a case in point, the advantage of a large aperture is illustrated. I was once observing Saturn with the smaller telescope of the Lick Observatory, and noticed that (as often represented in drawings) the shadow of the planet on the ring was convex toward the ball, contrary to what it should have been according to geometrical principles. The abnormal appearance was so marked that with much difficulty I opened the great dome (the machinists were still working on the floor and shutter), and turned the thirty-six-inch telescope on Saturn. The shadow at once appeared curved in the proper direction, while the superiority of the view left no doubt as to which aspect was the true one. In this case, if no appeal to a higher court had been possible, it would have been necessary to abide by the decision of the inferior instrument, and the result shows with what caution abnormal appearances should be accepted when they are nearly at the limit of distinct perception.

The partial transparency of the gauze ring is shown by the fact that the limb of the planet can be seen through it, and still better by an interesting observation with the great telescope on the night of April 9, 1890. On this evening the satellite Japetus emerged from behind Saturn, crossed the dark space between the body of the planet and the gauze ring, and passed behind the latter, through which it was distinctly visible as a bright knot on the surface of the ring, until it was lost behind the inner edge of ring B. With the smaller telescope the satellite was at all times invisible.

A unique observation by Mr. Barnard gives us the only information we possess in regard to the distribution of particles in the gauze ring, and again the satellite Japetus is the bearer of the information. On the night of November 1, 1889, this satellite passed through the shadow of the gauze ring, from its inner edge outward, at such a distance from Saturn that the phenomena of the eclipse could readily be observed. What happened was this: on entering the shadow, the light of the satellite was greatly reduced, but not completely extinguished; it grew fainter and fainter as the satellite moved onward, and suddenly vanished when the satellite entered the shadow of the bright ring. These observations show that either the thickness of the gauze ring, or its density, increases gradually and uniformly from the inner to the outer edge, and that the supposed interruptions in the ring already referred to have no real existence.

These are some of the instances of observations at Mount Hamilton which throw light on the problems set before us in the other worlds of the solar system. Many more might be mentioned, but those already given are sufficient to show what has been done, and what may be hoped for in the future. The field is interesting and still a large one. The wonders, undreamed of twenty years ago, brought to light in Mars by the researches of Schiaparelli, show that surprises may yet be in store for us. In the abundance of light supplied by a great lens familiar features take on a new aspect, and suggest new ideas, and while a startling revelation of novelties is not to be expected, careful and systematic study can hardly fail to add surely, if slowly, to our store of information; and this is the more usual method of progress in the advance of knowledge.

James E. Keeler.



A SYLVAN FANTASY.

HERE in the deep heart of the wood,—
Beyond whose marge the sunset pales,—
While virgin Twilight dons her hood,
Slowly the wind of evening trails
Above the dank and darkened ground
The soft, invisible skirts of Sound.

William Hamilton Hayne.

TWO VICE-PRESIDENTS.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE AND HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE was the first of ten of the public men of the country whose occupancy of the Vice-Presidency has given me an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of their personal characteristics, as well as some judgment of their ability and merit as statesmen. He was elected Vice-President, with Mr. Buchanan as President, in 1856, the year in which I entered the public service at Washington. He had been four years a member of the House of Representatives from Kentucky, having been elected to that body in 1851. He was, in person, an elegant, high-bred Kentucky gentleman, over six feet in height, straight and lofty in his carriage, youthful and dashing — more like a Highland chieftain than a grave legislator. He was exceedingly affable, pleasant, and polished in his intercourse with his fellows, except under the excitement of heated debate. He would then bound over all barriers, as a knight rushing upon his foe, regardless of personal peril, and intent only on the blood of his victim. This impetuosity of temper in debate frequently involved him in personalities which required settlement outside of the House.

Near the end of his service in the House this uncontrollable fire resulted in a serious quarrel with Francis B. Cutting of New York, and a challenge passed between them. Breckinridge spent a week or ten days in unknown retirement at Silver Spring, the house of Francis P. Blair, senior, five miles out of Washington, in preparation for the encounter, which, however, never came off. The friendship which Mr. Blair showed to the young Kentuckian at this time was remembered, years afterward, when Jubal Early and Breckinridge halted their rebel army for the night at Silver Spring, on their way to attack Washington. They burned to the ground the house of Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General under Lincoln, but they spared that of his father, although they drank up all the wines and ate all the good things they found in it, celebrating in advance the sure victory of the morrow, which their tarry for the night turned into defeat.

Mr. Breckinridge had in a remarkable degree the characteristics of his blood. He was born of one of the oldest and most celebrated families of Kentucky, and he and his admirers were wont to boast that in him had been bred the blood of those families to a higher perfection than in any other of her sons then in public life. He was a genuine Kentucky thoroughbred, and exhibited in a marked degree the points of his lineage. He was distinguished more for personal impressiveness of speech and manner, of figure and address, than for intellectual power, and would be classed, not with the constructors of institutions, but rather with those who fashion and polish what others design and rough-hew.

He was, however, notwithstanding these pretensions, a general favorite. Everybody likes a full-blooded Kentuckian. After four years' service in the House of Representatives he was appointed minister to Spain; he was elected Vice-President at thirty-five, was the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency at thirty-nine, and was elected senator at forty. In the Confederacy, after he was expelled from the United States Senate for disloyalty, he was a major-general the same year, and secretary of war about four years later.

He was an honorable and (if there is any distinction in the two words) an honest man, and was conscientious in the discharge of every official duty, never betraying a trust and never doing a mean thing to advance a cause, however infatuated and blinded in its espousal. When the time came, as it did at last, that his convictions would no longer permit him to stand with the Union, he did not sneak away like a thief, as did Floyd and Thompson when they could no longer serve the rebellion in the official robes and with the official opportunities of the Union. Nor did he follow Twiggs in the footsteps of Arnold, in a traitorous surrender of the post he had been intrusted to defend; but openly, before the world, he announced his convictions, and left the office and the cause he could no longer serve for the field, taking up the sword, as a soldier might, for what he deemed the right.

While he was yet Vice-President, the opportunity came to him which came to no other man during the war, to turn order into chaos and to wreck the Union by the forms of an official edict. Nevertheless, though all his sympathy and nearly all his blood were on the side of the Confederacy, he resisted the temptation, and

discharged, with Roman fidelity, the duty imposed on him by the Constitution, and the nation was saved. This act, in my judgment, goes far to condone the errors of his after life.

The occasion to which I refer was when the time had arrived for determining officially whether Lincoln was elected — over whose election the South had already gone to war. There had been a wide-spread conviction during the whole winter that there existed a conspiracy to prevent, by fraud or violence, a declaration of the result by the Vice-President in the presence of the two Houses, as provided by law. The very uncertainty as to what means would be resorted to — whether the certificates would fail to appear upon that day; whether they would be wrested by violence from the hands which bore them across the rotunda from the Senate-chamber to the hall of the House, or would be manipulated or suppressed by the only official who could open them, that official being himself a candidate, and known to be in sympathy with the rebellion; or whether, at the last moment, he would refuse to declare the result — all this contributed to fill every patriotic heart with anxiety and fearful forebodings. But Mr. Breckinridge, whatever part he may have resolved ultimately to take if the war should continue, turned a deaf ear to those who tempted him to betray this sacred official trust. A breathless silence, painfully intense, pervaded the crowded chamber as he arose to make declaration of the result of the election. It was a supreme moment. The galleries were packed with hostile conspirators, but, interspersed among them, unknown to them and to the Vice-President, were a hundred armed policemen, selected from those most trusty in New York and Philadelphia. The Vice-President was pale and a little nervous, but firm on his feet and unfaltering in his utterance. With a voice which dispelled the oppressive stillness, he said, "I therefore declare Abraham Lincoln duly elected President of the United States for the term of four years from the fourth day of March next." And thus the dead-point of peril was passed in safety.

Mr. Breckinridge continued in the service of the Union a few months longer as a senator during the extra session in July called by Mr. Lincoln after the rebels fired on Sumter. During that brief session he strove to satisfy the public judgment that the South had just ground for its course, and that, under the Constitution, there was no remedy for it, or help for the Union. He satisfied only himself, and sadly failed to convince others. One of the debates in which he took part in that session was so dramatic in some of its features that the impression it made upon me is still vivid. It occurred a few days before the disaster at Ball's Bluff, in which the lamented Baker, one of the most effective orators who ever sat in the Senate, was killed. Breckinridge had taken the position in debate that the Constitution had made no provision for the exigency which confronted us, and was pressing for an answer to his question. "What will you do with us if you do conquer us? We can still vote. What hinders the vanquished from marching from the battle-field in solid column to the ballot-box, and beating you there, if we shall number there more than you do? You may defeat us in the field, but you cannot disfranchise us till after conviction and judgment of court; and you cannot do that till you have tried us by twelve of our own peers in the very State whose people have themselves revolted. So while you may conquer us in arms, we will afterward conquer you at the ballot-box." At that moment Baker entered the Senate-chamber in full uniform, fresh from his command at Ball's Bluff, and, placing his sword across his desk, plunged at once into the debate. The garb of the warrior in which he stood strangely emphasized the words of the legislator when he fiercely hurled back the answer, "We will govern you as conquered provinces." These men parted for the last time that day. A few days later one sealed his devotion to the Union with his life-blood. It had been better for the other if he had not survived him.

Mr. Breckinridge did not greatly distinguish himself in the service of the Confederacy, into which he entered immediately after the close of this short extra session, and in which he became a major-general, and afterward secretary of war. The downfall of that government was the downfall of all his ambitions, and he had no courage thenceforth for new undertakings. His spirits seemed utterly to forsake him, and he withdrew from the world, living several years in retirement abroad, and returning to his old home at Lexington only a few years before his death, which took place in 1875,— a sad failure of a life of rare promise and of exceptional opportunities.

A scene at his death-bed was too full of pathos, and too replete with lessons taught by the mysterious mutability of human affairs, to pass unnoticed. His last illness was a long and lingering one, and his light went out slowly. It happened that, shortly before his death, Henry Wilson, then himself Vice-President, was making political speeches in the vicinity of Lexington; and it came to the ear of Breckinridge that he had made kind and tender inquiry concerning his former associate in the public service. The sick statesman was deeply moved by this manifestation of regard on the part of an old political opponent, and caused it to be understood that a visit would give him plea-

sure. Mr. Wilson accordingly made a detour for that purpose. It is related that the scene at the bedside as the two — each, as it proved, within almost a handbreadth of the end of his career — took each other by the hand, and spoke of the past, its successes on the one hand and its failures on the other, was exceedingly touching. I will not attempt to describe it: it was a scene for a painter.

I know of no two lives in all American history which have been ordered in such sharp and instructive contrast from beginning to ending as the lives of these two men. One of them sprang from one of the proudest and most aristocratic, as well as ablest and most powerful, of the ruling families of Kentucky; the other was of an origin so humble and obscure that it could hardly be traced. One was born at the open gate of fortune, influence, and opportunity; the other was born in the lap of squalid want. Both set out in life under the influence of a controlling ambition. One thirsted for glory and power and fame; the other to be emancipated from poverty and neglect. The career of Breckinridge lay along an even pathway lighted up from the outset with the encouraging smiles of influential friends, and overhung with tempting prizes, which he gathered thick and fast at every step; while Wilson began the ascent of a steep and rugged mountain-path alone, and toiled upward without help, beset by discouragements, confronted all the way with difficulties, and cheered by no light ahead or reward in sight. The Vice-Presidency came to Breckinridge almost by force of gravity, as ripe fruit drops into a basket ready to receive it; it came to Wilson as tribute to a life of toil spent in the uplifting of down-trodden humanity. A just people has placed the cypress upon the grave of one, and the laurel on the grave of the other.

Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President under Lincoln, was as unlike his predecessor in office in all the characteristics for which men are remembered as could well be. He was the son of a simple, plain farmer, of no pretensions, of scanty means, toiling hard to wring out of an unwilling soil the precarious subsistence of a numerous family. He had no other pedigree to show than that of hard-fisted, clear-headed, honest progenitors, as far back as the record goes. By the death of his father he was compelled to take entire charge of the farm during his minority, and thus lost the chance of a college education, for which he had made some preparation. Afterward he took up the law. He was not, therefore, a man of such culture as comes from classical education, or study of books, or contact with scholars and learned men. His long public career, however, brought him so constantly into daily intercourse with public men that the instincts of a true gentleman were developed in a remarkable degree. Never losing that plain, simple, unaffected manner which belonged to the life his fathers had lived before him, he nevertheless acquired an ease, almost reaching gracefulness, in his converse with men and women, which came to be quite charming. He was a true gentleman — not a handsome, elegant gentleman like his predecessor, but one that every one recognized had no alloy in his composition, nothing but genuine sincerity in the hand he offered. Mr. Hamlin was a little under six feet in height, stocky in his build, and unusually swarthy in his complexion. Although always neat and tidy in his attire, he seemed entirely indifferent to fashion or style in his dress. He wore all his life just such clothes as he was wearing when I first knew him forty years ago. I never saw him except in a black swallow-tailed coat, and without an overcoat; and he clung to the old-fashioned stock long after it had been discarded by the rest of mankind. He was an inveterate smoker, using a clay pipe in his room, and cigars only when abroad where others used them. He played cards incessantly — old sledge, whist, and eucher — till the day of his death, whenever he could find those who would join him in the game; but he would never gamble. He was no student of books — such men never are; but he was ever studying men and things, and few knew them better. His conversation was piquant, crisp, and pungent, but there never was any sting in it.

Hamlin was fond of a joke, and never spared an opportunity. He confessed, however, that a joke once cost him a United States senatorship. It happened in this way, he said. He was Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives, and one day, during a very dull debate, as he sat listless in his chair, his eye fell on a prim, dapper little gentleman who had got himself up with unusual care, even for him, and had smoothed down his hair with pomatum till every hair was straight and fast. For the fun of it, Hamlin sent a page, with the compliments of the Speaker, to inform him that one of the hairs on the top of his head had got out of place and was lying crosswise. The member was angry, and sent back word that he would take no such insult from any man. No apology, no atonement, would appease him. The next year there was a vacancy in the Senate, and Mr. Hamlin came within one vote of election. That vote he could never obtain. It was the insulted member who refused to the end to vote for him, and his party was compelled to take another man. A few years later, however, another va-

cancy occurring, he was elected, the irate member having in the mean time disappeared.

Mr. Hamlin was always a favorite with the people of Maine. Poor, and without family or other influence to advance him, he was elected, to the legislature at twenty-seven, three years after he was admitted to the bar; was reëlected four times, for three years of which he was Speaker of the House; was elected to Congress at thirty-four, and to the Senate at thirty-eight; was reëlected in 1851; resigned in 1857 to be candidate for governor, and, after being elected, was reëlected as his own successor. He was elected Vice-President in 1860, and was again senator in 1869, serving till 1881, when he declined reëlection. In addition to these elective offices, he held, by appointment under Johnson, the collectorship of the port of Boston, resigning it after one year; and after he left the Senate, the post of minister to Spain under Garfield, resigning that office after two years' service, and retiring in 1883 to private life at his old home in Bangor, where he continued to live till his death in 1891. His public service of forty-seven years has few parallels. In every place to which he was called he acquitted himself with credit and without reproach.

Mr. Hamlin made no pretensions to oratory, but nevertheless he was a debater of uncommon force and skill. He was distinguished for the cleverness and the directness of his statement. His style was terse and crisp, with a good deal of the Yankee in the quaintness and aptness of his way of putting things. His long service and absolute integrity added great weight to his opinions and judgment. He, however, spoke rarely; but in all legislative business — of far more importance at all times than oratory — he ranked among the first, and as a political adviser he was a leader.

He was the soul of honor, as well in his private relations and public duties as in all political transactions. He was born a democrat, and remained through life democratic in every fiber and impulse. He identified himself at the outset with the political party which bears that name, and was brought into public life by it as a favorite of promise, of whom it was justly proud. He continued to act with it till the Kansas-Nebraska struggle of 1852, although always a hater of slavery, and chafing more and more every year under the increasing domination of the slave power. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise was the last straw with him. He was at that time chairman of the committee on naval affairs in the Senate, and, as such, in some sense the official mouthpiece of the administration in all matters pertaining to the navy which came before the Senate. Finding that he could not follow the administration in the course it was pursuing, he refused to occupy an equivocal position, and in a speech of exceedingly broad statesmanship as well as political philosophy he pointed out the necessity of his retirement from the official relationship which he then held toward the administration. Thereupon he joined the minority, carrying with him the respect as well as the sincere regret of those he left. Among the early acts of Andrew Johnson after he became President was the appointment, as collector of the port of Boston, of the man to whose place as Vice-President he had, under an inscrutable dispensation of Providence, succeeded. But scarcely a year had elapsed before Johnson had so far departed from the principles of the political party which elected him as to be at open war with it. Mr. Hamlin had not a pulsation in common with Johnson in this struggle; but believing that the office he held was of such a character as entitled the President to a representative of his own political views, he unhesitatingly tendered his resignation.

His swarthy complexion, which his political opponents made use of in the South during the presidential campaign of 1860 to arouse and intensify the prejudice they had engendered against the "Black Republicans," did not annoy him. He was too much of a man to be troubled by such trifles. Yet on one occasion a speaker declared that "the Black Republicans had nominated a nigger for Vice-President." This was done in the presence of a former associate of his in Congress, then a personal and political friend, who sat on the platform, but who, when he followed, had neither the manliness nor the courage to rebuke or correct the slanderer of his friend. Mr. Hamlin publicly denounced this meanness.

In 1871, I was traveling with friends in California, and was induced to go on a two days' journey into the interior to see a petrified forest, with a promise that I could stop for the night at Calistoga,— a Californian resort,— where I could partake of chicken broth flowing perpetually from one spring, and fresh soda-water from another, and gather ink enough from a third to supply the world. On reaching this wonderful half-way station, and going to the hotel register, I found the names of Hannibal Hamlin and Horace Maynard on the record of the day before. Commenting with my friend upon these names, I was overheard by the landlord behind the counter. "Hannibal Hamlin," said he — "Hannibal Hamlin! It seems to me I have heard that name before. Did n't he run for some office somewhere once?" On my representing to him the distinguished character of the guests he had been entertaining, he gave me a look as much as to say, "You can't palm off any Cali-

fornia yarn on me"; and then broke out in a very uncomplimentary comment on the two strangers, one of whom he took to be a negro and the other an Indian. In a moment he saw that he had been saying something offensive; so he instantly apologized, and ended by inviting me to repair to the spring and take a bowl of chicken broth with him.

Mr. Hamlin was a true gentleman. Punctilious himself in the observance of all the requirements of gentlemanly intercourse, he was equally exacting of every courtesy due him from others. He permitted no man to be rude to him, or to assume the attitude of a superior. On one occasion one of the able men and leaders of the Senate, distinguished for a self-conscious, lordly air in his deportment, in the change of seats which occurs once in two years in the Senate-chamber had gained a seat by the side of Mr. Hamlin, and began at once to practise upon him those little exactions and annoyances which he had been accustomed to impose upon others. After a few days of yielding to these encroachments, Mr. Hamlin turned, and in a tone that did not require repetition said, "Sir, if you expect to be treated like a gentleman, you must prove yourself one." There was never occasion afterward to repeat the admonition.

The nomination of Mr. Hamlin for Vice-President came to him unsought and unexpected. We at Washington had no other thought but that Mr. Seward would head the ticket, and that Mr. Lincoln or some other Western man would be selected for the second place. Our hearts were broken with disappointment. The news of Mr. Lincoln's nomination reached Washington in the afternoon, that of Mr. Hamlin late in the evening. The intermediate time was spent in nursing our anger. But when the nomination of Mr. Hamlin was announced, a stormy multitude crowded his hotel, and forced him out upon the balcony. The night was gloomy, and the crowd was more so. But his first sentence, "What is one man in this crisis?" lifted the cloud, and let in the light. Before he ceased we were ready to lay aside our idol, and pledge our loyalty to a new leader.

The displacement of Mr. Hamlin and the substitution of Andrew Johnson on the ticket at Mr. Lincoln's renomination caused much discussion at the time, which was renewed with some bitterness upon the death of Mr. Hamlin. There was no mystery about it in Washington when it was done, and there would have been no dispute over it afterward had not the result proved so disastrous. Mr. Lincoln, from the beginning of his administration, felt the necessity of securing and preserving the support of the War Democrats; and with that end in view he was ever seeking place and opportunity for all of them who could be induced to take active part in the work he had on hand. Specially did he desire to broaden the base of the party which was maintaining the Union; and therefore a Unionist from the South had a double welcome. These views led him, with entire respect for Mr. Hamlin, and with the highest appreciation of his worth, nevertheless to think it wise that a more pronounced and recent War Democrat should be associated with him on the ticket. And when the way seemed to his friends to be open, in the person of Mr. Johnson, to secure this, and at the same time to refute our opponents' charge of sectionalism by a ticket from the North and the South combined, as had formerly been the usage, he felt that those who had brought it about, without any agency of his, had acted wisely in the selection which was finally made.[1] Just at that time, too, Johnson was a hero in the eyes of all Union men. He had fought in the Senate a terrific fight for the Union, and his life had been openly threatened on the floor of the Senate. A single incident will show how great was the confidence Northern men reposed in him. The Massachusetts delegation to the convention at Baltimore, which nominated him in the place of Hamlin, were supposed to have contributed to the result. Two of them visited Washington after it was over. They called on me, and I took the liberty of deprecating the action of the convention in this respect in as strong language as I could command. They went from my room to call upon Mr. Sumner, and brought back this message from his lips: "I only wish the ticket had been turned round." Hamlin's rejection wounded deeply a faithful public servant. But the wound bled only internally, for no visible sign of it was ever revealed to the public.

Mr. Hamlin was sent back into public service in the Senate by his State at the first opportunity, and continued, as senator and as foreign minister, till his voluntary retirement in 1883. The remainder of his life was spent at his home in Bangor with that dignity and simplicity of deportment which became his character and service, and with the esteem of his fellow-citizens.

His death occurred on the 4th of July. What could be more fitting than that such a life should come to a close on that day? He was the third of those who had held the Vice-Presidency whose lives ended upon the nation's birthday.

[1] For other views of Mr. Lincoln's attitude toward this nomination, see "Abraham Lincoln," by John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. IX, page 73, and "Two War-Time Conventions," by Noah Brooks, in THE CENTURY for March, 1895.— EDITOR.

Henry L. Dawes.

DANIEL WEBSTER AGAINST NAPOLEON.

FROM WEBSTER'S UNPUBLISHED DRAFT FOR A SPEECH IN CONGRESS.

PREFATORY NOTE.

IN the fourth volume of that curious old publication, "Niles's Weekly Register," on page 257, is a brief abstract of Webster's first speech in Congress, delivered on June 10, 1813, at the beginning of the Thirteenth Congress, when Mr. Webster rose to offer and defend his resolutions on the French decrees. It would appear that no fuller text of that speech has ever seen the light. The subjoined text, printed from Mr. Webster's manuscript, is evidently either a draft of the speech actually delivered, or the "little speech" referred to in his letter to his brother Ezekiel of June 28, 1813 (quoted in Curtis's Webster, Vol. I, page 111), in which he says: "You have learned the fate of my resolutions. We had a warm time of it for four days, and then the other side declined further discussion. I had prepared myself for a little speech, but the necessity of speaking was prevented." The latter hypothesis would account for the omission of this text from his published speeches. In some unknown manner the manuscript, with other papers of Mr. Webster's, found its way to a junkshop, where it was discovered about 1875 by the father of the writer. Accompanying it was a short draft of its headings.

In order to make clear the state of affairs at the time, it is necessary to go back a little to the diplomatic relations leading to the War of 1812, in which preliminaries France rather than Great Britain was the chief offender against the United States.

In 1806, while Napoleon was in the full tide of the Continental wars, Great Britain had declared a blockade of the coast from Brest to the Elbe. As a pretended act of retaliation, Napoleon, on November 21, 1806, issued the "Berlin Decree," by which he declared that the British Isles were in a state of blockade, that all commerce and correspondence with them were prohibited, and that all merchandise belonging to England, or coming from its manufactories or colonies, was lawful prize. This drew out the famous "Orders in Council" of November 11, 1807, by which Great Britain totally prohibited neutral trade with any port in Europe from which the British flag was excluded. This, therefore, allowed the United States direct trade with Sweden only, although after duty was paid on goods in English ports they could be reëxported. Napoleon retorted by the "Milan Decree" of 1807, which treated as good prize any vessel which had submitted to search by Great Britain, which had paid any duty to the British Government, or which should come from or be sailing for that country or its colonies. The United States consequently found it most difficult to preserve her neutrality, and Mr. Jefferson's peace policy was forced to struggle for existence.

Therefore Congress, in 1807, passed the "Embargo Act," vainly hoping that the loss of our trade would compel the belligerents to withdraw the obnoxious decrees. This act Napoleon presumed to enforce by the "Bayonne Decree" of April 17, 1808, by which he ordered the seizure and sale of American vessels arriving in his ports in violation of it. The "Enforcement Act" passed by Congress in January, 1809, provided for the forfeiture of ship and cargo, and prescribed other severe penalties for an evasion of the act. The embargo proved disastrous. The "Non-Intercourse Act" of 1809 gave the President power, on the repeal of either French or English edicts, to suspend non-intercourse with the one so acting. In 1810 followed the "Rambouillet Decree," under the provision of which 132 American vessels, valued at $8,000,000, were condemned and sold. Congress fell into its own innocently devised snare, for the American minister (Mr. Joel Barlow) was soon informed by Napoleon (on August 5, 1810) that his decrees were revoked. At the same time he instructed his admiralty officers to pay no attention to this. On April 28, 1811, the Berlin and Milan decrees were declared repealed. On May 10, 1812, Mr. Barlow was so informed by the Duke of Bassano. On May 12 he wrote home news of it, which the American government received on July 13. Mr. Barlow also wrote of it to Mr. Russell, chargé d'affaires of the United States in France. Mr. Monroe, then secretary of state, informed Congress that it was from Barlow and Russell that the United States got all its knowledge of the alleged repeal. The Duke of Bassano asserted that in May, 1811, he had sent a copy of the decree to the French minister for transmission to the United States government. This, however, was never heard from. Mr. Russell communicated the repeal to the British government in May, 1812, urging a corresponding repeal of the Orders in Council; but England delayed

more than a month, really and rightly suspecting the sincerity of France. President Madison, in his message to Congress, gave several reasons why the subsequent repeal of the orders was not grounded on the French repeal. Meanwhile, on June 18, 1812, war had been declared, and on June 23 the Orders in Council were repealed. Therefore affairs were on a war footing before either repeal was known.

Mr. Webster offered his five resolutions, not for the purpose of embarrassing the administration, but in order to draw from the President an expression of the proximate causes of the war. They were requests for information—

(1) Of the sources of the first information to the Government of the decree of April 28, 1811, purporting to be a repeal.

(2) On the Russell correspondence in the matter.

(3) On any correspondence of the United States government with the French minister.

(4) Of any further correspondence concerning the announcement of the alleged repeal.

(5) Whether any explanation of the delay in communicating the repeal had been given, or asked, or whether remonstrance had been made. (Annals XIII Congress, page 150.)

Niles says that the six days' discussion seemed to be occupied with the past, present, and future of politics. The resolutions were passed on June 21, and on July 12 Mr. Madison sent a full answer to them, through Mr. Monroe, in an elaborate defense of the war.

Mr. Everett, in his edition of Webster's works (Vol. I, page xxxvii), says of the speech delivered: "It is known only from extremely imperfect sketches contained in the contemporaneous newspaper accounts of the proceedings of Congress, from the recollections of those who heard it, and from general tradition. . . . It was marked by all the characteristics of Mr. Webster's maturest parliamentary efforts —moderation of tone, precision of statement, force of reasoning, absence of ambitious rhetoric and high-flown language, occasional bursts of true eloquence, and, pervading the whole, a genuine and fervid patriotism."

The subjoined text is well worth study as showing the fondness of Mr. Webster for classical allusion, his strength and dignity of expression, and his supreme love of the national honor.

Abby Barstow Bates.

MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH.

NOTES AND MEMORANDA FOR A SPEECH ON MY RESOLUTIONS. SPRING SESSION OF 1813.

ENOUGH is apparent on the face of the late correspondence between the French government and Mr. Barlow to mark at once the sovereign contempt of France for all rights of ours, and the peaceable and forbearing temper [with] which that contempt is received on our part.

Mr. Barlow arrived in France as the Representative of the American People, in September, 1811. His instructions told him that the United States had claims on France which it was expected her Government would satisfy to their full extent, and without delay. Among other causes of complaint he was instructed that our commerce had been subjected in France to the most oppressive restraints. Among these, were the vessels and cargoes seized under the Berlin and Milan Decrees; under the Bayonne Decree; under the Rambouillet Decree, which, to use the Secretary's own words, made a sweep of all American property within the reach of French power. (W. 7. 3 vol.) In all the countries to which the power of France has extended, says Mr. Monroe, her influence has been exerted to the injury of the United States. (W. 7.)

The wanton burning of merchant-ships, often without reason or apology, had been the settled practice of French cruisers. This was allowed to be the most distressing mode, etc. There was another class of grievances, not so much wrongs against our property, as against our aspirations. They were injuries tending to degrade and disgrace us in the view of the world. As early as January, 1808, the French Emperor proclaimed a Declaration of War between us and England. War in fact exists between England and the United States (Same words as the War Act). He had told us that we were without honor, without energy, without just views, that we are as much a colony as Jamaica, that we should be compelled to fight for interest though we would not fight for honor, etc.

What would have been the language and the conduct of a representative of the Roman Republic under circumstances like these? No messenger from that Republic would have approached a Court under circumstances like these. Rome would have sent an Embassy of Arms. She never would have bent her stern Republican virtue, even to treat of matters of interest while such foul aspersions lay against her honor. Her right hand would have rested on the hilt of her half-drawn sword, while a moment—and but a moment—should be allowed to inflated arrogance [and] tyranny, to make its peace with offended independence and insulted dignity.

But we do not live in the days of the Romans.

Not only had she not sent her Envoy to such a Court, in such a case, with olive-branches in

both his hands. She would have blocked the avenues to her capitol — her Senators had sat like so many blocks of marble, deaf alike to entreaty and dead to considerations of interest till such a blot had been effaced from the national escutcheon.

The minister was received in France with all imaginable respect and graciousness. The Emperor, unluckily, was not in his capital, but his faithful representative, the Duke of Bassano, hastened to tender him the homage of his high consideration. He was anxiously desirous of seeing the minister as soon as possible, and with as little ceremony. He said the most flattering things from the Emperor, relative to his appointment. The Emperor had expected his arrival with solicitude for several months, and such was his imperial disposition towards us, he was absolutely willing to do anything to maintain a good intelligence. Seizing the auspicious moment and availing himself of the present glorious opportunity, the Minister, on the tenth of November, communicated in form the claims of his country. Passing over the charge of colonial submission, taking no notice of the Emperor's declaration of war for us, and regarding only rights of property, the Envoy urged:

(1) Ships and cargoes under seizure to be delivered up.

(2) Property confiscated and sold to be paid for, in some manner least onerous to the French treasury.

(3) Project of a Commercial treaty.

Now no one surely doubts that propositions as reasonable as the two first should remain without instant compliance on their part. The claim is so just, the minister so accessible, the Emperor so ready to yield anything or do anything to secure a friend, that one can almost now see the American sailor unfurling that sail, that has been wrapped around his spars, by seizure, for so many months. The stars and stripes begin to open and display themselves in the ports of France; the treasury unlocks its coffers, and a just compensation [is made] to them whose ships and cargoes, having been sold, are not capable of being restored. This is delusion — it is unreal mockery. Not indeed that the Minister was rejected with asperity; not that anything less smooth than the general courtly unveracity was indulged [in]. On the contrary, the Minister assures us, in his Despatch of the 19th of December, that the French minister always treats the subject with candor and solicitude; that the Emperor is under a weight of obligation to the Minister for the exposition he has given of our affairs; that he never understood American affairs in the light [in which] they now appear. The Emperor said he had read the claim repeatedly and with great attention. The reasoning he said was everywhere just, and the conclusions undeniable. Then of course we look for the compliance. — Nothing like it. There is one obstacle: Our claim cannot be reconciled with his Majesty's continental system. Yes, while your claim was acknowledged to be just, while the injury in all its extent is admitted, the French government meets you and dashes in your face the insolent avowal that she will sacrifice your rights to her convenience.

I demand to know in what tone your Government has replied to this, to know whether this insufferable contempt of us is received as if it were the salutary chastisement of a parent's hand. As one of the People of the Country, and as the Representative of others, I desire to be informed if we are now lying under the scorching shame of this avowal. Neither in the subsequent correspondence, nor in any diplomatic communication do I find the emission of one feeble breath of dissatisfaction at the language of the Government of France in this particular.

But we should not have been so passive in all cases. Would such an answer have been endured from any other Court of Europe? Suppose that in answer to our demand for a revocation of the Orders in Council, England had replied in the spirit of the French Government, "True, these Orders in Council are unjust and injurious. We do not attempt to palliate or justify them. Your reasoning in relation to them is everywhere just, and your conclusions undeniable. But what then? That which you ask is inconvenient to us. It is inconsistent with our maritime pretensions. We claim to be sovereign of the seas — this is our system — we must expel you from them." I need not say that no party in this country would have endured this language for a moment — yet it is the precise language we have borne and are bearing from France.

Nor is this all. A Bill was before this House for admitting English goods contracted for before the non-importation law went into operation. The Minister assures us that the Emperor did not like the Bill. "I was questioned on the bill," says the Minister, "with a good deal of point. I gave such explanations," etc.

Of what, Sir, was his Imperial and Royal Majesty suspicious? Suspicion implies an expected violation of some obligation, or omission of some duty. Had we a treaty with France? Had we entered into any compact to which she was a party, that we would shut our ports against all English productions, and bear our part in the great and glorious continental system? And was his Imperial Majesty suspicious that we should violate his [*sic*] plighted faith?

We have departed from our character of neutrality. We have extinguished the benefits and blessings of that character, and have become parties to the War that has so long afflicted Europe. It is of the highest importance to know whether this change in our condition has necessarily resulted from a due regard to our own interest and an enlightened and impartial regard to our foreign relations, and whether it has been produced by the management and intrigue of one belligerent seeking to bring aid to itself in the coöperation of another power against its adversary. It never can be either too early or too late to make this inquiry. It may indeed be too late — it is now too late — to prevent the calamity by a seasonable exposure of the true cause. But still it is an inquiry at all times fit to be made, on account of the essential importance which at all times belongs to it. The People expect this at our hands. They expect an investigation into a matter which bears so heavily on [their] interests. I may venture to say that nothing would be more acceptable to the People of this Country than a plain and undisguised view of our relations with France. I do not speak of an occasional publication of scraps and "extracts" of diplomatic correspondence. I do not speak of patent "preparations" and essences of any sort; but the full, ample exhibition of the wrongs we have suffered and the claims for redress which we have made and the contempt and scorn with which those claims have been repelled. This I hold to be necessary, if it is expected to give to this War the character of an American War, or to engage in its prosecution the real American feeling of the country.

Daniel Webster.

"WHEN IN THE NIGHT WE WAKE AND HEAR THE RAIN."

WHEN in the night we wake and hear the rain
Like myriad merry footfalls on the grass,
And, on the roof, the friendly, threatening crash
Of sweeping, cloud-sped messengers, that pass
Far through the clamoring night; or loudly dash
Against the rattling windows; storming, still
In swift recurrence, each dim-streaming pane,
Insistent that the dreamer wake, within,
And dancing in the darkness on the sill:
How is it, then, with us — amidst the din,
Recalled from Sleep's dim, vision-swept domain —
When in the night we wake and hear the rain?

When in the night we wake and hear the rain,
Like mellow music, comforting the earth;
A muffled, half-elusive serenade,
Too softly sung for grief, too grave for mirth;
Such as night-wandering fairy minstrels made
In fabled, happier days; while far in space
The serious thunder rolls a deep refrain,
Jarring the forest, wherein Silence makes
Amidst the stillness her lone dwelling-place:
Then in the soul's sad consciousness awakes
Some nameless chord, touched by that haunting strain,
When in the night we wake and hear the rain.

When in the night we wake and hear the rain,
And from blown casements see the lightning sweep
The ocean's breadth with instantaneous fire,
Dimpling the lingering curve of waves that creep
In steady tumult — waves that never tire
For vexing, night and day, the glistening rocks,
Firm-fixed in their immovable disdain
Against the sea's alternate rage and play:

Comes there not something on the wind which mocks
The feeble thoughts, the foolish aims that sway
Our souls with hopes of unenduring gain —
When in the night we wake and hear the rain?

When in the night we wake and hear the rain
Which on the white bloom of the orchard falls,
And on the young, green wheat-blades, nodding now,
And on the half-turned field, where thought recalls
How in the furrow stands the rusting plow,
Then fancy pictures what the day will see —
The ducklings paddling in the puddled lane,
Sheep grazing slowly up the emerald slope,
Clear bird-notes ringing, and the droning bee
Among the lilacs' bloom — enchanting hope —
How fair the fading dreams we entertain,
When in the night we wake and hear the rain!

When in the night we wake and hear the rain
Which falls on Summer's ashes, when the leaves
Are few and fading, and the fields forlorn
No more remember their long-gathered sheaves,
Nor aught of all the gladness they have worn;
When melancholy veils the misty hills
Where somber Autumn's latest glories wane;
Then goes the soul forth where the sad year lays
On Summer's grave her withered gifts, and fills
Her urn with broken memories of sweet days —
Dear days which, being vanished, yet remain,
When in the night we wake and hear the rain.

When in the night we wake not with the rain —
When Silence, like a watchful shade, will keep
Too well her vigil by the lonely bed
In which at last we rest in quiet sleep;
While from the sod the melted snows be shed,
And spring's green grass, with summer's ripening sun,
Grows brown and matted like a lion's mane,
How will it be with us? No more to care
Along the journeying wind's wild path to run
When Nature's voice shall call, no more to share
Love's madness — no regret — no longings vain —
When in the night we wake not with the rain.

Robert Burns Wilson.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Cheap-Money Convalescence.

OUR readers will remember that in our "Cheap-Money" [1] series of 1891 we gave a detailed account of the experience of the Argentine Republic between 1884 and 1890. Down to 1884 that country was on a gold basis, and had been extremely rich and prosperous. It is a country of great natural resources, and its rise into commercial importance had been phenomenally rapid. When, in 1884, several severe checks were felt to its prosperity, the cry for more money was heard, and the nation plunged headlong into the business of loaning money on land, issuing a great volume of paper money based on most exaggerated land values. This flood of paper was swelled till it reached a total of $380,000,000 — a *per capita* of $100 for every man, woman, and child in the republic, all irredeemable, and worth only about twenty-five cents on a dollar. In 1890 the collapse came: the republic went into bankruptcy, banks were left without a penny, land was unsalable at any price, business came to a standstill, and the *per capita* money circulation of $100 gave way to a *per capita* debt of more than the same amount.

During the five years which have passed since this collapse the republic has been trying to recover its lost prosperity. The task has been a discouragingly slow one, for in no quarter of the world could its government find credit. A report published recently by the British vice-consul in the republic, Mr. Gastrell, gives many interesting details of this struggle. He says that while there are symptoms of improvement in some directions, the general situation of affairs is unsatisfactory, with but little prospect of substantial recovery, or of a return of national prosperity. He says the government is determined to do all it can to restore credit, and is endeavoring to reduce the outstanding volume of paper money — still more than $300,000,000 — by enforcing a law which calls for the cancellation of $8,000,000 yearly; but the process is a very slow one. While trade shows some improvement, constant fluctuations in the value of the paper money stand seriously in the way of business. For the first time since 1884 the government has begun to pay its debts with hard cash, instead of with the proceeds of foreign loans; and cash payments to the extent of $2,000,000 per annum have been made on railway guarantees. These signs of returning honesty in public dealings have had a good effect; but investors are still very shy of trusting the republic with their money, and without the aid of foreign capital the nation cannot recover for a very long period.

The sudden development of the country was due to a great influx of European capital. When the people repudiated their obligation to pay this back, they cut off the very breath of their national life, for they destroyed their own credit. The vast resources of their country had been only partly developed when they stopped all progress by their financial folly. Hundreds of thousands of square miles of virgin territory await only the hand of cultivators to yield rich harvests. The mineral wealth of whole provinces remains untouched because of the lack of foreign capital and energy to bring it out. "Of what avail," says a recent writer, "all these resources if they remain undeveloped? At present, taking the entire population of the country and its total area, there are not four human beings to the square mile. In order that these vast tracts of uncultivated territory may be made to yield their abundance, there must be population; and to attract population there must be absolute and undoubted security for the safety and well-being of the settler. Until this can be guaranteed the emigrant will avoid Argentina as he would Hades."

That tells the whole story. A new country, whose development depends upon money and immigration from other countries, cannot commit a more deadly mistake than to destroy its credit by repudiating its just debts. No form of cheap money has ever been invented and allowed to have unimpeded sway in a country without bringing that country to repudiation, bankruptcy, dishonor, and wholesale disaster. It is departure from a sound money standard which constitutes the first step. After that the downward plunge is rapid and irresistible. When the inevitable collapse arrives, and the cheap money becomes worthless, the worst sufferer is always the poor man, the laborer, in all occupations. He, being usually in new countries an immigrant, carries back to his native land the story of his wrongs and sufferings, and the country which inflicted them upon him is shunned by all emigrants thenceforward. So the investors of capital who lose their money make it known to all the world that the country which has broken faith with them is not to be trusted. Mr. Gastrell shows that this is the fate of the Argentine Republic. "There appears to be," he says, "small hope in the near future of much improvement, either in finance or commerce; and it will require many years of good administration and financial ability to enable the republic completely to recover from the overwhelming difficulties into which reckless speculation and financial mismanagement have inevitably plunged a naturally rich country."

Great, rich, and resourceful as is the United States, we should be brought to the same condition as the Argentine Republic were we to follow the same reckless and dishonest policy. If we were to repudiate our solemn obligations, were to pass from a gold to a silver standard, thus repudiating at a single stroke over half of our debts, the flow of capital and labor from abroad into our land would cease at once. The mere possibility that we might do it, a few months ago, sent American securities which were held abroad rushing across the Atlantic to be sold here in such volume as to turn the tide of gold to Europe in alarming quantities. Nothing but President Cleveland's prompt and determined action to uphold the national credit at all cost checked the calamity of national bankruptcy at that time. We must not make the mistake which the Argentine Republic

[1] See "Cheap-Money Experiments," The Century Co.

made of thinking we are great and rich enough to stand anything. No nation has ever lived, or will ever live, great and rich enough to be foolish, foolhardy, or dishonest without suffering the consequences.

The Civic Revival.

THE wide-spread interest in the improvement of local government is the most conspicuous sign of the times. Students of the religious history of our own country tell us that every period of financial depression has been accompanied by a great revival of religion. It is the civic conscience which seems at this time to have experienced an awakening. The evangelistic impulse has not gone astray. Whoever comes preaching repentance can find no more wide-branching iniquity at the root of which to lay the ax of his denunciations than our civic misgovernment. More of the selfishness, the infidelity, the cowardice, the perfidy of our best citizens finds expression in our city governments than in almost any other social aggregation. Our city governments furnish the mirror into which American citizens must look if they wish to know what manner of men they are. The governments are strictly representative. If the superior city officials are utterly neglectful of duty, if they are wont to put all the labor and care of their offices upon their subordinates, that is practically what the average voter has taught them to do. The efficient deputy in an important city office was asked the other day how much would be added to his labor if the work of his chief should all be put upon him. He replied that one hour a week would suffice for its performance. This is the common practice in city offices. The heads of departments do the honors and draw the salaries; the work does not greatly interfere with their outside cares and recreations. Why should it? Does not the sentiment of the community warrant them in judging that public duty is a matter of small consequence? If the average voter possesses but a rudimentary political conscience, why should we expect the average office-holder to have a keen sense of responsibility? If the average voter habitually sacrifices the welfare of the state to his covetousness or his ambition, why should we look for any other rule of conduct in the average official?

The truth is that the source of all this bad city government is in the hearts of the people who live in the best residence quarters, and do business in the tall buildings, and sit in the best seats of our churches. A great many of them are directly interested in the perpetuation of bad city governments; assessors who could not be bribed, and city councils that would not give away franchises, are precisely what they do not covet. But those who are not so directly implicated are either so busy with their own affairs that they wholly neglect their most solemn obligations, or else so sordid and so cowardly that they are unwilling to risk gain or popularity by openly opposing the evil. It is not so much by what these "best citizens" have done as by what they have failed to do that our cities are humiliated. There is a terrific parable of the judgment in which the damned are consigned to the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. What had they done? Nothing. "*Inasmuch as ye did it not*" was the ground of their condemnation.

There is good reason, therefore, why John the Baptist should lift up his voice in every city, preaching a baptism of repentance; good reason why multitudes, in a new Pentecost, should be pricked in their hearts, and should be crying one to another, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" The first answer to this question is very clear. The men of the city must attend to their political duties. They must give to the business of governing the city the time and thought and care that are necessary. It is, far and away, the most difficult business intrusted to them; they cannot transact it in the few minutes which they give once a year to the marking of a ticket in an election booth. It will take a great deal of labor—unrewarded labor—and sacrifice from every intelligent citizen. For there is a great multitude of voters who are not intelligent, and who need to be educated and guided. The failure to control these elements means bribery, corruption, malfeasance, and final anarchy. These elements can be controlled by intelligence and genuine patriotism. But it will take time and patience, and courage and tact, and faith in democracy. Whether the men who live in our cities are willing to pay this price for good government yet remains to be seen. They will get it at no cheaper rate.

It is evident, then, that what is called for in the present municipal agitations is something very like a genuine religious revival. If it means anything permanent, this movement means a less selfish and a more consecrated spirit on the part of the average citizen. It means the subordination of personal and private aims to the common welfare. If the command to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness were translated into the language of this generation, would it not include, as one of its first implications, the diligent and conscientious discharge of our civic duties? It must not be believed that motives adequate to the thorough reformation of municipal abuses can be drawn from the inspection of tax bills, or from the figures which show the increase of municipal indebtedness. There must be some conception of the sacredness of the interests which are involved in good city government, some comprehension of the ideal aims which inspire a genuine civic patriotism. We do not state the case fully when we say that the government of a great city is a purely "business" matter. It ought not to be suffered to fall below the standards of good business management; but unless it is lifted above them it will fall below them. It is a matter of sentiment, as well as of business—nay, in the truest sense of the word, it is a matter of religion. In London, where no suspicion of jobbery attaches to the municipal legislature, and where there has been, within the last few years, a remarkable awakening of civic consciousness, one of the newspapers, in a recent campaign, lifted the battle-cry, "For a Nobler London." Not until such sentiments begin to stir the hearts of the dwellers in American cities—and there are multitudes who are ready to work for the welfare of the city with the zeal and enthusiasm which are born of lofty civic ideals—shall we witness any permanent gain in the struggle for municipal reform.

Bicycle Problems and Benefits.

As a revolutionary force in the social world the bicycle has had no equal in modern times. What it is doing is, in fact, to put the human race on wheels for the first time in its history. The proportion of people

who are riding bicycles in nearly every community is astonishingly large. In many instances it may be said that nearly every able-bodied man, woman, and child has a wheel, and is a regular rider. When we consider the increase in rapidity of locomotion which is attained, and the fact that it is self-supplied with such ease, it is not surprising that the changes required to meet the demands of the new order of things are so many and so radical as to amount virtually to making the world over again, so far as traveling is concerned.

This is peculiarly the case in the great cities. In and about New York, for example, there are at present something like half a million bicycle-riders. In the city itself, on pleasant holidays, they swarm like flies upon all the parkways and other thoroughfares having asphalt or macadam pavement. It is very clear that sooner or later they or the vehicles must give way, for both cannot find room to remain with safety. Indeed, there have been many fatal accidents already, some of them shocking in the extreme. The dangers increase as the number of wheelmen multiplies. In a collision with any kind of vehicle drawn by a horse the bicycle-rider is certain to get the worst of it. His vehicle, instead of being in any way a protection to him, is a menace to his welfare the moment it comes in contact with any other moving body. The fact that he cannot stand still for a moment is also an element of additional danger. These conditions make it an absolute necessity that in all communities in which there are large numbers of wheelmen there should be separate roadways set apart for their especial use. No city park should be laid out in future without its bicycle pathway, nor is it likely to be. The need of a separate roadway for horseback-riders has been recognized in all our great parks, yet in a roadway filled with carriages an equestrian is much safer from harm than a bicycle-rider. At present the wheelmen outnumber the horsemen a hundred or more to one, and the need of separate provision for them is consequently too obvious to be questioned.

But it is not in the parks alone that such accommodation is necessary. There has been much discussion in the New York press for some months past about providing a suitable roadway for bicycles from one end of the city to the other, so that riders may pass to and from their business on their wheels. It has been urged that the covering with asphalt of a continuous or connected line of streets would supply this; but this is doubtful. The chances would be that heavy wagons and carriages of all kinds would seek the same line of travel because of the superior road-bed, and that it would become too crowded to be either a safe or a speedy thoroughfare for bicycles. It is not impossible that in time we may see in all our great cities lines of streets reserved for bicycles. This might be done were all the streets of the city paved equally well, and it is one of the most beneficent effects of the bicycle that it is making the advent of this condition of our city streets certain in the near future. There are enthusiasts also who predict that in New York it will not be many years before a lightly built elevated structure will be run through the streets on the water-front for the exclusive use of wheelmen.

If separate thoroughfares of any kind are set apart for this use, the result will be a considerable loss of income to the street transit companies. It is a fact that many trolley lines running between Western cities and their suburbs have suffered serious financial loss through the use of the bicycle, since thousands of persons travel to and fro between their offices and their homes on wheels. But while the transit companies have been injured in this way, the whole country has been the gainer by means of the wide-spread demand for good roads which the advent of the bicycle has aroused. Many States, led by Massachusetts and New Jersey, have taken up the subject seriously and systematically, and the next few years are certain to see great progress in this direction. Massachusetts, in 1893, appropriated $300,000 to be expended by a highway commission in scientific road-building, and about forty sections of such roads are now under construction. New Jersey has spent many thousands of dollars in the same way, and its number of good roads is increasing year by year, each new one being the most persuasive kind of argument for others. The recent legislature of New York State recognized the needs of wheelmen more specifically by passing a bill authorizing the construction of a bicycle roadway upon the top of the Croton aqueduct, running for forty miles through a beautiful part of the country north of the city.

An interesting effect of the new order of things is the revival which has been started in the old wayside tavern business. Within the next few years we are certain to see comfortable inns spring up along all the roads which are suitable for bicycle-riding. The wheelman cannot carry much luggage, and is especially unable to find accommodation for food. His ability to travel easily fifty or seventy-five miles a day makes comfortable lodging-places at night and comfortable eating-places by day great desiderata along his pathway. There are old inns within a radius of fifty miles of New York city that have known scarcely more than a customer a week for years which are now overrun with wheelmen, and are adapting themselves rapidly to the new situation. Good inns, like good roads, will add immeasurably to the attractiveness of the country, and will spread a love for country life among the dwellers in cities which will be in all ways a benefit to us as a people.

The bicycle is, in fact, the agent of health and of a wider civilization. It will give stronger bodies to the rising generation than their fathers have had, and it will bring the city and the country into closer relations than have existed since the days of the stage-coach. What the summer boarder has been doing for the abandoned farms and deserted villages of New England, the wheelman is doing for the regions surrounding our great cities. He is distributing through them modern ideas and modern ways of living, and is fructifying them with gentle distillations of city wealth. Above all, he is teaching their people that a sure way to prosperity lies before them in the beautifying of the country in which they live, and in the preservation of all its attractive natural features.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Works of Lincoln as a Political Classic.

DURING the academic year 1894–5, at the University of Pennsylvania, perhaps for the first time in this country, the "Speeches, State Papers, and Miscellaneous Writings" of Abraham Lincoln were made the basis of a special course for graduate students in the constitutional history of this country, from the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1850 to the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution in 1870. Of the course of American government, commonwealth and national, during this period, relatively far less is known than of its course during the entire preceding period of our history. Nor is this strange. The political ideas of our earlier statesmen, Washington, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, Marshall, and of their immediate successors, Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Benton, have been accessible in their published works. But of the ideas of the succeeding generation of our public men but little is now known. After 1850 the histories of the United States become military records: the evolution of American government is imperfectly traced in the best of them. Military history has little place in a course of study outside of a military school. There is not at present a constitutional history of the United States during the most critical period of our history — from 1850 to the close of the era of reconstruction. There is, however, a vast mass of material comprising the documentary record of American government, commonwealth and national, during this period, in the various departments — legislative, judicial, executive, and administrative. This material, comprising about thirty thousand volumes, has never been collected in one library, and it is impossible for any other than the wealthiest universities to possess even a portion of it. Most American schools, in the courses in American history and government which they offer, must be satisfied to use the works of American statesmen and the treatises prepared by specialists.

During this critical period of our nineteenth-century history, Abraham Lincoln bears a part and serves a function comparable only to Washington's in the eighteenth century. The publication of the complete works of Lincoln by The Century Co. in 1894 is the most important contribution of our times to a just conception of the evolution of American democracy during this period. In the debates with Senator Douglas, Lincoln is the voice of American democracy. He is not then the Lincoln whom we now know; he is the Lincoln of political debate, not the Lincoln of national administration. He grew in thought as the people grew. In his state papers this growth is recorded; and it is undoubtedly true that in no other records of the time is the course of public opinion in America so accurately traced as in the speeches, in the state papers, and in the miscellaneous writings of this man. His political ideas are, in our day at least, authoritative and classic, and the exhaustive study of them is the natural course for any person who expects to understand the political evolution since his death. Aside from the fascinating character of the man himself, the study of his notions of representative government, in correlation with the course of events in which his was individually the leading mind, is an equipment for American citizenship; and such equipment was never more needed than at the present time.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. *Francis N. Thorpe.*

Zachariah Chandler in Lincoln's Second Campaign.

MR. NOAH BROOKS, in his admirable article on "Two War-Time Conventions," in the March CENTURY, dwells on the intense depression that was felt during the summer months preceding President Lincoln's reëlection, and especially on the Wade-Davis manifesto, which, coupled with Frémont's nomination, represented the hostility of the radical Republicans. It is now evident that Mr. Lincoln would have been reelected in spite of the Frémont-Cochrane movement and the Wade-Davis defection; but all writers agree that the uncertainties of that summer of 1864 were such as to imperil the chances of success for the Republican party.

It is known that later in the campaign Senator Wade took the stump for Mr. Lincoln; that Henry Winter Davis suddenly dropped his destructive pen; and that General Frémont, forgetting his former biting criticisms, withdrew from the contest, and came out in favor of the Baltimore ticket. It is also known that during the campaign Mr. Lincoln asked for the resignation of his postmaster-general, Montgomery Blair. That all these changes came about as the result of negotiations undertaken by Senator Chandler of Michigan is not generally known; and so far as I can discover, none of the biographers of Lincoln has undertaken to connect the resignation of Blair with the withdrawal of Frémont and the conversion of Senator Wade and Representative Davis.

Zachariah Chandler had been one of a trio (Cameron and Wade being the others) who, before the war, had agreed to take up one another's quarrels in case of an insult from a Southern senator; and the knowledge of this combination had secured a considerable degree of respect on the part of the Democratic majority in the Senate prior to 1861. As a result of this early friendship, Mr. Chandler was in a position to appeal to Wade to withdraw his opposition to Mr. Lincoln. Moreover, the two men were much alike, both being quick-tempered, rough-spoken, and aggressive. The interview took place at Mr. Wade's home, near Ashtabula, Ohio; and Mr. George Jerome of Detroit, who accompanied Mr. Chandler, describes the meeting as rather titanic in its nature. Mr. Wade finally gave as his ultimatum the withdrawal from the cabinet of Montgomery Blair, whom the entire radical faction of the Republican party believed to be at heart a Democrat, and against whom they had worded one of the planks in the Baltimore platform.

Going directly from Mr. Wade to the President, Mr.

Chandler secured from Mr. Lincoln the pledge that if the negotiations he had undertaken should prove successful, Mr. Blair would be retired — a move Lincoln had twice before declined to make. Going next to Mr. Davis at Baltimore, Mr. Chandler persuaded that gentleman to fall in with the large plan of withdrawing all the elements of opposition.

Next, Mr. Chandler turned his attention to the withdrawal of the Frémont-Cochrane ticket, and with this end in view established headquarters at the Astor House, New York, in September, 1864. In a talk with General Frémont, on March 4, 1889, I learned from him that his confidence in the patriotism of Mr. Chandler, and his reliance on Mr. Lincoln's promise to retire Montgomery Blair (General Frémont explained at length the feud between his family and the Blairs), led him to consent to withdraw, provided Mr. Chandler could arrange matters with the supporters of the movement. Hon. E. O. Grosvenor of Jonesville, Michigan, who was a guest at the Astor House during the negotiations, says that he had daily knowledge of the progress made, and that the utmost delicacy and firmness were required in order to handle the disaffected elements that had kept the Frémont ticket in the field as a rallying-point for nominating General Grant, and thus forcing Lincoln out of the contest, if possible. In these negotiations George Wilkes, of the "Spirit of the Times," who had already made a reputation as a war correspondent, developed marked diplomatic and political abilities as Mr. Chandler's sole assistant.

On September 22, Mr. Chandler, accompanied by Mr. David H. Jerome, afterward governor of Michigan, had a private interview with Mr. Lincoln, to announce the complete success of his labors. That afternoon the Washington papers contained Frémont's card of withdrawal; and on the 23d Mr. Lincoln asked for and received the resignation of Montgomery Blair.

WASHINGTON, D. C. *Charles Moore.*

Reforesting Michigan Lands.

I HAVE read with great interest the articles upon Prof. Sargent's plan for the preservation of the public forests by military control, but have seen no communication from Michigan, a State which has been the greatest pine-producer in the Union, and still has immense quantities to come to market. I am impressed with the necessity of including in the whole scheme a systematic policy of reforestation in the several States.

Michigan owns hundreds of thousands of acres of land which were formerly covered with pine, but which, having been denuded, have been allowed by their owners to revert to the State, not being considered worth the taxes assessed against them. Mr. Austin Carey of Bangor, Maine, special expert in the employment of the Agricultural Department, has been engaged during the past winter in inspecting the denuded regions in this peninsula, with a view to the possibility of replanting them with pine. After carefully going over the whole ground, taking into consideration the conditions of soil and climate, measuring the annual growth of trees of known age, etc., Mr. Carey has come to the conclusion that white and Norway pine can be easily and readily grown on the lands from which they have been cut, and that nothing is necessary but to guard the young shoots carefully from fires and from the ravages of sheep and cattle. His figures show that the denuded pine lands can be reforested with a pine growth that in forty years will yield merchantable timber.

Here, then, is an opportunity. We have at Lansing perhaps the best agricultural college in the United States, where young men are being trained in arboriculture. Let a special branch of forestry be established, and let the State make the experiment of planting each year a specific acreage of denuded lands with white and Norway pine. Let the students in the forestry branch be required to make reports on the growth of these trees from year to year, with special reference to soil, climatic conditions, humidity, etc. In this way a fund of information on this subject would be gathered that would soon be invaluable. Should the experiment prove a success, it would induce individual owners of cut lands to begin planting trees, and in a comparatively short time our peninsula would be in as good condition as ever as regards forest growth.

MANISTEE, MICHIGAN. *A. R. Ferguson.*

The Tool-house at Home.

I WISH to present a plea for a "tool-house" at home for the young people, and one well stocked with the best tools. A great deal of creditable work has doubtless been done with a jack-knife and an old cross-cut saw, reinforced, possibly, with a half-worn-out smoothing-plane, a rusty bit or two, and, perhaps, a chisel; and a certain amount of ingenuity has unquestionably been developed by the adaptation of these tools to the work in hand. But, after all, the best that can usually be said of such work is that it is very well done considering the means. The edges are rarely square and true, the joints are rarely well made, and the time consumed on the "job" is apt to be unduly prolonged, so that the work, if intended for something more than a mere makeshift, becomes wearisome before it is completed. A necessary consequence is that the boy (or girl, for there is no reason why a girl should be ignorant of the use of tools) becomes discouraged with his work, and decides that his forte is in some other direction. If, on the other hand, a boy once becomes familiar with the use of good tools,— tools such as an artisan would use for the same work,— the knowledge stands by him, and is a source of constant pleasure and often of some profit. When a boy can "square up" the edges of two boards, each ten feet long and an inch thick, so that on laying these edges snugly together the line of contact is visible only on close examination, he has got his eye and hand under such control that he can do a workmanlike piece of carpentry at any time. But a true straight edge cannot well be made with a short smoothing-plane. To forestall a remark sometimes heard, let me add here that the boy who can make a good joint with a fore-plane will, if circumstances compel, do better work with a smoothing-plane than can be done by the boy who has never made a good joint at all. I do not think it true, as is often implied, that a knowledge of good tools makes a man less ingeniously effective in cases where good tools are not to be had. I have seen a man exert considerable energy, and exercise some ingenuity, in searching for a board of the proper width to piece out the cover to a

box, when he could have ripped up the first board he took hold of with the cross-cut saw he held in his other hand, at an expenditure of much less time and labor, and his ingenuity could have been reserved for some more propitious occasion. It is needless to say that he had never used a rip-saw. In a few words, to make use of a Western expression, the best tools ought not to be "too rich for the blood" of any intelligent American boy over fourteen years of age.

Bayard T. Putnam.

The Century's American Artists Series.

SERGEANT KENDALL. (SEE PAGE 425.)

IN this day, when even steam is growing old-fashioned, and electricity is taking its place, it is not surprising that much of the work of our younger artists should resemble the telegram. To the past belong the well-turned phrases, the courtly elegance of the leisurely letter-writer; to transmit the essential thought is the object of to-day. Hence the "advanced" picture. The graceful drawing of a Vandyke, the masterly delineation of a Dürer, we look for in vain; in their place we find the telegram utterance, short, nervous, incisive, spoken with a dash and go which seem to imply: "I have no time to linger on the curves of those lips, on the turn of that eyebrow, and neither have you. You must take my picture for what it is, a reflex of the time in which I live. I have uttered the essential thought; you may fill in the rest." Mr. Kendall's later work is mainly of this order, and his portraits are instinct with this telegram quality. What he considers the essentials are set down with verve and precision, and they appear to be painted with facility.

Although Mr. Kendall leans to impressionism, he is not, in the real sense of the term, an impressionist. Indeed, he cannot be said to belong to any school; he is simply a thoughtful, well-trained artist, honestly searching for his place in art. The "St. Yves," painted when he was only twenty-two, is a well-studied, carefully painted picture which shows the influence of that excellent teacher Thomas Eakins. His later compositions possess the qualities of his portraits; and bizarre, even, as some of them are, they show a quality of artistic perception which gives fair promise of a successful art career. To sum up, his brush work is distinguished, his color lifelike and harmonious; his work shows earnestness of purpose, true art instincts, and, as is natural in a man of twenty-six, an unsettled condition of artistic development.

William Sergeant Kendall is a native of New York city. In 1883, when only fourteen years of age, he began his art studies under Thomas Eakins at the Brooklyn Art Guild, continuing them under the same master at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Later, he entered the Art Students' League of New York, having for his instructors Beckwith and Mowbray. In 1888 he entered the studio of Luc-Olivier Merson in Paris, and the following year began the study of modeling in the evening classes at the École des Beaux-Arts. The same year he was a student under Lucien Doucet at the Julien Academy. His first *envoi* to the Salon was in 1891; his second in the following year, when, for his "St. Yves, priez pour nous!" (the picture on page 425), he gained an honorable mention. The same picture obtained for him a medal at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and in 1894 the Lippincott prize at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Tote Roads.

IN an article on "Folk Speech in America," in THE CENTURY for October, 1894, Dr. Eggleston, quoting Mr. C. A. Stephens, says, "Certain old portage roads, now abandoned, bore the name of 'tote roads' in Maine."

Now the word "tote," instead of being an obsolete word, or applied only to abandoned roads, as this would seem to imply, is regularly and universally used for both old and new supply-roads in our lumber regions. One might visit every one of the hundreds of logging-camps which every winter sees scattered over all parts of our great Maine woods, and he would find each one furnished with its separate "tote road," "tote-team," and "toter." In fact, though I have had the experience of a lifelong residence in this region, and frequent winter hunting-trips among the woodsmen, I have never heard any other word used to signify the conveyance of supplies to the camps. A veteran lumberman of my acquaintance assures me that it was in general use, with the same meaning, eighty years ago.

Dr. Eggleston, in the same article, refers to the use of the word "swamp" as a substantive and also as a verb synonymous with "hide." This word also forms a good and staple part of our "wood English" as a verb meaning "to clear of brush, trees, and other obstructions." To "swamp a road" is, in fact, to make a lumber road through the woods.

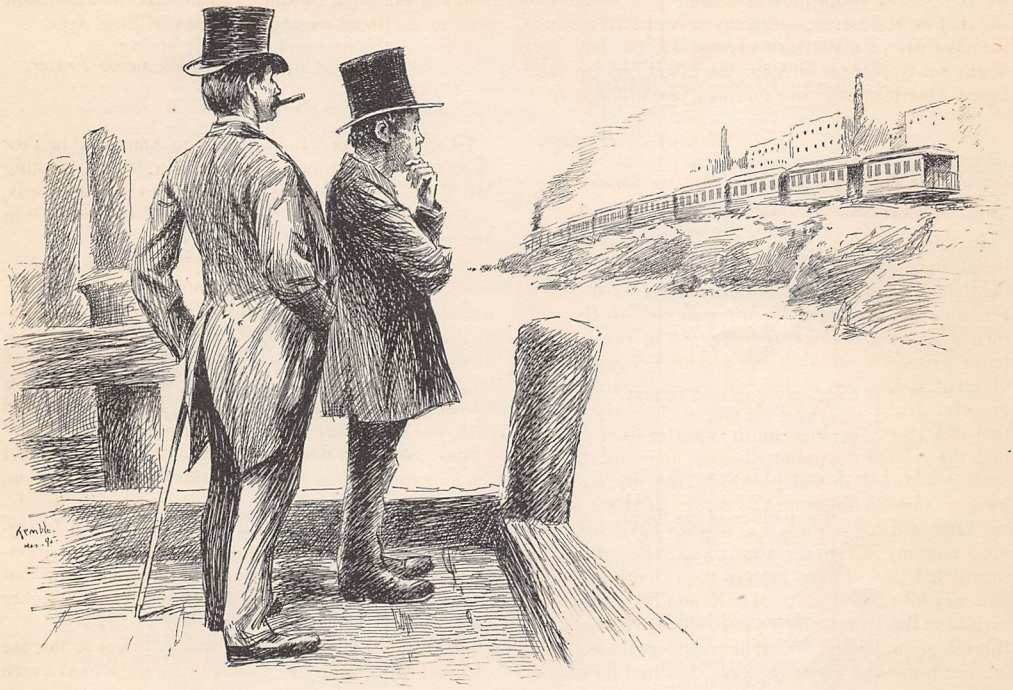
GARLAND, MAINE. *F. A. C. Emerson.*

A Word on Religion and the Public Schools.

By all means let our schools teach morality and ethics, or, rather, let them lead out (*educere*) the inherent morality which lies in every rational human being; but let them do it without the aid of any of the various creeds which have for so many ages assumed to contain in themselves all morality and all virtue. True morality is not from without, but from within; it should not be pumped into the pupil as are his geography and his algebra, but, rather, trained and developed in him as are his muscles and his mind. Whatever aid may be afforded in the home life of the pupil by religious teaching should be gladly welcomed, whether that aid comes from the Episcopal Church or from the Brahman; but in the school itself the instruction should rest on the broad basis on which all can unite, to which none can object — that it is better for its own sake to do right than to do wrong. This is the beginning of all true morality, and there are not wanting those in whose opinion it is also the end.

WASHINGTON, D. C. *Albert G. Davis.*

IN LIGHTER VEIN.



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

THE TALL ONE.— Do ye notice, Timothy, that in these railroad smash-ups it 's always the last car gets harmed?
THE SHORT ONE.— I do that, and I 'd think as a matter of safety they 'd l'ave it off intoirely.

Outlines.

A MAN worked at a problem in figures. The result came bad for his hopes. Sighing, he said to his friend, "If that 6 had been 7, all the figures that followed would have been different, and the result would have been good."

Said his friend, "If that 6 had been 7, all that preceded would have been different, even the very beginning of things."

* * *

A GREAT general was born. He was greater than Napoleon, or Cæsar, or Alexander. He was born in a hut. He tended sheep. He plowed in the fields. On the Sabbath he sat upon a hard bench in the village church. Thus he lived. One day he came in from the fields, and lay down. The next day they buried him in the potter's field. He was a great general — greater than Napoleon, or Cæsar, or Alexander.

* * *

A MAN, being shipwrecked, was cast upon an uninhabited island, where he lived alone for many years. When at length he was rescued and had returned home, his friends asked, "Were you not greatly oppressed with the loneliness?" "Not so," said he; "I had a good comrade with whom I talked every day." "Indeed," said they; "who was that?" Said he, "It was the other Me."

* * *

FOR some not very grave offense a man sent his boy to bed supperless, and told him he would whip him on the morrow. But during the night the boy grew to be six feet tall, and stout and strong in proportion. Whereupon, after mature reflection, the man pardoned the boy, and gave him advice instead, showing him how it would have been wiser and of more advantage to him not to have committed the offense.

* * *

A CHILD played at make-believe. He drew a circle upon the ground, and said, "This is a magic circle; everything inside of it is a miracle." He did not know that everything outside of it is a miracle also.

* * *

A BOY at school did not know his lesson in the geography of Africa. So his teacher kept him in after school to learn it. That night, in going home, the teacher became lost. The boy found him, and guided him home.

* * *

A MAN said, "Whatever is, is right; let things be."

But his friend said, "Whatever will be, is also right; let us make a change for the better."

* * *

ONE loved a woman, but knew not how to make love. Another loved not the woman, nor any one but himself, but he knew how to make love. And the woman loved him. But one was happy in his own love, though unrequited, while the other was miserable in his incapacity for love.

Berry Benson.

"Bob White."

WHEN the sun's gold spears were falling
On the new-made morn,
Did I hear a clear voice calling,
Calling from the corn?
Did I hear it — dream, or hear it?
Was I distant, was I near it?
Was it mortal, was it sprite,
Calling: "*White — Bob White!*
Bob — Bob White —
Bob White?"

Ah, I hear it, and I see it
Sitting on the rail.
Is it real, can it be it,
My old friend, the quail?
Out of season, out of cover,
Turned a migrant, turned a rover,
Sitting boldly in my sight,
Calling: "*White — Bob White!*
Bob — Bob White —
Bob White!"

Not at hand, my gun and setter;
Left at rest till fall.
Out of service, and it 's better —
Better, after all.
He has changed his covey habits,
In the rag-weeds with the rabbits,
And the manner of his flight,
And he calls: "*Bob White!*
Bob — Bob White —
Bob White!"

But it 's he of mottled hackles,
On the field-fence rail,
Out of covey, out of shackles,
It 's the same old quail.
These are not the sounds he whistles
'Mid the briars and the thistles,
In the autumn's yellow blight —
No not: "*White — Bob White!*
Bob — Bob White —
Bob White!"

Henry T. Stanton.

Of Laura's Bonnet.

To see my Laura put her bonnet on,—
To see her, with demure and roguish grace,
Coquetting with her own fair, mirrored face,—
'T were worthy theme to write a sonnet on.
His Julia's clothes hath Herrick done it on;
And my love's, too, might claim such honored place,
Since no more dimpled chin may silk embrace,
Or whiter throat be crossed with Honiton.

I trow no bonnet Petrarch's Laura wore
Did look so sweet, or ribands had like those
My Laura's fingers lightly fumble o'er
Until they turn them into Cupid's bows.
Then, with half-pouting lips, doth she insist:
"I 'm ready now — all ready to be kissed."

W. D. Ellwanger.

The Dilettante: A Modern Type.

HE scribbles some in prose and verse,
And now and then he prints it;
He paints a little — gathers some
Of nature's gold and mints it.

He plays a little, sings a song,
Acts tragic rôles, or funny;
He does, because his love is strong,
But not, oh, not for money!

He studies almost everything
From social art to science:
A thirsty mind, a flowing spring,
Demand and swift compliance.

He looms above the sordid crowd —
At least through friendly lenses;
While his mama looks pleased and proud,
And kindly pays expenses.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

"A Little Brother of the Air."

THERE is a bird I know so well,
It seems as if he must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young;
Before I knew the way to spell
The name of even the smallest bird,
His gentle, joyful song I heard.
Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is that, every year,
Sings "*Sweet — sweet — sweet —*
very merry cheer."

He comes in March, when winds are strong,
And snow returns to hide the earth;
But still he warms his heart with mirth,
And waits for May. He lingers long
While flowers fade; and every day
Repeats his small, contented lay;
As if to say, we need not fear
The season's change, if love is here
With "*Sweet — sweet — sweet —*
very merry cheer."

He does not wear a Joseph's-coat
Of many colors, smart and gay;
His suit is Quaker brown and gray,
With three dark patches at his throat.
And yet of all the well-dressed throng
Not one can sing so brave a song.
It makes the pride of looks appear
A vain and foolish thing, to hear
His "*Sweet — sweet — sweet —*
very merry cheer."

A lofty place he does not love,
But sits by choice, and well at ease,
In hedges, and in little trees
That stretch their slender arms above
The meadow-brook; and there he sings
Till all the field with pleasure rings;
And so he tells in every ear,
The lowliest home to heaven is near
In "*Sweet — sweet — sweet —*
very merry cheer."

I like the tune, I like the words;
They seem so true, so free from art,
So friendly, and so full of heart,
That if but one of all the birds
Could be my comrade everywhere,
My little brother of the air,
I 'd choose the song-sparrow, my dear,
Because he 'd bless me, every year,
With "*Sweet — sweet — sweet —*
very merry cheer."

Henry van Dyke.

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JACQUELINE DE CAESTRE, WIFE OF JEAN-CHARLES DE CORDES.

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

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PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577–1640).

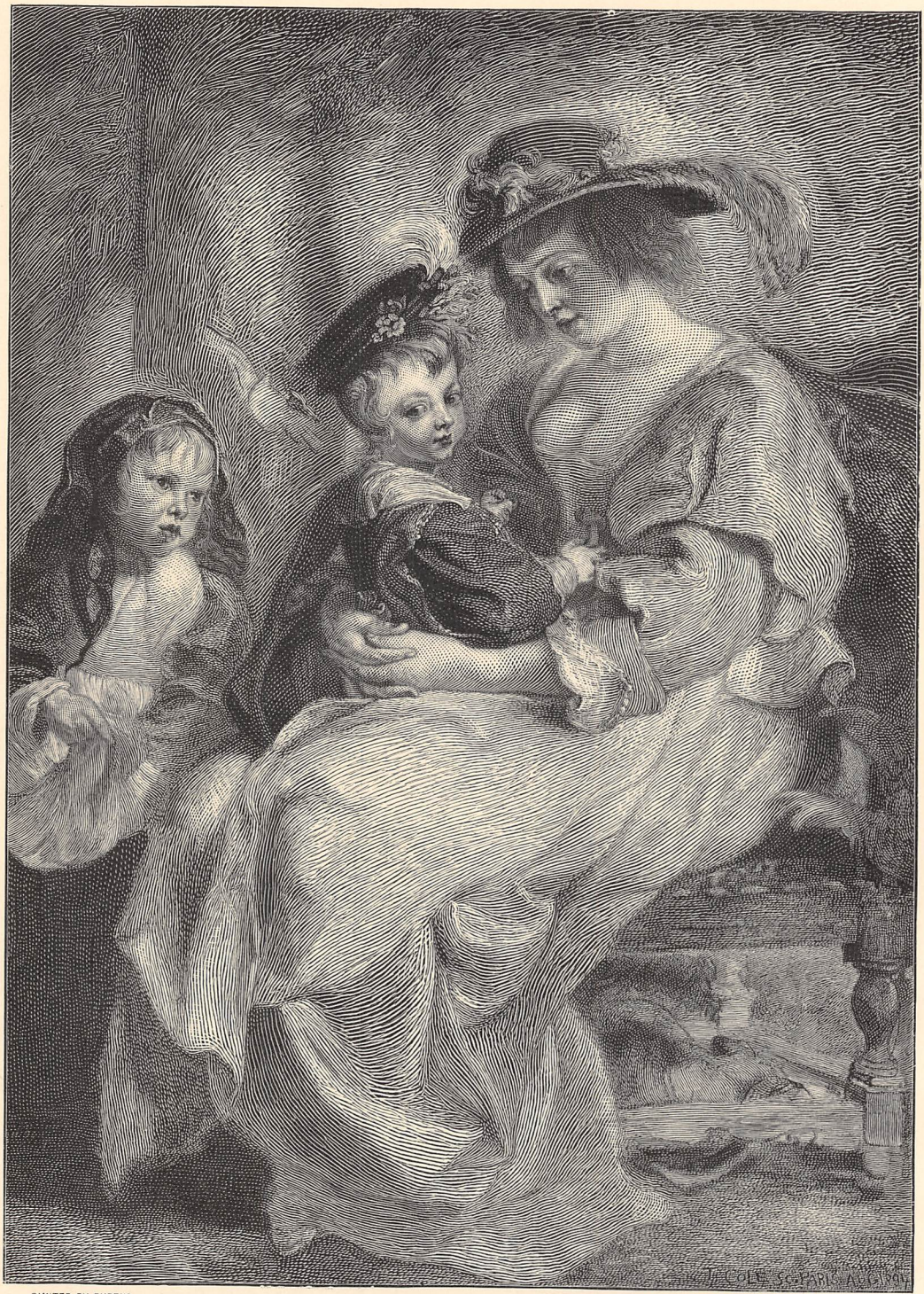
IN the beginning of the seventeenth century the art of the Netherlands, in the person of Rubens, again assumed that clearly defined expression that had been lacking in it since the time of Quinten Massys. The interval between these two great names — a period of about seventy-five years — is not, however, without interest in artistic achievements. But all previous attainments sink into comparative insignificance beside the extraordinary capacity displayed by the Flemish artists of the seventeenth century.

Peter Paul Rubens was born on June 29, 1577,— the festival of Sts. Peter and Paul,— at the little town of Siegen, in Westphalia, to which place his father, John Rubens, a magistrate of Antwerp, had been relegated in consequence of an offense that he had committed against the Prince of Orange. When young Rubens was a year old his parents removed to Cologne, where they remained until his father died. His mother then returned with her son to Antwerp, where she attended carefully to his education. He became versed in the classics, and, besides his mother tongue, spoke French, German, English, Italian, and Spanish. His mother intended him for the law, but as he evinced an early passion for art, he was suffered to pursue that course. It is known that he had three instructors in art — that he began his studies under Tobias Verhaegt, a well-known landscape-painter, continued them with Adam van Noort for the space of four years, and ended them with Octavio van Veen (Otho Vaenius).

At twenty-three he departed for Italy to study the great masters. In the service of Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga of Mantua, an enthusiastic patron of the fine arts, he visited Venice, Florence, Rome, and Genoa, copying important works. The duke, discovering the variety and richness of his talents, and having an eye to the beauty of his person and the elegance of his manners, sent him on a diplomatic mission to the court of Spain. In Spain he met Velasquez, with whom he continued in correspondence. He remained eight years in Italy, being summoned hastily to Antwerp by the illness of his mother, who died before he reached home.

Here he was induced to remain by the archduke Albert, who appointed him court painter. He founded a school at Antwerp, which was very successful, his most famous pupils being Vandyke, Jordaens, Snyders, Diepenbeeck, Van Thulden, Zegers, and Quellinus. This was in 1609, when he was thirty-two years old. His fame became such that his works and his society were contended for by princes and monarchs. He married his first wife, Isabella Brandt, in 1609, and built himself a magnificent house, painting it within and without. The Duke of Buckingham having coveted it, Rubens sold it to him for ten times its original cost. At Antwerp Rubens led an uncommonly active life. As he himself assures us, while in the service of the regent Albert and his consort Isabella he had one foot always in the stirrup, making repeated trips to London, Paris, and Madrid, and devoting as much of his time to politics as to art. He performed important services as

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ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

HELENA FOURMENT, SECOND WIFE OF RUBENS, AND TWO OF HER CHILDREN.

ambassador to Spain and England. Maria de' Medici, queen of France, invited him to her court, and he celebrated her life in a series of great works now to be seen in the Louvre. Rubens was knighted by Philip IV. of Spain, and also by Charles I. of England, who, in addition to other favors, gave him his own sword and a gold chain, which the painter wore ever afterward. In 1630, four years after the death of his first wife, he married one of the richest and most beautiful girls in all Flanders,—Helena Fourment,—then only sixteen years of age. In 1632, pending negotiations between Belgium and Holland, Rubens was in the latter country, and visited the workshops of many of its most famous painters. It is a matter of astonishment that there exists no trace of any relations between him and Rembrandt, who was already famous, having painted his "Anatomical Lesson" and many other important works. It is also singular that in the inventory of Rubens's works made after his death, among his many pictures of various schools, the name of Rembrandt is conspicuously absent. Not so with Rembrandt, however, who possessed many engravings after Rubens's works—choice impressions before the letter.

Rubens died in 1640, possessed of immense wealth, after a career marked by all the distinctions that fame and universal admiration could bestow upon him in the triple character of painter, diplomatist, and man. He was buried with extraordinary pomp in the church of St. Jacques, Antwerp, where, over his tomb, is placed one of his most charming works, a picture of St. George—a work wholly formed, as tradition says, of the portraits of members of his family. Side by side in it are his two wives, his daughter, his niece (the celebrated girl of the "Chapeau de Paille"), his father, his grandfather, and, finally, his younger son, in the guise of an angel, certainly one of the most adorable children he ever painted. He himself figures there as St. George, in shining armor, holding in his hand the banner of that saint.

Rubens was an almost universal genius in his art, and has left a vast number of canvases dealing with every kind of subject. He painted pictures sacred and secular, studies of animals and men, portraits of men and women, charming pieces treating wholly of children, grand historical and mythological works, and fine landscapes. The great number of works attributed to him would seem fabulous did we not know that many of them —perhaps the majority of them—were really executed, under the eye of the master, by pupils who worked from his designs. His works are scattered all over Europe, but possibly the best idea of his range and versatility is conveyed by the collection in the gallery of the Pinakothek at Munich, which has ninety-five of his works. In his time over 1200 engravings were made from his works.

The "Descent from the Cross," in the cathedral of Antwerp, is generally conceded to be his masterpiece. This and the "Elevation of the Cross," in the same cathedral, are two magnificent examples of the genius of the painter that must be seen before one can obtain a judicious estimate of his powers. How it can be said that Rubens had no spirituality, in view of these two splendid pictures, is very hard to understand. If we are accustomed, from his numerous historical and mythological works scattered all over Europe, to regard him in the light of a boisterous painter of tremendous dash and fire, in the cool precincts of the Antwerp cathedral we obtain a different view of his character, and behold him wise, religious, and restrained. These works were painted shortly after his arrival from Italy, while he was yet imbued with the Italian spirit.

The "Descent from the Cross" is a touching and impressive work, profound and tender in sentiment. The Saviour is being lowered from the cross into the arms of loving friends by means of a sheet. The value of the naked body against the sheet, in full light and relieved against a dark sky, is one of the most striking and effective things in art. The draperies of the others, in their rich and varied coloring, are subdued to the faintest note, so that the faces come out with wonderful relief, and the eye naturally dwells upon the various emotions depicted in each, from the weeping countenance of the Virgin, as pale as the body of her son, to the visage of her dead Lord, calm in the repose of death, and, finally, to the lovely features of the Magdalene, whose bloom of health and youth, emphasizing the pallor of death, is the culminating note of color in the whole.

I could not understand why the best photographs and engravings I had seen of this work should all be so hard and ill drawn, and so utterly void of the tender values and the floating atmospheric quality of the original; but the reason was evident enough when in the museum of Antwerp I saw what purports to be an original sketch by Rubens for the great work, and was informed by the custodian that all the photographs and engravings are executed from this poor thing, which bears the unequivocal stamp of a copy—and a laborious and heavy copy. But, being a bright and hard thing, it photographs and engraves well, and makes an attractive and marketable object for a shop window.

The sketches in oil by Rubens are the most



PAINTED BY RUBENS.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

PORTRAIT KNOWN AS THE "CHAPEAU DE PAILLE" (STRAW HAT).

delightful things imaginable. Being executed in thin glazings, or washed in upon some warm ground, they have an airy and dreamily suggestive quality; or else, if painted more solidly, they have a light and spirited touch, and are charged with energy of character and dash and fire, as in his marvelous study of some negroes' heads to be seen in the museum at Brussels.

It was the custom of Rubens, in the execution of his numerous works, to sketch in the subject upon the canvas, and then to have his pupils paint up the body of the work. Afterward he himself added the finishing touches. In this way, combined with his extraordinary rapidity of execution, he was enabled to complete a prodigious amount of work, his canvases numbering, it is said, several thousands. An admirable example of his first stage of procedure is the sketch of the portrait of his second wife, Helena Fourment, with her two children, to be seen in the Louvre. The heads are the most finished portions. How charming in sentiment it is! The young mother, not more than twenty, is dreaming in bliss over her first son. The boy evidently is the occasion of the picture, which gives expression to the old feeling — which exists among parents to the present day in Germany and Flanders — of doting upon the boy, but relegating the girl to the background of their regard. I like the natural innocence and unconsciousness of this little girl, coming in upon the scene, with her apron filled, possibly with flowers, as opposed to the decidedly conscious air of the boy, who already seems aware of the superior estimation with which he is regarded. He holds a dove by a silken cord in one hand, and a perch in the other.

The portrait known as the "Chapeau de Paille," in the National Gallery, London, is that of a young lady in a black bodice with red sleeves, and a black Spanish beaver or felt hat. It is life-size. How it came to be called the "Chapeau de Paille" is not known, since the hat does not resemble straw. The portrait is said to be that of Mlle. de Lunden, whom Rubens was once upon the point of marrying. The blending of a strongly reflected light with a direct light gives a pleasing transparent illumination to the features, which are powerfully offset by the black hat and dress. Nothing could be more strikingly effective.

The portrait of the wife of Cordes, in the museum of Brussels, is another life-size bust. Though of a more serious order, it is none the less effective as a picture. What could be more striking than this black satin dress illuminated by cream-colored puffs, and surmounted by a splendid display of lace and glittering jewelry, against a gray background? This sumptuous display and love of sensuous beauty are never wanting in the works of Rubens.

T. Cole.

"LET ME NOT MUCH COMPLAIN."

LET me not much complain of life, in age;
Life is not faulty, life is well enough,
For those who love their daily round of doing,
And take things rounded, never in the rough,
Turning from day to day the same old page,
And their old knowledge ever more renewing.
I have known many such: through life they went
With moderate use of moderate heritage,
Giving and spending, saving as they spent.
These are wise men, though never counted sage;
They looked for little, easy men to please;
But I, more deeply drunk of life's full cup,
Feel, as my lips come nearer to the lees,
I dived for pearls, and brought but pebbles up.

Thomas William Parsons.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"SONIA PASSED VERY NEAR HIM."

[*BEGUN IN THE MAY NUMBER.*]

THE PRINCESS SONIA.

BY JULIA MAGRUDER,

Author of "Across the Chasm," "The Child Amy," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

XI.

AS Sonia got out of her carriage before the house in the Place de la Madeleine, and mounted the steps with her maid, her heart was beating violently, but she had never been stronger in the sense of complete self-possession. She knew that a difficult ordeal was before her, but she had no fear that her spirit would falter. It was only necessary for her to remember her former weakness, and how she had paled and cowered before Harold, to make her securer in her defiant resolution with every pulse-beat.

At the door of the apartment she dismissed her maid, and, dropping the train of her heavy dress, swept into the little antechamber, regally tall and self-collected, to the admiration of the servants, who thought her every inch a princess.

A door opposite opened, and Martha appeared in a pretty evening gown, and led her friend into the salon.

Near the table, holding the "Figaro" in his hands, and bending his eyes upon its columns, sat Harold. His severe evening dress, his grave, dark face, with its close-trimmed, pointed beard, and his straight, smooth hair, with its definite part, all spoke of composure, deliberation, and repose.

He rose to his feet, laid down the paper, and stood in his place, waiting. His sister's guest had taken off her lace hood and thrown open her cloak, between the parted folds of which appeared a rich evening dress. She came forward, moving lightly in her heavy garments, and when Martha, with a fluttering heart, which made her manner somewhat excited and confused, said, looking from one to the other, "My brother, Mr. Keene—the Princess Mannernorff," she looked him full in the face with what Martha thought a rather haughty look, and gave him a somewhat ceremonious bow.

Harold met her gaze with unflinching eyes, and bowed in his turn with an air which Martha thought unnecessarily formal and distant. After all she had said to each about the other, it disappointed her that their meeting should be so absolutely without cordiality. She asked her friend if she would come into her room to lay aside her wraps; but the latter declined, and threw her cloak and hood upon a chair before Harold had time to offer his assistance.

She was dressed in a plain gown of thick yellow satin, with trimmings of brown fur and creamy lace. A diamond arrow pierced the mass of her rich brown hair, and a great clasp of many-colored jewels in an antique setting held the folds of her gown at the waist. She wore no other ornaments, and her beautiful arms and hands were without bracelets or rings. She did not seat herself, but opened a fan, and stood waving it softly as she looked down at Martha from her greater height. The introduction had, of course, been in French, and the conversation continued in that language.

In strong contrast to her glowing brilliancy of color Harold was very pale as he stood with his shoulder braced against the mantel, and talked to her. He was, however, quite as collected as she.

Presently she began to wonder dimly if he were not more so; for underneath her assured calm of manner there was a wild excitement of which she was intensely aware, and all the force of her will was set upon the effort of concealing it from her companions.

She did not wish Martha to know that she was excited; and to have this quiet man in front of her get even a suspicion that she was not fully as composed as he appeared to be, was a thought that she could not endure.

She began to talk about the atelier where she and Martha had met and made friends, and she gave an amusing description of her first encounter with Étienne when she had gone there to enter her name as a pupil.

"It was my first venture into the Bohemia of the Latin Quarter," she said; "and I felt brave, but self-protective, when I reached the place and went in, with my maid, to investigate.

The cloak-room was empty, and when I got to the atelier, and walked around the great piece of sail-cloth which turned its dirty and undecorated side toward me, I saw a fat little old man, in carpet slippers and a dirty, besmeared linen blouse and black skull-cap, washing brushes in some soft soap contained in an old lobster-can. 'I wish to see M. Étienne,' I said rather haughtily; and to my great indignation he answered, still dabbing and flattening out his brushes in their lather of soap, 'What do you want with him?' My maid quite jumped with fright, and I, wishing to show my courage, said severely, 'That is what does not concern you.' Instead of showing the self-abasement which I thought my rebuke merited, he said amiably, still rubbing his brushes round and round: 'But yes, it does; for I 'm the man you are looking for. What will you have?' I was so honestly discomfited that he kindly came to the rescue, and, overlooking my blunder, began to talk business. I have heard since that the mistake which I made had been so frequently made before that I suppose he scarcely noticed it."

As she ceased speaking, the readiness with which Martha took advantage of the pause to move toward the dining-room suddenly made her aware that dinner must have been announced,—how long ago she could not tell,—and that her garrulous speech and gesticulation had prevented her from hearing it. Her back was toward the door; but how excited she must have been, and appeared, not to have been aware of the announcement! Her face flushed, and she bit her lip with vexation.

Martha looked at her brother, supposing that he would offer his arm to their guest. Instead of doing so, however, he merely stood aside and waited for the two ladies to go into the dining-room before him. In doing this, Sonia passed very near him; and with a feeling of defiance in her breast she looked straight at him.

He did not meet her gaze, however; for his own eyes were gravely lowered and hid behind a pair of heavy lids, the curves and lashes of which were startlingly familiar to her.

In the lull which the formalities of the moment occasioned, it was painfully borne in on Sonia that she had been too talkative. Her recent rapid speech smote annoyingly on her ears; and when she recalled the fact that she had done all the talking, and must have made an appearance of almost vulgar chattiness, she felt humiliated and indignant. Was she exposing her inward excitement to this quiet man, who was now giving some low-toned instructions to the butler with a self-possession which she suddenly envied? Feeling hurt and angry, she fell into utter silence.

A constraint had fallen upon the party which was even more marked than that which usually characterizes the first moment or two at a formal table. Sonia felt that she would bite her tongue in two before she would speak again, and Martha had a helpless sense that things were somehow going wrong. It was Harold who broke the silence.

"Martha," he said, "the princess will say, perhaps, what wine she prefers."

Sonia felt as if she hated him. He knew all her little aversions and preferences as well as she knew them herself, and had ordered her dinners and wines times out of number. How could he pretend that he had never seen her before, with so much success as almost to impose upon herself? Was it really a dream? Which was the dream, the past or the present? How could he seem to be so indifferent, unless he really felt so? Perhaps he was. That might be the simple explanation of what seemed mysterious.

As these thoughts hurried through her mind while she made a pretense of eating her soup, it suddenly occurred to her that her present complete silence might look as odd as her former garrulousness. Harold, while eating his dinner with apparent relish, was doing all the talking now, but with how different a manner from hers! How quiet he was, and what well-bred pauses interspersed his talk, and how agreeably he deferred to Martha and herself, and brought them into it! She had come to this dinner with the proudest confidence of being able to conform the conditions about her absolutely to her will, and yet, in spite of herself, she seemed to be sinking deeper and deeper every moment into the slough of regret and self-reproach which she had come here to get out of.

As the meal proceeded, her self-dissatisfaction increased, and presently, with a feeling almost of panic, she realized that her conduct must be so peculiar as to cause surprise to Martha, if not to her brother. What interpretation would he put upon the sudden dumbness that possessed her? A very obvious one occurred to her, which it filled her with anger to think of, and she felt she must talk, must recover herself, must do away with the impression of her present stupidity.

Martha, groping about for an agreeable topic, had mentioned the young bridal couple, and a telegram which she had just received from them, and that led her to some remarks about the wedding.

"Oh, it was a beautiful wedding — I was there!" said Sonia, in a breathless endeavor to come naturally into the talk.

As she spoke she met Harold's eyes, and thought that she discovered just a shade of

surprise in them. He only bowed, however, in assent to her rather demonstrative expression of praise. Sonia felt at once that her attendance at any wedding, particularly that one, was a thing that grated on him. His presence there was, of course, a necessity; but the odious taste of her going, out of pure curiosity, as it would appear to him, to see this marriage, must add one more item to the evidence which was rolling up against her. She was experiencing what was new to her — a sensation of total inadequacy to the social demands of her surroundings.

"Harold, do you think you can possibly stay for the opening of the Salon?" said Martha, presently, in another effort to make the conversation go. This was a topic which she thought Sonia should be interested in. Apparently she was right.

"I 'm going to exhibit a picture," said Sonia, quickly.

Sonia had thought only of recovering herself by talking naturally, and this speech, as well as the last one, she regretted bitterly the moment she had uttered it. Not only did it seem in bad taste to speak of her exhibiting, when Martha was so far removed from such an honor, but it might also make the impression that she thought that the fact might be an inducement for him to stay for the Salon. It was maddening to have him look at her again with polite interest, and express his congratulations upon a fact of which she now felt heartily ashamed. How he must despise her! What should she do?

"I wonder," said Martha, at this point, in her clear, low voice, "if Harold has ever seen that striking picture that hangs in your room, Sonia. It is Watts's 'Hope,' Harold. Do you know it?"

Harold answered that he did not, and Sonia's sense of helpless misery increased as she perceived that Martha was going to describe it. She bit her tongue to keep from crying out as Martha proceeded to give the following description:

"It is a woman's figure lying on the globe in an attitude of fatigue and dejection. The scantily draped form is beautiful, but not youthful-looking, and the face, partly concealed by a bandage over the eyes, is also beautiful, but lined with care and sorrow. In her hands she holds an old lyre with every string broken except one. This one string, frayed and worn and lax, she is striking with her thin, weak fingers, and she is bending her dulled ears to try to catch the note. When Sonia first showed it to me, and said that it was one of her favorite pictures, I did not understand it. We have all been taught at Étienne's such a fine contempt for English art that I was disposed to treat it lightly. I soon saw, however, the wonderful, tragic meaning in the picture, and I quite long to see the original."

This was too much. Sonia felt that if anything else occurred to hold her up to contempt in this man's eyes, she should give up, and burst into tears. Her courage was fast oozing to the last ebb; and with a feeling of actual desperation she looked involuntarily into the face of her opposite neighbor, and met his eyes fixed on her with a strong gaze that in an instant supported and calmed her. She did not quite read its meaning, but she felt that there was kindness for her in it, and that there was no contempt. A look from him had given her courage many a time in the past, and it was availing now. She felt suddenly self-possessed and strong; but the remainder of the meal was a confused blur in her memory, and she was devoutly thankful when her maid came to fetch her home.

Martha thought it a little strange that her brother did not go down to put their guest into her carriage; but she reflected that he was far more familiar with the rules of foreign society than she was, and she concluded that he must be acting in accordance with them.

XII.

MARTHA felt herself genuinely surprised, puzzled, and disappointed at the result of the meeting which she had worked so hard to bring about. Nothing could be more incontestably evident than that her brother and her friend had not proved sympathetic — did not "hit it off." What was the reason? How could both of them be so perfectly congenial to her and still uncongenial to each other? It was a painful mystery, to which she tried in vain to find the key.

Next morning Sonia did not come to the atelier at her usual time, and Martha painted on without her in pronounced despondency of spirit. When she had quite given the princess up, she looked around, and, to her delight, saw Sonia placing her easel, and preparing to go to work, a short distance off. She thought her friend looked a little pale and ill; but when she managed presently to catch her eye, she received an affectionate smile from her, which gave her a certain amount of reassurance.

When the interval for lunch came, and they went off together to the creamery, Martha waited for her friend to introduce the subject so near to her heart, and was surprised when she led the talk in an entirely different direction.

It had been much the same with Harold after their guest had left the evening before. Beyond a rather preoccupied and spiritless assent to all she had to say about the beauty of the

princess, he seemed more or less indifferent on the subject, and plunged with zest into the discussion of other things. Martha could not altogether wonder at this, for she had never seen her adored friend appear to so little advantage. Her brother, however, had seemed to her charming, though not, of course, at his very best, and she expected that Sonia would at least say that he was handsome and agreeable. When it appeared that she was going to say nothing at all, Martha boldly took the initiative, and asked:

"What do you think of Harold?"

"Think of him? Oh, I think he's very good-looking, though less like his sister than I could wish."

"Oh, Sonia, don't tease me! If I thought you meant that, I should give you up, both as an artist and a friend. But, really, did you like him or not?"

"I could hardly say 'not' to that heartfelt appeal," said Sonia, smiling; "and, indeed, I don't feel inclined to. I liked him, of course. But, my dear, I told you only the truth when I said I was sick to death of men. Étienne is the solitary exception. I like *him* for the reason that he did say a decent word to me this morning, and I really believe he thinks I am beginning to daub with promise."

Martha saw that there was no hope, so with profound disappointment she gave up, and said no more.

As for Sonia herself, never had she been in a state of such abject self-abasement. She had donned her gorgeous raiment and gone off to that dinner in exultant self-confidence, and had never doubted her ability to conform circumstances to her will, and to make exactly the impression upon Harold which she desired him to have. What, then, was the secret of her complete and humiliating failure? She asked herself this question, and immediately tried to shut fast her ears to the answer which her heart gave. She had confidently believed, up to this hour of her life, that her woman's pride was strong enough for any demands which she could possibly make upon it; but it had failed her. She had passed a sleepless night after that dinner, and it took tremendous effort to go to her work next morning. She did it only because she knew that if she did not the news of her absence would reach Harold, and she could not endure the thought of the motive to which he might attribute it. Perhaps the most poignant recollection which rankled in Sonia's mind was the thought that, in her helplessness, she had made an appeal to him by that look which he had answered with such strength-giving kindness. It had enabled her to get through with the remaining time; but now, as she thought of it, she felt that he had taken it as an appeal of weakness which he had been strong and merciful enough to respond to.

This thought, whenever it recurred, made her cheeks tingle.

And what could she do to right herself? She dared not make any more self-confident plans, only to have them end in fresh humiliation. She now felt afraid of seeing Harold, and it seemed to her that the utmost that was in her power was to be regular and faithful to her work, in the hope that the report of such a sensible course would reach his ears.

Martha made a weak little effort to get her friend to come to her again, but to this she received such a faint response that she let the subject drop. All sorts of conjectures were busy in her mind to account for the present phenomena. She even wondered if she and her brother, with their American education and ideas, could have done anything which offered an affront to the state and dignity of their princess-guest. But this could hardly be. Sonia was as friendly and affectionate as ever, though she now seemed to wish to confine their intercourse to the limits of the atelier, and did not even ask her to come to her own apartments. So Martha was free to give up all her spare time to her brother, and they had numerous trips to the theater and opera; but somehow the *solitude à deux* with her beloved Harold had not the zest in it which she had counted on beforehand. He was certainly changed, this brother of hers. He had grown more serious, and was given to long silences. She even thought that it was an effort to him to be so much in her society, and that he would perhaps prefer to be alone. This was a hard blow to Martha, but she bore it without making a sign, and was glad of the excuse which her work gave her to be much away from him. He also had important business in Paris, and often worked for many hours at a time, which, as Martha told herself, accounted for his rather careworn expression. She even thought he was getting thin, and begged him not to stay on because of her, as she would far rather give up her lessons and join her mother than be a trouble and injury to him. This, however, he would not listen to, and he even declared it his intention to stay in Paris until after the opening of the Salon, now only a week or so off.

Day after day went by, and although Sonia and Martha were together at least one half of their conscious time, they seemed to have in some way gone backward instead of forward in their intimacy. They still lunched together daily, and had ample opportunity for talk; but there seemed now a dearth of topics such as they had never been aware of before, and a sense of distance had arisen which made it hard for Martha to realize the familiarity and

nearness which had marked their former intercourse.

One afternoon, when the work had been going more than usually well and the model had been more than usually interesting, Sonia and Martha, their easels side by side, had lingered in the atelier after every one else had gone. It was very agreeable to be able to paint and talk together, and the princess, whose carriage had been announced some time before, gladly agreed to wait with Martha until hers should arrive.

While they were talking, a knock was heard at the door, and as all rules were relaxed at this hour, both women called out, "*Entrez!*"

The door was opened, and around the corner of the old sail-cloth screen the tall figure of Harold appeared. The day was raw and chilly, and he wore a fur-lined coat with its large fur collar drawn close around his throat, and carried his high hat and his stick in his hand.

At sight of him Martha uttered a little exclamation of pleasure, and gaily called to him to come on. Sonia, in spite of the jerk at her heart-strings and the rush of blood through all her veins, felt, taken unprepared as she was, a sudden sense of strength and self-possession. Her color deepened, and by a swift motion she drew herself erect; and as she stood there in her old green skirt and red silk blouse, she looked so workman-like and charming that, as Martha drew her brother forward toward their easels, her heart quite glowed with pride in both her dear companions. She always adored Harold in that coat, and Sonia in that dress, and her sensitive organism seemed to be receiving impressions of pleasure from the minds of each. Harold stood still, a little distance off, and bowed, with a look that expressed some hesitation or uncertainty. Looking past his sister and at her friend, he said:

"Do you permit me to look at your work?"

"Oh, if you care to," said Sonia in a light and natural tone. "It 's a mere daub of a study. One goes through a great deal of discouragement in a place like this, and a great deal of one's time is spent in acquiring a knowledge of one's ignorance. After that is quite mastered, things get easier. I think I may say that I have graduated in that branch of study, and am now ready to go on to the more advanced ones."

Harold stood still, and looked at her picture. She was thinking how natural it would be to ask him if he thought she had improved. He was thinking how natural it would be to tell her that she had. Martha was thinking how beautiful and full of charm they both were, and almost wishing that the atelier could be filled with students to look at such models.

It occurred to her now that Harold remained silent unnecessarily long, and she was afraid that he did not appreciate her friend's work; so she herself began to speak in voluble praise of it.

Sonia felt a strong impulse to check her, and to explain to her that he was always silent when he really liked a thing exceedingly, and that she therefore felt delighted that he said nothing.

However, Harold forced himself to utter a few words of praise that sounded very stiff and conventional, and a sort of bewildered look, which Martha could not understand, came into his eyes. Sonia understood it by its reflection in her own heart. She felt as if she were in some strange, confusing dream, where the conditions around her were sad and constrained, and yet which she felt she must hold on to and keep conscious of, lest they should vanish and leave her utterly empty-hearted, estranged, and desolate. While Martha exhibited her own work, and proceeded to pick it to pieces in imitation of what Étienne would say to-morrow, the man and woman standing behind her, so near that they almost touched, were feeling, from this proximity, a force that went to the very deeps of both their natures. Hardness, resentment, wounded pride, regret — all these were parts of this force in each; but there was in it, too, something stronger than any of them, something that warned Sonia that she had better not trust herself, at the same moment that Harold turned abruptly away, and said that he had an engagement, and could not wait longer. He explained in a hurried, confused speech, out of which it was hard to get any intelligent meaning, that he had forgotten Martha's need of the carriage, and had kept it waiting somewhere for him, which was his excuse for coming to the atelier to see if she had waited or was gone.

Martha saw by his manner that something was wrong, and made haste to put up her brushes, and follow him into the cloak-room, insisting that Sonia should come also, as she objected to leaving her there alone.

Sonia obediently did as she was told, but she felt as if she were stumbling along half blindly, and had not the will-power to object or protest.

She put on her hat, and was reaching for her heavy cloak, when a strong, brown hand, specked with two small dark moles just below the thumb, took it down from the peg, and folded it around her.

As she reached to draw to the collar, her hand touched his. If the sight of that hand had been familiar to her, what was its touch? She felt herself trembling, and her quick breaths almost suffocated her. She had just power to control herself until she was in her carriage,

and alone. Then, falling back upon the cushions, her eyes closed, and she passed into a state of semi-consciousness.

She did not really faint, for she was all the time aware that the necessity for self-control was for the moment gone, and that she could rest, and cease to fight.

Long before the carriage stopped at her own door she had recovered, and realized it all. She knew that, miserable as the last two years had been, she had gradually been gaining strength, and recovering her power for the struggle of life. She might have gone on, and met the future bravely, if she had never seen this man again. Not now, however — not after she had heard his voice, and met his eyes, and touched his hand. This encounter had deprived her of her strength so absolutely that she longed only for the safety to be found in flight.

But how would that sudden flight appear to him? That was the question.

XIII.

SONIA found herself, after that meeting, in a state of helpless irresolution. She could take no action. She could not even make plans. She could only drift. There was only one solace — work; and she was now generally the last person at the atelier, staying there until the light failed. She had got over all her timidity about being there after the others. The old concierge was apt to put her head in now and then, to nod to her, and give her a sense of protection; and sometimes she would come in and chat with her, while she was doing such sketchy sort of tidying up as an atelier admits of.

A few days had gone by without her having seen or heard of Harold. Martha seemed to divine that the princess wanted to talk only of her work and her atelier interests, and had tacitly adapted herself to her friend. They often worked together now, after regular hours, but Martha generally found it necessary to go before her friend was ready.

One afternoon Martha had left rather earlier than usual, in order to keep an appointment with her brother, and Sonia was at work all alone, save for the companionship of her little terrier "Inkling" — a tiny, jet-black creature that wore a collar of little silver bells, which Sonia had amused Martha by saying had caused some one to give him the name of "Tinkling Inkling." She did not often bring her pet to the atelier, for fear he might be troublesome. This afternoon, however, she knew that Étienne would not be there; and when the little fellow, palpitating with eagerness, had looked at her beseechingly from the seat of the carriage where she had just shut him in, she had suddenly snapped her fingers and twisted her lips into a sound of encouragement, and he had leaped out of the carriage window, and followed her with an air of perfect understanding that this unusual privilege made a demand on him to be on his best behavior.

He had been propriety itself all the afternoon, and Sonia had seen and appreciated his heroic self-control in not barking at the model, whom he had looked at with inveterate disapproval, only expressed by one little whispered growl. The class of society to which the model belonged were Inkling's natural enemies; and whether, in spite of nudeness, he recognized this man as a member of that class, or whether the nudeness itself outraged his sense of propriety, certain it was that, during all the hours in which his mistress was painting, Inkling lay at her feet, with his eyes fixed unwinkingly upon his enemy, ready to take advantage of the first excuse to fly at him.

No such occasion had arisen, however; and now the model was gone, and Inkling, off duty at last, was enjoying the reaction of a sound nap at his mistress's feet.

The room was so profoundly still that Sonia was startled by a rap at the door, gently though it was given. Even Inkling did not wake at it. She looked up from her easel, expecting to see her footman come to announce the carriage, or some workman delivering supplies for the atelier, and saw, instead, Harold Keene standing only a few feet from her. She knew that the swing-door had closed behind him, and that they were alone together. Her heart shook, and for a moment she could not speak. He came forward a little, and said in French:

"I beg your pardon, princess. I came for my sister to fill an engagement. Is she not here?"

"She has just gone," answered Sonia, also in French. "She expected to meet you at the apartment."

"I have just been there. Not finding her, I came on here. I suppose I passed her on the way."

Inkling had opened his eyes at the sound of voices, but, seeing that the model-throne was empty and his enemy gone, he had not troubled himself further. As Harold ceased speaking, a look of sudden interest came over the dog, and he got up, his little bells a-tinkle, and trotted across to where Harold stood.

No sooner had he looked at him than he uttered a gruff bark of surprise, and no sooner had he snuffed once at the legs of his trousers than he grew frantic with excitement. He barked and yelped, and jumped up on him with such evidences of wild delight that no man with a kind heart in his bosom could have refused some recognition of such a welcome.

Harold stooped and patted him, speaking to him in English.

Somehow, to have him treat a dog like that, and to address her in cold formality, in a foreign language, by a pompous title which did not belong to her, seemed to Sonia wilfully cruel.

Inkling, still frantic with delight, left Harold, and rushed over to her, yelping and barking, and shaking his tail violently, looking up in her face with eloquent insistency. Then he ran back to Harold, and again back to her, with fluttering agitation.

Sonia's spirit did not falter, however, and her voice was firm and steady as she said in English:

"Why do you speak to Inkling in English, and to me in French?"

"Because Inkling and I are old friends, who have a common language, while the Princess Mannernorff is a stranger and a foreigner."

"It seems very childish to keep up that farce."

"I thought it was your wish."

"And you despise me, probably, for the deception I have practised in passing myself off for the Princess Mannernorff. I did not do it deliberately," she said, with an almost childlike air of contrition and confession. "It has hurt me all along to be deceiving Martha; but some one told her I was a Russian princess, and as my mother had been one before her marriage, and my aunt, with whom I live, is the Princess Mannernorff, I let the false impression remain, and even took advantage of it. It was wrong, I know; but I did want to hold on to Martha's friendship a little longer! However," she said quickly, her face and voice hardening, "it is simply a question of time; and a few weeks sooner or later, what does it matter?"

"Why is it a question of time?" said Harold. "Why should you not keep that friendship always, if you care for it? Martha shall know nothing from me."

There was a moment's silence. Then Sonia said:

"I thought it possible that you might disapprove of our friendship."

"Why should I? It is a thing absolutely between Martha and yourself."

"She would cast me off immediately if she knew the truth, and any moment an accident may reveal it to her."

"Such an accident is most unlikely. It could, as things are now, come about only through me, and I shall be on my guard."

How confident and strong he was! It roused all the pride in her. The sense of weakness which had overcome her at their last meeting, and which for a moment had threatened her in this one, was utterly gone.

"Besides," went on Harold, quickly, "I believe you are wholly wrong in thinking that she would give you up if, by chance, she should discover what you have so carefully guarded from her. I see no reason why she should."

He had spoken in English, since she had criticized his using French, and Inkling seemed at least partly satisfied, as he stood midway between the two, with his front legs wide apart, as if to keep his body firm, while his tail wriggled wildly, and his head turned from one to the other with a quickness which was enough to make him dizzy. He was alertly aware of them, but they had both forgotten him, in the keen absorption in each other which underlay their outward composure.

"Have you, then, told her nothing?" said Sonia, in answer to his last words.

"Only the simple fact."

"What fact?" she said, looking him in the face with a certain hardness and defiance.

"That the woman whom I had loved no longer loved me; that she had repudiated my name and every connection with me, and had asked for a divorce, which I was taking all possible steps to give her as soon as it could be done."

"And do you think that Martha, feeling as she does, would continue the acquaintance of a woman who had cast off her brother with no stronger reason than that?"

"It was sufficient for me. There could not be a stronger reason for divorce than absence of love on either side."

"The world does not agree with you," she said.

"Yet I fancy Martha would. If it came to remarriage on either side, her verdict would perhaps be condemnation; but I think she would consider separation a higher thing than a loveless marriage."

Somehow, there was a spirit in these words that touched her heart. Her voice, for the first time, was a little unsteady as she said:

"You do believe that, at least! You do feel that I could never think of another marriage!"

"I have always felt it. Indeed, I may say I have known it. I know that you see the inevitableness of all this as clearly as I do. I have often wished, for your sake, that I had never seen you, to put this blight upon your life."

"And have not I also blighted yours? Do you suppose that I never think of that?"

"It need not trouble you, if you do. In my case there was a compensation, and a sufficient one. In your case there is none."

She knew what he meant: that his love for her, and that happy month of marriage, had been enough to pay him for having afterward lost her; and she knew that he held the fact that she had never really loved him to have barred her from any compensation at all. Why

did she so resent his assuming this? Had she not told him, in language of such emphatic decision that it rang even now in her ears, that she had found out that she had made a great mistake, and that she had never loved him? He had simply taken her at her word.

She wilfully ignored the true meaning of his last words, as she went on:

"It is a mistake to think that my life has no compensations. My work, whether it ever amounts to anything or not, is a great compensation. The friendship of Martha is another. You are very good to wish not to take that from me; but the present sham conditions cannot be kept up after we separate. Fortune has favored us almost miraculously as it is. She heard that there was a Russian princess studying here, and some one mistakenly pointed me out for her. I had already seen her name on her canvases, and knowing that your mother and sisters were in Paris, of course I knew exactly who she was. Independent of this, her face and manner had strongly attracted me, so I saw no reason why we might not be friends, provided I could keep from her who I was. As soon as I saw that she believed me to be the princess, the fact that my aunt was a Russian and had Russian servants opened the way to my carrying on the idea; and so far there has been no trouble. My little Russian name for Sophia helped me, too. If she had known me as Sophia or Sophie, she would probably have recoiled from me, even if she had had no suspicion as to my identity."

"I beg you not to have that thought," said Harold. "If the time ever comes when the truth must be declared to Martha, let me be the one to tell her; and I promise you there shall be no recoil — no lessening of her friendship for you."

"Thank you," said Sonia, coldly. "You were always a generous man."

Her tone smote discordantly upon Harold. It seemed a sort of compulsory tribute to him, which he had no fancy for, from her.

"I am thinking of Martha, too," he said. "She is very lonely in her life, and rarely goes out to any one, in spite of her ardent nature. This friendship with you is very valuable to her, and I am anxious that nothing shall disturb it."

"Thank you for correcting me," returned the other, quickly; "though I did not really suppose that it was for my sake that you were willing to take so much trouble."

She knew that this speech was silly, petulant, and unworthy of her, but she wished him to understand that she asked and expected nothing of him. He could not be so cool and steady during this interview unless he had ceased to care for her. She quite realized that he had, and she wished him to know that she accepted it as a matter of course.

Inkling, meantime, had grown very uneasy. He felt that things were not going well, and he now began to show symptoms of distress, instead of the wild delight of the moment before. He ran whimpering from one to the other; and when they took no notice of him, he sprang upon the lap of his mistress, and, uttering the most expressive plaints and beseechings, tried to lick her face. Sonia, in a fit of irritation very characteristic of her, gave him a hard little slap, which sent him out of her lap, whining, and running to Harold for pity. He was not really hurt; and she felt cross with the clever little brute for posing as a victim so successfully.

"Don't touch him!" she cried imperatively to Harold. "He 's only pretending, to get your pity. You sha'n't pat him or speak to him. If you do, I 'll be very angry."

The effect which these words had upon Harold would have surprised her, could she have known it. They were so like her, so absolutely herself, that they brought back the past with a rush; and it seemed such a hollow pretense to suppose that they were separated, and compelled to be as strangers to each other, that he came nearer to losing his head than he had done yet.

Ignoring Inkling's fawnings and plaints, he said suddenly:

"I am forgetting that Martha is waiting for me;" and then, changing his tone, and speaking in French, he added:

"May I take you to your carriage, princess?"

She answered him in French, as prompt and easy as himself. She thanked him for his offer, but declined it, saying that her servant would let her know when her carriage arrived. She added that she was not ready to leave the atelier yet, as she had lost time, which she must now make up.

He bowed in silence, turned, and walked away. Inkling made a weak effort to follow him, but was scared into a sudden and humiliated return by the imperious command of his mistress. The little creature looked so ridiculously distressed, as he sat on his haunches near her, with his ears dropped and his tail nerveless and still beneath him, that Sonia's irritation deepened as she put up her brushes and paints; and when she had washed her hands and was emptying the basin, she yielded to a sudden impulse and dashed half the meager supply of water over him.

"There, you little idiot!" she said crossly. "That 's for your ridiculous nonsense in trying to make out that I care one pin for him, or anything about him. I 'll very soon convince *him* that I don't; and if ever *you* dare to act in such a way again, I 'll sell you to the concierge on the spot!"

Inkling gave every indication of a complete understanding of this threat, which had the effect of bringing him at once to a state of cowed dejection.

XIV.

SONIA said nothing to Martha of that meeting and conversation at the atelier; and as Martha made no reference to it, she understood that Harold also had been silent on the subject.

A few days went by, which were fraught with agitation to the pupils at Étienne's, as they were the last days of April, and two or three of the atelier students were to exhibit in the Salon. Sonia's picture had been entered, under a fictitious name, rather against her master's wishes; but he had found it impossible to move her on this point. She had made both Étienne and Martha promise her most solemnly to tell no one which her picture was; and so she looked forward to the great exhibition with a pleasure which had no disturbing element in it.

This pleasure had, however, grown paler recently, as her hold on all outward things, slight as she had thought it before, had grown weaker. She had felt a real emotion when told that her picture had been admitted by the jury, and an intense anxiety as to how it would be hung. In contrast to this was the languid interest which she experienced when she found that it was on the line.

Martha and she had gone to the Vernissage on April 30, and had stood before the picture together; but it was Martha who had flushed and fluttered with delight at the remarks upon it which they had overheard. Sonia herself seemed to have lost interest in it.

On the morning of the Vernissage Harold had gone to London, to be absent until the next day, when he was to take Martha to the formal opening of the Salon.

There was, therefore, no reason why Sonia should not accept her friend's invitation to dine and spend the evening. When she saw what pleasure her acceptance gave the girl, her heart suddenly smote her with the reflection that she did very little to reward such ardent love, and she impetuously offered to spend the night also, saying that she had not done such a thing since her school-days.

Martha was overjoyed; and when Sonia duly arrived, prepared to spend the night, the two women made a great effort to get the amount of enjoyment which they felt ought to be for each in their *tête-à-tête* dinner and evening together. Their talk, however, seemed rather desultory and unproductive, and both of them felt that their endeavors to return to their former attitude of free and natural mutual confidence were strangely unavailing.

After a rather dull discussion of Paris apartment-houses, and their advantages and disadvantages, Martha proposed to show her guest over this one; and Sonia went with her into all the rooms, with a civil effort to seem interested, until she came to one, on the threshold of which Martha said:

"This is the girls' room, which Harold has now. It is just next to mama's, which is the one you have. The governess has a room on the other side of the salon, in order to protect me. They tell such frightful stories about the crimes and murders in these Paris apartments that I used to be quite timid, though I 've got over it now."

Sonia, while she appeared to be listening to her companion, was in reality so inwardly shaken by certain influences received in this room that she felt as if her mind were staggering. On the dressing-table just in front of her were several toilet articles in old German silver which it seemed to her that she had seen and touched but yesterday. A clothes-brush with fantastic decorations of women's figures, entwined with fish and garlands of roses, had a large dent in it, of which she knew the whole history. She could even have told why one of the three bottles in the leather case was without a stopper, and what had become of the smallest pair of scissors, the place of which in the dressing-case was empty. On a table near by was a leather portfolio with the letters "H. R. K." on one corner in a silver monogram.

While Martha moved about the room and talked, Sonia's eyes searched eagerly among the familiar objects for certain others which she would have given the world to see. Her search was in vain, however. There was not one thing of his own in sight which had not been a possession of his bachelor days. This was quite evident, and of course was entirely as it should be.

When they returned to the salon, Martha, observing that her friend looked tired, proposed that they should go to bed early — an idea received with evident favor. They were quite safe in the protection of the man-servant, who had been brought with the family from America. Harold had given him orders to sleep for the night in the antechamber, and Martha had one of the maids in the room back of hers. When she asked her guest if she felt at all timid, and saw the smile of amused denial that answered her, she went with her to her room, lingered a few moments to see that all was comfortable about her, then kissed and embraced her friend, and said good night.

Left alone, Sonia stood an instant silent in her place; then, with movements of swift decision, she locked the door by which Martha had gone out, and, crossing the room to another door, softly turned the handle. She had her bedroom candle in her hand, and as the door yielded and opened, she passed into the room beyond it, and stood still once more, as if possessed by that presence from out the past.

The lights in this room had been put out, and all the doors and windows closed. She knew that she was safe in her solitude, and need no longer struggle with the feelings which crowded her heart.

She went to the dressing-table, and took up the old clothes-brush, and put her lips to the dent which she herself had made there once, by using the brush as a hammer. Then silently dashing away the heavy tears that rolled from her eyes, she looked closely at the grotesque figures of women and fish, and recalled such amusing things which had been said about them that she began to laugh, even while more tears were gathering, and straining her throat with pain. The nervous little laugh died away as she pressed the brush again to her lips. Then she lifted, one by one, all the familiar objects that lay before her, and looked at them, while her tears fell like rain.

Presently she took up the portfolio from the table near by, and turned over the thick sheets of blotting-paper within. She could see plainly the inverted and almost illegible, but characteristic, impression of a woman's writing. In some places this was lost in very different characters, but in others it was distinctly recognizable. She walked to the dressing-table with it, and held it before the mirror, and read distinctly in one place the words, "Yours always, Sophie," and in another "Yours faithfully, Sophia Keene." Her heart trembled. She had no idea to whom she had so signed herself, but she wondered passionately if Harold had ever tried this experiment, and seen those signatures from the faithless woman who had been his wife.

Suddenly she put the book back on the table, and fell on her knees before it, laying her face upon its pages, and sobbing upon them until they were saturated with her tears; for, underneath her own handwriting, she had seen, reflected in the glass, writing which seemed almost as familiar, in which she had deciphered the words, "Your loving husband."

She had destroyed every word of that handwriting which she had ever possessed, and thousands of times her heart had hungered to see it in these very words. It was upon this spot that her lips were laid now, while they whispered out, in inarticulate sobs and gasps, words of heartbroken pain.

She had told him that she did not love him, and had demanded a divorce from him. She must never contradict those words, or try to undo that act. She knew that she was weak, but she knew that she had courage enough to stand to this resolution. He should never know how, slowly at first, and afterward with increasing force and swiftness, the knowledge of her mistake had come to her. For a while she had fought it off with furious denial. She had argued and talked with herself, and recalled past feelings of resentment, anger, and desperate antagonism, to prove to herself that she had been right in vowing that she did not love him; but in the end nothing had availed. Long before their paths had met again she had known that she was wrong; that she had made a hideous mistake of her life; and that, with all the force, fire, energy, and passion of her heart, she loved the man whom she had repudiated. But, even with this knowledge, she might have borne it, she might have lived and died without making a sign, if only she had not seen him again.

Now, however, that she had seen him, heard him, felt the atmosphere of his presence about her, felt his thoughts of her surrounding her, and felt through all her pulses his touch upon her hand, what was she to do? How was she to stumble on, and pretend to fight, when a mere look from his eyes made her sword-arm nerveless?

Oh, she *must* give way this once, she felt, and shed a few of those millions of pent-up tears! Now that she was here in the very room that he had slept in yesterday, and would come back to to-morrow, she must let the spirit of love and grief within her have its way. Perhaps some remnant of it might linger after she was gone, and speak to his heart from hers.

As her mind formed this idea, she sprang to her feet. Was she losing control of herself? Was her mind weakening or deserting her? How had she so forgotten herself as to have this thought, which was in its nature a wish? She knew that in her proper senses she would choose to die a death of torture rather than that he should have one suspicion of her feeling for him. No, no! She passionately recanted that moment's impulsive wish as she took her candle, and, more tranquil now, went over and stood by his bed.

It was not swathed in a great cretonne cover, as French beds are apt to be, but was made in the American fashion, with smooth white coverlet and fair linen sheets. Still holding the candle in her hand, she sank on her knees beside this bed, and closed her eyes, and moved her lips in prayer. Her long hair was hanging in a thick mass down her back. The white gown that she wore was almost as plain as a religious habit, and she looked, with her taper burning in front of her, like a nun before a shrine.

She felt a certain power of renunciation come into her, and a strength to do what right and duty demanded. She rose from her knees, and bent over the bed, and for a moment laid her cheek against the cool white pillow. Oh, might God be very good to him, she prayed! Might he make up to him for all the pain and grief and woe that she had caused him; and some

time in heaven might he come to know how wholly and completely she had loved him!

She felt a sense of inward calm and strength as she turned from the bed, crossed the room, and entered her own apartment, closing and locking the door behind her.

This peace was on her still as she presently went to bed, and fell almost immediately into a dreamless sleep.

XV.

SONIA was awakened early by sounds in the room next her own, and as she opened her eyes with perfect recollection of all that had passed the night before, she wondered if it could possibly be that Harold had returned. It might be only the maid opening and airing the room; but whatever it was, she could not sleep again, and she began to devise a plan for getting away early, so that she might avoid the possibility of meeting Harold. She got out of bed, parted the curtains, and opened the casement of the low French window. The early sunshine had washed everything with its faint golden glow, and the little new-born leaves that covered the trees in the *place* with a foliage of feathery green, paler than ever in its transparence against the sun, made a delicate filmy screen, through which she looked down on an exquisite moving picture.

The doors of the beautiful, great Madeleine were open wide, and through them was pouring a long white rivulet that seemed to have its source in the little covered doorway in the side of the basement of the great building, and flowed thence in an even stream around the corner, and up the great steps of the building, passing between its central pillars, and so into the interior of the church. This stream was composed of what seemed an unending number of little girls dressed for their first communion. They were all in spotless white, with thin, transparent veils reaching to the hems of their gowns, white wreaths upon their heads, white stockings, shoes, and gloves, and each of them carried a a tall white taper, to be presently lighted in the church. Stationed like sentinels along the line were gray-clad, white-bonneted sisters of charity, who directed the children's movements as they walked with an awed stateliness out of the little door, up to the corner and around it, and then through the gate and up the steps, and were lost to sight beyond the wide church door.

Sonia could see the very expressions of their faces as they would look up for direction to the sisters as they passed, lifting their meek and timid glances with an air of solemnity which in some instances struggled with a sense of pride in their unwonted paraphernalia. Somehow, the sight of so much ignorance, trust, and innocence, and the thought that each one of them possessed a woman's heart, with all its capacity for suffering, for hoping, for loving, for regretting, absolutely overcame her. How ignorant they were of what lay before them! How fearlessly their little feet were entering upon the long journey of life, so blind to the pains and bitterness of its way! It seemed heartrendingly cruel to her, to think how they must suffer from the mere fact that each one of them was a woman-child. O God, that woman had to suffer so — that even love, the one delight, should bring in its wake such pain! She could see none of the joy ahead of these sweet children; she thought only of what her own heart suffered now — the regret, the longing, the unfathomable sadness, the blight, the disappointment, the despair. The passionate pain of her heart broke forth in violent sobbing as she stood between the parted curtains, fascinated by the lovely sight, but scarcely able to see it for her tears.

"O God, have pity on them — have pity on them!" she sobbed aloud; and then, while her whole frame shook with her violent weeping, she suddenly became aware of the stealing on of a new influence. What was it? Nothing so definite as sight or sound, but something subtly powerful in its significance to her. It was the pungent odor of a certain kind of cigar which had once made part of the familiar atmosphere of her life. It dominated her now, as if by a spell. She was instantly calmed, and as if by magic swept back into the thrilling past. Then, suddenly, penetrating this familiar atmosphere, there came a familiar sound — no articulate utterance, but just a sound in the throat, which seemed somehow meant to challenge attention. She would have known that voice in the most distant and unlikely spot of earth; and now it became quite plain to her that Harold had returned, and was watching the scene opposite from his open window, scarcely a yard away.

He must have heard her words and sobs! He must have understood them, he was so well practised in reading her heart. It had been an open book to him once, though now it must be forever locked and sealed.

Her hands had fallen from the curtains, and she had moved backward. There had seemed to come into her strength and support from the mere sound of that voice. There was nothing new in this. Often, often had she felt it before. And once it had been in her power to summon this support at will, in any hour of grief or trial. That power was gone now, never to come again; but for this once this supreme and availing help had been afforded her. She felt within her the power to be strong, to collect herself, and to form and execute plans of getting away from this place of temptation and danger.

She fell on her knees. Her soul uttered a prayer of mingled thanksgiving and entreaty. As she raised her eyes she could see through the slightly parted folds of the curtain the pointed arch that topped the Madeleine. Carved in enduring stone, that generations to come might see and gather comfort from it, was the gracious figure of Jesus, spreading out his arms of welcome to the poor Magdalen, who knelt in supplication at his feet. At his side was a glorious, great angel who, with drawn sword, stood over the woman, and thrust back with his other hand the evil creatures who in vain besieged her. On the right hand of Christ another angel, with wings at rest, held a great horn of triumph, and behind him were women crowned and garlanded, with little children clinging to them. Farther still was a woman on a bed of illness, over whom another angel of mercy had spread its wings as she came to Christ to have her body healed.

The center of it all was the beneficent figure of the human Saviour; and Sonia, looking down from this immutable image carved in stone to the flowing, changing, passing stream of young human creatures beneath, felt calmed and comforted. So they could keep their childish faith, there was a refuge for them, and she saw them now without any prompting to tears.

She got up from her knees, bathed her face, smoothed her hair before the mirror, and then, after darkening the room a little, rang for the maid, and asked for her coffee.

By the time it came she was almost dressed, and she instructed the servant very carefully not to disturb her young mistress, but to call a cab for her at once,—as she found it necessary to go home early,—and to tell Martha, when the latter awoke, that she was very well, but was obliged to be at home at a certain hour.

Her plan worked perfectly, and on her way to the cab she saw no one except the American maid, who went down with her. In passing through the antechamber she noticed a man's covert-coat, stick, and hat, together with some crushed newspapers, thrown on a sofa. But she had not needed this to convince her of the fact that Harold had returned, and had been in his room, watching, as she had watched, the stream of little girls beginning their celebration of the month of Mary by taking their first communion.

The first of May being also what is known as "Labor Day," it was a strange contrast to the unworldliness and other-worldliness of these little *religieuses* to see the alert military forces now beginning to fill the streets, in anticipation of possible insurrection and danger, of which there was strong menace that year.

Gendarmes in groups of six and eight, and sometimes even more, dotted the streets in all directions, and the mounted guard was out in full force. Sonia, looking from her cab window, heard repeated orders given to small groups of citizens to disperse. Even two men were not permitted to stand and talk together, and she was conscious of a certain amusement at seeing two groups of gendarmes combine forces to separate these little knots of two and three. Occasionally there was some resistance, and she saw several arrests made, which frightened her. She felt lonely and unprotected, driving through the streets of Paris with an unknown cabman at that early hour, when there was even a possibility of such a horror as an insurrection of the French lower orders.

It came over her with piercing power how Harold would once have felt about her being in such a position, and how strange, how inexplicable, how unnatural, it was that it could be nothing to him now — that, even if he knew it, he would feel bound to accept it passively; for nothing, she was certain, could induce him to exercise the semblance of a right over her.

She got out of the cab at her own door, safe in body, but more excited and confused in mind than she had ever been in her life—and perhaps, in this moment, more wretched also.

(Conclusion next month.)

Julia Magruder.

HALCYONE.

WHEN sings Halcyone her lovely lays
And piteous, off the charmed Sicilian sea
The winds of winter into hiding flee,
Far from her nest. Along the utmost ways
No sound is heard, nor ever storm-wing strays;
Still both the seaweed and the swinging tree,
Bound in the quiet round Halcyone,
And all the troubled world has happy days.

John Vance Cheney.

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LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON THE GUARDIAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

BONAPARTE THE HEIR OF THE DIRECTORY — BONAPARTE AS THE EMBODIMENT OF THE REVOLUTION — THE INAUGURATION OF A CONSTITUTIONAL DESPOTISM — STATESMANSHIP AND STRATEGY — MARENGO — THE PEACE OF LUNÉVILLE.



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

UNIFORM OF THE FIRST CONSUL AT MARENGO.

BONAPARTE THE HEIR OF THE DIRECTORY.

WHEN Bonaparte returned to Paris on the evening of the 18th Brumaire he was the arbiter of French destiny; for the great powers of government, both executive and legislative, were in the hands of himself and his creatures. To the multitude it was not, perhaps, much of a feat to disperse by force a legislature which rested on force, and by means of the army to turn the tables on the very Jacobins who had themselves been ever ready to appeal to the army. Moreover, in their minds another constitution more or less was of small importance: the next one would doubtless be only a rearrangement of the old devices. The Revolution was in the hands of its friends, and the world must go its way. Talleyrand and the royalists understood that the day's work had turned the oligarchy of the Directory into a powerful monarchy of some kind: a temporary one, they hoped, which would enable them eventually to bring back the Bourbons.

But Napoleon Bonaparte was, as ever, wise in his generation, and, as he understood himself, knew that though both these notions were illusory, he must proceed cautiously. As a gambler he had staked everything, and had won: he meant to pocket the stakes. But yet how narrowly had he won! The shouts of "traitor" and "outlaw" were still in his ears; no doubt the terrible alternatives to his perilous escape were in his mind. Though determined to go on, he was nevertheless sobered. There was temporary exultation in the army and the people. He knew that among the latter it would soon die out, as it did. Already it was rumored that although Mme. Bonaparte had been in pecuniary straits, her husband had thirty millions on deposit in various banks. It was estimated that the day had cost him one and a half millions of these, for the facts were soon bruited abroad. Every man under his command had received a new uniform, twelve francs in cash, and a drink of spirits. How much more was spent in rewarding his supporters was not even discussed, it was felt to be so enormous. The constitutional and moderate republicans felt that their cause and the fate of the nation were in the balance. The royalists alone would have been glad to see Bonaparte usurp the power at once. Bonaparte understood that a nation still infatuated with the Revolution in theory must be led by a parade of constitutional measures.

That night the mutilated chambers met. Lucien harangued them on the familiar theme of Roman liberties, of the commonwealth in which the consular fasces had been the symbol of freedom. The country would approve and its enemies would be disarmed if these insignia should again be displayed. Boulay de la Meurthe presented the temporary plan: a provisional consulate composed of Bonaparte, Sieyès, and Ducos; the adjournment of the legislature until 1 Ventôse (February 20, 1800); the appointment of two committees of twenty-five, one from each council, to aid the consuls in the proposed renovation; the proscription of fifty-seven delegates who had made themselves obnoxious. To preserve the appearance of legality and historic continuity, the committee from the Five Hundred was to propose, that of the Ancients to adopt; the new constitution must uphold the one and indivisible republic, respect popular sovereignty, and secure representative government with the division of powers, while property, liberty, and equality must be guaranteed beyond a peradventure. After a formal declaration that the Directory had ceased to

exist, each of these measures was duly adopted by both houses in turn, and the consuls were sworn in, promising unswerving fidelity to popular sovereignty, to the French republic (one and indivisible), to liberty and equality, and to representative government. With a resolution that Bonaparte had that day deserved well of his country, the chambers adjourned at an early hour in the morning. When the sun rose over Paris and France, the land had found its despot; to all appearances he was to be a beneficent despot. The First Consul's family was installed that very day in his official residence at the Luxembourg, and the work of reconstruction began.

Sieyès's "perfect" constitution propounded a singularly cumbersome plan of government, but it contained much that was Bonaparte's own and therefore adapted to Bonaparte's purposes. It was accordingly taken as a starting-point. In the end, the document actually adopted and promulgated proved to be outwardly similar but inwardly antipodal to that of Sieyès. While skilfully blinding all classes to its possibilities as an instrument for controlling the nation by a central power, its provisions were singularly adapted to conciliate every faction except that of the Jacobins, who were annihilated. Sixty-two members of the Five Hundred were deposed. The rest, as a reward for their late complacency, were invited in the name of the public welfare to accept office as foreign ministers, or diplomatic agents, and, in some cases, as government representatives in the provinces; their position as delegates was not to be jeopardized by acceptance. The purpose of this was to remove the majority of the old politicians from Paris, under the guise of compensating them for past service. Sieyès's great fundamental notion was to secure the form of popular representation without its substance,—"confidence coming from below," as he expressed it, "power coming from above." In order to secure this he had devised a plan nearly identical with that laid down to Talleyrand by Bonaparte three years before. It was adopted for the new constitution. Every one of the five million citizens of France was to have a vote. From among them one in every ten was to be chosen by universal suffrage to be a candidate for local office; this formed the "communal list." These "notables of the communes" were then to choose one in ten of their number as a "notable of the department," a candidate for department office, thus constituting the "departmental list"; and these, in turn, one in every ten of their number as "notables of France," candidates for the national legislature and the higher offices of state, thus forming the "national list." From among these last the administration and the senate, by the exercise of the appointing power, were to select the great officers of state. This was Bonaparte's popular representation, "without eyes, ears, or power."

The legislative was also to be silent and powerless. It was divided into council, tribunate, legislature, and senate. The first, chosen at will by the executive, had the initiative; in the second three speakers might discuss the measures proposed, but no vote could be taken; in the third there was no discussion, but the members voted; the fourth was also mute, but it had the veto-power. All except the senate were to sit with closed doors, and publicity was to be controlled by the administration. Sieyès had a plan whereby a chief magistrate, to be called the "great elector," should be chosen by the senate, since it also chose the representatives of the people from the elected candidates. This titled personage was to appoint all civil and military functionaries, together with two consuls to overlook the administration. Bonaparte would have no such contemptible and weak executive, who, he said, would be nothing but a "fatted hog." He called on Daunou for suggestions, glad, if possible, to add the luster of that name to his own plan. But that ardent republican desired both a strong executive and a strong direct expression of the popular will. The new autocrat felt that the latter must be avoided at any cost, and, overlooking Daunou's plan entirely, proposed, through one of his creatures, an executive of three consuls, of whom the first should be the head of the state. His should be the right to execute the laws, and his alone the appointing power. Since he was to nominate the members of the council of state, he should also have the power to initiate legislation. In case of need he might act by administrative process; that is, he might legalize any regulation whatsoever as an administrative necessity. This dictatorial centralizing engine of despotism was made complete by a system of prefects modeled on that of the royal intendants of the old régime. This system was to be the copestone of the structure: it was adopted, and still prevails in republican France. In every local administrative division of town or country the councils, under stringent regulations as to the scope of their deliberations and decisions, were intrusted to the charge of a prefect. This petty dictator was the sworn servant of the central power, appointed or removed by it at pleasure. Through these men the hand of the First Consul was on every hamlet, village, town, and city. In fact, even the mayors of the great towns were his appointees.

This monstrous but marvelous charter, though nominally prepared by them, was offered for discussion neither to the two commit-

tees nor to the councils themselves. It was presented on December 15, 1799, six weeks after its completion, directly to the nation at large, under the proposal of a national or popular decree — a plebiscite. Those then living were amazed at the general apathy, only about 3,000,000 votes having been cast. To us it appears as if the whole people were in a plague of Egyptian darkness. As each voter could but adhere or dissent to the proposition for the adoption of the constitution as offered, the result was an overwhelming approval, the negative votes being only 1567 in number.

On December 22, before the result of the plebiscite was known, the new charter had already been put in operation. It is difficult to determine exactly the composition of the assembly which met at the Luxembourg palace to determine who should be the permanent consuls. According to an anecdote of the time, Sieyès opened its proceedings by explaining the dangers of a military despotism should the First Consul be a soldier. Bonaparte impressively whispered to his supporters that they should scatter themselves throughout the room, and that when they saw him take Sieyès's hand they should shout, "Bravo—Bonaparte!" Then, stepping forward at the close of Sieyès's address, he assumed an air of generous friendliness, and said, "Let us have no difference of opinion, my friend; for my part, I vote for the Abbé Sieyès. For whom do you vote?" Taken all aback, Sieyès murmured, "I vote for General Bonaparte." Instantly the latter put out his hand, and the speaker grasped it. "Bravo — Bonaparte!" rang from all sides, and Sieyès's supporters joined in the shout. Thus, apparently by general consent, the shrewd intriguer was acclaimed First Consul. At all events, Bonaparte took the office of First Consul to himself without a question on the part of the public. His two colleagues were to be chosen by the constitutional committee. They named Daunou as one, but Bonaparte would not listen, and threw the ballots into the fire. Sieyès obligingly presented two other names,— "the right men," as he assured the committee,— Cambacérès and Lebrun. The former was an eminent jurist, the latter the ablest financier of his time. Both were appointed, and both rendered excellent service to the consulate. Sieyès had already been made "keeper" of the Directory's secret funds,— 600,000 francs,— which he called "*une poire pour la soif.*" Soon afterward he accepted a great estate (Crosne) from the First Consul for his services. He was then relegated to obscurity as chief of the senate. The other great officials were all appointed in much the same way. "The pike is eating the two other fish," said pretty Mme. Permon to the First Consul's mother soon after. Madame Mère professed to be hurt; but the parable was true.

The great safeguard of an apparent popular adhesion having been secured, the next step was to adopt and execute a comprehensive policy of conciliation. The royalist emigrants were made welcome to return, always provided they came to accept the new power and to lend it the grace of their presence and manners. Amnesty was likewise proclaimed for the victims of Fructidor. Gaudin, an experienced financier of the Bourbon régime, was put in charge of the treasury. The moderate and able Cambacérès became minister of justice, and Forfait undertook the navy. Carnot, whose castigation of the Directory in his widely read defense had done so much to undermine their prestige and hasten their fall, was recalled and made minister of war. Talleyrand was forgiven for his base desertion on the eve of the Egyptian expedition. As will be recalled, it had been arranged that as the fleet left Toulon for Alexandria he was to start for Constantinople in order to hoodwink the Sultan and prevent the very resistance which afterward proved so disastrous. But at the last moment he refused. In consequence of his scandalous attempt to extort a bribe from the American envoys he was forced to resign his office soon afterward, and he then sought retirement to await results. There never was greed more dishonest than his, a life more licentious, nor a deceit more subtle: but at the same time he was the most adroit diplomat of an age devoted to diplomacy as a political power, and more familiar with the intrigues of courts and the aspirations of European dynasties than were any of his contemporaries, unless possibly Metternich, who did not become prominent until later. He was therefore indispensable, and was reappointed minister of foreign affairs. Strange companionships are formed in such times. The great Laplace was appointed minister of the interior; but so marked was his unfitness for the post that he soon made way for Lucien Bonaparte.

But all this was nothing compared with the master-stroke which reconciled the Church. Pius VI. had died a prisoner on French soil, and had been buried without honor. Befitting memorial ceremonies were now performed, and the priesthood were released from the ban which the Jacobins had laid upon them. In the rôle of philosopher the First Consul professed to see the necessity of the Church as the main prop of a strong social organism and good government. As a far-seeing schemer he clearly felt that military power was a stanch support, but that in the end a firm moral foundation would likewise be needed in the hearts of hundreds of thousands in Europe, who would

bless the man that should restore to them the institution which was the visible expression on earth of their eternal but invisible home. This desirable affection and approbation Bonaparte meant from the outset to secure. Had the scoffer, the worshiper of science, the would-be Mohammedan prophet, himself experienced a change of heart? Perhaps. Power and responsibility often break down the stoniest indifference.

The upheaval of Brumaire is unique in French history. When consummated, there appeared no remnant among the people of fear or distrust. The radical and political side of the Revolution had ceased to exist. Its ideals of civil liberty were embodied in Bonaparte, the national spirit was invigorated, and hopes ran high. Such was the testimony of all the most disinterested observers. One of them, an able Swede (Brinkmann), wrote on November 18 that no legitimate monarch had ever found on his accession a people more submissive than Bonaparte had found; and it would be strange indeed if so skilful a general should not use this temper to create a better government on a strong basis. "It is literally true," runs the letter, "France will perform the impossible to help him. Excepting the despicable horde of anarchists, the people are so weary, so disgusted with revolutionary horrors and follies, that they are sure any change will be for the better. Every class in society makes fun of the heroism of the demagogues, and from all sides comes a call for their expulsion rather than for the realization of their ideal visions. Even the royalists of every shade are honestly devoted to Bonaparte; for they attribute to him the intention of gradually restoring the old order. The indifferent are attached to him as being the man best fitted to give peace to France; and enlightened republicans, though trembling for their institutions, prefer to see a single man of talent, rather than a club of intriguers, seize and hold the public power."

None of Bonaparte's measures was more masterly than the financial policy whereby he won the devotion of the capitalists. If the country had been exhausted by the old régime, what had the recklessness of the Jacobins done for it? Bankruptcy, disorder, and utter distrust — chaos, in short — held sway in all departments of finance. The new order restored public confidence to such an extent that the revival of credit seemed miraculous. After the events of Brumaire the five per cents, which had fallen to one and a half per cent. of their par value, immediately rose from seven to twelve per cent. of their par value; and on the final and satisfactory fulfilment of its promise they advanced to seventeen. The disgraceful laws for enforcing compulsory loans which had been passed under the Directory disappeared with their companion the "hostage law." Order was at once brought into the system of direct taxation, and regularity into the collection of the taxes. Anti-Jacobin measures were enacted which included in their punishment and menaces even men like Jourdan; they were a notification that the irregularities of all visionaries whatsoever were ended, and that the waste of the past was to be succeeded by wholesome economy. For these measures of temporary relief the new constitution permanently substituted a financial system of thoroughgoing, far-sighted regulations which completely revived the public credit, and thereby restored the producing capacity of the country. The Bank of France, organized in January, 1800, which fixed a norm for the rates of discount and gave a sound currency to the country, was the visible sign of a new era of prosperity.

BONAPARTE AS THE EMBODIMENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BUT of course all this was preparation. No one understood better than did the new dictator the connection in a state between external and internal affairs. The second coalition, so far as Russia, Austria, England, and Turkey were concerned, was very loosely cemented indeed. They were united in their determination to subdue France; they had not an interest in common beyond that. With the overthrow of the French republic would go the control of the Mediterranean basin. Whoever should secure that would be for many years to come mistress of Europe, if not of the world. Such was their jealousy as regarded this great prize that a strong government in France might hope to create discord among them. When, therefore, on December 15, 1799, the provisional consulate came to an end, and the new constitution, known in French history as that of 22 Frimaire, year VIII, came into operation by the so-called popular vote, or plebiscite, it entered upon life, as was most essential for French interests, not as an empty scheme, but as a full-fledged organism, with every office filled, the machinery actually in motion, and the administration ready for intercourse with the other governments of Europe. The words of Bonaparte's proclamation were: "Citizens, the Revolution is planted on [*est fixée au*] the principles from which it proceeded. It is ended." As regarded the internal life of France, no truer words could have been written. There had never been true liberty or true brotherhood under its banners; the leveling had been more successful, and equality in the matter of civic rights might be considered as won. What was left of those



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE IN 1798.
From the drawing by André Dutertre, made on board the *Orient* during the passage to Egypt, 1798.
The original is in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

principles, as the event proved, was embodied for France herself in the First Consul and in his beneficent measures. To Europe at large this embodiment of the Revolution in the new sovereign was soon made equally evident. France had adopted him. Would the surviving dynasties admit him, as the representative of French nationality, to a seat on their Olympus? Nothing but an imperative and passing necessity would compel them to do so, and then only for the moment.

Two courses were therefore open to the new power: first, to extort an acquiescence, however distasteful, by consolidating France as the nation and the homogeneous people which the Revolution had made it, by increasing her prosperity, by fostering her genius, by showing an example to the world of what the people of a peaceful, enlightened, industrious state could be in contrast to the case-hardened, unreceptive, and sullen populations who still remained passive under dynastic rule; or, second, to restore the expansive anti-national character of the Revolution, and, using the magnificent military system created in that epoch as a destroying power, to menace the dynasties in their very existence, and thus make them first respectful neutrals and then subservient tools both in their own reconstruction and in the liberation of their subjects. These were, in this emergency, the two alternatives at the First Consul's command. Choosing one or the other at will, as each rising question made it expedient, the result was an interference which brought first this and then that policy into prominence, made both partly successful, but neither entirely so, and ended in the ruin of the warrior himself.

Taking advantage of the temporary abdication of all power, and of the momentary renunciation of all activities, even of interest, by the people, the unconscious idealist began his work. Never was a man more practical in his own eyes, or, from his own point of view, more concrete and direct in his motives or conduct. Seizing every opportunity as it arose, he was the type of what is to-day called in France an opportunist. But for all that, not the least element of his supernal greatness was an ever-present idealism. In view of his birth and early training, it is easy to see that if, as Mme. de Staël first suggested, nature had brought it

down in his line from some far-off Italian of the early Renascence, it would develop under Rousseau's and Raynal's influence. Whencesoever it came, it is not least among the causes of the later political renascence which saw the creation of a new and modern society, the very end of a process which began with the English revolution. It is this quality alone which makes him an element of the first importance in universal history. Other traits make him so in the epoch now called by his name.

His first thought was for the army. It is probable that Moreau's participation in the latest political stroke — a fact to which, more than to any other single cause, it owed its success — was due to personal ambition; he may have thought that when Bonaparte had once become a civilian, his only military rival would be disposed of. Accordingly, when the plan for the coming campaign was published, it was found that Moreau was to command the great central European force composed of the recruited armies of the Rhine and of Helvetia, to be called by the name of the former. Masséna, who by his brilliant victories in Switzerland had moderated the gloom occasioned by the disasters of the previous year in Italy, was to have supreme command of the forces which were still to be called the Army of Italy — the name made so glorious at Lodi, at Arcole, at Castiglione, and at Rivoli. It seemed, indeed, as if the First Consul had himself renounced all ambition as a soldier in order to become entirely a statesman. The imperious and jealous but prudent Moreau was to have full scope for his powers, the respectable and meritorious Masséna was to wear his old commander's laurels. But there was a third army, not talked of or paraded, because it was a mere reserve. It was quietly, silently, and unostentatiously formed, under Berthier's master hand, from new conscripts skilfully intermingled with selected veterans. The divisions were gathered in different places, apparently with no unity, and thus were drilled, trained, and organized without observation. While most of this reserve was kept within the French borders, ready for instant mobilization, and with headquarters ostensibly at Dijon, a part was sent under the nominal command of the devoted adjutant to Geneva in order to maintain the French honor in Switzerland.

The French people, however, desired not war, but peace. The list of competent and admirable administrators chosen by the government was sufficient proof that public affairs were to be carefully and accurately transacted. The adroit reconstruction of the army gave evidence that peace was to be made with honor. The next step was so to behave that France should think her new chief magistrate eager for a general pacification. Since Bonaparte's return from Egypt there had been a combination of circumstances which pointed to an easy solution of this problem. The Czar of Russia was much exasperated with George III. because the Russian troops that had been included in the capitulation of Alkmaar were coolly received when transported to England, and were virtually imprisoned in the island of Guernsey. When, soon afterward, the English laid siege to Malta, of which he yearned to be grand master, he was ready to accuse Great Britain of treachery. But he was still more incensed with Austria. As has been told, a portion of his army, under Korsakoff, was overwhelmed by Masséna at Zurich on September 25, 1799. Suvaroff, with the other wing, was at the time in full possession of Piedmont; and in accordance with his master's instructions he had invited the fugitive Charles Emmanuel IV. to return from Sardinia and reinstate himself at Turin. The Austrian archduke Charles had withdrawn, after his defeat of Masséna in the first battle of Zurich in June, 1799, to take command in central Germany. Francis, being fully determined to keep all northern Italy for himself, and therefore to prevent the reëstablishment of the house of Savoy on the mainland, speciously ordered Suvaroff to the assistance of his fellow-countrymen beyond the Alps. The Russian general found nothing prepared for his passage of the St. Gotthard; on the contrary, he was so hindered at every turn by the absence of mules for his baggage-train, and so harassed by the attacks of the French, that his expedition was one long disaster. He attributed his misfortunes to Austrian indifference or worse. Driven from valley to valley, over icy peaks and barren passes, his troops perished in very great numbers, and their panic was complete when they heard of Korsakoff's terrible defeat. Before a junction could be effected with the remnants of that army, Masséna turned and attacked Suvaroff himself, compelling him to flee eastward as best he could until he reached the confines of Bavaria. This put a climax to the Czar's fury; he demanded that the Italian princes should be restored to their governments, and that Thugut should be dismissed, as a guarantee of good faith. Finally he heard that when Ancona fell before the combined attacks of Austrians, Russians, and Turks, his own standard had been taken down, and only the Austrian left flying. To a gloomy enthusiast, claiming to be the mirror of chivalry and magnanimity, this was a crowning insult; and he determined, in December, 1799, to withdraw from the coalition. This was Bonaparte's opportunity, and he began at once a series of the most flattering attentions to Paul, which made him for the rest of his short life a passion-



FROM THE PASTEL BY PIERRE PRUDHON, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE DUC DE TRÉVISE.

JOSEPHINE.

ate enthusiast for the schemes and person of the First Consul. England and Austria were thus the only formidable opponents left in the coalition against France.

With ostentatious simplicity Bonaparte wrote to both George III. and to Francis, as man to man, announcing his accession to power, and pleading, in the interest of commerce, of national well-being, and of domestic happiness, for a cessation of hostilities after eight years of warfare. The French people, who looked upon the First Consul as a ruler made by themselves, were delighted with this simple straightforwardness, and gratified by the notion of their representative treating on equal terms with the divine-right monarchs of Europe. Pitt mistakenly thought that Bonaparte still personified Jacobinism, and labored under the delusion that France was completely exhausted. An English army was ready and about to disembark on the west coast of France. Kléber in Egypt, having maintained himself superbly thus far, was about to yield to pitiless fate, and accept humiliating terms for evacuating the country. Could the flames of the civil war which was once more raging in France be further fanned, and the control of the Levant secured in English hands, the great English premier would be able in a few months to make terms far more advantageous than any he could hope for at the moment. Lord Grenville therefore wrote a brusque letter to Talleyrand, refusing negotiation with a government the stability of which was not assured, and suggesting in a weak, impolitic way that while the French had a right to choose their own government, the return of the Bourbons would be the best guarantee of a permanent and settled administration. This clause afforded the opportunity for a smart reply by Bonaparte, denouncing England as the author of the war which had raged through 1799 and was about to be renewed, and reminding the king that he himself ruled by consent of his people.

The debate which ensued in Parliament was most instructive, because the First Consul was entirely right. Great Britain was the mainspring of the coalition. The wits of London said in public that England had contracted half of her national debt to destroy the Bourbons and the other half to restore them to power. This was the key-note of the Liberal opposition. Lord Holland was willing to be sponsor for Bonaparte's sincerity, but the Lords laughed at him. In the House of Commons Whitbread charged the excesses of the French Revolution to the unwarrantable interference of other powers; England owed it to herself to make peace when she could, even with a usurper. Erskine could see in England's course nothing but a blind obstinacy which had overwhelmed the nation with debt and disaster. "What would you say," said Tierney, "if Bonaparte victorious should refuse to treat except with the Stuarts?" But the temper of Parliament and the people was for continuing the war. Grenville, in the House of Lords, declared that Bonaparte was merely a new exponent of the revolutionary wickedness of the Directory. He had made treaties or armistices with Sardinia, Tuscany, Modena, and the minor Italian states, only to violate them; he had scorned the neutrality of Parma; he had dragged Venice into war for her own destruction; he had trampled Genoa underfoot; and he had destroyed the liberty of Switzerland while uttering lying promises of peace and friendship. His hearers sustained him by an overwhelming majority.

In the Commons Canning denounced the First Consul as a usurper who, like a specter, wore on his head something which resembled a crown. Pitt rose to the height of his majestic powers in one of the great orations of his life. Minor political considerations must be waived. Bonaparte was the destroyer of Europe. The sole refuge from the calamities with which he was about to flood the nations was England. He himself had unwillingly consented to the negotiations at Lille; it was Fructidor which had broken them off, and it was Bonaparte who was the author of Fructidor. He might be reproached for desiring the restoration of the ancient monarchy to France, but an exhausted and desperate country could not find the long repose essential for recuperation except under the Bourbons. The success of his plea was even greater than Grenville's. Thus by an appeal to the old detestation of revolutionary excess which was so deep-seated in the English masses, and by an adroit insinuation that it was this for which Bonaparte stood, and that this was conclusively shown by his career, the ministry gained a new lease of life, and men believed that a few months would see France fall in utter exhaustion before the coalition.

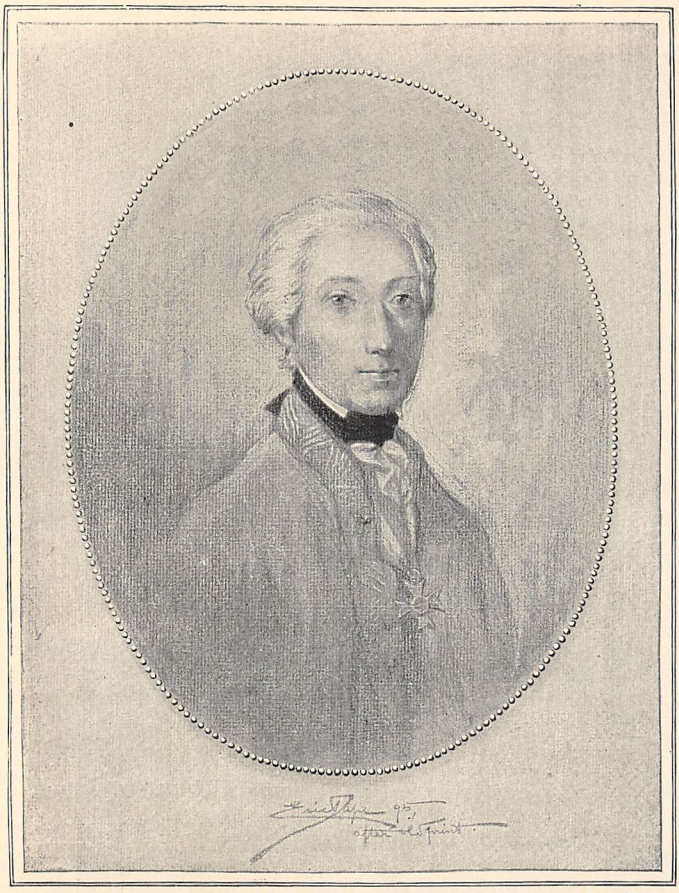
Bonaparte's personal letter to Francis was, as the writer doubtless foresaw, equally unsuccessful. Austria, which, thanks to her double dealing with Russia in the last campaign, was now occupying Lombardy, Piedmont, and the Papal States, and meant to keep them, moderately but firmly refused to treat on the basis proposed, which was that of Campo Formio.

Among other pusillanimous surrenders which the French democracy under the Directory had made in the interest of a quiet life was that of liberty for the press. A consular decree of January 17, 1800, further emphasized this democratic measure, and suppressed all but thirteen political journals. This action was



FROM THE PAINTING BY JACQUES-LUC BARBIER-WALBONNE, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

JEAN-VICTOR MOREAU.



SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE. FROM THE ENGRAVING BY A. REGONA, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. C. CRANE.

PAUL, BARON KRAY.

nominally a war measure, an edict to be enforced only during the war. For its justification there was the plea of necessity. The serious indiscretions which a free and enterprising press always has committed, and is sure to commit, during hostilities, always call forth the angry denunciations of military writers. The "spurred and booted ruler" of which Napoleon spoke at St. Helena could not well be expected to act otherwise than he did. Unfortunately, the only papers which continued to be published became at once mere administrative organs. When, therefore, with a skilful display of facts the course of negotiations in both England and Austria was laid before the public, the people of Paris and the provinces were easily roused to warlike ardor. The clever and witty pasquinades, the abusive and scathing paragraphs, in which all the papers indulged, from the "Moniteur" downward, continued to increase the excitement. It pleased the French fancy to read a supposed summons to George, inviting him, as a convert to legitimacy, to abdicate in favor of the surviving Stuart heir. Forgetful of the immediate past, the nation was ready to maintain French honor at any cost against its embittered and inveterate foe. The Pactolus streams of English gold could not, the French felt sure, much longer subsidize the Continental powers; for it was Great Britain, and not France, which was really exhausted. Led by a man whose genius had shown itself as fertile in political and administrative expedients as it had ever been in fiscal and military measures, with an admirable machinery of government and a general confidence in their ruler, the French people became ever more certain that they might now and finally conquer in the struggle with England for mastery. This opinion was further strengthened because the inveterate rancor of civil conflict in the west was again temporarily quieted. The devastator of Egypt and Syria held out with one hand the mildest offers of conciliation to the malcontent communities of that district, with the other he displayed his powerful sword, while in his proclamations he threatened measures as severe as those he had practised against the rebellious Bedouin. This course had the desired effect, and brought the French rebels also to terms. The Army of the West could be reduced in numbers; and as at the same time the Batavian Republic was in a fervor of enthusiastic loyalty, so also could the Army of Holland. In this way 30,000 excellent soldiers were freed for use elsewhere.

Simultaneously with these events the most careful preparation was made for a step which might redound to Bonaparte's credit if properly taken, but could easily be detrimental to the complete success of his schemes. Under the new constitution every department of government had an assigned dwelling-place. That of the consuls was to be the Tuileries. How could an absolute dictator install his penates in the sometime home of absolute royalty without inspiring general distrust? The first step was to rechristen the pile as "the palace of the government," the next to consecrate it to glory. From

far and near the statues of the great were gathered to adorn its halls. The choice of these displayed in significant confusion the generals and statesmen of all times in all places. Alexander, Cæsar, Frederick; Cato, Cicero, Brutus; Mirabeau, Marceau, and Joubert; and many others of lesser note, were assembled in effigy. But highest of all was set the image of Washington, the news of whose death had just reached Europe. His example was to be held up as the real inspiration of the new ruler. In order both to arouse the imagination of the people and to convince their understanding, the army was put into mourning for the great American, and a festival was instituted in his honor. To honor the typical and ideal republican of the age was a conspicuously effective idea, since it accorded thoroughly with the approved traditions of the Revolution.

The celebration was set for February 9, 1800, and proved a great success. It had already been decided to reawaken public enthusiasm by instituting great military ceremonies to accompany the final deposit of the captured standards from Aboukir in the hospital of the Invalides. These and the Washington festival were interwoven with consummate art, and while the First Consul's victories were recalled in the imposing parade, the simple and impressive words of an able orator, M. de Fontanes, reminded the nation that the immortal Washington had shown as a general more strength than brilliancy, and had awakened little enthusiasm, but great confidence; that he was one of the men inspired to rule who appear from time to time in the world; that he was neither partizan nor demagogue; and that when peace had once been signed he had laid down his arms to become the wisest of constructive legislators. "Yes, Washington; thy counsels shall be heard—thou warrior, legislator, administrator! He who in his youth surpassed thee in battle, like thee shall close with conquering hands the wounds of his country." Minds less quick than those of the Parisians would have discovered the moral of the address even without the peroration. When the official journal next day published the glowing words and described the brilliant ceremony, the coming monarch was already lodged under the roof of the Bourbons. Since at Leoben Bonaparte had made the liberation of Lafayette and his family an indispensable condition of the treaty, it might have been expected that his name, so long used elsewhere in a natural juxtaposition, on such an occasion would be linked with that of Washington; but the honors of that day were to be shared with the dead foreigner, not with the living Frenchman.

THE INAUGURATION OF A CONSTITUTIONAL DESPOTISM.

THE makers of a paper constitution cannot foresee every detail in the working of its provisions; and contrary to the expectation of Sieyès, at least the form which the new government took at the outset was largely personal. The consulate and the ministry were entirely so, their members being chosen with a keen business instinct, like that of a great industrial



SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE. FROM THE ENGRAVING BY A. REGONA, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. C. CRANE.

MICHAEL, BARON VON MELAS.



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

THE CONSULS (BONAPARTE, CAMBACÉRÈS, AND LEBRUN) TAKE POSSESSION OF THE TUILERIES.

or commercial master, for personal character, integrity, capacity, and devotion. "What revolutionary," said Napoleon to his brother Joseph, "would not have confidence in an order of things where Fouché is minister? What gentleman would not expect to find existence possible under the former Bishop of Autun? One keeps my left, the other my right. I open a broad path where all may walk." This was so far true, but such nice discrimination could not be exercised in filling the hundreds of minor offices. No land is second to France in the ambition of its people for office-holding, and among the thousands of greedy claimants it was not easy to choose. There were many mistakes made in the selection, and the disappointed formed a large class of embittered malcontents from the very inauguration of the consular system. There were the senate, the legislature, the council of state, the tribune, the whole judicial administration, all to be filled. It was understood that the official emoluments would not be niggardly. When finally fixed, the salary of a senator was 25,000 francs; that of a tribune, 15,000; that of a legislator, 10,000. As a measure of relative importance it is interesting to note that the First Consul had 500,000 a year, and each of his colleagues 150,000.

The new officials were selected from every walk of life, from every shade of opinion, from every stratum of society. The intention was that they should have no bond but a common interest in the new order. The senate became a high place for the successful among the old, the men whose day was over. Monge, Berthollet, Volney, and the like were found on its benches. The silent legislature was filled with the masses of those whose ardent and uninstructed ambitions were easily muzzled by the tenure of place, and found a sufficient vent in casting a voiceless vote. The tribunes, "legislative eunuchs," as they have been called, were the elect among the able and intelligent men of the day — such men as Daunou, Benjamin Constant, and J. B. Say. Their duty was to debate the nature and utility of all bills with the proposers, the council of state; and it was expected that the fiery logic and merciless criticism which such men were sure to employ would rebound harmlessly from the benches on which their opponents sat. If freedom of debate and liberty of speech became too dangerous even in such remoteness from action, the superfluous institution could be suppressed without a jar in the machinery of state. There was possibly a hint of this in the fact that the tribunes found shelter for their deliberations in the Palais Royal, then the haunt of prostitutes and the shelter of the great gambling-hells which were characteristic of the time. To the end of its days the tribunate was the one asylum of liberty under the constitution of the year VIII. It was supposed, as has just been said, that the impotence of the tribunes would be offset by the independence of the council of state.

In this last body, therefore, were assembled three important classes: sincere Bonapartists like Roederer, Regnaud de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, and Boulay de la Meurthe; clever specialists like Ganteaume, Chaptal, and Fourcroy, who were quite willing to serve the First Consul; and a number of ardent proselytes from among the royalists and other factions. For the most part these were men of great ability, and for a time they found in the First Consul a devotion to France and French interests which made them his devoted servants. The personality of the council was Bonaparte's, and whatever independence it possessed was his. The court of appeals was duly organized by the senate, which had this right as being the guardian of the constitution. The justices and councilors of a supreme court, the copestone of the judiciary, were nominated by the same body. The other courts were also ably manned with officials who, though not servile, were stanch supporters of the consulate.

Before the time when the campaign could open in the spring of 1800 all these parts were intended to be, and actually were, running smoothly; but they were running by the inspiration and activity of a single man. The council of state was his greater self, the senate his instrument of governing; the legislative body was as silent as the tribunate was noisy — neither was a serious check on his plans. Legislation of the greatest importance was under way; it was all devised for purposes of centralization, and was studied in detail by the First Consul. Administration was proceeding with scarcely any friction whatsoever; but this was because Bonaparte kept his eye on each separate office, and carefully superintended its working. By special arrangement foreign relations were considered and settled in secret consultation by the chief of state and Talleyrand; but the latter never pretended that in unraveling the threads of so tangled a web, or in their skilful rearrangement, the initiative was his. Carnot, at his old work, with his old genius unimpaired, needed little encouragement; but even in his department every corps, every battalion, every regiment, every company of all the arms, — cavalry, infantry, or artillery of every class, conscript, soldier, reserve, or home guard, — each and all were known to the First Consul. Incredible and exaggerated as such statements must appear, the testimony to their truth is so abundant and unimpeachable that it seems to the reader as if at this crisis there had appeared in Europe a being neither human, demoniac, nor celestial, but a man with superhuman

powers of endurance, apprehension, and labor, an angel without perfection, a demon without malevolence. For, on the whole, Bonaparte's work, while replete with dangerous expedients, and, as the future conclusively proved, inspired by self-seeking, was beneficent, constructive, and permanent in regard not merely to France, but to Europe and the world.

In the opening months of 1800 the Continental situation was even more peculiar than usual. In 1799 the Directory had, as a financial measure, incorporated Belgium with France, and she, like all other parts of the country, paid heavy taxes. This could not be changed; and in regard to the minor states still nominally independent, but really under French control, the old policy of the Directory could likewise not immediately be dropped. Masséna had just made a forced levy in Switzerland. Genoa was laid under a fresh contribution of two million francs, and menaced with a forced levy. It was arranged that Holland should pay forty million francs for the restitution of Flushing; and Amsterdam was invited to lend ten more, but refused. Hamburg was secretly held out to Prussia as the price of an alliance with France. Publicly the Hohenzollern monarchy was praised for its refusal to surrender some important political refugees to the coalition, and was offered the friendship of France at the price of four to six millions of francs. It was determined that Portugal, which, having been exhausted by her long alliance with England, now earnestly desired peace, should be told informally by Talleyrand that she could purchase it by a contribution of from eight to ten millions for the Army of Italy. Paul I. of Russia, already angry with Austria, had been easily won to friendship for France by a few acts of distinguished courtesy. The Russian prisoners of war were now given new clothes, and sent home; and the First Consul, recognizing the Czar's quixotic interest in the Knights of Malta, sent to him the sword of Valetta, captured on the seizure of the island. A treaty of peace between France and Russia speedily ensued. This of course effectually neutralized Turkey; and not merely that, for competent experts were set by Paul to work out details for a combined Franco-Russian expedition to invade India by land, and to parcel out Asia between the two powers.

The center of gravity on the Continent remained in Prussia. As the land of Frederick, and the rival of Austria, she supposed herself to represent the liberal side of German life. In fact, there was a strong French party at Berlin, which felt that the republic had been fighting Prussia's battle in weakening the house of Austria. But Frederick William III., the young king, was timid, cautious, and full of self-esteem. He was overmastered by the specious idea — also cherished by his prime minister — that a firm neutrality would recuperate the strength of his country and people while internecine warfare was exhausting the rest of Europe. On this ground he had so far stood unshaken; and though the sympathies of his house had always been, in the main, on the side of absolutism, he refused the alliance of the absolutist coalition, and remained obstinate between the two alternatives. Nor did he falter until he destroyed his own prestige. The country itself would have been sacrificed but for the great national uprising which some years later compelled him to take a decided stand. The Directory had longed to secure Prussia as part of the French system in Europe, and finally sent Sieyès to secure her as an ally. But the envoy spent more energy in intriguing against his employers, and in devising schemes for the monarchical system which was to supplant them in France, than in his proper work, and succeeded only in confirming the King of Prussia in his policy. Bonaparte sent two representatives — Duroc and Beurnonville — to renew the negotiation and secure Prussia's active assistance. They were received with much show of kindness, and the hopes of the latter envoy rose high, but only to be shattered.

With Prussia persistently neutral, and all the minor states exasperated not only by the continued billeting of French troops upon them, but by new demands for money, France was virtually left alone against Austria and England in the coming campaign. This situation was perfectly clear to the French people; but in view of all that had happened since the change of government, it appeared to every one not only as if reasonable offers of peace on the part of the First Consul had been refused, but as if French honor were inseparably united with the policy of war forced upon him. Though not proved, it is reiterated that this was what Bonaparte wanted. Subsequent events support the hypothesis; and if it be true, no schemer ever met with such perfect success. The policy of aggressive extension was apparently forced upon him.

Three great revolutionary concepts of foreign policy were therefore represented in Bonaparte: the mastery of the Mediterranean basin and thereby of the Orient; the extension of a revolutionary liberal system in Europe by the conquest and protectorate of the Continent; and the leadership of the world for the French nation, still as ever enthusiastic for lofty ideals and great deeds. Similar notions had not been foreign to the ancient régime, but England had prevented their fulfilment. The republic, hav-

ing vaguely enlarged them, had fought for them as France had never fought before, because these things were not to be achieved for a dynasty, and were now illuminated by visions of human regeneration. Still England stood in the way. Bonaparte had given them new shape and new intensity with new definition; logically his success would stand for that most splendid of ideals which has ever dazzled poets, theologians, and kings — the universality of empire for peace and its arts, and the consequent elevation of all mankind. By the conquests of Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles the Great, animated as was each in turn by ambition and fiery zeal, nations, tribes, and institutions had been melted in one alembic. Each of those heroes had done a wondrous work in the advance of civilization, but their gains had quickly vanished. The experiment was to be tried for a fourth time. Would England again and finally tumble the French Utopia into ruins?

The first four months of the consulate had not left the First Consul without enemies both numerous and bitter; moreover, many narrow minds — men who, like Talleyrand, were ignorant of how impossible the permanent return of the Bourbons had become — considered Bonaparte's tenure of power only as a transition to the old order. But at the critical instant, in April of the last year of the eighteenth century, France as a whole, including even the factions which had hoped to use him as a tool, felt that her doctrines, her aspirations, and her fate were personified in the great Corsican. His own motives may properly be stigmatized as those of personal ambition; but they were much more. Half educated and half barbarous as he was in his disdain of human limitations, there was in his heart a clear conception that good can come only of good, and therefore he had a definite purpose to do the most possible in order to illuminate his own rise by the regeneration of society. Himself a man without a country, — for all his patriotic aspirations perished in Corsica's desperate failure, — he cared little for territorial limits, and utterly failed to comprehend the strength of national ties. Without sincere ecclesiastical feeling or an earnest faith, he partly understood the value of religious sentiment in the individual, but underrated utterly its moral preponderance in the social organism. A consummate actor, he estimated at its full the influence of the dramatic word and situation on the common mind, but was often self-deceived while believing others misled or beguiled by his acting.

It is not at all inconsistent with a possible sincerity in the ostensibly pacific foreign policy he was pursuing that even before the decision to fight had apparently been forced upon him two manifestos rang out to the troops. To the Army of the Rhine he said: "You have conquered Holland, the Rhine, and Italy, and dictated peace under the walls of terrified Vienna. Now it is not a question of defending your borders, but of overpowering hostile states." To the Army of Italy in particular he said, with reference to a too notorious instance in which during the previous year a half-brigade had shown the white feather: "Are they all dead, the brave men of Castiglione, of Rivoli, and of Neumarkt? They would rather have perished than to have been untrue to their colors; and they surely would have dragged their younger comrades on to honor and to duty. Soldiers, you say your rations are not regularly distributed. What would you have done if, like Four and Twenty-two of the light infantry, like Eighteen and Thirty-two of the line, you had found yourselves in the midst of the desert, without bread, without water, with nothing to eat but the flesh of horses and mules? 'Victory will give us bread,' said they; and you — you desert your standards!" Such words, from such a man, could leave no soldier of any nation unmoved. The Frenchmen in the ranks were thrilled by them.

On the eve of active operations in the first months of 1800 the military situation was as follows: The Italian line stretched from Genoa around by Savona to the Col di Tenda. On it were 30,000 men, under Masséna, while 10,000 more guarded the passes of the Alps. Confronting it was an Austrian force of 80,000 men, under Melas, a general of the old, formal school, hampered by tradition and by the machinery of the Aulic Council in Vienna. In Tuscany, in the Papal States, and in Piedmont were 20,000 more French soldiers in garrison. On the Rhine stood Moreau, with 120,000 men, facing a less able antagonist than Melas in the person of Kray, whose army was about equal in number to his own. The Austrian lines stretched from the falls of the Rhine northward by their headquarters at Donaueschingen to Kinzig. The greatest of the Austrian generals, the archduke Charles, was not in the field. A sensitive epileptic, he had been wounded by the incessant and meddling interference of the Vienna bureaucrats, and had temporarily withdrawn from service. The plan of Francis and his ministry was to drive back Masséna's inferior force; then, with the aid of the English fleet (which arrived in March, under Keith), to reduce Genoa, where he was sure to make a stand; then to cross the Var, and increase their numerical superiority still further by a union with the royalists of Provence, who were organizing under Pichegru, just escaped from Guiana; and finally to carry the war into the heart of France, while Kray held Moreau in check.

STATESMANSHIP AND STRATEGY.

By an article of the new French constitution the First Consul might not be also commander-in-chief of the forces; but as he said to Miot de Mélito, nothing forbade him to be present with the army. Nevertheless, his military greatness was now for the first time to display its stupendous proportions. Hitherto, superb as had been his achievements, they had been won as a subordinate carrying out one part of a large plan, and securing prominence for his own ideas only by disregarding those of nominal superiors. Now he had charge of a great war in its entirety. There was but one obstacle — Moreau's ability and jealousy. With the superiority of true greatness, Bonaparte at once took in the whole situation, and, disregarding all the vexing details which would pass for essentials with men of less ability, analyzed it into its large and simple elements. If Kray were beaten, the French army could reach Vienna and dictate peace before Melas could produce an effect in Italy. His plan, therefore, was to unite near Schaffhausen the various portions of the reserve army which he had quietly been organizing, and, covered by the Rhine, to effect a junction with Moreau; then by overwhelming superiority of numbers turn Kray's left flank, cut off his connections, and, taking his army in the rear, either capture or annihilate it. Moreover, a detachment of this victorious force could then cross the easy lower passes of the Alps, and attack the Austrian force in Italy from the rear, even if in the interval that force should have been victorious. In this one great combination lies the proof of its author's genius. Its five great strategic principles are these: one line of operation, with one offensive; the mass of the army as the first aim; the line of operation on the enemy's flank verging toward his rear; the surrounding of that wing which jeopardizes the enemy's connections; and lastly, the defense of one's own connections. Standing in sharpest contrast with those of his great predecessor Frederick, these principles have not yet been overthrown even by modern science, or by the revolutionary change which has taken place in the material of war and in the number of men engaged in modern conflicts.

But the idea was too great for the conditions. Moreau would not serve as second in command, and Bonaparte was perfectly aware that he himself was not yet sufficiently firm in his political seat to alienate a rival so influential. The conception was, therefore, not carried out until several years later. Moreau, conscious of his own powers, would not even accept the First Consul's suggestions for conducting the passage of the river. The Army of the Rhine was therefore left perforce to act independently except for instructions from Paris to take the offensive at once, and to drive the enemy into Bavaria behind the Lech, so as to intercept his direct communication with Milan by way of Lake Constance and the Grisons. Lecourbe, with 20,000 men, was to watch the higher Alpine passes. The dangerous rival was then left entirely to himself, and the destination of the reserve army was changed to Italy. This, of course, was done in order that such success as Moreau would certainly have won with its aid might not endanger the political situation in Paris. He must not be permitted to retrieve a reputation sullied both by his suspected connection with Pichegru's conspiracy, and by his sudden participation, contrary to lifelong professions, in the affair of the 18th Brumaire.

Early in March the existence of the hitherto hidden army was revealed by an order for its advance toward Zurich to prepare for crossing the Alps. Switzerland, having fallen into French hands through Masséna's operations of the previous year, and being therefore no longer neutral, its territory was open for use in offensive operations against the foe. Masséna had received his first instructions a few days earlier. They were to concentrate the Army of Italy for the defense of Genoa and the entrance to France. Melas would surely follow the well-worn Austrian plan of advancing in three columns for a concentric attack. The French general was to avoid two, and meet the third with all his strength. In April, however, he was informed of the new combination, and told to stand on the defensive until the reserve army had crossed the Alps. "The art of war," Bonaparte always said, "is to gain time when your strength is inferior." This Masséna, with brilliant capacity, undertook to do when, on April 6, the brave and veteran Melas attacked him with 60,000 men. But in spite of repeated successes against superior numbers, before the end of the month active resistance became impossible, and the whole French center was compelled to withdraw on April 21 behind the walls of Genoa, the situation of which now became precarious, for it was blockaded by the English fleet, and provisions were growing very scanty, not more than sufficient stores for a month being available. Suchet, with the left of Masséna's army, 10,000 strong, retreated along the coast, pursued by Melas with 28,000, until on May 14 the former crossed the Var. Ott, with 24,000 men, was left to beleaguer Genoa, in which Masséna held out until June 4 — a siege considered one of the most stubborn in history.

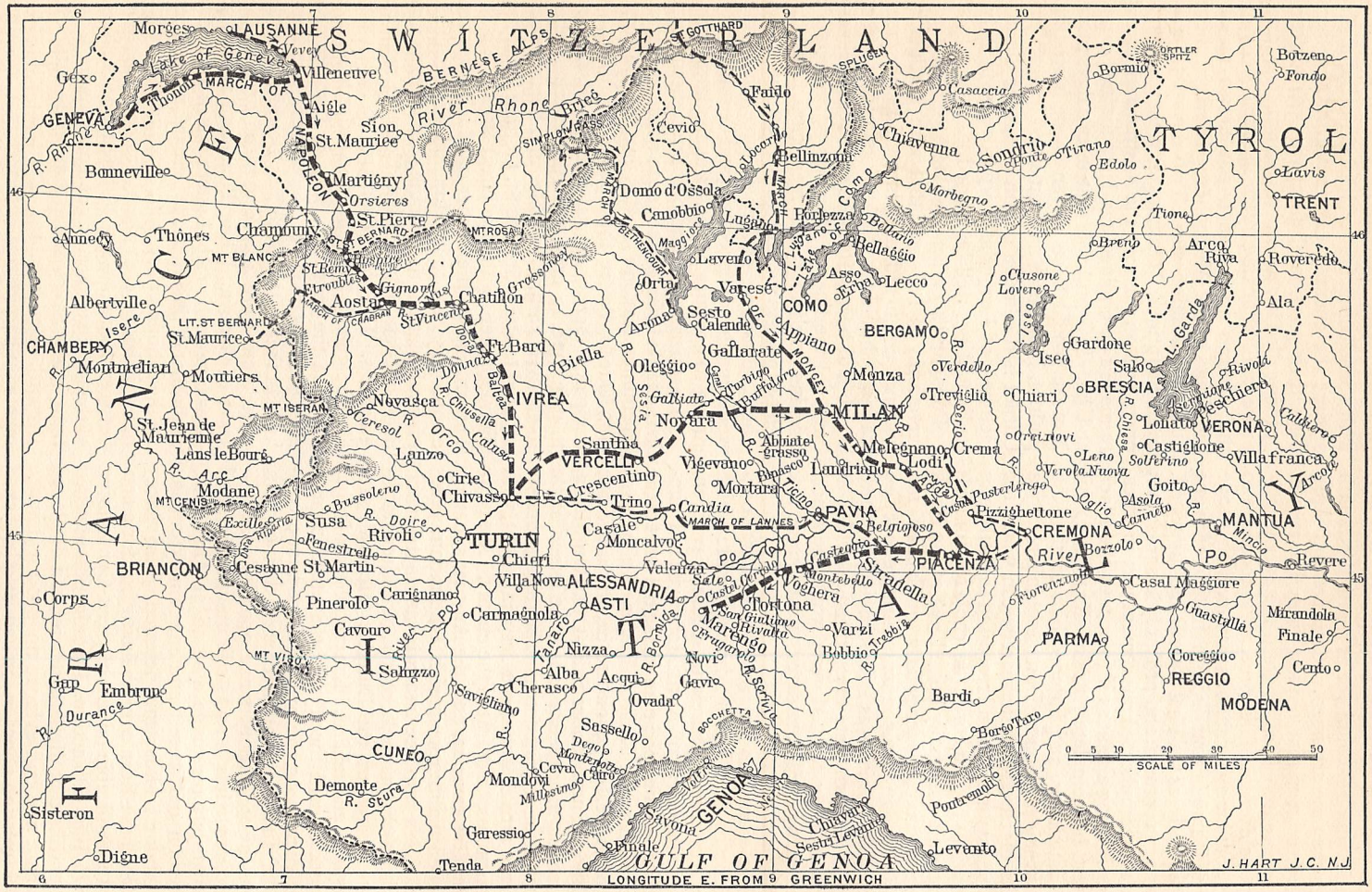
Such had been the wretched management of the previous year in the department of war at Paris that its protracted derelictions could not immediately be made good. Moreau's

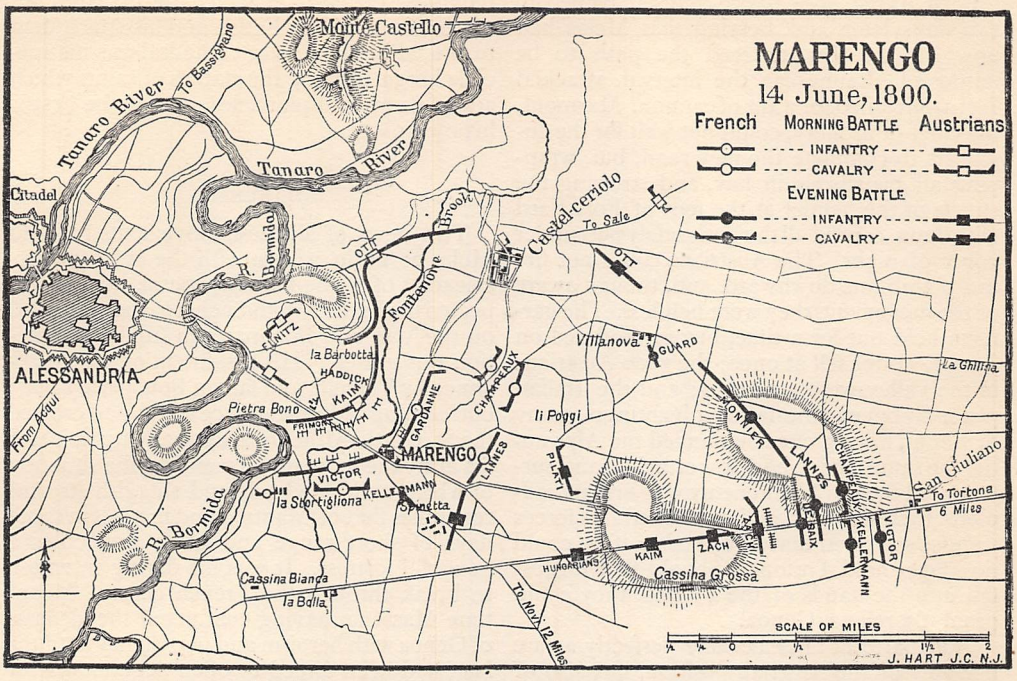
force was not properly supplied in any particular, and he would not move until a month after the time arranged. It was not until April 25, after an urgent request from Bonaparte, that he ventured to disregard the ever insufficient equipment of his force, and proceeded to carry out his own cautious plan for the passage of the Rhine in four divisions instead of in one united body, as the First Consul had suggested. Less was ventured, and probably less was won; but the complicated movement was prosperous. Making a feint as if to occupy the Black Forest, he completely misled Kray as to his real intentions, and induced him to abandon his strong position at Donaueschingen. By a series of clever countermarches, in which the Rhine was crossed and recrossed several times by various French corps, the whole of Moreau's command was finally united east of the Black Forest, having successfully outflanked not only that dangerous mountain-range, but also the enemy, which was still occupied in guarding its eastern gateways, through which it seemed likely that Moreau would advance. The many well-considered moves were like those on a chess-board.

The game was brought to a fortunate conclusion by the French advance, before which the Austrians withdrew to secure a position. In the last days of April Moreau found himself with only 25,000 men facing the mass of the Austrians under Kray at Engen. In the rear, on his right, but beyond reach, was a division of his own army under Saint-Cyr. On May 2, expecting their speedy arrival, he joined battle with his inadequate force. The reinforcements did not arrive; but after a desperate fight, with serious loss, he defeated the enemy. Next day Saint-Cyr came in, and the Austrians, having learned that Stockach with its abundant stores had fallen into the hands of another French division (that under Lecourbe), withdrew northeastward toward the Danube. Moreau's success was unqualified. Kray could no longer retreat toward the Tyrol by Switzerland and the Vorarlberg; he had also lost a large supply of munitions most precious to their captors, besides 5000 prisoners and 3000 killed.

Nevertheless, he was still undismayed, and two days later made a stand at Messkirch. After an embittered and sanguinary conflict on May 5 he was again defeated. The victory would have been overwhelming but for a second inexplicable failure of Saint-Cyr to bring his division into action. Investigation revealed that while that division general had displayed no zeal, and had evinced no good will in the interpretation of orders, he had strictly obeyed their letter. His laxity was therefore overlooked. It was soon found that the Austrians were again gathered to defend their depots at Biberach. This time Saint-Cyr was ardent, and with conspicuous fire led his inferior numbers against the enemy's center, and drove them from their position. Still aglow with victory, he then called in a second division under Richepanse, and, attacking again the main body of the enemy's army, which was drawn up on the slopes of the Mettenberg, dislodged them from that position also. Two days later Lecourbe captured Memmingen with 1800 prisoners, and on the 10th the Austrians withdrew to make a determined stand in a fortified camp at Ulm. It is probable that in two days more Moreau would have driven them from that position if his force had remained intact; but Carnot had come in person to ask for the detachment of Lecourbe's corps to serve in Italy, and could not well be refused.

Bonaparte's earlier plan for using the reserve army in Italy was that with Berthier in nominal command and himself as the real leader, it should take the division of Lecourbe, which had been skirmishing between Switzerland and the line of Moreau's advance, and, thus increased to 75,000 men, cross from Zurich by the easy route of the Splügen into Italy, where, absorbing Masséna's force, the army would number over 100,000, and be sufficiently strong to conquer Melas. But the latter's immense superiority of numbers throughout April had enabled him in the mean while to cut off all communication with Masséna, and the worst was feared. Before the opening of Moreau's campaign, therefore, it was determined, in order to gain time, to cross the Alps much farther to the westward, if possible; and Berthier was ordered to study first the St. Gotthard and the Simplon, then both the Great and Little St. Bernard passes, the former of which was then erroneously held to be Hannibal's route. This easy adaptation to changing conditions was another sign of the First Consul's military greatness. The idea of a march to Milan was likewise quickly abandoned in order to relieve Masséna the sooner by way of Tortona. By May 9 all was in order. By "general's reckoning, not that of the office," as Berthier's words were, there were 42,000 men on or near the Lake of Geneva. When Bonaparte arrived at Lausanne on the 10th, Lannes was in Martigny at the foot of the Great St. Bernard, some miles up the Rhone valley, with 8000 infantry; four other divisions, comprising 25,000 men, stood between Lausanne and Villeneuve at the head of the lake; another, of 5000 men, under Chabran, was in Savoy at the foot of the Little St. Bernard. Besides these, Turreau, with 5000 men who had originally formed part of Masséna's left wing, was at the southern end of the Mont Cenis pass; and the 15,000 men detached from Moreau were already marching under


SWITZERLAND
FRANCE
ITALY
TYROL
LAUSANNE
Morges
Vevey
Lake of Geneva
Villeneuve
GENEVA
Gex
Aigle
Thonon
MARCH OF NAPOLEON
BERNESE ALPS
River Rhone
Brieg
St. Maurice
Sion
Martigny
Orsieres
Bonneville
St. Pierre
GT. ST BERNARD
MT ROSA
Chamouny
Thônes
Annecy
MT BLANC
St Remy
Trouble
Gignod
Aosta
Chatillon
Albertville
LIT. ST BERNARD
St Maurice
CHAMBERY
Isere
Montmelian
Moutiers
MT ISERAN
St. Jean de Maurienne
Lans le Bourg
MT CENIS
Modane
Exille
Susa
Bussoleno
Rivoli
Cesanne
St Martin
BRIANÇON
Corps
Pinerolo
Carignano
Cuvour
Saluzzo
MT VISO
Gap
Embrun
Durance
CUNEO
Demonte
R. Stura
Sisteron
Digne
Tenda
Garessio
Ceva
Mondovi
Millesimo
Sassello
Dego
Montenotte
Cairo
Savona
GENOA
Pinale
GULF OF GENOA
Chiavari
Sestri Levante
Levanto
Pontremoli
Borgo Taro
Bardi
Bocchetta
Ovada
Gavi
Novi
Acqui
Alba
Cherasco
Savigliano
Nizza
Tanaro
Asti
Alessandria
Villa Nova
Valenza
Sale
Casal Cermelli
Tortona
San Giuliano
Rivalta
Marengo
Bregnano
Scrivia
Voghera
Montebello
Stradella
Varzi
Bobbio
Trebbia
PIACENZA
Castelnuovo
Belgioioso
Pavia
Candia
MARCH OF LANNES
Casale
Moncalvo
Trino
Crescentino
Chivasso
Vercelli
Santhia
Lanzo
Cirie
Chieri
TURIN
Rivoli
Penestrelle
Novalesa
Ceresol
Orco
Canusella
Calusa
Ivrea
Biella
Ponzana
Ponzone
Gallarate
Galliate
Novara
Oleggio
Arona
Sesia
Sesto Calende
Varese
Orta
Maggiore
Lugano
Lago di Como
Como
Lecco
Asso
Erba
Bellaggio
Bellano
Menaggio
Lavenno
Canobbio
Domo d'Ossola
Simplon Pass
Cevio
Faido
Bellinzona
Chiavenna
Casaccia
Morbegno
Sondrio
Tirano
Edolo
Bormio
Botzen
Fondo
Lavis
TRENT
Tione
Breno
Arco
Riva
Roveredo
Ala
Clusone
Lovere
Iseo
Lake Iseo
Gardone
Salo
L. Garda
Rivoli
Peschiera
BRESCIA
Lonato
VERONA
Castiglione
Villafranca
Goito
MANTUA
Asola
Canneto
Oglio
Mincio
Po
Revere
Borzolo
CREMONA
Pizzighettone
Pasterlengo
Lodi
Crema
Melegnano
Landriano
Abbiate-grasso
Binasco
Ticino
Vigevano
Mortara
Lambro
Adda
Cassano
Treviglio
Verdello
Monza
Seveso
Meda
Desio
Milan
Chiari
Orzinovi
Verola Nuova
Leno
Solferino
Chiese
Calcherino
Arcole
Villafranca
Goito
Mantua
Casal Maggiore
Guastalla
Mirandola
Finale
Cento
Coreggio
REGGIO
MODENA
PARMA
Fiorenzuola
Borgo Val di Taro
Pontremoli
Levanto
Sestri Levante
Chiavari
Rapallo
Recco
Genoa
Savona
Pinale
Garessio
Tenda
Digne
Sisteron
Demonte
R. Stura
Durance
Embrun
Gap
Briançon
Cesanne
Exille
Oulx
Bardonnèche
Fenestrelle
Susa
Rivoli
Lanzo
Cirie
Chieri
Chivasso
Trino
Casale
Moncalvo
Valenza
Sale
Casal Cermelli
Tortona
Voghera
Montebello
Stradella
Varzi
Bobbio
Trebbia
Piacenza
Castelnuovo
Belgioioso
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Lannes
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Meda
Desio
Milan
Chiari
Orzinovi
Verola Nuova
Leno
Solferino
Chiese
Calcherino
Arcole
Villafranca
Goito
Mantua
Casal Maggiore
Guastalla
Mirandola
Finale
Cento
Coreggio
Reggio
Modena
Parma



A distance of about three and a half miles separates the field of the morning battle at Marengo from the field of the evening battle near San Giuliano; after the latter the Austrians retreated across the Bormida to Alessandria, and the French bivouacked near Marengo.

Moncey toward the northern entrance of the St. Gotthard.

The situation of the Austrians and the French in Italy had not materially changed on May 13, and was of course still to the advantage of the former. Masséna was in Genoa with 12,000 available troops and 16,000 sick or wounded. Ott was conducting the siege with 24,000 men. Melas, with his 28,000 men, was still on the Var, firmly convinced that the French reserve army would unite with Suchet's 10,000 in Provence and attack from the front. Five days later he was informed of the truth, and, leaving a corps of 17,000 to guard the Riviera, hurried with the rest back to Turin, which he reached on the 25th. Ten thousand Austrians were watching the St. Gotthard at Bellinzona, 3000 were in the valley of the Dora Baltea to observe the southern exit from the St. Bernard range, and 5000 were on the Dora Riparia and 1000 on the Stura for similar purposes regarding the Mont Cenis. Six thousand were marching from Tuscany to reinforce Melas, and 3000 remained there; while in the Romagna, in Istria, and in various garrisons of upper Italy were 16,000 more.

On May 14 began what has been justly considered one of Bonaparte's most daring and brilliant moves. Even at the present day the road over the Great St. Bernard is for a long stretch only a mule-track, and at that season of the year storms of snow and sleet often rage about the hospice and on the higher reaches of the trail. Moreover, while in times of peace it is both the shortest and easiest road from Italy to the north, it is for various reasons easily defensible. The First Consul had carefully considered the great outlines of his strategy; the detail had wisely been left to able lieutenants. One by one the successive divisions, with that of Lannes at the front, climbed the steeps, crossed the yoke, and passed down on the other side to Aosta. There was, of course, some snow, and there was in any case no track for the gun-carriages; the cannon were therefore dismounted, laid in sledges of hollowed logs, and dragged by sheer human force along the rough highway. Bonaparte remained behind at Lausanne, that the enemy might not be assured through his presence that they had to do with the main army.

The passage into the upper vale of Aosta was commonplace enough, and on the 16th the head of Chabran's column also arrived there safely by way of the Little St. Bernard. But every enterprise has its crisis. Lower down, on an abrupt and perpendicular rock, was Fort Bard, which entirely controlled the valley. It proved to be impregnable. Lannes hesitated for a day. Berthier wrote him that the fate of Italy, perhaps of the republic, hung upon its capture. This proved to be a pardonable exaggeration. The French van took a rude mountain-path which lay to the northward over Monte Albaredo, and, leaving their artillery behind, advanced, or rather climbed, across

toward Ivrea. Bonaparte himself came up two days later, and, hearing that Melas had now left the Var, ordered the path to be improved. Lannes, in the interval, attacked Ivrea, but failed for want of cannon. Marmont, the chief of artillery, could not wait for the engineers to complete the new road, but, wrapping all his wheels in hay, and strewing the streets of the hamlet at the foot of Fort Bard with dung, carried all the guns safely past under cover of night. The Austrians could not fire in a plumb-line downward, and, though aware of the movement, they were helpless. The garrison held out for a time, but surrendered on June 1. Ivrea fell at once; the 3000 Austrians in the valley were scattered; and the Italian plains lay open to the daring adventurers, many of whom, having once outflanked the Alps under the same leader, had now attacked and surmounted them. Their enemy was first incredulous, then surprised and undecided; his forces were so scattered that it seemed as if he could no longer hold Tortona. Should that fortress fall into the hands of the French, they could promptly relieve Genoa.

Bonaparte at once became perfectly aware not only of the Austrian position, but also of his own immense advantage. His ideas began at once to expand and change. Why not take advantage of the time which must intervene before the Austrians could concentrate for a decisive action, leave Masséna to hold Genoa a few days longer, himself march to Milan and secure Lombardy, then cross the Po, and, after having cut off all his connections, offer Melas battle? That one battle would decide the fate of Italy was the conception of a strategist. The inverse order of defeating Melas, relieving Genoa, taking Milan, and driving the enemy behind the Adda, would have meant a long campaign. This was the first appearance of this keen conception, which recurs twice more in Napoleon's life — in 1809 and in 1813.

Before the end of the month all was in readiness. Every portion of the army had done its work. Turreau was over Mont Cenis, and had driven in the Austrian guards. Moncey had passed the St. Gotthard in safety, and was ready at Bellinzona. A side column under Bethencourt had crossed the Simplon and was near Domo d'Ossola. On June 2 the entire united French force had crossed the Ticino in safety, and the vanguard entered Milan as the Austrian garrison withdrew first to Lodi and then to Crema. Murat was despatched with his cavalry to drive the retreating columns beyond any possibility of their interference with the next serious operation, the crossing of the Po. Bonaparte celebrated his return not only by the reëstablishment of the Cisalpine Republic and by great civic festivals, but by a religious solemnity at which he declared his respect for the Holy Father and his attachment to the faith. The great cathedral was his special charge. Among the statues of saints which adorn its myriad pinnacles, one of the best is his own portrait.

MARENGO.

THE news of all these movements reached Melas at Turin, where, with the ordinary perspicacity of a good army general, he had expected the battle. With Suchet to the westward on the Var, and Bonaparte in front, his situation was critical. His first intention was to advance by Vercelli, and fall on Bonaparte's rear; but learning of the great force which had crossed the St. Gotthard, he chose as a rallying-point for his army the town of Alessandria, the situation of which amid lowlands and sluggish streams resembles that of Mantua, and made it in those days of short range and weak projectiles a powerful fortress. It was his daring intention to break through the French center. Meantime Masséna, having conducted the defense of Genoa with heroism and persistency until the last, had been forced to open negotiations for surrender. Could he have held out for three days longer, Ott would have been compelled to raise the siege in order to release his own troops for the greater struggle soon to take place. As it was, the terms offered were the best possible, and on June 4 the French marched out under no conditions. On the 6th Ott left with his army for the Austrian rendezvous.

Simultaneously Bonaparte was directing from Milan the slow passage of the great river at three points between Piacenza and Pavia, and bringing in from all around the scattered companies which had been clearing the country in various skirmishes. He left a fortified camp at Stradella and five available bridges over the Po, in case he should be beaten and compelled to retreat. On the 8th one of Melas's couriers to Vienna was captured, and his despatches, which told of the disaster at Genoa, also put the First Consul in full possession of his antagonist's movements and plans. The French and Austrians began their advance about the same time; the former, however, in closer formation and less widely separated from one another. Ott and Lannes met at Casteggio, near Montebello. Bonaparte's orders were to destroy, if possible, the first Austrian column which appeared, "as it must of necessity be weak." In the first struggle the French, who were much inferior in numbers, were worsted; but reinforcements coming up quickly under Victor, their rout was speedily turned into victory, and the enemy was driven back upon the Scrivia, with the loss of 4000 men.



FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY H. BELLANGÉ.

RECEPTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY AT THE HOSPICE OF SAINT BERNARD, MAY 18, 1800.

Melas was still west of Alessandria, at a distance of two days' march. Bonaparte remained in the rear, gathering and ordering the advancing army, but giving no sign, by a personal appearance on the front, of where the decision would be taken until all was in readiness. It was a maxim ever on his lips to prepare for a decisive action by bringing in every available man; no one could tell when the result might turn on the presence of a few men more or less. In this one instance alone he was apparently untrue to his own principle; for no less than 23,000 men had been sent so far out of reach — some to cut off all chance of Austrian escape to the north, east, and south, and some for various other purposes—that he now had only 34,000 men available. His over-confidence was in a sense justified by the enemy's mistakes, but it came near to costing dearly. It went so far that Loison, with 6000 soldiers more, was left behind at Piacenza. By the 12th Melas had joined Ott at Alessandria, which, in view of Bonaparte's grand strategy, was inevitable. Desaix, who had long before been summoned by Bonaparte from Egypt, had finally reached the French headquarters at Stradella on the 11th, and was immediately put in command of one of the three corps, his colleagues being Victor and Lannes.

The flat land about Tortona and Alessandria is watered by two small rivers, the Scrivia and the Bormida, which flow parallel to each other northward toward the Po. Irrigating canals and minor tributary streams, all bordered by pollard willows and other low trees, separate the fields, which are themselves planted with orchards, or yield rich crops of cereals. It was customary for Bonaparte to select an open plain for his battles, if possible. He could then, without fear of being hampered, use his favorite arm, the artillery, which he frequently massed with terrible effect on the wings, while his effective cavalry were sent in repeated onsets to break his enemy's center, and deliver the opposing ranks in broken masses to the musket-fire and bayonet charge of his infantry. Such fields were, of course, numerous between Tortona on the Scrivia and Alessandria on the Bormida. The best was near the great highway which, coming from the east, connects these two towns, and goes on, due westward, by Asti to Turin. Two roads of importance lead southerly, one from each town, to Novi, where they unite, and then proceed to Genoa. Within the triangle thus formed, and only three miles southeastward from Alessandria, lies the hamlet of Marengo, where Victor (with Lannes at San Giuliano) was posted on June 13, awaiting the attack of Melas when he should sally from the fortress. Desaix was sent southward toward Novi, lest Melas should swerve in that direction to try a flank movement. Bonaparte, with the consular guard,—the picked corps of 1200 trusted veterans which he had formed for personal protection in his first Italian campaign, and found more necessary now, with his still more exalted station,—stood at Tortona. He could hardly trust himself to believe that the Austrians would be bold enough to make a direct attack, and had therefore disposed his troops in this scattered way.

But Melas, though slow and old-fashioned, was intrepid, and the Austrians were daring fighters. On the morning of the 14th he began to cross the Bormida, and, his van driving that of the French to Marengo, he was able to deploy east of the stream. Victor received orders to hold the village at any cost, in order to gain time for concentrating the scattered French columns to the right and left of his position, which was to be the center. On a level battle-field the solid brick or stone walls of a village, of a churchyard, or of great farm-courts like those of Lombardy, afford the most desirable shelter, and oftentimes, as at Marengo, Aspern, and even Waterloo, the loss or gain of such a position turns the tide of battle; for an army equipped with flint-lock muskets and small unrifled field-pieces, though victorious in the open, dared not leave a considerable portion of their enemy thus ensconced in the rear. Hence, the ever-recurring and enormous importance of farmsteads and hamlets in the Napoleonic battle-fields. Lannes was to deploy on the right, and Murat was sent with his cavalry in part to support the forming line, and in part to prevent a flank movement along the slow, willow-bordered current of the Tanaro, an affluent of the Bormida. If Desaix could come up in time, he would form the left; in the mean time Kellermann the younger was stationed with his dragoons to guard Victor's open flank.

The first attacks of the Austrians were repulsed, but with loss and difficulty, while by ten in the morning Ott had come up, and was attacking Lannes's flank. The fighting grew ever hotter and more desperate, and the news from Desaix was that it would be four in the afternoon before he could arrive. Bonaparte called in his small reserve, under Monnier, to strengthen Lannes; but it was of no avail. By midday the French were driven out of Marengo, their front was broken, and their columns were in full retreat to the eastward toward San Giuliano. The First Consul was in despair, and as a last resource sent in 800 of the consular guard. For the first hour of the afternoon the retreat was stayed. But the French were soon outflanked on their left by the Austrian cavalry, and again began to withdraw. Bonaparte sat by the roadside, and, swishing his riding-whip,



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

ARRANGING FOR MASSÉNA'S CAPITULATION AT CORNIGLIANO, NEAR GENOA.

called to the flying men to stand and wait for the reserve, a body of troops which did not exist. Seven thousand soldiers — a fifth of his entire available force — had, it is estimated, already fallen. Desaix was not yet within reach. Melas believed he had won the day. Perhaps if the weight of seventy years, and a slight wound, had left the Austrian commander personally less exhausted, he would, in spite of the long endurance of heat, fatigue, and dust, have carried his victorious columns onward in pursuit, and would utterly have scattered his enemy. As it was, he deputed the pursuit of the disorganized but slowly, stubbornly retreating Frenchmen to Zach, his chief of staff, and hurried back to Alessandria for rest and refreshment. His command, ordered in single main column, followed directly on, while Ott, with a minor one, deviated toward the left to seek a parallel line of pursuit.

At this juncture (about five in the afternoon) Desaix appeared at the head of his hurrying line. In an instant Bonaparte had despatched riders in every direction who were instructed to declare that "The French line is forming again." The discouraged men who were still in the ranks took fresh courage, many stragglers were gathered in, and the line was really formed once more. Marmont even collected a battery of eighteen guns, and Kellermann, with the brigade of dragoons which had so long covered Victor's left flank, suddenly reappeared in good condition on Desaix's right. In a moment all was changed. Desaix and Kellermann threw themselves with fury on the head and left of the main Austrian column. The first half was soon in confusion; six thousand men laid down their arms. The second half was demoralized, and took to flight. Their officers rallied the flying lines with difficulty, but sufficiently to hold a bridge over the Bormida until Ott had joined the retreat and safely passed. Before dark a remnant of Melas's army, about 20,000 of the 30,000 he had collected at Alessandria, were all behind the stream, and the French were again in full possession of Marengo. But the gallant Desaix had perished in the moment of victory.

Next morning, exactly a month after the passage of the St. Bernard had begun, the Austrians opened negotiations, and their general agreed to evacuate all northern Italy, with its strong places, as far as the river Mincio. The only Italian lands to be left in Austrian occupation were Tuscany and Ancona. The strategical lesson which Bonaparte drew from the victory at Marengo is often repeated by writers on military science; namely, that the art of war is the art of combinations. His detractors claim the honors of the day for Desaix and Kellermann. The judgment of posterity must be that of his contemporary critics. To plan is already to manœuver; but in war, as elsewhere, to will is one thing, to do is another. A successful battle disorganizes an opposing army, but successful strategy entirely destroys its power. When will and deed accompany each other the result is conclusive. The victory at Marengo was such a decision. Bonaparte the army commander lost it; Bonaparte the general-in-chief won it, even as it was. But even if Desaix had not appeared, it would have been gained elsewhere. The road to Stradella was open, the French connections were unbroken, and although such later explanations have little value, Napoleon was probably right when he said that he would have crossed the Po on one of his five bridges covered by his batteries, would have combined his first division with those he had left behind, and then would have attacked and destroyed each successive Austrian corps as it crossed the stream in pursuit. Marengo was the pattern of an offensive campaign organized, not to win battles and spare the lives of soldiers, but to destroy an enemy. In a just cause this policy is great and humane; in an unjust cause any warfare is butchery. To assert, as many do, that Marengo was superb, but unpatriotic, is simply to renounce the cause in which it was fought.

Henceforward we have carefully to distinguish two men in the First Consul, as afterward in the Emperor — the statesman and the general. The former is always prominent, always in evidence; the latter often hides himself, and does his great work, in the service of the former. The conflict at Marengo was the first of the statesman's four decisive battles, and he knew it. It gave him the undisputed mastery of France. There never was a fight more carefully explained to a nation, both at the time and subsequently, than this one. There was real danger that the temporary check might obscure in the common mind the true greatness of the main conception and its execution. To prevent such a mishap was essential. In the form of bulletins, of inspired articles in the obsequious press, in conversations, by hints, innuendos, and every other known channel, such reports were put in circulation as insured the full value of a great success to the chief magistrate of France. Combined with the victories of Moreau, it restored the finances of the country; for the latter, who had in the interval occupied Munich, levied forty millions in a lump on south Germany, while Piedmont and the reorganized Ligurian and Cisalpine republics were now each to pay monthly tribute amounting annually to a similar sum.

Leaving Masséna to command the Army of Italy, the First Consul hastened to Milan,



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

BONAPARTE CHECKING THE FRENCH RETREAT FROM MARENGO.

where he tarried only long enough to despatch a peace commissioner to Vienna. He then hurried on to Paris. The public had not at first understood that the chief magistrate would so plumply violate the constitution. When his intention to assume military command became clear, there was no audible discontent; the only effect was to create a coterie about Talleyrand which discussed the consequences if the daring adventurer were to be killed. While deliberating whether Carnot or Lafayette should be the coming man, their sessions were indefinitely adjourned by receipt of the news and by the speedy return of their master. His journey through the provinces was a continuous ovation; every town had its triumphal arch. By his command the reception which Paris would have given the man whom victory was fast making her idol was ostentatiously kept within moderate limits, but on the evening of his return —July 3, 1800 — the entire city burst into one great illumination. Every one was talking of Hannibal and the Alps, of the army climbing like chamois and toiling like oxen, of the hospice of St. Bernard with its devoted brothers and their sagacious dogs, of precipices and avalanches, and of the climax of all these toils in the plains of Italy, not forgetting the touching loss of the gallant and handsome Desaix.

THE PEACE OF LUNÉVILLE.

THE day for display was past, the time for solid achievement had arrived. First, if possible, the peace so ardently desired must be secured. Recognizing this, the victor of Marengo had addressed a letter from Milan to the emperor Francis, explaining why it was Austria's interest to abandon England, and become the friend of France on the old terms of Campo Formio. But it is a long distance from Vienna to Milan. Austria, having just bargained for a new subsidy from the apparently inexhaustible coffers of England, could not consider a separate peace, and the cabinet could go no further than to send an agent with very limited powers to see whether France might not be brought to make some concessions which would be useful toward a general pacification. The personage chosen was one of those who every now and then seem by accident to enter the solemn councils of history in order to enliven their gravity by blunders and mock heroism. The Count of St. Julien, an Austrian diplomatist attached after the fall of Genoa to the army, had been chosen by Bonaparte to carry to Vienna his proposition for a general armistice, couched in the most dramatic terms, and closing with a passionate appeal for peace. The bearer was at once sent back to Milan with the Austrian counter-proposition, which accepted the armistice, but suggested clearer definition in the terms on which peace was to be negotiated than could be found in those of Campo Formio — terms which intervening circumstances and new engagements had rendered impossible of execution.

The luckless diplomat, finding in Milan that Bonaparte was already in Paris, transcended his instructions, and followed. Arrived on the banks of the Seine, he was welcomed with ostentatious heartiness, and intrusted to the wiles of Talleyrand, who intended so to use his victim that the French people would consider peace within easy reach. They were to be deceived into believing that a living plenipotentiary was among them. Accepting the French minister's large interpretation of his powers, the flattered ignoramus made his first misstep, and began negotiations. Within a week he had signed preliminaries the execution of which would have definitely accomplished the First Consul's great purpose, and have forever sundered Austria and England. When St. Julien reached Vienna, in August, Thugut was infuriated, and passed sleepless nights at the mere thought of a formal negotiation having taken place without the knowledge of Great Britain, his master's ally and indispensable support. To preserve some appearance of straightforwardness, an account of the facts was promptly sent to England, and St. Julien himself was disavowed and imprisoned, while Talleyrand's preliminaries were utterly rejected.

The Austrian strength was nearly worn out, but new troops were raised. The archduke John, still a mere boy, but with talents vaunted as superior to those of the archduke Charles, was put in Kray's place. Melas was removed to make way for Bellegarde, a younger but less able man. The former had 80,000 men and a reserve under Klenau; General Iller, with 30,000, was in the Tyrol; and Bellegarde was on the Mincio, with 90,000. The tried and skilful Cobenzl was sent to reopen negotiations. Joseph Bonaparte was appointed French plenipotentiary to meet him. Their conferences were held chiefly at Lunéville, a frontier town southeast of Nancy. The prolongation of the armistice necessary for these arrangements was bought by the cession of three fortresses to Moreau, and was the more easily secured because Bonaparte, though furious at his failure to secure peace in consequence of Marengo, still felt that peace was imperative. Soon afterward court intrigue at Vienna overthrew Thugut, and Cobenzl, clever as he was, betrayed at once the inherent weakness of his position. In order to conceal Austria's exhaustion, he had been instructed to make a bold demand for an English associate, and to plead urgency for a general peace; but he se-



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-PAULIN GUÉRIN, IN THE COLLECTION OF ULRIC-RICHARD DESAIX.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

LOUIS-CHARLES-ANTOINE DESAIX.

cretly gave Talleyrand to understand that sufficient concession in Italy would secure what the First Consul desired, a separate peace with Austria. Bonaparte had no intention of taking either course, either of suing for peace with England, or of granting more than he had originally offered to Austria. Finally, in November, he determined to renew hostilities, and declared that the state of the nation and Austria's procrastination justified the prosecution of the war. Joseph Bonaparte and the Austrian plenipotentiary continued their parleyings at Lunéville, but the armistice was ended.

Among all the purely French generals of the republic and the Directory, the name of Hoche, so prematurely cut off by death, stands highest. Second only to his is that of Kléber. The latter had finally recognized the desperate situation of the French colony in Egypt, and early in the year 1800 had concluded with Sir Sidney Smith, at El Arish, a treaty for honorable withdrawal. But there had been a hitch as to its acceptance in London, and no preparations to fulfil the terms were made. In the interval Kléber, alarmed by the gathering force of Turkish troops, turned, with the sadly diminished army of 12,000 French, on the Turkish pasha, who now stood at Heliopolis with 70,000 men, and on March 20, 1800, in what was confessedly the most amazing fight ever seen by an Egyptian sun, swept the horde out of existence. It was his admirable administration during the ensuing months which, together with the achievements of its scholars, gave all the luster to the ill-starred expedition which was ever shed upon it. On the very day on which, at Marengo, Desaix received in his heart the fatal ball, Kléber fell a victim to the dagger of a Mohammedan fanatic. The French humiliation in Egypt was concluded a year later by a compulsory evacuation under the leadership of Menou. Moreau was now, therefore, the solitary great survivor of Revolution traditions in warfare.

On the opening of hostilities in Germany, Moreau's line was near Munich, skirting the forests on the little river Isar, while that of his enemy held a position of great strength behind the broad stream of the Inn. To strengthen his force, troops enough were sent to raise his numbers to about 100,000, and 25,000 men were stationed under Augereau on the Main. Masséna, whose ever more pronounced republicanism and independence of speech had not passed unnoticed at Paris, was found guilty of bad administration in Italy, and was replaced by Brune. This eclipse was, as it was intended to be, only temporary. Murat was stationed in central Italy to watch Naples; Macdonald stood in the Grisons with 15,000 men, ready to turn north or south at a moment's notice, as exigency should demand. The time had come for the conclusive blow where alone it could be delivered — in Bavaria.

The defensive position of the young archduke behind the Inn was very strong. Moreau had carefully studied the advantages for battle of the high plain on which he himself stood, and in the raw, damp days of early winter reluctantly began to prepare for an advance. His enemy, with the over-confidence of youth, and burning for the distinction of a second Bonaparte, made ready simultaneously to abandon all the strength of his position, and likewise moved forward. The French could hardly believe their senses when, on December 1, their left was checked in its advance and driven back by what was evidently the great army of their enemy. Without hesitation Moreau made ready to receive the Austrians on familiar ground. The evening of the next day found the French arrayed near Hohenlinden, eighteen miles east of Munich, and all their dispositions complete, so that every avenue of approach by the neighboring forests was in their hands, and no road to Munich open except that on which they stood.

The famous battle, rendered so familiar to all English-speaking peoples by Campbell's stirring lines, began on the morning of December 4. It opened at half-past seven, the main attack being on the center. Moreau, supported by Grenier, Ney, and Grouchy, easily sustained the onset, while right and left the wings began to infold the Austrians, who were now blundering through the unknown woodland paths. When all was ready, Ney and Grouchy were suddenly detached to break through and join their forces to those of Richepanse, which had reached the Austrian rear. The manœuver was successfully accomplished, and by three in the afternoon the day was won for the French at every point, and with a loss that was slight in comparison with that of the Austrians, which was upward of 20,000 killed and wounded, besides much artillery and immense stores. The flight was a rout, and even the archduke narrowly escaped capture. Moreau's pursuit was as sharp as his fighting, and a fortnight later he was within easy reach of Vienna, where confusion and terror would have reigned supreme had not the archduke Charles been persuaded to resume the chief command in the extremity. Fortunately also for Francis, this rapidity had left Augereau's corps in danger from the possible advance of Klenau, and, much as the French commander would have liked to eclipse his rival in Paris, he dared go no further, but was compelled to rest content with having won a victory greater than any Bonaparte had gained. The campaign was of course



PEN-AND-CRAYON SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY E. J. DELAHAYE.

CHARGE OF THE TWELFTH HUSSARS AT THE BATTLE OF MARENGO.



DRAWN BY U. CHECA.

THE ATTACK OF RICHEPANSE UPON THE REAR OF THE AUSTRIANS AT HOHENLINDEN.

ended, and to release Augereau from all menace the armistice was signed at Steyer on Christmas day. In Italy Brune had with difficulty advanced to Trent on the Adige. He was there to join Macdonald, whose feat of leading 15,000 men across the Splügen in the heart of winter had scarcely attracted the attention it deserved.

Hohenlinden brought matters to a speedy conclusion at Lunéville, where a separate peace for Austria was signed February 9, 1801. The terms were hard, and virtually shattered the time-honored Hapsburg policy of conquest and territorial expansion. The Austrian line in northern Italy was fixed at the Adige; the Grand Duke of Tuscany lost his land, and, like him of Modena, received no other compensation except a grant from the Breisgau in Germany; the Rhine from source to mouth was to be the French boundary; and the German temporal princes who should thus be stripped of possessions were to be indemnified by the secularization of the spiritual territories on the right bank. Austria was thus not only left insignificant in Italy: she was deprived of her independent station as a great power in Europe; she was even threatened in her Germanic ascendancy, for the spiritual princes of the empire were her main support in the Diet, and the diminution of their numbers and influence meant the supremacy of Prussia in Germany. The treaty was negotiated for France by Joseph Bonaparte; it was signed by Austria, not only for herself, but for the Germanic body, in which, according to its terms, the First Consul might, if necessary, intervene in order to secure the execution of the terms laid down in the document.

Such provisions could only mean for Austria either permanent humiliation or a speedy resumption of hostilities whenever recruited strength would admit. It is doubtful whether she would have accepted them even then had not the First Consul's diplomacy finally succeeded in winning the Czar altogether to his cause. It will be remembered that in the previous year the cession of Malta to Russia had been suggested by the French envoy at St. Petersburg. This was, of course, another step in the process of widening the dissension already created in the coalition. The proposition had been received by the Czar with great delight; and when, on September 5, 1800, the besieging English compelled the French garrison of that island to capitulate, and, careless of the Grand Master's rights, had entered on full possession of the island, the emperor Paul, openly accusing England and Austria of treachery, not only deserted the alliance, but entered an "armed neutrality" with Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia to check English aggression at sea. The real motive of Frederick William III. in joining this movement was to repress Austria's aspirations for the annexation of Bavarian lands. He persisted in his old, stiff neutrality, and would make no alliance with Bonaparte; but he was glad to see his rival weakened. The Czar believed that by diminishing Austria's power in Italy that state would be impotent to restrain Russia's ambition in



FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES DURUPT, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ANTOINE RICHEPANSE.

the Orient. One authority declares that Paul had been assured by a personal letter from the First Consul that he was about to restore the Bourbons, and would himself be content with an Italian principality; but this is doubtful. So ardent was the Russian autocrat, however, that he urged forward the preparation of plans for the projected Franco-Russian expedition, which was to march by way of Khiva and Herat, and strike at the heart of England's power by the conquest of India.

This was the first of those sportive and ironical games which for years to come Bonaparte was so successfully to play with the old dynasties of Europe and their heads. Its success temporarily secured the peace of the Continent on terms most advantageous to himself.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

A BIT OF ITALIAN MERRYMAKING.

THE LILIES OF NOLA.



HE little city of Nola lies in the heart of fertile Campania, under the sunset shadow of Mount Vesuvius. Its aspect is singularly like that of a Western agricultural town that has ideas of future greatness. The half-finished façade of its great cathedral (which was destroyed by fire a score of years ago, and is now in process of such slow reconstruction as a lawsuit between the city and the architect will allow); the unstuccoed walls of the municipal palace, with its courtyard full of half-chipped lava-blocks; the fringe of ungainly houses that girdle the public square and await demolition in the new plan of city improvement, all call to mind the newness though not the enterprise of the western frontier of the New World, rather than the hoary antiquity of the Old, dating back hundreds and hundreds of years before Christ.

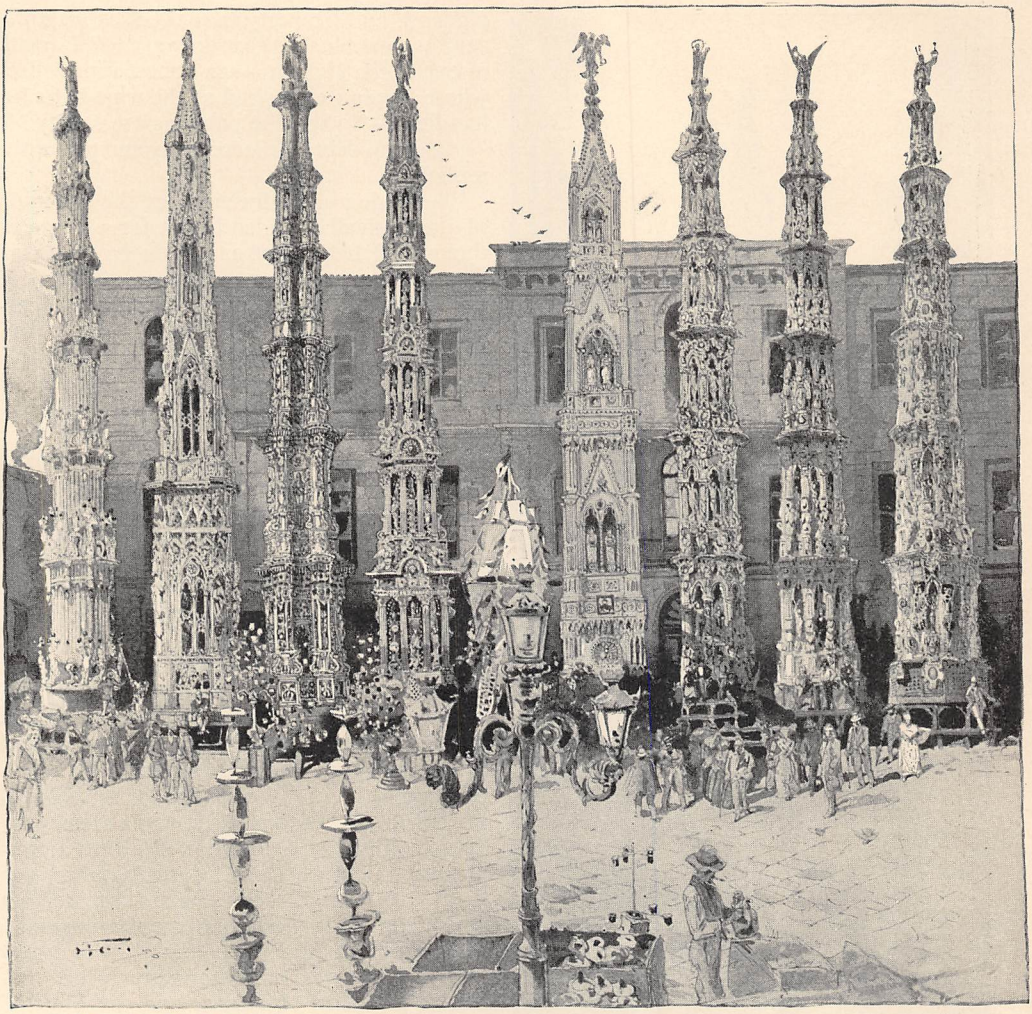
Yet every clod of this Campanian soil is alive with classic and artistic memories. The broken-nosed or wholly headless Roman emperors that guard in mutilated marble dignity the four corners of the public square witnessed in their day the prowess of Marcellus, the "sword of Rome," and exulted over the impregnability of the fortress which broke the prestige of Hannibal.

Here the archæologist collected the graceful array of fictile vases that illustrate one of the noblest periods of Greco-Roman art. Here the numismatist found the precious coins that enrich the world's museums. Here the serene Augustus, the godfather of art and literature, died; and as if to prove the immortality of the germs of individual thought, here lived, centuries after, Thomas Aquinas, the "Angelic Doctor," and wrote in the quiet cloisters of the Dominican monastery the luminous "Philosophic Code" of the middle ages. Here, too, Giordano Bruno was born and, long before Bacon and Descartes, laid the foundations of modern experimental philosophy, and, in wide communion with the divine beauties of nature that encompassed him, conceived the lofty pantheism that was destined, later on, to lead him to the stake. In art, Giovanni da Nola chiseled his name on the imperishable records of the cinque-cento.

But these are all dusty memories. Nola has a living and personal one in the melodious chime of church bells which celebrate in sonorous jargon, the world over, their invention by St. Paulinus, the beloved bishop of Nola. Thus the poetic idea that gave to every church spire a living voice wherewith to call to prayer, outlives the glory of Marcellus and of Augustus, and Nola celebrates her yearly festival in honor of the gentle and beneficent Paulinus.

The fifty trains despatched by the narrow-gage railway on June 24 are insufficient to contain the crowds that flock to Nola to admire the famous *Gigli*, or Lilies, which are its pride. Pure tradition (for I can find no treatise or historical account of the custom) has handed down from father to son the art of making these large structures, which I should be afraid to describe did not photography come to the aid of faith and enable me to lay before the incredulous the proof that reality is sometimes stranger than fiction. The "Lilies" of Nola, which in the beginning were probably pyramids of flowers carried in the procession in honor of St. Paulinus, are to-day towering obelisks or turrets eighty or ninety feet high, artistically constructed in Gothic, Corinthian, and Doric styles, adorned with statues, ornamental friezes, bas-reliefs, and emblems, and built on movable platforms.

A *fanfara*, or band of trumpeters, occupies the first-floor balcony of a Lily, and marks the time for forty stout *facchini*, or porters, who in perfect step, and with corresponding good humor, gaily carry the towers, players and all, on their shoulders through the streets of the town! But this is not all. I shall not soon forget the genuine emotion I experienced when, penetrating on that radiant June morning into the broad piazza where the eight colossal Lilies in all their barbaric gold and pearl reflected and multiplied the dazzling rays of the sun, I heard the music of the approaching procession and saw the fragile turrets dance the tarantella! Back and forth and round about they went in cadenced step, proud to show their perfect equilibrium and to compete for the plaudits of the cheering crowd. An elephant on a tight-rope, leviathan plunging in a pond! And when, as the statue of the saint, borne on the shoulders of acolytes, slowly circled the square in the midst of chanting choirs and clouds of incense, I saw them bend before it at an angle as graceful as it



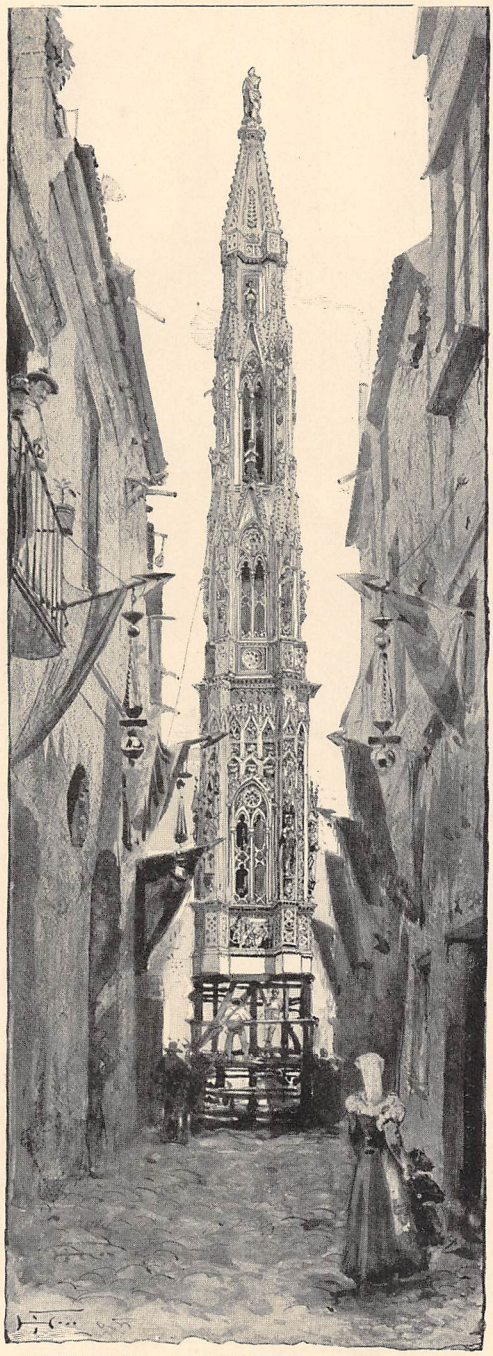
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

THE LILIES OF NOLA.

was defiant of the laws of gravity, I was forced to conclude that the days of miracles are not fully over. Faith may yet remove mountains by putting the robust shoulders of the faithful under them!

The eight Lilies of Nola may be seen in the above illustration at the moment when, drawn up in the public square on each side of the quaint bark of St. Paulinus, they await the solemn benediction of the bishop and the not less important award of the city premium. They are built at the expense of the various gilds and crafts of the town—bakers, butchers, tailors, shoemakers, blacksmiths, grocers, carpenters, and husbandmen or market-gardeners. Each one bears above the plinth the ensign or emblem of the gild: a poetic sheaf of wheat for the husbandmen; a man's prosaic waistcoat for the tailors; a flask of wine and a pear-shaped cheese for the grocers; a horned ox's head for the butchers; a last for the shoemakers; a wrought-iron sickle for the smiths.

The average weight of each structure, including the band, the small boys in the rigging, and the triumphant female who sits in state under the central arch, is about six thousand pounds, or three tons. The cost ranges from two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars each. Every year two *giglianti*, or lily-men, are chosen by each gild, one to dress and the other to undress the Lily. The first is the master of the feast, and the second, to whom belong the spoils, will be so next year; and almost before the echoes of the festival die away he begins his rounds to seek the offerings of friends and neighbors for the succeeding year.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE LILY OF THE GROCERS' GILD.

The *charpente*, or skeleton, of the structure, which is formed of stout poles lashed firmly together, is preserved from year to year, and materially lessens the expense; the ornamentation, on the other hand, must be entirely new; and it is the aim as well as the pride of the gigliante and his party to make it as magnificent as possible. "What do you do," I asked of one of the giglianti — an honest wine-seller, whose hands were as red as the wine-butts he handled — "when the offerings are scanty?"

"Go into debt," he laconically and promptly replied.

The giving up or lessening of the splendor of the festival is evidently not for a moment thought of. Better mortgage to-morrow's bread or to-morrow's vintage, with the easy faith of the Italian in Micawber's comfortable maxim.

Undoubtedly the handsomest Lily of the year I am describing, for purity of design and elegance of finish, was that built by the Butchers' Gild. It was a turret in pointed Gothic style, inclosed on all four sides, representing in pure white and soft chiaroscuro tints the central minaret, with its delicate and lacelike tracery, of the famous cathedral of Milan. A winged Victory crowned the summit, and beautiful statues filled the ornamental niches; and, vanity of vanities! a life-size portrait of the proud architect decorated the plinth, to the edification of beholders. The Lily of the prodigal wine-merchant I have quoted was in delicious rococo style, a very tangle of brilliant coloring and elaborate detail as fantastic as a vase of *vieux Saxe*. The grocers' Lily was in Gothic and the shoemakers' in baroco style. The Lilies of the smiths and of the tailors rose like colossal towers of glittering majolica, while the bakers' Lily, built in pure Corinthian style, was admirably adorned with reclining angels, trumpet in hand, that recalled the exquisite seraphs of Fra Angelico. Thus the old artistic fire lingers in the veins of an uncultivated people, who rudely but vividly express what they vaguely feel.

The choosing of designs and the work of preparation occupy considerable time; but the erecting, or "dressing," of the Lily, as it is called, is, like the building of Aladdin's palace, done in a single night — a haste rendered necessary by the fact that an accidental shower would speedily melt the gay structure to paste. However, in this brilliant climate, in the month of June, unless Vesuvius has a very threatening cloud-cap on, fair weather may be counted on.

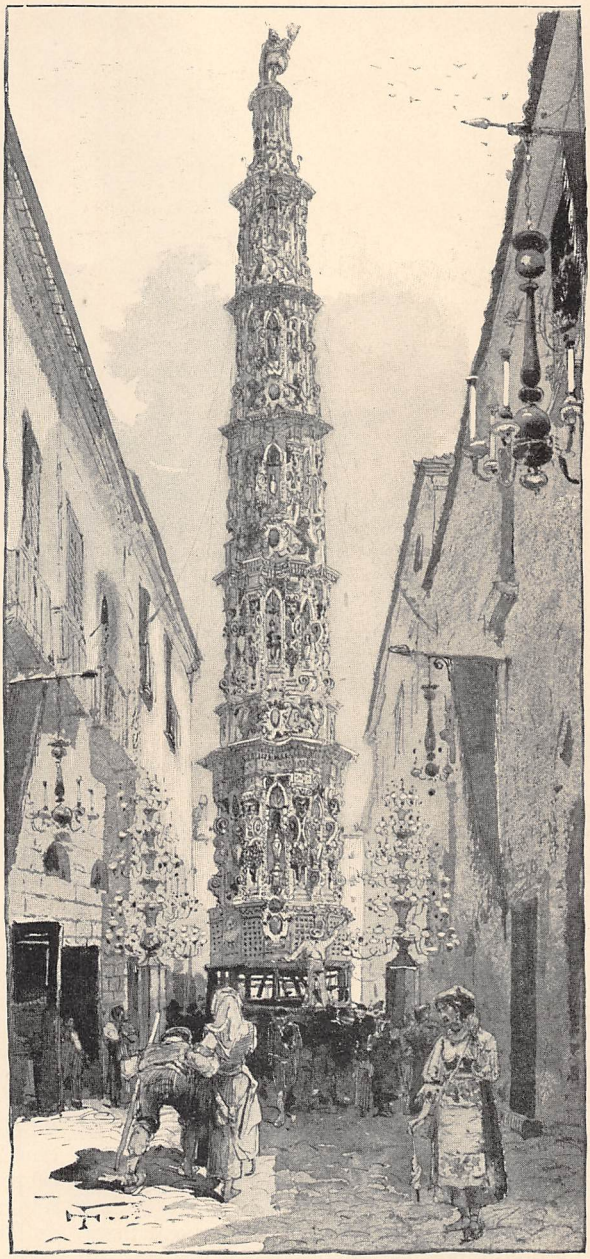
As soon as the Lily is dressed and fully adorned (I counted upon one no fewer than fifty statues of papier-mâché!) it is firmly anchored with ropes to the trees and balconies about the home of the gigliante, which becomes the Mecca of the faithful, until it is called to join the procession at the public square. Then the rigging, which is masked with thick bunches of green box and is gaily decorated with fluttering bannerets, is mounted by daring urchins, who, poised here and there like squirrels fifty feet in air, steady the lofty pinnacle with invisible ropes. The platform is occupied by the band,

without which it would be impossible to keep step, and the underpinning is manned by the robust porters, whose shoulders before the day is over are always bruised and often cut and bleeding. The gigliante, like a band-master, goes ahead and gives the signal of march, crowds of small boys dance and cut fantastic tricks before it, the people applaud to the echo, and the majestic pile moves swiftly and smoothly through the crowd, seeming to be propelled by its own impulse rather than by the will of forty men.

As the Lilies bow before the advancing saint, a scene of wild bombardment takes place. From every story of the structure are violently thrown handfuls of pebbly *confetti*. They rattle like hail against the silver stole and jeweled miter of the saint, while a snow-storm of rose-leaves and flower-petals from the balconies fairly thickens the air. In the center of the square, also upon a movable platform, the famous bark awaits the arrival of St. Paulinus. This is a small sloop firmly wedged into the imaginary waves of a painted ocean, and is supposed to be a facsimile of the one that brought the saint back from captivity in Africa, in the year 400. For, as the story runs, the good and gentle bishop, after having expended all his vast fortune to redeem from slavery the Nolan captives taken in the incursions of the Vandals, had nothing left to give as a ransom for the only son of a poor widow who appealed to him for help —nothing but himself, and himself he gave.

Sacred tradition relates that he labored as a slave in the fields until, having performed —in spite of himself, so to speak— various miracles, he was recognized by the Vandals, released from bondage, and restored to Nola, loaded with rich gifts, and accompanied by all the Nolan captives that had remained slaves. In the bark a turbaned negro in Turkish costume represents the converts he brought back from Africa.

The band, it is true, wears the uniform of the Italian army, and plays the rattling hymn of the house of Savoy in honor of the saint dead fourteen hundred years ago; but these are trifling anachronisms, which give a certain flavor to the feast, as a dash of salt does to punch. There is so much genuine devotion, so much perfectly naïve heathenism, in the *festa* that one might sooner believe one's self on the shores of the Ganges, with the fateful car of Juggernaut approaching, than in the heart of modern Italy, with Progress looking gravely on, and Anarchy sneering in the background.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE LILY OF THE TAILORS' GILD.

Mary Scott-Uda.



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE, AFTER A RUSSIAN PRINT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

NOTABLE WOMEN: SONYA KOVALEVSKY.

ONE of the most popular and typical ideas of woman's place in the world in the days of chivalry is that furnished by the old ballads, which represent her as sitting serenely enthroned above the lists where mailed champions fought her battles. Nowadays women do not throw down the glove for devoted knights to rescue. They leap boldly into the lists themselves, and wage gallant battle, in company with the warriors, over many serious things, spiritual as well as material, but over none more hotly than over the question of woman's true sphere, and whether the higher education renders a woman unfeminine and unfits her for that sphere.

It will be interesting to watch the hand-to-hand conflict which is certain to ensue upon a fuller knowledge on the part of the public of the career and private life of Sophia (or Sonya) Kovalevsky, set forth in her "Recollections of Childhood" and the biography by the Duchessa di Cajanello. It may safely be predicted that neither side will conquer, but that each side will always believe that it has demonstrated its doctrines beyond the possibility of doubt.

Only a strong and deeply interesting personality could worthily give rise to such a conflict, and such a personality Sonya Kovalevsky presented. She had no morbid self-consciousness, no precocious sense of her own importance to the universe, present and future, which could inspire her to keep a diary from the age of twelve, such as that of Marie Bashkirtseff, hitherto the best-known of her countrywomen so far as the revelation of inner life is concerned. Sonya Kovalevsky's "Recollections" were not written until she had attained to a position absolutely unique in the history of feminine achievement, and far above that which Marie Bashkirtseff ever dreamed of gaining. She was the professor of mathematics in the University of Stockholm; she had won, in a perfectly fair, sealed competition with the most distinguished men, the greatest mathematical prize in the world — the Bordin prize, which was doubled in amount on her behalf; she had won the hearts of the Swedes, who called her

proudly and affectionately by her pet name — "*our* Professor Sonya." Despite her learning, she carried off more prizes of men's hearts than ambitious Marie Bashkirtseff, with her beauty, taste, aspirations for fashion, society, and a grand match, or, failing that, love.

The comparison of these two Russian women seems only natural, because their likenesses as well as their differences are equally illustrative of particular features in national and individual character, and in the character of all women. In one point they were, in a measure, alike: both Sonya Kovalevsky and Marie Bashkirtseff craved distinction in their work, and yet neither was willing to abdicate the woman's throne in the affections of men. At the bottom of their hearts the women who have won fame, and for any reason, no matter what, have missed the woman's distinctive domestic career, always regret that loss. While many of them might hesitate or refuse, like Sonya Kovalevsky, to renounce a brilliant independent career already assured for the problematic happiness of married life, like her they desire to grasp the one without sacrificing the other. This is likewise true of the married women who are "condemned" to the "obscure" life of domestic happiness.

But there was, nevertheless, an essential difference between Sonya Kovalevsky and Marie Bashkirtseff: "our Professor Sonya" loved her work for itself. The fame which it incidentally brought her never spoiled the sweet and gentle ways which endeared her to all. But who dare say that Marie Bashkirtseff loved her work for anything except the world-wide fame which she fondly hoped that it might bring her, or that she was an unselfish, easy, and pleasant person to live with?

Up to the age of fifteen there would seem to have been very little in Sonya Kovalevsky even to suggest her future distinction. From a very early age she was brought up at Palibino, the estate of her father, General Korvin-Krukovsky. This estate was situated on the border of Poland, in the depths of the country, one hundred miles from the nearest railway-station. Her only companions were a beautiful and talented sister, five years her elder, and a brother, three years her junior. She was relegated almost entirely to the society of her governess, who was now a Frenchwoman, now an Englishwoman, and to that of the Polish tutor who grounded her in arithmetic. There were no young people in the neighborhood, and Sonya longed for a companion of her own age; but when one little friend, Olya, was brought to spend the day with her, she bit Olya's fat little arm until it bled, out of pure jealousy, because Uncle Schubert had taken the newcomer on his lap. After this proof of her early craving for exclusive affection, which she narrates in her "Recollections," she seems to have had no playmates.

The Polish tutor relates of little Sonya that, although she was distinguished by rare understanding and facility for learning, she showed no special talent for mathematics until she reached a certain problem in geometry. She cried over that, like an ordinary child, when he told her that she had reached the proper solution by a circuitous, but original, route.

In some of its features the picture which Sonya gives of life on her father's estate is characteristically national and delightful. In repapering the house, the wall-paper gave out before one of the children's rooms was reached, and Russian indolence thinking it "not worth the while" to send to St. Petersburg for paper for one room, it was papered with the discarded sheets of lithographed lectures on the differential and integral calculus. The formulæ on these eccentric walls fascinated little Sonya into hours of contemplation, and of effort to piece them together in their proper order. When, at the age of fifteen, she took her first lesson, in St. Petersburg, from a celebrated mathematician, all these formulæ came back to her memory, and she seemed, to the professor's amazement, to know all these difficult things already.

While little Sonya was thus laying the foundations of her future fame by industry, her elder sister, Aniuta, was behaving very much as any other girl would have done under the circumstances. Aniuta, who was very beautiful, talented, and gifted with a special charm of manner, had been trained to shine in society. Suddenly, just as the age arrived for her rising as a social star, she was carried off to the dullness of life in distant Palibino. Revolt was useless, as repeated attempts proved. Aniuta kept the household in a turmoil with her frantic projects for killing time. Then she took to novel-reading, plunged into medievalism, clothed herself like the lady of an ancient castle, and surrounded herself with antique furniture to preserve the illusion. When this amusement palled, she had a fit of religious enthusiasm, or rather of mysticism, and wept despairingly because she could not fathom the mysteries of creation and of the future life.

From this she was rescued by the arrival, on his vacation, of the village priest's son. This young man had imbibed "advanced" ideas by contact with the broader life of the capital, and had refused to become a priest and succeed to his father's place, as is customary. A long explanation would not present the relations which exist between the nobility and the priestly class in Russia as clearly as Sonya

Kovalevsky does with a few graphic touches at this point in her narrative. Since extremes proverbially meet, Aniuta Krukovsky was quite ready to receive "advanced" ideas, because she had seen so little of life, and the priest's son, who had seen too much, gladly instructed her until his father's curse, and ejection from the paternal roof, separated him from his pupil. The first fruit of this instruction was that Aniuta subscribed for Russian periodicals, which her father, who took only French and English journals, despised; and thus she became acquainted with modern Russian authors. The next was that she wrote a story, and sent it to the author-editor Dostoevsky. The latter praised it, accepted it, encouraged her to write more, and paid her for this story, and for a second tale, to which one of his own, written much later, bore a very strong resemblance. Up to this point Aniuta, who knew only too well her father's prejudices, had conducted the affair clandestinely. But the letter with the money fell into her father's hands, and the scene which ensued was characteristic of Russian aristocratic ideas and manners. After a while the father relented, and the family began to regard Aniuta as a genius; and when Mme. Krukovsky, with Aniuta and Sonya, went to St. Petersburg in the following winter, Aniuta carried with her the father's permission to make Dostoevsky's personal acquaintance, under the strictest surveillance of her mother. Authors were a strange and dangerous sort of creatures in the eyes of General Krukovsky and, as a rule, of his class.

Sonya, who was her sister's most ardent admirer, confidante, and companion, witnessed all of this interesting friendship, even the concluding chapter. After Dostoevsky had ruined one of Aniuta's chances of making a desirable marriage by his rude attentions, he proposed to Aniuta himself. On the frail foundation of a bit of egregious flattery, he had become the temporary object of Sonya's fervent adoration, and she practised long and diligently on a piece of music which he liked. When poor Sonya seized her opportunity to entrance him with "his piece," he slipped out of the room, taking Aniuta with him, to offer her his heart. Sonya, having never suspected that Dostoevsky was in love with her sister, found them taking base advantage of her, as she regarded it, and fled to her room and went to bed in a fit of raging jealousy.

Soon afterward the Krukovskys returned to Palibino, and six months later Dostoevsky wrote to tell Aniuta that his forever-shattered heart had been accepted by another girl.

When Sonya was eighteen and Aniuta was twenty-three, the first crisis in Sonya's life arrived. They were again in St. Petersburg. All their intimate friends were imbued with the "advanced" ideas, and longed for more knowledge, in order that they might, in some undefined manner, serve their beloved country. But parents in the higher ranks of life would not allow their daughters to go abroad to the foreign universities to study, and the higher courses of instruction for women connected with the universities of St. Petersburg and Moscow, were not yet established. In this difficulty the young girls had recourse to the famous "fictitious marriages," which are usually incorrectly represented as having been adopted for the purposes of revolution and anarchy only. An "advanced" young man and girl went through the marriage ceremony; the young husband escorted his bride to the foreign university of her choice, and left her there, or remained to study; but the marriage remained a mere form.

Sonya's sister and that sister's friend resolved to escape from parental "tyranny" by this means. They made their choice of a young professor in the university, whom they knew by reputation only, called on him (in company with the ever-present and admiring Sonya), and proposed that he should marry one of them at pleasure, in order that they might acquire freedom. The girls had made the compact that whichever of them was chosen should take the other abroad for study under the guise of a pleasure-trip, to which the obdurate parents would make no objection. The professor gravely declined, and courteously bowed them out. Sonya met him in society fifteen years later, and they had a hearty laugh over the memory of this extraordinary scene.

The next venture of these undaunted girls was, in a way, more successful, though it also had a surprise in store for them. They proposed to a talented young student of great promise, but the proposal was made in society, with far less solemnity than on the previous occasion. To their satisfaction — and horror — he agreed, with a slight change in the program, which was that he should marry Sonya. As they at once foresaw, General Krukovsky sternly refused to allow his younger daughter to marry while her elder sister was still unmarried.

But Sonya was capable of desperate deeds. One evening, just before the arrival of the guests for a dinner-party, she stole out of the house, aided by Aniuta, and went to the lodgings of Vladimir Kovalevsky, the young student, and there awaited results. General Krukovsky discovered the absence of his daughter just as the company was about to sit down at table, and in answer to his inquiries Aniuta told him that Sonya had gone out alone (an unheard-of thing, especially at that late hour, in that land and class), and had left a note on her dressing-

table. Half an hour later General Krukovsky led his daughter and Vladimir Kovalevsky into the dining-room, and presented them to his guests as betrothed bride and groom.

After the wedding the Kovalevskys lived for a time in St. Petersburg. Then they went abroad, and Sonya began her long course of studies at the German universities. She took with her a talented and ambitious Russian girl who was eager for instruction, to make whose acquaintance she had gone expressly to Moscow. What we know of Sonya's life during the long years of preparation which led to her fame, we know from this friend, who rarely quitted her side. A little later on Aniuta and her friend joined the Kovalevskys. But Aniuta and her friend frowned on the cordial friendship which had sprung up between Kovalevsky and his nominal wife, as a treachery to the cause of learning and of Russia, and they made Kovalevsky so uncomfortable that he fled to another university. Aniuta did not long pursue her studies. She had a peculiar and exciting career in Paris, under the Commune and elsewhere. But Sonya remained faithful and devoted to her, even to the detriment of her own interests, until Aniuta's death.

After winning many degrees and triumphs, Sonya was invited to go to Stockholm as privat-docent. She soon became professor at the university — the first woman admitted to that honor in Europe. The person who brought this about was Professor Mittag-Leffler. Sonya's intimate friend during her residence in Sweden was his sister, Anna Carlotta Leffler (Fru Edgren by her first marriage, the Duchessa di Cajanello by her second marriage to a mathematician of Naples). She collected information from all of Sonya's Russian friends, welded it with Sonya's letters to her brother and herself, and with her own personal recollections, and thus has given us a biography, from the date of the fictitious marriage, which has very nearly the value of an autobiography. The duchess's experience and ability as a novelist have enabled her to explain her famous friend's phases of character in a very enlightening and instructive manner.

The one thing for which Sonya Kovalevsky was conspicuous, in spite of her masculine learning, was her feminine foibles, contradictions, and dependence. She was so essentially and hopelessly feminine that even absorption in the most exact of all sciences failed to destroy the bloom of that old-fashioned, charming ideal, except in the point of carelessness as to her attire. In ordinary life she was as helpless as a child, and to the day of her death she never learned self-reliance. She was unwilling to be wife to Vladimir Kovalevsky in more than name; yet she was equally unwilling to live apart from him, and she made incessant demands on his patience, sympathy, and aid. When their relations were at last readjusted, she was rather happy, for a time, like any commonplace, untalented woman, with him and her little daughter; but her husband never lost his identity in hers to the absolute degree which her intense, absorbing love demanded. This was in keeping with the craving of her childhood for the exclusive love, the utter devotion, of any one whom she liked.

After her husband's untimely death she alternately craved another absorbing affection and cared for nothing but her mathematical studies and the literary work which she executed alone, or in collaboration with the Duchessa di Cajanello. The latter was obliged to renounce this collaboration because she found that, while Sonya excited to vigorous thought all who came in contact with her, she absorbed their personality. Therefore the duchess was forced to leave Sweden in order to recover the right to her own individuality.

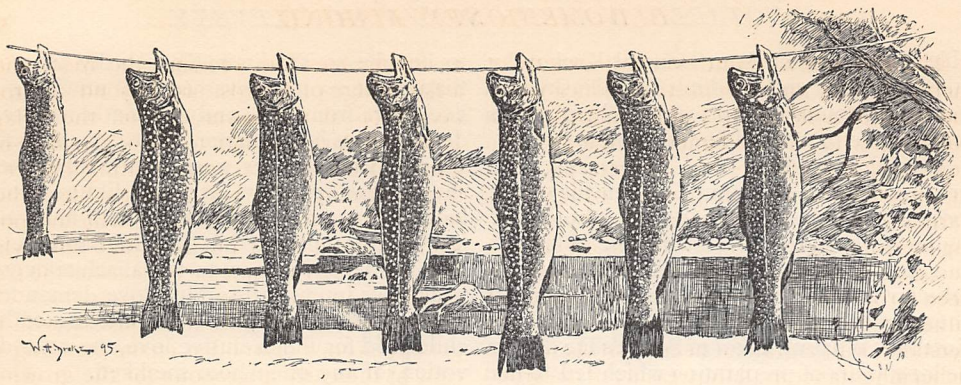
Nevertheless, Sonya's modesty amid her triumphs charmed every one; her delightfully dependent helplessness fascinated every man who came near her; while at times her love for woman's work, like embroidery, and her absolute talent for doing nothing for long intervals, drove Professor Mittag-Leffler to despair.

When, at last, she had found a man who entirely answered her requirements, she was radiantly happy until she discovered that he expected her to renounce her mathematical pursuits, merge her identity in his, and become simply his wife. Then she was in profound despair, though she could not understand his refusal to sink his identity in hers. Over and over again she made up her mind irrevocably, first in one way, then in the other. She had obtained all that the world had to offer — love, distinction, and fame; yet she was not satisfied or happy.

Notwithstanding her genius, Professor Sonya Kovalevsky was always mentally dependent upon a man. We have her written confession that she lectured better when Professor Mittag-Leffler was in the audience. Notwithstanding her solid contributions to applied mathematics, she originated nothing; she merely developed the ideas of her teachers.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? Setting aside all partizan questions, it would seem to be this: that a masculine head united to a feminine heart is likely to prove a very unhappy combination for a woman.

Isabel F. Hapgood.



OLD-FASHIONED FISHING.

It puzzles me now, that I remember all these young impressions so, because I took no heed of them at the time whatever; and yet they come upon me bright, when nothing else is evident in the gray fog of experience.—*Lorna Doone.*

OF all the faculties of the human mind, memory is the one that is most easily led by the nose. It is through that humble wicket-gate, the sense of smell, that the most intimate and welcome recollections come to visit us.

If you could paint a picture of memory in the symbolical manner of "Quarles's Emblems," it should represent a man traveling the highway with a dusty pack upon his shoulders, and stooping to smell the small, deep-red, golden-hearted flowers of an old-fashioned rose-tree straggling through the fence of a neglected garden. Or perhaps, for a choice of emblems, you would better take even a more homely and familiar scent: the cool fragrance of lilacs drifting through the June morning from the old bush that stands between the kitchen door and the well; the warm layer of pungent, aromatic air that floats over the tansy-bed in a still July noon; the drowsy dew of odor that falls from the big balm-of-Gilead tree by the roadside as you are driving homeward through the twilight of August; or, best of all, the clean, spicy, unexpected, unmistakable smell of a bed of spearmint—that is the bed whereon memory loves to lie and dream!

Why not choose mint as the symbol of remembrance? It is the true spice-tree of our Northern clime, the myrrh and frankincense of the land of lingering snow. When its incense rises, the shrines of the past are unveiled, and memory begins her familiar rites.

I.

You are fishing down the Swiftwater in the month of May. In a shallow pool which the drought of summer will soon change into dry land you see the pale-green shoots of a little plant thrusting themselves up between the pebbles, and just beginning to overtop the falling water. You pluck a leaf of it as you turn out of the stream to find a comfortable place for lunch, and, rolling it between your fingers to see whether it smells like a good salad for your bread and cheese, you discover suddenly that it is new mint. For the rest of that day you are bewitched; you follow a stream that runs through the country of Auld Lang Syne, and fill your creel with the recollections of a boy and a rod.

And yet, strangely enough, you cannot recall the boy himself at all distinctly. There is only the faintest image of him on the endless roll of films that has been wound through your mental camera; and in the very spots where his small figure should appear it seems as if the pictures were always light-struck. Just a blur, and the dim outline of a new cap, or a well-beloved jacket with extra pockets, or a much-hated pair of copper-toed shoes — that is all you can see.

But the people that the boy saw, the companions who helped or hindered him in his adventures, the sublime and marvelous scenes among the Catskills and the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains, in the midst of which he lived and moved and had his summer holidays — all these stand out sharp and clear, as the "Bab Ballads" say,

> Photographically lined
> On the tablets of your mind.

And most vivid do these scenes and people become when the vague and irrecoverable boy who walks among them carries a rod over his shoulder, and you detect the soft bulginess of wet fish about his clothing, and perhaps the tail of a big one emerging from his pocket. Then it seems almost as if these were things that had really happened, and of which you yourself were a great part.

The rod was a reward, yet not exactly of merit. It was an instrument of education in the hand of a father less indiscriminate than Solomon, who chose to interpret the text in a new way, and preferred to educate his child by encouraging him in pursuits which were harmless and wholesome, rather than by chastising him for practices which would likely enough never have been thought of if they had not been forbidden. The boy enjoyed this kind of father at the time, and later he came to understand, with a grateful heart, that there is no richer inheritance in all the treasury of unearned blessings. For, after all, the love, the patience, the kindly wisdom of a grown man who can enter into the perplexities and turbulent impulses of a boy's heart, and give him cheerful companionship, and lead him on by free and joyful ways to know and choose the things that are pure and lovely and of good report, make as fair an image as we can find of that loving, patient wisdom which must be above us all if any good is to come out of our childish race.

Now this was the way in which the boy came into possession of his undreaded rod. He was by nature and heredity one of those predestined anglers whom Izaak Walton tersely describes as "born so." His earliest passion was fishing. His favorite passage in Holy Writ was that place where Simon Peter throws a line into the sea and pulls out a great fish at the first cast. But hitherto his passion had been indulged under difficulties — with improvised apparatus of cut poles, and flabby pieces of string, and bent pins, which always failed to hold the biggest fish; or perhaps with borrowed tackle, dangling a fat worm in vain before the noses of the staring, supercilious sunfish that poised themselves in the clear water around a certain hotel dock at Lake George; or, at best, on picnic parties across the lake, marred by the humiliating presence of nurses, and disturbed by the obstinate refusal of old Horace, the boatman, to believe that the boy could bait his own hook, but sometimes crowned with the delight of bringing home a whole basketful of yellow perch and goggle-eyes. Of nobler sport with game fish, like the vaulting salmon and the merry, pugnacious trout, as yet the boy had only dreamed. But he had heard that there were such fish in the streams that flowed down from the mountains around Lake George, and he was at the happy age when he could believe anything — if it was sufficiently interesting.

There was one brook, and only one, within his knowledge and the reach of his short legs. It was a tiny, lively rivulet that came out of the woods about half a mile away from the hotel, and ran down cater-cornered through a sloping meadow, crossing the road, under a flat bridge of boards, just beyond the root-beer shop at the lower end of the village. It seemed large enough to the boy, and he had long had his eye upon it as a fitting theater for the beginning of a real angler's life. Those rapids, those falls, those deep, whirling pools with beautiful foam on them like soft, white custard, were they not such places as the trout loved to hide in?

You can see the long hotel piazza, with the gossipy groups of wooden chairs standing vacant in the early afternoon; for the grown-up people are dallying with the ultimate nuts and raisins of their midday dinner. A villainous clatter of innumerable little vegetable-dishes comes from the open windows of the pantry as the boy steals past the kitchen end of the house, with Horace's lightest bamboo pole over his shoulder, and a little brother in skirts and short white stockings tagging along behind him.

When they come to the five-rail fence where the brook runs out of the field, the question is, Over or under? The lowlier method seems safer for the little brother, as well as less conspicuous for persons who desire to avoid publicity until their enterprise has achieved success. So they crawl beneath a bend in the lowest rail,— only tearing one tiny three-cornered hole in a jacket, and making some juicy green stains on the white stockings,— and emerge with suppressed excitement in the field of the cloth of buttercups and daisies.

What an afternoon — how endless and yet how swift! What perilous efforts to leap across the foaming stream at its narrowest points; what escapes from quagmires and possible quicksands; what stealthy creeping through the grass to the edge of a likely pool, and cautious dropping of the line into an unseen depth, and patient waiting for a bite, until the restless little brother, prowling about below, discovers that the hook is not in the water at all, but lying on top of a dry stone,— thereby proving that patience is not the only virtue — or, at least, that it does a better business when it has a small vice of impatience in partnership with it!

How tired the adventurers grow as the day wears away; and as yet they have taken nothing! But their strength and courage return as if by magic when there comes a surprising twitch at the line in a shallow, unpromising rapid, and with a jerk of the pole a small, wiggling fish is whirled through the air and landed thirty feet back in the meadow.

"For pity's sake, don't lose him! There he is among the roots of the blue flag."

"How cold he is, how slippery, how pretty! Just like a piece of rainbow!"

"Do you see the red spots? Did you notice how gamy he was, little brother; how he

played? It is a trout, for sure; a real trout, almost as long as your hand."

So the two lads tramp along up the stream, chattering as if there were no rubric of silence in the angler's code. Presently another simple-minded troutling falls a victim to their unpremeditated art; and they begin already, being human, to wish for something larger. In the very last pool that they dare attempt — a dark hole under a steep bank, where the brook issues from the woods — the boy drags out the hoped-for prize, a splendid trout, longer than a new lead-pencil. But he feels sure that there must be another, even larger, in the same place. He swings his line out carefully over the water, and just as he is about to drop it in, little brother, perched on the sloping brink, slips on the smooth pine-needles, and goes sliddering down into the pool, up to his waist. How he weeps with dismay, and how funnily his dress sticks to him as he crawls out! But his grief is soon assuaged by the privilege of carrying the trout strung on an alder twig; and it is a happy, muddy, proud pair of urchins that climb over the fence out of the field of triumph at the close of day.

What does the father say as he meets them in the road? Is he frowning or smiling under that big brown beard? You cannot be quite sure. But one thing is clear: he is as much elated over the capture of the real trout as any one. He is ready to deal mildly with a little irregularity for the sake of encouraging pluck and perseverance. Before the three comrades have reached the hotel the boy has promised faithfully never to take his little brother off again without asking leave; and the father has promised that the boy shall have a real jointed fishing-rod of his own, so that he will not need to borrow old Horace's pole any more.

At breakfast the next morning the family are to have a private dish: not an every-day affair of vulgar, bony fish that nurses can catch, but trout — three of them! But the boy looks up from the table and sees the adored of his soul, Annie V——, sitting at the other end of the room, and faring on the common food of mortals. Shall she eat the ordinary breakfast while he feasts on dainties? Do not other sportsmen send their spoils to the ladies whom they admire? The waiter must bring a hot plate, and take this largest trout to Miss V—— (Miss Annie, not her sister-—make no mistake about it).

The face of Augustus is as solemn as an ebony idol while he plays his part of Cupid's messenger. The fair Annie affects surprise; she accepts the offering rather indifferently; her curls drop down over her cheeks to cover some small confusion. But for an instant the corner of her eye catches the boy's sidelong glance, and she nods perceptibly, whereupon his mother very inconsiderately calls attention to the fact that yesterday's escapade has sunburned his face dreadfully.

Beautiful Annie V——, who, among all the unripened nymphs that played at hide-and-seek among the maples on the hotel lawn, or waded with white feet along the yellow beach beyond the point of pines, flying with merry shrieks into the woods when a boat-load of boys appeared suddenly around the corner, or danced the lancers in the big, bare parlors before the grown-up ball began — who in all that joyous, innocent bevy could be compared with you for charm or daring? How your dark eyes sparkled, and how the long brown ringlets tossed around your small head, when you stood up that evening, slim and straight, and taller by half a head than your companions, in the lamp-lit room where the children were playing forfeits, and said, "There is not one boy here that *dares* to kiss *me!*" Then you ran out on the dark porch, where the honeysuckle vines grew up the tall, inane Corinthian pillars.

Do you blame the boy for following? And were you very angry, indeed, about what happened, until you laughed at his cravat, which had slipped around behind his ear? That was the first time he ever noticed how much sweeter the honeysuckle smells at night than in the day. It was his entrance examination in the school of nature — human and otherwise. He felt that there was a whole continent of newly discovered poetry within him, and worshiped his Columbus disguised in curls. Your boy is your true idealist, after all, although (or perhaps because) he is still uncivilized.

II.

THE arrival of the rod, in four joints, with an extra tip, a brass reel, and the other luxuries for which a true angler would willingly exchange the necessaries of life, marked a new epoch in the boy's career. At the uplifting of that wand, as if it had been in the hand of another Moses, the waters of infancy rolled back, and the way was open into the promised land, whither the tyrant nurses, with all their proud array of baby-chariots, could not follow. The way was open, but not by any means dry. One of the first events in the dispensation of the rod was the purchase of a pair of high rubber boots. Inserted in this armor of modern infantry, and transfigured with delight, the boy clumped through all the little rivers within a circuit of ten miles from Caldwell, and began to learn by parental example the yet unmastered art of complete angling.

But because some of the streams were deep and strong, and his legs were short and slen-

der, and his ambition was even taller than his boots, the father would sometimes take him up pick-a-back, and wade along carefully through the perilous places — which are often, in this world, the very places one longs to fish in. So, in your remembrance, you can see the little rubber boots sticking out under the father's arms, and the rod projecting over his head, and the bait dangling down unsteadily into the deep holes, and the delighted boy hooking and playing and basketing his trout high in the air. How many of our best catches in life are made from some one else's shoulders!

From this summer the whole earth became to the boy, as Tennyson describes the lotus country, "a land of streams." In school-days and in town he acknowledged the sway of those mysterious and irresistible forces which produce tops at one season, and marbles at another, and kites at another, and bind all boyish hearts to play mumble-the-peg at the due time more certainly than the stars are bound to their orbits. But when vacation came, with its annual exodus from the city, there was only one sign in the zodiac, and that was Pisces.

No country seemed to him tolerable without trout, and no landscape beautiful unless enlivened by a young river. Among what delectable mountains did those watery guides lead his vagrant steps, and with what curious, mixed, and sometimes profitable company did they bring him acquainted!

There was one exquisite stream among the Alleghanies, called Lycoming Creek, beside which the family spent a summer in a decadent inn kept by a tremulous landlord who was always sitting on the steps of the porch, and whose most memorable remark was that he had "a misery in his stomach." This form of speech amused the boy, but he did not in the least comprehend it. It was the description of an unimaginable experience in a region which was as yet known to him only as the seat of pleasure. He did not understand how any one could be miserable when he could catch trout from his own dooryard.

The big creek, with its sharp turns from side to side of the valley, its hemlock-shaded falls in the gorge, and its long, still reaches in the "sugar-bottom," where the maple-trees grew as if in an orchard, and the superfluity of grasshoppers made the trout fat and dainty, was too wide to fit the boy. But nature keeps all sizes in her stock, and a smaller stream, called Rocky Run, came tumbling down opposite the inn, as if made to order for juvenile use.

How well you can follow it, through the old pasture overgrown with alders, and up past the broken-down mill-dam and the crumbling sluice, into the mountain-cleft from which it leaps laughing! The water, except just after a rain-storm, is as transparent as glass — old-fashioned window-glass, I mean, in small panes, with just a tinge of green in it, like the air in a grove of young birches. Twelve feet down in the narrow chasm below the falls, where the water is full of tiny bubbles, you can see the trout poised, with their heads upstream, motionless, but quivering a little, as if they were strung on wires.

The bed of the stream has been scooped out of the solid rock. Here and there banks of sand have been deposited, and accumulations of loose stone disguise the real nature of the channel. Great boulders have been rolled down the alleyway and left where they chanced to stick; the stream must get around them or under them as best it may. But there are other places where everything has been swept clean; nothing remains but the primitive strata, and the flowing water merrily tickles the bare ribs of mother earth. Whirling stones, in the spring floods, have cut well-holes in the rock, as round and even as if they had been made with a drill, and sometimes you can see the very stone that sunk the well lying at the bottom. There are long, straight, sloping troughs through which the water runs like a mill-race. There are huge basins into which the water rumbles over a ledge, as if some one were pouring it very steadily out of a pitcher, and from which it glides away without a ripple, flowing over a smooth pavement of rock which shelves down from the shallow foot to the deep head of the pool.

The boy wonders how far he dare wade out along that slippery floor. The water is within an inch of his boot-tops now. But the slope seems very even, and just beyond his reach a good fish is rising. Only one step more, and then, like the wicked man in the psalm, his feet begin to slide. Slowly, and standing bolt upright, with the rod held high above his head, as if it must on no account get wet, he glides forward up to his neck in the ice-cold bath, gasping with amazement. There have been other and more serious situations in life into which, unless I am mistaken, you have made an equally unwilling and embarrassed entrance, and in which you have been surprised to find yourself not only up to your neck, but over — and you are a lucky man if you have had the presence of mind to stand still for a moment, before wading out, and make sure at least of the fish that tempted you into your predicament.

But Rocky Run, they say, exists no longer. It has been blasted by miners out of all resemblance to itself, and bewitched into a dingy water-power to turn wheels for the ugly giant Trade. It is only in the valleys of remembrance that its current still flows like liquid air; and

only in that country that you can still see the famous men who came and went along the banks of the Lycoming when the boy was there.

There was Collins, who was a wondrous adept at "daping, dapping, or dibbling" with a grasshopper, and once brought in a string of trout which he laid out head to tail on the grass before the house in a line of beauty forty-seven feet long. A mighty bass voice had this Collins also, and could sing, "Larboard Watch, Ahoy!" "Down in a Coal-mine," and other profound ditties in a way to make all the glasses on the table jingle; but withal, as you now suspect, rather a fishy character, and undeserving of the unqualified respect which the boy had for him. And there was Dr. Romsen, lean, satirical, kindly, a skilful though reluctant physician who regarded it as a personal injury if any one in the party fell sick in — summer-time; and a passionately unsuccessful hunter, who would sit all night in the crotch of a tree beside an alleged deer-lick, and come home perfectly satisfied if he had heard a hedgehog grunt. It was he who called attention to the discrepancy between the boy's appetite and his size by saying loudly at a picnic, "I would n't grudge you what you eat, my boy, if I could only see that it did you any good,"— which remark was not forgiven until the doctor redeemed his reputation by pronouncing a serious medical opinion, before a council of mothers, to the effect that it did not really hurt a boy to get his feet wet. That was worthy of Galen in his most inspired moment. And there were the hearty, genial Paul Merit, whose mere company was an education in good manners, and who could eat eight hard-boiled eggs for supper without ruffling his equanimity; and the tall, grinning major, whom an angry Irishwoman once described as "like a comb, all back and teeth"; and many more comrades of the boy's father, all of whom he admired (and followed when they would let him), but none so much as the father himself, because he was the wisest, kindest, and merriest of all that merry crew, now dispersed to the uttermost parts of the earth and beyond.

Other streams played a part in the education of that happy boy: the Kaaterskill, where there had been nothing but the ghosts of trout for the last thirty years, but where the absence of fish was almost forgotten in the joy of a first introduction to Dickens one very showery day, when dear old Ned Mason built a smoky fire in a cave below Haines's Falls, and, pulling "The Old Curiosity Shop" out of his pocket, read aloud about Little Nell until the tears ran down the cheeks of reader and listener — the smoke was so thick, you know: and the Neversink, which flows through John Burroughs's country, and past one house in particular, perched on a high bluff, where a very dreadful old woman comes out and throws stones at "city fellers fishin' through her land" (as if any one wanted to touch her land! It was the water that ran over it, you see, that carried the fish with it, and they were not hers at all): and the stream at Healing Springs, in the Virginia mountains, where the medicinal waters flow down into a lovely wild brook without injuring the health of the trout in the least, and where the only drawback to the angler's happiness is the abundance of rattlesnakes—but a boy does not mind such things as that; he feels as if he were immortal. Over all these streams memory skips lightly, and strikes a trail through the woods to the Adirondacks, where the boy made his first acquaintance with navigable rivers,— that is to say, rivers which are traversed by canoes and hunting-skiffs, but not yet defiled by steamboats,— and slept, or rather lay awake, for the first time on a bed of balsam-boughs in a tent.

III.

THE promotion from all-day picnics to a two weeks' camping-trip is like going from school to college. By this time a natural process of evolution has raised the first stiff rod to something lighter and more flexible — a fly-rod, so to speak, but not a bigoted one,— just a serviceable, unprejudiced article, not above using any kind of bait that may be necessary to catch the fish. The father has received the new title of "governor," indicating not less, but more authority, and has called in new instructors to carry on the boy's education: real Adirondack guides — old Sam Dunning and one-eyed Enos, the last and laziest of the Saranac Indians. Better men will be discovered for later trips, but none more amusing, and none whose woodcraft seems more wonderful than that of this queerly matched team, as they make the first camp in a pelting rain-storm on the shore of Big Clear Pond. The pitching of the tents is a lesson in architecture, the building of the camp-fire a victory over damp nature, and the supper of potatoes and bacon and fried trout a veritable triumph of culinary art.

The rain patters persistently on the canvas; the front flaps are closed and tied together; the lingering fire shines through them, and sends vague shadows wavering up and down; the governor is rolled up in his gray blankets, sound asleep. It is a very long night for the boy.

What is that rustling noise outside the tent? Probably some small creature, a squirrel or a rabbit. Rabbit stew would be good for breakfast. But it sounds louder now, almost loud enough to be a fox — there are no wolves left in the Adirondacks, or at least only a very few. That is certainly quite a heavy footstep prowling around the provision-box. Could it be a

panther,— they step very softly for their size, —or a bear perhaps? Sam Dunning told about catching one in a trap just below here. (Ah, my boy, you will soon learn that there is no spot in all the forests created by a bountiful Providence so poor as to be without its bear story.) Where was the rifle put? There it is, at the foot of the tent-pole. Wonder if it is loaded.

"*Waugh-ho! Waugh-ho-o-o-o!*"

The boy springs from his blankets like a cat, and peeps out between the tent-flaps. There sits Enos, in the shelter of a leaning tree by the fire, with his head thrown back and a bottle poised at his mouth. His lonely eye is cocked up at a great horned owl on the branch above him. Again the sudden voice breaks out:

"*Whoo! whoo! whoo cooks for you all?*"

Enos puts the bottle down, with a grunt, and creeps off to his tent.

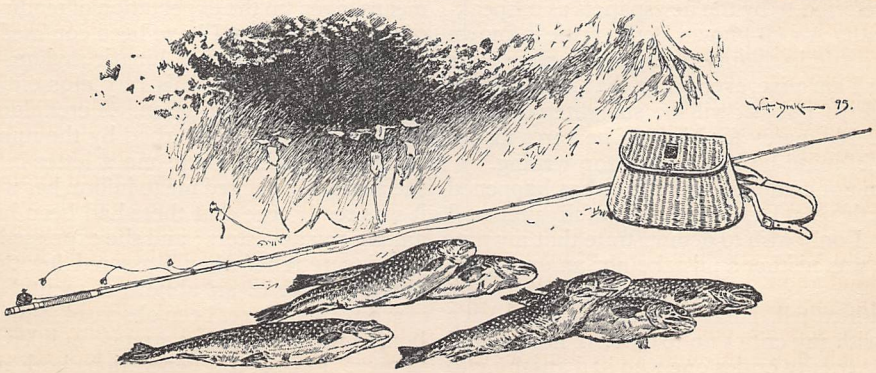
"De debbil in dat owl," he mutters. "How he know I cook for dis camp? How he know 'bout dat bottle? Ugh!"

There are hundreds of pictures that flash into light as the boy goes on his course, year after year, through the woods. There is the luxurious camp on Tupper's Lake, with its log cabins in the spruce-grove, and its regiment of hungry men who ate almost a deer a day; and there is the little bark shelter on the side of Mount Marcy, where the governor and the boy, with baskets full of trout from the Opalescent River, are spending the night, with nothing but a fire to keep them warm. There is the North Bay at Moosehead, with Joe La Croix (one more Frenchman who thinks he looks like Napoleon) posing beside his canoe; and the old sawmill at Bartlett's, with the governor standing for his photograph in a new fishing-suit of brown canvas, singularly disreputable, and therefore his special delight. There is the small spring-hole beside the Saranac River, where Pliny Robbins and the boy caught twenty-three noble trout, weighing from one to three pounds apiece, in the middle of a hot August afternoon, and hid themselves in the bushes whenever they heard a party coming down the river, because they did not care to attract company; and there are the Middle Falls, where the governor stood on a long spruce log, taking two-pound fish with the fly, and stepping out at every cast a little nearer to the end of the log, until it slowly tipped with him, and he settled down into the river.

Among such scenes as these the boy pursued his education, learning many things that are not taught in colleges: learning to take the weather as it comes, wet or dry, and fortune as it falls, good or bad; learning that a meal which is scanty fare for one becomes a banquet for two — provided the other is the right person; learning that there is some skill in everything, even in digging bait, and that what is called luck consists chiefly in having your tackle in good order; learning that a man can be just as happy in a log shanty as in a brownstone mansion, and that the very best pleasures are those that do not leave a bad taste in the mouth. And in all this the governor was his best teacher and his closest comrade.

Dear governor, you have gone out of the wilderness now, and your steps will be no more beside these remembered little rivers — no more, forever and forever. You will not come in sight around any bend of this clear Swiftwater stream where you made your last cast; your cheery voice will never again ring out through the deepening twilight where you are lingering for your disciple to catch up with you; he will never again hear you call: "Hallo, my boy! What luck? Time to go home!" But there is a river in the country where you have gone, is there not? — a river with trees growing all along it — evergreen trees; and somewhere by those shady banks, within sound of clear running waters, I think you will be dreaming and waiting for your boy, if he follows the trail that you have shown him even to the end.

Henry van Dyke.



A REPLY TO MY CRITICS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEGENERATION."

"I HAVE no doubt as to the consequences to myself of the present undertaking. . . . Grievous is the fate of him who ventures to stamp esthetic fashions as forms of mental decay. The graphomaniacs and their critical body-guard dominate nearly the entire press, and possess in the latter an instrument of torture by means of which they can, Indian-fashion, stretch the troublesome marplot upon the rack to the very end of his days."

Thus I wrote in the preface to "Degeneration," before the book had yet made its appearance. Even well-disposed readers found this prophecy to be an exaggeration. My opponents cried jubilantly, "Megalomania — persecution mania!"

The result has shown, however, that my forecast was correct. Since my book left the press it is literally true that not a day has passed without bringing down upon me a shower of printed calumnies. Not content with attacking "Degeneration," my opponents have vented their rage upon all my literary productions. The critics have recurred to my earlier publications, and have defiled them with mud and venom. In August, 1893, and in October, 1894, two of my plays were brought upon the boards at the Lessing Theater in Berlin, and both achieved a decided success with the public. The critics, however, fell foul of them, and in their reports of the plots indulged in misrepresentations. They shamelessly denied their favorable reception, judged them in terms of mockery and contempt, and succeeded not only in keeping the public away from the stalls, but in preventing other theaters from performing pieces which were referred to by the newspapers as unspeakable filth. A well-known Berlin critic is known to have said in the presence of witnesses: "As long as I am alive, everything that Nordau may henceforth publish will be slaughtered or ignored. No mercy for him! If he cares for his peace of mind he had better stop writing."

I am not complaining. What has happened is exactly what I expected. I was fully prepared for it. I only wish to demonstrate that my prophecy was neither a mistake nor an exaggeration.

Truth to tell, I have not been able to keep pace with my critics up to date. I have found among twenty critics one who had anything to teach me (though scarcely anything of importance), while the other nineteen indulged in mere foolish abuse, which could benefit me neither intellectually nor morally, still less enrich my knowledge or increase or even maintain my respect for humanity. For no one can form any conception of the monotony of their hostile animadversions. Malice and fury are indeed exceedingly powerful emotions. I had theoretically anticipated that they were capable of strongly stimulating the intellect, making it inventive, inspiring new similes and unprecedented imprecations. But, strange to say, in the case of my assailants this anticipation has not been verified. They invent nothing. The substance of their brains seems to be lead or clay. Their wrath is impotent to arouse their fancy. They content themselves with gnashing their teeth, rolling their eyes, clenching their fists, and emitting guttural cries. An excited Hottentot would do exactly the same. What can one do with such antagonists? The best thing to do, perhaps, would be to perpetuate their savage attitudes by means of instantaneous photography, and put them all together in an album of grotesque caricatures.

In persons of a low stage of intellectual development the power of repartee, as is well known, is limited to the observation, "You 're another!" That was the happy inspiration which seized all my critical antagonists. With sorrowful solemnity they assured their readers that I was myself a degenerate, a lunatic. Some went even further. They embellished their brilliant discourses with unblushing inventions. They hinted that they might from my family history deduce the proof that I was not only myself a madman, but that I was descended from insane ancestors. I have by no means given up the expectation of reading, one of these days, that I have been confined for so and so many years in a lunatic asylum — nay, that I am perhaps at this very moment an inmate of such an institution. A credulous lady who was actually disturbed by the numerous hints of this kind wrote me a letter in which she anxiously begged me to inform her whether it was really true that there had been lunatics among my ancestors; and she expressed to me her sincere relief when I assured her that the only evidence of an abnormal mental condition which had ever been observed in the members of my family was a strange indifference to money. For several generations both my paternal and my maternal ancestors have accord-

ingly been poor. They did not understand how to make money. They did not concern themselves about it. They preferred to occupy themselves with abstruse scholarship. They were rabbis or officials of Jewish congregations. As their heir I have had frequent occasion to reproach them with their lack of worldly sense; but as an alienist I should hesitate, on account of this defect, to charge them with insanity.

Other critics who, like the above-mentioned amiable wags, were concerned about my person rather than my work, were kind enough not to doubt my sanity; but they asserted that I did not myself believe a single word of what I had written. My book was a bit of humbug, and I was myself the first to laugh at it. I wished to make a sensation; and for that purpose nothing seemed to be cleverer than to declare a multitude of celebrated persons to be lunatics. I am far from resenting the imputations of the poor devils who ascribe to me such motives. Every one is inclined to judge others according to his own standards. I know in Paris a lot of hysterial *cabotins* who, when the excellent sculptor Turcon recently died in an insane asylum, declared among themselves, with a knowing wink, that "he had done it in order to advertise himself."

Very frequently I have found among the insinuations of my critical adversaries the reproach that I possessed no qualifications for writing such a book as "Degeneration." What they mean by this assertion is that I am neither an expert in psychiatry nor the director of an insane asylum. They represent me as a kind of dilettante who has cursorily turned the leaves of some books on psychiatry, and now tries to apply his superficial information. I shall not condescend to enumerate to these people my scientific titles, or to tell them that I was for eight years an attendant of the clinical lectures of Professor Ball, and his companion on his visits to his patients in the St. Anne Asylum. This scornful exclamation, "No qualifications!" I do not hear for the first time. I have heard it often before. I have been quite familiar with it since I published my book "Conventional Lies." I beg to be allowed to repeat what I then replied to this narrow-minded reproach:

> No qualifications! Why this circumlocution? Why not say straight out what you mean? You intend to affirm that I am neither a professor nor a councilor; that I have not the smallest official title, nor the most inferior appointment under the government. What? A free and independent man of letters should venture to occupy himself with these deep scientific questions! . . . That is really not to be endured. If he must "absolutely write, then let him produce lyrical poems. That is the inalienable right of every German. But to delve for the truth! To wish to instruct others! To penetrate into the domain which is reserved for the sages of the learned guild, duly appointed by official decree! Woe to him! Out with the intruder! Set the dogs upon him! He is an outsider!"

These miserable police souls and slaves of rank who deny me the vocation to seek the truth and to utter it, if I fancy I have found it, belong to a well-known species. They have ancestors in legend and history. Their cry is as old as organized authority. Since there has been such a thing as official wisdom, every man who has no place in the official register has been denied the right to a hearing.

Not a few of my adversaries have found refuge in the contemptuous assertion that I showed no comprehension of the men whom I subjected to my analysis. I had no conception of poetry or art. I wonder if these phrases have made any impression upon my readers. I have no need of answering them. I have devoted much space in my book to the pretension of the degenerates that they have a finer intelligence and more delicate perceptions than those who deny the beauty of green-tinged human faces, senselessly raving verses, and idiotic marionette dramas. This pretension is scarcely worth a shoulder shrug. To disprove it would be absurd. The black cannibals from whose feasts Livingstone turned away with horror grinned at him and said: "You have no taste. You do not know what is good." These cannibals were firmly convinced that Livingstone lacked all higher intelligence.

Shrewder than the reviewers who chose my person for their target, and traduced my motives, was another group who pretended to deal only with my works, and cited from them the most flagrant evidences of idiocy. This method of putting into the mouth of an author the most incredible stupidities is very effective, but it is hazardous. He who has only read the reviews, and not the book, may, to be sure, derive the impression that I am a contemptible charlatan. There are, however, people who have read my book and are capable of taking the reviewer to task; and these people, perhaps, will not regard me as an imbecile, but my unscrupulous critics as knaves. That is the danger to which one is exposed if he adopts this convenient method of discrediting an author. Here is one, for instance, who asserts that I dub every person who writes a graphomaniac, and triumphantly asks whether, according to this definition, I am not myself a graphomaniac. The reader of "Degeneration" need not be assured that I give quite a different definition of graphomania. Not every one who writes is on that account a graphomaniac; but only he who writes senseless, inco-

herent stuff which by perpetual repetitions betrays slowness and laboriousness of ideation; by words of violent color and frequent underscorings indicates an extreme emotionality; and by puns reveals an association of ideas determined only by the similarity of sound.

Another critic assures me that I confound degeneration with hysteria, and he is good enough to instruct me that these are two different conditions. Unhappily, I cannot profit by the lesson. I have no use for it. I have myself expressly affirmed that hysteria is an acquired condition of exhaustion of the nervous system, while degeneration is an innate anomaly of development. I have shown that an overstrained and intemperate generation becomes hysterical, and will, in turn, beget a generation of degenerates. The critic who charges me with confounding degeneration and hysteria probably did not know the distinction between the two conditions until he learned it out of my book.

Lesser perfidies I shall only briefly refer to. One reviewer informs his readers that I accord recognition in literature only to the novels of Georges Ohnet, and in music only to the operas of Mascagni. Any one who has hurriedly turned the leaves of my book will remember that I characterize these two worthy men, not as my own favorites, but as the favorites of the multitude which has not yet risen to an appreciation of the subtleties of Mallarmé and Puvis de Chavannes. Another observes in cold blood that I call Dante Gabriel Rossetti a degenerate because he employs refrains in his poems; and he puts me to shame by referring me to the folk ballads, which all have refrains, and yet are surely not the work of degenerates. To this wise Theban I might reply that in my psychological analysis of Rossetti I have dwelt at great length upon the difference between the natural, proper, and poetically effective refrains of healthful poets and the senseless repetitions of Rossetti. But why should I take the trouble to do this? He has read that passage, although he pretends that he knows nothing about it. He would continue to do the same even if I reprinted the passage here.

A rare comic effect has been attained by those of my reviewers who indulge in ejaculatory phrases and interjections, who fling both their arms toward heaven, and call down its wrath upon me. What? Zola a degenerate! Zola, the greatest author of the century! Zola, that radiant genius! Zola, the Shakspere of the novel! What heresy! What blasphemy! But surely the sorrow I have caused these emotional persons, though they have my sympathy, was scarcely to be avoided; and their pitiful cries will scarcely invalidate a single one of my arguments.

The most astounding performance which has come to my notice is that of a Berlin physician who has devoted an entire book to me. In the first half of it he regales me with the whole vocabulary of opprobrious epithets which is to be found in the German language; but in the second half he turns coolly about, and applies my own method to certain authors whom I had purposely ignored because they played an altogether too inferior rôle,—as for instance, poor Strindberg,—and in the end he exclaims, with lyrical pathos: "No; humanity will not perish in madness and deterioration, as Nordau asserts. It will adapt itself to its new conditions; it will make these conditions to serve its own organic power of achievement." When I had read so far, I had to rub my eyes. I fancied I must be suffering from an optical illusion. But no; there it was in black and white. The man had actually written out my own arguments. He had appropriated the conclusion of my chapter entitled, "Prognosis," in order to crush me utterly!

I have now afforded my reader enough specimens of the criticisms of my adversaries, some of whom are incompetent, some dishonest, and some both. He will surely share my opinion that contempt is the only treatment they have deserved. Misrepresentation of a work, and personal vilification and abuse of its author, may of course make an impression upon the public, people may thereby be deterred from reading my book, prejudice may be aroused against me, and reproach may be brought upon my name; but such methods are powerless to invalidate a single one of my arguments; and they are, moreover, discredited in advance by every page of my book, and branded as intentional distortions and base lies.

It is now my purpose to deal with the few objections which have been advanced in good faith by competent judges against the fundamental principles of "Degeneration." These are worthy of being seriously discussed.

It has been said:

> You maintain that the present state of civilized humanity is something entirely unprecedented, and that it is the result of the extraordinarily rapid progress during the last sixty years, which has imposed upon the civilized nations a too great burden of work. History, however, teaches us that there have frequently been epochs during which a kind of epidemic insanity takes possession of the human race. These epochs belong, in part, to the very depths of the middle ages—accordingly to a period of stagnation and intellectual lethargy. These spiritual epidemics were therefore surely not the results of new inventions and intellectual over-exertion. But if the present wholesale degeneration and hysteria are neither a new condition nor the consequence

of the too rapid pace of civilization, your whole theory falls to the ground.

This argument, I admit, looks very formidable, but is, perhaps, less so than it appears. To be sure, spiritual epidemics have been known in the past. The Crusades were embarked upon under the stimulus of a religious delirium, even though they were later conducted chiefly by spiritually very sane people, with the perfectly rational purpose of having amusing adventures, escaping prosecution in the courts at home and the duns of creditors, making booty, and conquering lands. The excesses of the Flagellants and the Beguins were spiritual epidemics of the most hideous sort — a mixture of religious insanity, erotomania, sadism [*sic*], and homicidal impulsion. The witch delusion during the period of the Reformation was the same thing. It is also perfectly true that these epidemics were in no wise the results of a headlong pace of progress. But I have never asserted that progress is the only possible cause of a spiritual epidemic. It may, indeed, have a multiplicity of causes. Everything which weakens and shatters the human organism tends to produce hysteria in the first victims and degeneration in their descendants. The great spiritual epidemics of the middle ages were the product of a condition of the most profound insecurity on the part of the great multitude, who might at any moment be robbed, maimed, or cruelly murdered by their barons and princes, and were, moreover, exposed to the perpetual terror of all — the everlasting hell fire. A race of people that were forever trembling before the devil in the hereafter and the armed cutthroats in the present could not help suffering from delirium, the expression of which was the Crusades. As the immediate causes of the excesses of the Flagellants and the Beguins, the St. Vitus dance, etc., we find terrible epidemics, such as the Black Death in the middle of the fourteenth century, or local pestilence or famine. These causes produce effects similar to those of over-exertion. They weaken the body by privations and by violent, depressing, and disorganizing emotions. It is also beyond dispute that over-exertion is not the sole possible cause of hysteria and degeneration; but it is, on the other hand, no less indisputable that over-exertion may be a cause of these conditions, and quite as potent a cause as war, pestilence, and famine, insecurity of life and property, and fear of the devil. I believe that I have by my statistical tables proved that it is the cause of the present universal hysteria and degeneration in no less a degree than the Black Death of 1348 was the cause, in Germany at least, of the madness of the Flagellants.

There is, however, a very distinct difference between the present spiritual epidemic and those of past ages. The epidemics of insanity which history records seized in part only limited circles, or only the lower strata of the population. The church anathematized and the state combated them. The cultivated classes recognized them as maladies. Upon the intellectual life, upon art, they exerted no influence. Other epidemics of this sort, such as the Crusades and the witch delusion of the period of the Reformation, did, to be sure, rage chiefly among the upper classes, and were strengthened by the authority of the Church; and they left some traces in art and literature. But art and literature did not in those days penetrate into wide circles of the populace, and the form which these spiritual epidemics assumed was such that they quickly destroyed those whom they affected. We do not sufficiently consider how tremendously the Crusades and the witch persecutions reduced the number of degenerates and sufferers from hysteria. It may be asserted without exaggeration that all men who between 1095 and, let us say, 1291 A. D. were disposed to religious delirium, and all women who between the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries were afflicted with hysteria or any of the different forms of mania, had a hundred chances to one of perishing — the former on the journey to Palestine and in the war against the unbelievers, the latter upon the rack or at the stake.

But the present wide-spread hysteria and degeneration are on the point of dominating our whole art and literature. As at the present time all the world visits art exhibitions and reads, the epidemic has an opportunity of vitiating the whole people from top to bottom. It proceeds from the cultivated classes, and threatens to take possession of the uncultivated. It is therefore far more dangerous than the former mental epidemics which history has recorded. The contemporary mystics, decadents, and esthetes have no taste for being cut to pieces in battles with Saracens. Our Ibsen fanatics and Bayreuth pilgrims are not roasted alive at the stake. (I do not wish it to be understood that I regret this!) The present epidemic has accordingly no chance of being quickly stamped out by natural processes, like the earlier ones, by the destruction of its victims. For these reasons I am of opinion that we are to-day in the midst of an epidemic outbreak of hysteria and degeneration the cause of which is the over-exertion of the last sixty years; furthermore, that it is, to be sure, not the first phenomenon of its kind, but that it is far more dangerous than the previous ones because it has gained a far greater headway. It must be combated by intellectual remedies, because we have no

longer the sword and the stake at our disposal in dealing with it.

The following objection has been made to my method of demonstrating the degeneration of poets, philosophers, and artists from their works:

It is not permissible to identify the artist with his work. The characters of his fictions are not the man himself. What his characters think, say, and do need not at all represent his own opinions and purposes.

Very true, at least as regards the second half of the proposition. The poet is not to be found behind all his characters. But no psychologist will admit that it is illegitimate to draw conclusions from an author's work to the author himself. Every intellectual performance betrays with the greatest distinctness the intellectual peculiarities of its originator — the quality and strength of his emotions, his sympathies and antipathies, his character, his philosophy of life, the manner in which the association of his ideas is developed, his idiosyncrasies, and his intellectual shortcomings. The question then is, Whether one understands how to read and how to interpret what one reads. No sane reader will regard *Iago* or *Shylock* or *Richard III.* as the counterpart of Shakspere, or trace the real sentiments of Goethe in *Mephistopheles*. In the works in which criminal or infernal characters occur, it is emphatically obvious that the poet does not represent them as worthy of commendation; that they are not drawn from his own heart; that he depicts them as anthropological curiosities with the love and exactness of an enthusiastic naturalist, but does not maintain that they are in the right, nor plead their cause. Only a fool would say: "Shakspere was a rogue, for he has created *Iago*. Goethe was a scoundrel, for his *Mephistopheles* plots only seduction and ruin." Quite a different aspect does the case assume when it is not a repellent figure which is depicted, with whom other and sympathetic figures are contrasted; but when either the author speaks in his own name, as, for instance, Nietzsche in his writings, or Wagner in his "The Art of the Future"; or when all the characters of one work, or of all the author's works, are insane or criminal or idiotic, as is frequently the case with Ibsen and Maeterlinck; or when a definite peculiarity predominates in all the productions of an artist, as the love of dirt (*coprololie*) in Zola, and the predilection for death, decay, and vice in Baudelaire,— then the psychologist is justified in saying with the greatest confidence: "Each one of these works reflects with fidelity the spiritual condition of its originator; in each one of them his peculiarities are revealed. He has written thus because he could not write otherwise. His books are confessions; they are objectivations of his mental state; and we are as much warranted in applying them as material for judging of his spiritual quality as we have the right thus to apply his oral utterances, his actions, or any other objective fact from which we are in the habit of drawing conclusions regarding a man's character and mental caliber."

Very important is another objection which demands serious consideration. It is as follows:

By your method it is possible to demonstrate that all men of genius are degenerates. But if all genius is a form of degeneration, then degeneration cannot be a pathological condition, and, accordingly, is not a defect. On the contrary, it becomes a blessing. Then degenerates are enviable creatures, and deserve our respect and veneration, for we are indebted to degenerates for the highest boons of humanity, the noblest possessions of our race, all progress, all the works of which we have reason to be proud.

If this were true, I should have no refuge but to declare: "My book is, from beginning to end, a colossal mistake; and I take back every word I have uttered in it, and offer my apologies." I am, however, very far from believing that it is true. That objection rests upon a confounding of two different things; viz., anomaly and degeneration. Every form of degeneration is an anomaly, but not every form of anomaly is an evidence of degeneration. There are anomalies which are evidences of progress. Every organic innovation which has appeared in the course of evolution had manifestly, at one time or other, to appear for the first time. At its first advent it was an anomaly, a departure from the type of the species; but it was an advantageous departure. It was an evolutionary anomaly, and became subsequently the common property of the species, which was benefited by its possession. Degeneration, on the other hand, is an anomaly which does not appear for the first time, but recurs long after it has ceased to be typical. It is a form of atavism. If it were to become general, it would cause the species to revert to stages of development long since passed. That is a fundamental difference. Healthy genius is, to be sure, also an anomaly. If it were something universal and typical we should not call it genius, and it would in no wise attract our attention. But it is an anomaly inherent in evolution and progress. It means survival and a future. Degenerate pseudo-genius is also an anomaly, but it is a retrogressive, atavistic anomaly. It means destruction and a past.

It is therefore of prime importance to distinguish between healthy and degenerate genius. Facetious critics have exclaimed: "No-

thing can be simpler. To be healthy is to think and feel like Max Nordau. Whoever thinks and feels differently is hysterical or degenerate."

That is a very good joke. I was the first to laugh at it. But it is, after all, a joke; and no one should try to give it the authority of an argument. There is an unerring criterion by which mental health can be distinguished from mental disease. It is the same criterion by which health, generally speaking, is differentiated from disease. What we call disease is a condition in which the organism falls below its full power of performance (*Leistungsfähigkeit*), and is in danger of perishing. Apply this definition to literary and artistic manifestations, and you will without difficulty recognize which are healthy and which pathological. Every work of art proceeds from an emotion, and embodies an ideal, a longing, an idiosyncrasy, of the artist. Is this emotion, this ideal or longing, compatible with the normal functions of the human organism, with the preservation of the life of the individual or the species? If so, it is healthy; if not, it is diseased. A poet who praises vice and violations of nature is unhealthy; for the predilection which he manifests will of necessity lead to the ruin of the individual and of society. All the emotions which are introduced in Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea" are healthy; for if all people were possessed of these emotions they would be happy; they would by means of them discharge all their duties in life, and reach a ripe old age in good health. All the emotions, on the other hand, which Huysmans expresses in "À Rebours" are pathological; for a man who should be possessed of such emotions and desires would inevitably, in a very short time, perish miserably from disease, or be hanged.

It is therefore, according to my opinion, a mistake to assert that all genius is a form of degeneration, and that in every work of art traces of a pathological condition are to be observed. The fact that insanity has been known to attack men of true, evolutionary genius should not lead us astray. It is by no means a rare thing for men of true genius to be exposed to mental maladies. But that is far from proving that true genius is, in its essence, degenerate. It only proves that an evolutionary innovation, an individual acquisition,—a higher differentiation, occurring for the first time,—is more sensitive and less capable of resistance than an organ which, by heredity and long discipline, has been strengthened and made tough and durable. The insanity of men of true genius is a secondary phenomenon of exhaustion, not a primary condition. It is a well-known fact that many athletes suffer from hypertrophy and fatty degeneration of the muscles of the heart. This is the professional disease of the champions of field sports and the acrobats of the circus. But would not everybody laugh in my face if I were to say, "Athletics is a form of heart disease"?

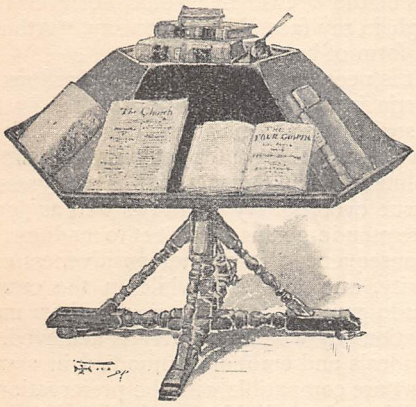
It is necessary to bear these distinctions and criteria in mind in order not to be led astray by sophistries. Genius and degeneration are two different things; for genius is incidental to evolution, while degeneration is retrogressive. If true evolutionary genius, as well as degenerate pseudo-genius, is subject to madness, it is in consequence of its greater sensitiveness, complexity, and fineness; while in the case of pseudo-genius it is an occasion for those manifestations by which notoriety is achieved. If the ideals and emotions embodied in a work of art are compatible with the preservation of the life of the individual and of society, then that work of art is healthful; if they are incompatible, the work of art is pathological and injurious. There are, of course, many grades in this scale of health and disease; but the principle is irrefragable.

Let us take as an instance a degenerate painter who paints all things in dull colors like Puvis de Chavannes, or green like Lucien Monod, Roger, or Latenay. If these painters are honest and sincere, if their pictures are genuine expressions of their sentiments, they prove that they are afflicted with a peculiar form of color-blindness. This color-blindness does not directly imperil their lives. Nor does the prevailing daltonism. But for all that, no one will deny that a person who cannot distinguish the colors of outward objects is organically less completely equipped than one who perceives all things in their true colors, and that in the struggle for existence the former is likely to be vanquished by the latter. We may therefore safely assert that a painter who sees all things green is unhealthy, and that green pictures, with green people, green hair, green faces, are pathological phenomena, and are an indication of the degeneracy of the artist.

I have taken pains to discuss seriously all serious objections to my book on the part of bona-fide critics. My readers will now have to judge whether a single one of my arguments has been invalidated by these objections.

Max Nordau.

REMINISCENCES OF LITERARY BERKSHIRE.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

JONATHAN EDWARDS'S DESK, STOCKBRIDGE.

OF the prominent figures who, a half-century ago or more, flitted across the patch of Berkshire landscape on which I happen to have been born and bred, the first that I recall is Mr. Van Buren. He drove to Stockbridge one fine day from his farm in Kinderhook, which was called "Lindenwold," and was afterward baptized by the Whigs in the "log-cabin" singing campaign of 1840 — more, perhaps, for the sake of the rhyme than the reason — "the fox's hold." This visit was in 1835, not long before his nomination to the Presidency. Besides his dapper appearance, smug face, black stock, silvery hair, and irreproachable shirt (which looked just as one sees them in his portrait in the governor's room in the New York city hall), all I remember of him is this. Mr. Theodore Sedgwick, eldest son of Judge Theodore Sedgwick, as stout a Democrat as his father was a Federalist, by way of showing that the enthusiasm for the hero of New Orleans had spread to Berkshire, called me to him, remarking that I had just been shouting, "Hurrah for Jackson!" This was the boyish slogan of the day. "Ah," said Mr. Van Buren, patting my head, "how interesting it is to see the instincts of Democracy spring up at this tender age!" Perhaps if he had known how fond I was of "Jackson balls," — a popular confection of those days, named after his distinguished chief, — he would have been still more impressed. My only other personal recollection of Mr. Van Buren dates some years later, after his Presidency and before his Free-Soil candidacy. His stories were more entertaining than his state papers, and I was delighted by his account of the description, drawn by a rival candidate for office, of a certain Western judge who swore like "my Uncle Toby," and was famous for what Yankees call "cussedness." The diatribe ended as follows: "He sat before the fire, squirting tobacco-juice a gallon a minute, denouncing everybody except his Creator, and thinking —— hard of him."

His son John — often called "Prince John" from his having once danced with the princess Victoria — also came to Stockbridge about the same time. His rather rollicking bearing was a contrast to his father's staid demeanor that might have puzzled Galton. One drizzling morning when Lieutenant-Governor Bradish, a dignified gentleman of the old school (of whom it was once remarked by a country member of the legislature that he was "aperiently a little pompiose"), was presiding over the Court of Errors at Albany, the prince on entering the court-room nodded familiarly to the lieutenant-governor, with the observation, "A fine morning for young ducks, governor." "Think of it," said Mr. Bradish afterward, describing the occurrence — "think of his speaking of young ducks to me when presiding over the Court of Errors of the great State of New York!" By nature the prince was, I think, brighter than his father, though his indolence and want of persistency, and perhaps of ambition, prevented his ascending to high official position. The audacious humor and satire of his stump speeches have never been outshone in the northern part of the United States. In 1847 Edwin Croswell, editor of the "Albany Argus," then the leading Democratic organ of New York, changed from one wing of the party to the other, and came out with an editorial against Silas Wright's renomination for governor. The electric telegraph, then just invented, had not yet come into practical use, and it happened that the news of Mr. Wright's death, which occurred unexpectedly before the article was written, did not reach Albany till after its publication. John Van Buren, in a speech in the following campaign, referring to this incident, said: "The blow which was aimed at the living man fell upon his new-made grave, and he who had aspired to be an assassin was, by a strange freak of fate, doomed to become a jackal." This masterly invective, as a gentleman said at the time, equals anything in Junius.



ENGRAVED BY A. ANDERSON. FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES INGHAM.

CATHERINE MARIA SEDGWICK.

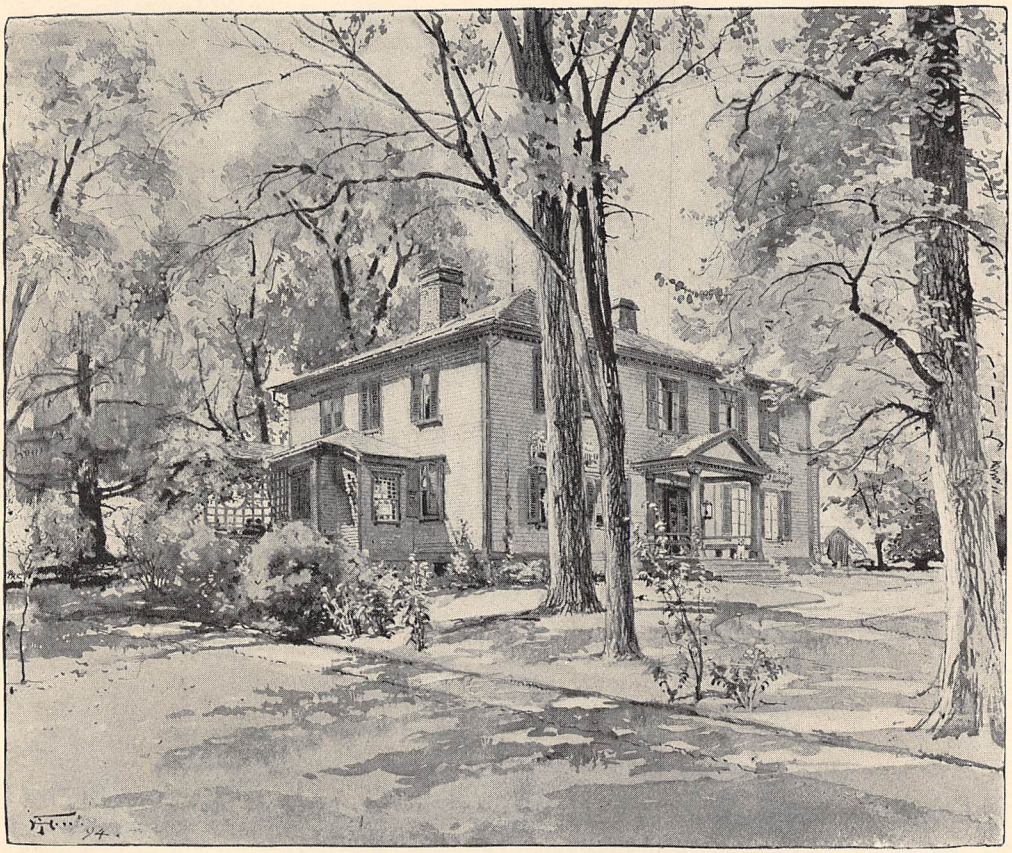
Yours truly Cath. Sedgwick.

It must have been, I think, the year of the elder Van Buren's visit to Stockbridge that Washington Irving, his very antipode (from a literary point of view), was also there. In regard to him personally I recall nothing but the thrill of awful interest with which I saw him seated on a sofa in the parlor talking with Miss Sedgwick, and how I vainly tried, by the boyish tests at my command, to make out what distinguished him from ordinary gentlemen of quiet dress and manners. I was, I think, as disappointed as Partridge was in Garrick's *Hamlet*, when he saw the actor did only just what he should have done himself under the same trying circumstances.

In 1836 Daniel Webster, on his way to Pittsfield, stopped at Stockbridge for a few hours, most of which he spent in his favorite pastime of fishing; but I did not see him at that time. My only recollections of him are speeches and arguments made elsewhere than in Berkshire; and though these recollections would lead me to agree without demur to his title to the epithet "godlike," I can make no original additions to his supernatural record.

Dr. Charles Follen, a far less leonine personage, passed a part of the summers of 1836 and 1837 in Stockbridge. In the latter he preached on Sundays, for about two months, in a parlor of a house in the village. The room in which he held his services communicated with the garden by a glass door which in pleasant weather was left open, and the little Unitarian congregation, consisting of members of a single family living in the town, and their relatives and visitors, clustered outside the door as well as within. The earnestness of the group in those days, when the memory of the orthodox state church was still fresh, and the blue tinge had not faded from the prevalent Calvinism, might almost have suggested a Scotch conventicle in the days when Claverhouse was but just out of the way, or a gathering of the early Christians in Rome when persecution was in the air, though not in practice.

Dr. Follen had a round German face and a monotonous utterance which hardly indicated the resolute energy of his nature, and failed to excite in the young people the rapt attention with which his elder auditors, some of whom were his intimate friends, hung upon his gentle words. His wife, who had been Miss Eliza Lee



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE SEDGWICK HOUSE, STOCKBRIDGE.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PRINT.

BY PERMISSION OF H. WUNDERLICH & CO.

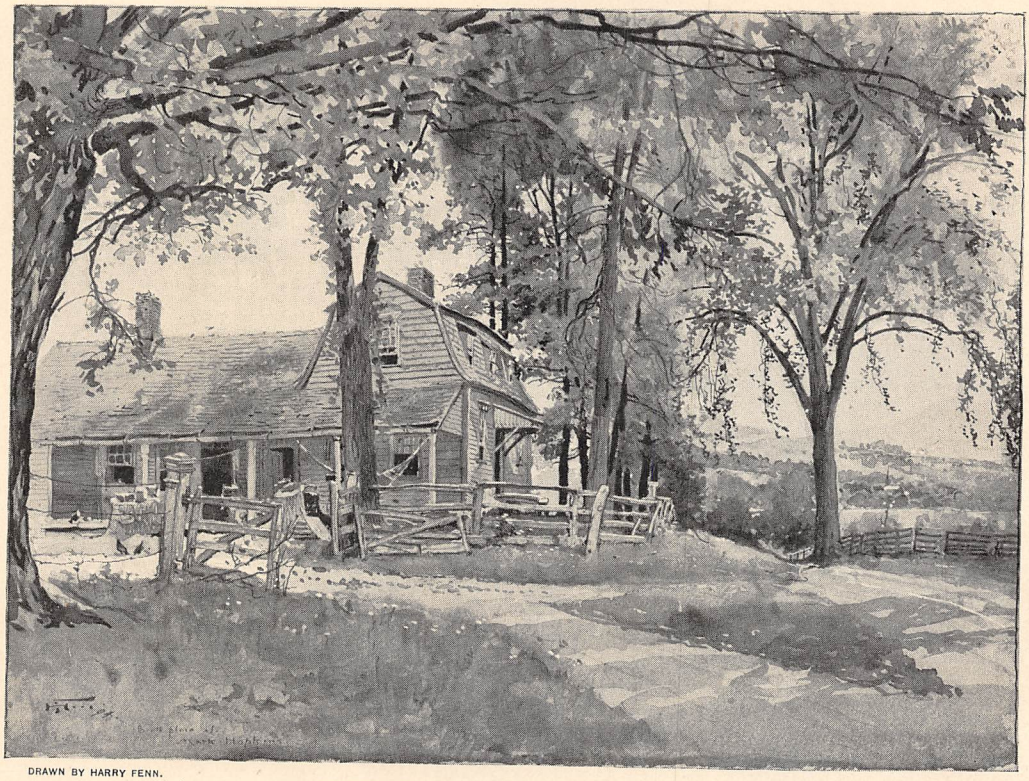
FANNY KEMBLE, FROM A DRAWING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, PRESENTED TO MRS. KEMBLE.

Cabot, and whose blue eyes seemed absolutely illumined by the pure and eager soul which shone through them, was more interesting to those of my uncritical age. But before the sad tragedy which ended his adventurous and useful life I had learned to appreciate not only the spiritual elevation which was apparent to all who heard him, but the sturdy manliness of character which was concealed by his almost feminine mildness.

It was in the Lenox Congregational Church that Dr. Channing delivered his well-known address on the anniversary of emancipation in the British West Indies. I was present, and, like others older and of more temperate blood, was thrilled as never before by the words of the closing appeal, which still linger in my ears. "Come, Father Almighty, and crown with thine omnipotence the humble strivings of thy children to subvert oppression and wrong, to spread light and freedom, peace and joy, the truth and spirit of thy Son, through the whole earth." As we read the words in cold type they hardly seem seraphic. But the air then was charged with a moral electricity which made a halo round his apostolic head and magnetized his utterance. A gentleman sitting next me, who was not a church-goer or in sympathy with abolitionism, exclaimed *sotto voce*, "This is equal to anything in Milton," and sent off the same day a glowing report of the occasion to the New York "Evening Post."

During that summer Mr. Charles Sedgwick, the local reputation of whose delightful humor equaled that of his sister's stories, after a vain effort to fasten his straps, an indispensable incident to the trousers of that day, said to a very young niece who was standing by, in a tone the apparent seriousness of which she was not old enough to interpret: "I wish you would go round to Dr. Channing and ask him to come and button these straps." Leaving the room unobserved, the little girl trotted to the doctor's quarters at the village inn, and promptly delivered the message. "My dear," said the doctor, gravely, "I do not understand you." Mr. Sedgwick's sweet temper was never nearer curdling than it was on her report of the futility of her embassy. He had been taken *au pied de la lettre* when he had thought only of that of the *pantalon*.

During the summer of 1836 Miss Martineau spent six weeks in Stockbridge. Her recollections of it will be found in her "Society in

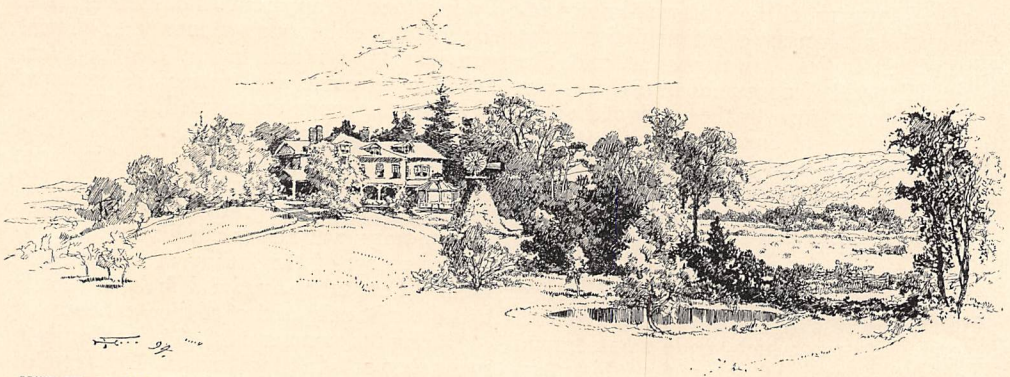


DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

BIRTHPLACE OF MARK HOPKINS, STOCKBRIDGE.

America," a book which now has the same sort of interest for us Americans — at least us Yankees — that the retrospect of those boyish successes and follies which have shaped and colored his life may have for a middle-aged man. In reading in it her noble sentiments on the spirit of religion, it is sad to be reminded of their contrast with those she held long after.

My boyish recollection of Miss Martineau is very pleasant. She was always amiable. On one occasion, when she sat writing at a table in a parlor, I remember standing with my head just above it, and wondering at the ease and regularity with which she despatched, in her clear, round hand, letter after letter, never pausing for a word or an idea, or to read what she had written. Although there was no room for mystery, I felt something of the fascination which, we are told, riveted the observer who watched the unknown hand at the opposite window filling and throwing off with the tireless uniformity of a machine what proved to be the manuscript pages of "Waverley." As she tossed the last letter on the great pile be-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

PRESENT ASPECT OF DR. HOLMES'S RESIDENCE NEAR PITTSFIELD.

fore her, she said, "Now, my boy, is n't that a pretty good morning's work?" and while I hesitated for an answer that should do justice to her and credit to myself, she put on a hair glove of hers which was lying on the table, and gave my cheeks a playful rubbing, the tingle of which I seem to feel yet.

Mrs. Anna Jameson, then about forty-three years old, an intimate friend of Miss Martineau as well as of Mrs. Fanny Kemble, visited Stockbridge for some weeks in the fall of 1837. I well remember her face,—"oh, call it fair, not pale!" —the whiteness of which was set off and intensified by her ruddy curls. It was a sad time for her, as the negotiations for separation from the strange husband she had left in Canada were pending; but though I recollect frequent absorbing talks between her and Miss Sedgwick, in which she looked very downcast, yet in her general conversation she was delightfully animated. Her artistic nature colored what she said as well as what she wrote, and if I had had any proclivity for art, I might have begun an education in it through her instructive talk.

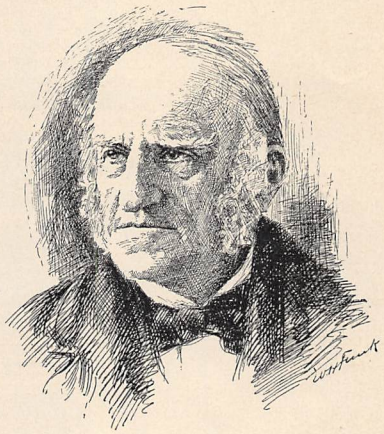
From about this time Mrs. Kemble, for many years when in this country, spent part of her summers in Lenox, occasionally coming to Stockbridge and joining in the excursions to Monument Mountain, Perry's Peak, and elsewhere in the neighborhood, of which there was no end. She often read Shakspere on the piazza or in the parlors of Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's house at Lenox for the instruction and pleasure of Mrs. Sedgwick's pupils. Many visitors and villagers, by invitation, gathered round, and were now spell-bound, now electrified, by her wonderful voice, as it ran through the gamut of the great master. If I were to balance the advantages I derived from listening to her readings in those delightful summers, and often again elsewhere, against my regular education in English, I should be as much in doubt to which to give the preference as Charles Fox was in weighing what he had learned from Edmund Burke against his acquisitions of knowledge from all other sources.

One characteristic anecdote of Mrs. Kemble, which, so far as I know, has not got into print, may be mentioned. Two youthful friends of hers having given invitations for a picnic on the border of the Stockbridge Bowl, Mrs. Kemble, with the warm-hearted sympathy she always showed toward young people, associated herself with them in the plan, and made the entertainment much more complete than they had intended. She engaged a band from Albany, had a dancing-platform erected, and numerous boats engaged. Unfortunately, the punch, which had been subtly compounded in New York, had, for the sake of economical transportation, "no allaying Thames." The



DRAWN BY W. H. FUNK, FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



DRAWN BY W. H. FUNK, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.

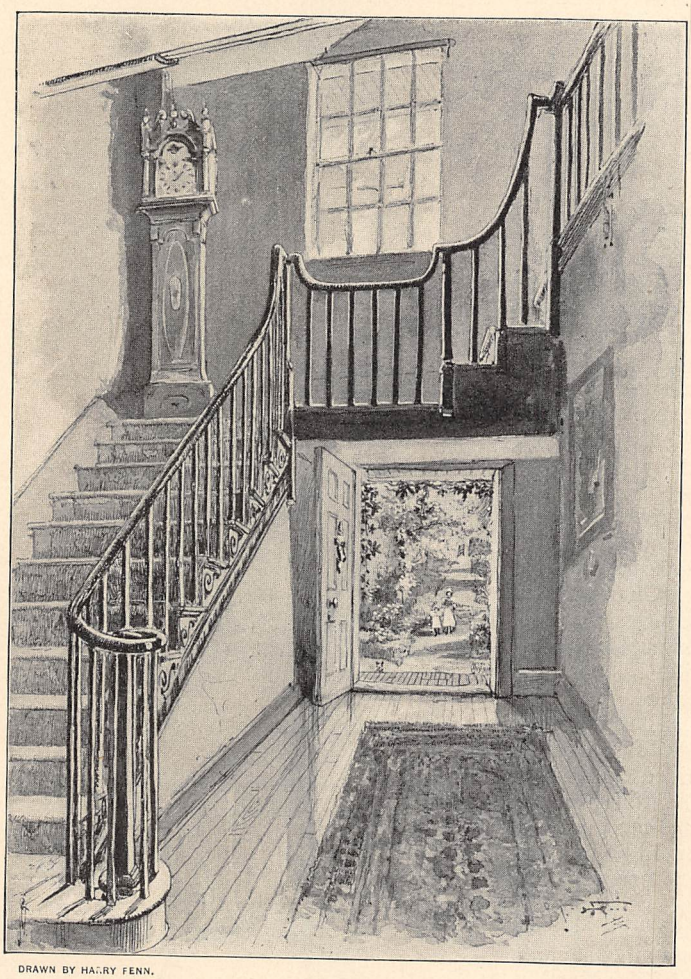
MARK HOPKINS.



DRAWN BY W. H. FUNK, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

F. A. P. BARNARD.

day was hot; there was a cry for something to drink, and at a fatal moment, when the person who should have superintended the beguiling beverage was engaged in another part of the grounds, it was prematurely poured into the punch-bowl as undiluted as if Friar Tuck had presided. Its cunning smoothness disarmed the suspicion of the wariest of the guests, some of whom were betrayed before the mistake was discovered and corrected. The climax came when, after the lunch, and at a moment when two or three of the more unfortunate gentlemen had gone to a sequestered spot for a restorative swim, Mrs. Kemble ordered the chief boatman to bring to the little dock, prepared for the embarkation of those inclined for a row, the largest of the boats, which had been specially decorated for the occasion. The man hesitated and stammered. "No words!" imperiously commanded Mrs. Kemble, in *Lady Macbeth's* tone. "Bring the boat!" After several vain efforts at remonstrance, he said deprecatingly, "I thought maybe, as one of your gents was in the boat naked and drunk, you would rather not have it brought just yet." Those who have heard Mrs. Kemble read *Falstaff* and *Pistol* can imagine the mixture of amusement and disgust on her face at this rejoinder. I have called this anecdote characteristic, but I need not say it is characteristic of one little side only of her noble being. The impetuous generosity, the glowing sensibility, the unfeigned religiousness of this child of nature, of whom heredity and environment made an actress, can be told only in the story of her life.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

HOUSE IN PITTSFIELD WHERE LONGFELLOW MARRIED HIS FIRST WIFE — THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

It was in 1841, I think, that the Honorable Miss Augusta Murray, one of Queen Victoria's maids of honor, made a short visit to Stockbridge, in regard to which the only thing I remember is her saying that it was the prettiest village she had ever seen. This was, perhaps, a good-natured bit of flattery. The charms of some English hamlets, though they are more compact, and possess more of the *rus in urbe*, yet with the mellow gray of their stones, and their wealth of clambering ivy, are unexcelled. But they differ so widely from the scattered loveliness of our embowered villages that no comparison can be made between them.

The year 1837, a very black one financially for the country, was a bright one for Stockbridge. In that year, bringing letters of introduction to Miss Sedgwick from Sismondi and others, came the Italian exiles Confalonieri, Foresti, Maroncelli, Castillia, Gambardella, Albinola, Tinelli, and Argenti, who, after languishing in Spielberg under sentences which in the case of the four first named had been commutations of death to imprisonment for life, had been released by an amnesty granted to political prisoners on the accession of Ferdinand I. to the throne of Austria in 1835. Some of these gentlemen established themselves

permanently in this country with more or less success, and some returned to share the varying but at length triumphant fortunes of their native land. Very wisely, to learn English in the quickest and most economical way, several of the exiles, immediately on landing, came direct to Stockbridge, and devoted themselves to its acquisition. One evening, soon after their arrival, one of the number, who had not known a word of English when he came, presented himself at the house of a family in the village, where he had before talked only in French and his own tongue. He opened the conversation, with a self-complacent air, by saying with great emphasis and deliberation, "Ze naight ees howsht und selont." After several repetitions of these enigmatical words without conveying a spark of their meaning, he drew triumphantly a small phrase-book from his pocket, and pointed out the sentence, "The night is hushed and silent." I omit further reference to these gentlemen, as not strictly belonging to the literary memories of Berkshire, though the classic cultivation of some of them justifies this mention. It is to be regretted that there is no memoir of Castillia, who remained a year in Stockbridge, and who, after his return to his country after its emancipation, became a *senatore del regno*. A lovelier nature than his was never given to mortal man.

Between 1837 and 1846 N. P. Willis, "so natty and jaunty and gay," occasionally passed a few days in summer with a married sister living in Stockbridge. Another sister, whose literary name was Fanny Fern, and who was afterward Mrs. James Parton, used also to visit Stockbridge in those days. She said of it that its name might be prettier, but *it* could not.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE BELONGING TO MRS. H. GARFIELD.

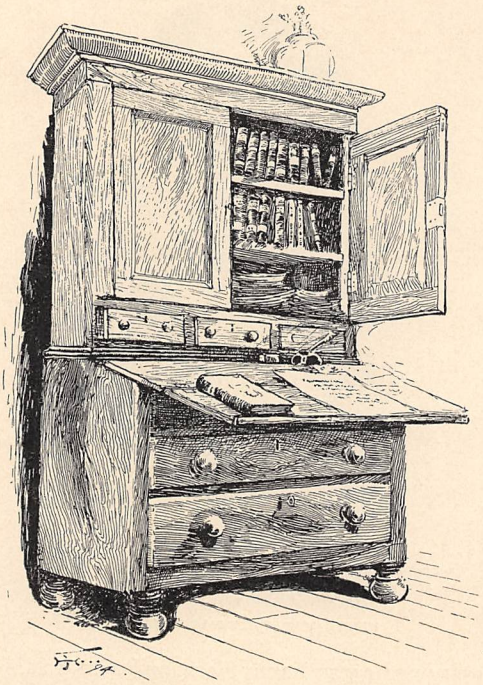
JAMES A. GARFIELD, FORTY YEARS AGO.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM THE STEEL-ENGRAVING BY J. A. J. WILCOX, AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY BADGER. PAINTED WHILE LONGFELLOW WAS PROFESSOR AT BOWDOIN, AND PUBLISHED BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO. IN THE RIVERSIDE EDITION OF HIS PROSE WORKS.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Lord Morpeth, of the family of Howard, afterward Earl of Carlisle, was a guest in Stockbridge in 1841. He was thoroughly English-looking, square-built, with plain features, but wearing an agreeable and kindly expression. He wore a scarlet waistcoat of so vivid a hue that some one said it looked as if it were dyed with "all the blood of all the Howards." An incident of his visit was his being taken to tea at the house of a New England farmer, where he had an opportunity to see a dainty specimen of New England housekeeping, and bore with perfect courtesy and gravity being called "Mr. Morpeth" by the farmer and his excellent wife. In the course of talk at the meal, the host, with unintentional ungraciousness, introduced the subject of the Revolution, saying, "Well, we beat you that time," without ruffling the temper or manners of the guest, who even managed to assent with tolerable gravity to the question, "Your boss is a woman, is n't she?" Lord Morpeth was a very candid and kindly observer of our democratic ways, and in those still embryonic days, when we set an undue value on the opinions of our British brethren, some of whom had made us writhe under their literary castigation, this was a quality peculiarly grateful to us thin-skinned Yankees. At a public dinner in New York on his return from his Stockbridge visit, a toast proposed by the late Mr. Theodore Sedgwick



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

HAWTHORNE'S BERKSHIRE WRITING-DESK.

in his honor as "a traveler without prejudice, and a statesman without guile," was received with great applause.

In 1844 Macready paid Stockbridge a visit of two or three days. His famous stage stride was relaxed when off the boards, but otherwise his deportment was almost as classically dignified as in the tranquil intervals of his acting on the stage, where I had often watched his lightest movements and gestures with the intense interest inspired by youth and love of the drama. Two things about him specially impressed me. One was his daily appearance in a different-colored dress-coat, black one day, blue another, claret-colored the third, the last two garments being garnished with gold or gilt buttons. This, to a small country boy, quite unused to the sight of any dress-coat, was a very impressive circumstance. The other thing was his saying that the reading of the Church of England service by the village rector of that day was quite faultless. A great compliment we villagers thought it to a New England rector from the leading tragedian of the English stage.

One of the most delightful guests that Berkshire ever had was George William Curtis, who, after the experience of Brook Farm, for many years (until he established his summer home at Ashfield) passed much of his vacation at Lenox. Even the barest detail about one so well known alike for his noble and his charming qualities must be omitted in this rapid sketch. Happily, Mr. Edward Cary's conscientious and delightful life of Mr. Curtis, lately published, obviates the need of any details of his Berkshire visits. Otherwise even these light reminiscences would be sadly incomplete.

It was about 1840, I think, that Mark Hopkins, a native of Stockbridge, and the distinguished president of Williams College, who had begun life as a physician, gave a course of lectures on human anatomy in a building known as "the old academy" in Stockbridge. They were given for the purpose of raising the money necessary to buy for the college the papier-mâché manikin by which they were illustrated. The manikin was very delicately and accurately constructed, and each organ, bone, muscle, and other component part was, as exactly as the science and art of that day could compass, the facsimile of its human counterpart. Among the audience collected to hear the lectures were several young women whom one of the ladies of the village had organized into a class primarily intended to advance their knowledge of English branches less abstruse than anatomy. They were as eager, however, for any instruction that came along as the candidates for Radcliffe or Bryn Mawr would be in the present more advanced stage of feminine evolution. A son of the lady in question had just come from New York, and on reaching his mother's house was informed that she had gone to an entertainment at the old academy. Thither he at once betook himself in search of her, and on his entering the room an enigmatical and unappetizing sausage-like object, which had been passed from one to another in the audience for inspection, was handed to him. "What on earth is that?" he inquired of a guileless maiden

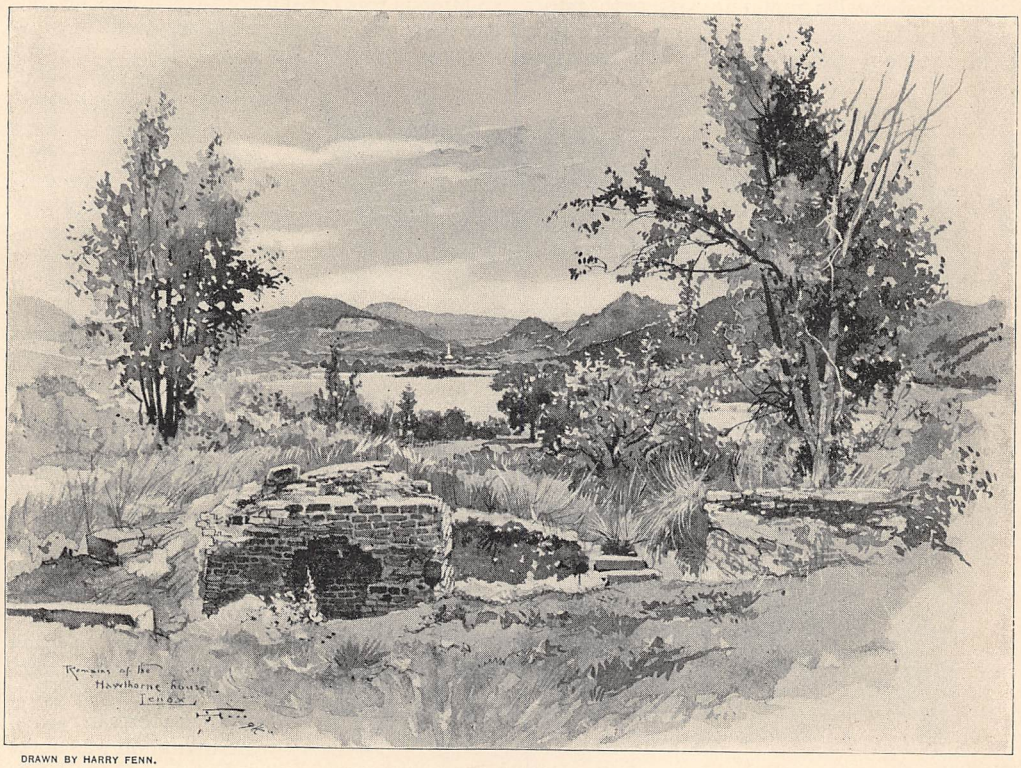


DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE HAWTHORNE HOUSE AT LENOX. FROM A SKETCH MADE A FEW YEARS AFTER HAWTHORNE LIVED THERE.

on the nearest seat. "Oh, that," she replied, "is the mesenteric canal." The young gentleman beat an instant retreat, perceiving that he had plunged beyond his depth in very unknown waters.

In 1844 was the Berkshire jubilee, when the children of Berkshire, on the invitation of Mr. remonstrate mildly, reminding us that our division, which was the first in the class in point of scholarship, should no less distinguish itself by its good manners. But on his again repeating his telltale misnomer, the mirth of the boys became uncontrollable, and there was a roar of laughter, which all his efforts could not



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

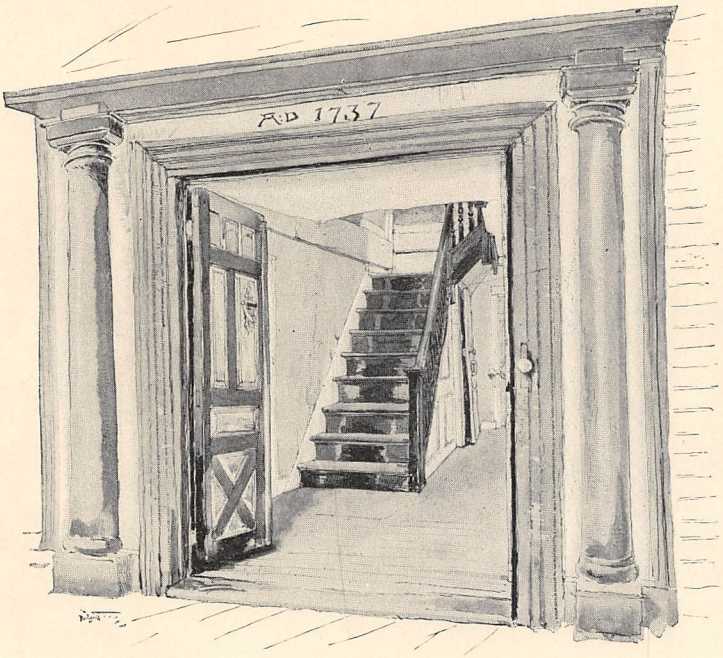
REMAINS OF THE HAWTHORNE HOUSE.

Bryant, Theodore Sedgwick, Judge Betts, Dr. Orville Dewey, David Dudley Field, and others, thronged homeward from all parts of the country to greet each other and gather new strength from the generous touch of their beautiful mother. It was a unique and successful festival, lasting two days.

About 1840 the Miss Appletons, daughters of Mr. Nathan Appleton of Boston, passed the summer at Stockbridge, where their father bought a beautiful building site. Mr. Longfellow, who in 1843 married Miss Fanny Appleton, afterward purposed building a summer residence on it, but the plan was wrecked by his wife's tragic death. He had visited Stockbridge in his courtship. I was then a student at Harvard, and was repeatedly called on by him at recitation as "Stockbridge." When this first occurred, a titter ran through the division; the second time the titter developed into a loud giggle, which led him to control. Suddenly his mistake flashed upon him, and he joined heartily in the laugh, though with a little embarrassment. Many years after, on meeting him at Newport, I introduced myself to him, saying, "Mr. Longfellow, you don't remember me?" "Yes, indeed I do," he said: "To my dying day I shall never forget calling you 'Stockbridge.'"

Miss Fanny Appleton's elder sister, Mary, had shortly before married Mr. Robert Mackintosh, son of the distinguished Sir James. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with a ruddy face and corkscrew curls, odd manners, ungainly movements, and a good deal of dry humor. On one occasion, having come from New York by the North River for the sake of the scenery of that delightful route, he drove across to Stockbridge from Hudson, a distance of rather more than thirty miles. About midnight he came to a fork in the road where there was no guide-board, and, espying a soli-

tary farm-house, got out of his wagon, hoping to ascertain the right way by inquiring at the house, the door of which he thumped, at first moderately, then, on getting no answer, with all his might, till the building shook. Nobody was roused but a dog, which rushed at him, barking furiously. The louder he knocked, the fiercer the dog barked, till at last, in desperation, he flung his remaining strength into a volley of knocks, and ran back to his wagon with the dog yelping at his heels. Just as he reached the vehicle, a window was raised, and a sleepy voice asked what he wanted. "Please cut your dog's throat," he replied, and drove off without stopping to find out which was the right road.



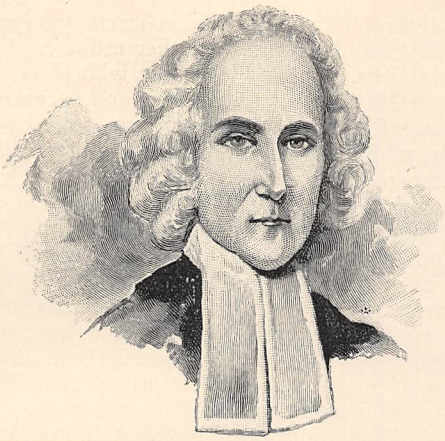
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ENTRANCE TO THE HOME OF JONATHAN EDWARDS, STOCKBRIDGE.

In August, 1850, four years after going up Monument with Mr. Lowell, I ascended the same mountain with a company of authors — Mr. Hawthorne, Dr. Holmes, Messrs. Evert A. and George L. Duyckinck, Cornelius Mathews (who wrote under the name of Puffer Hopkins), Herman Melville, James T. Fields, and David Dudley Field, whose novels, however, were in the line of Justinian rather than of Sir Walter Scott. I remember little more of their conversation than that they talked prose apparently as unconsciously as *M. Jourdain* himself, and that I enjoyed the distinction of being the only one of the party who had not written a book.

In the same year G. P. R. James, whose first three initials were interpreted by George William Curtis as "George Prince Regent" (which interpretation was locally adopted), came to Stockbridge, where he lived till the end of 1852. He was a generous and public-spirited townsman, and gave a clock to the tower of the Episcopal Church. The industry for which he was so famous was conspicuous there, and he dictated romances to three or four secretaries simultaneously. Mr. James was a vigorous snuff-taker, and was one of the last in the society of that day to sport the red bandana, which that beguiling habit rendered indispensable. He was very amiable, and I remember but one occasion when he was roused to any display of warmth. At a dinner in Stockbridge, Mr. Daniel B. Stanton, who had been giving recollections of the habits of English society, remarked that it was the general practice in London to hire pyramids of hothouse fruit to be put on the dining-table purely for ornament. The fruit was offered in turn to each guest, but it was perfectly understood that this was a form only, and the invitation was never to be accepted. Before he had become familiar with this usage, however, Mr. Stanton had unwarily broken off a cluster of grapes from a large bunch and irrevocably eaten them. Too late he observed, on turning toward the lady of the house, that she was looking daggers at him, and he was never again invited there. During the telling of this story Mr. James grew redder and redder, and hardly waiting for it to be finished, called out in a cynical tone, "Pray, what sort of society did you keep in London, Mr. Stanton?" Mr. Stanton, in his turn, looked very black, but suddenly his brow cleared, and he cried out in a tone of checkmate: "The very best society *there*, Mr. James," with a prodigious emphasis on the final adverb.

Not his favorite Berkshire only, but America (we might add England), sadly misses today the wit, the poet, the kindly Autocrat who has so lately left us. "If you would be happy in Berkshire," said Dr. Holmes, "you must carry



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM AN OLD PRINT. ENGRAVED BY W. A. HIRSCHMANN.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PRINT. BY PERMISSION OF ROBERTS BROTHERS.

ORVILLE DEWEY.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE. ENGRAVED BY W. A. HIRSCHMANN.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM HIS LAST PORTRAIT, A TINTYPE, TAKEN BY CRITCHERON, OF WORCESTER, MASS., IN 1861. PRESENTED TO JOHN H. TREADWELL BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HENRY D. THOREAU.



BY PERMISSION OF CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

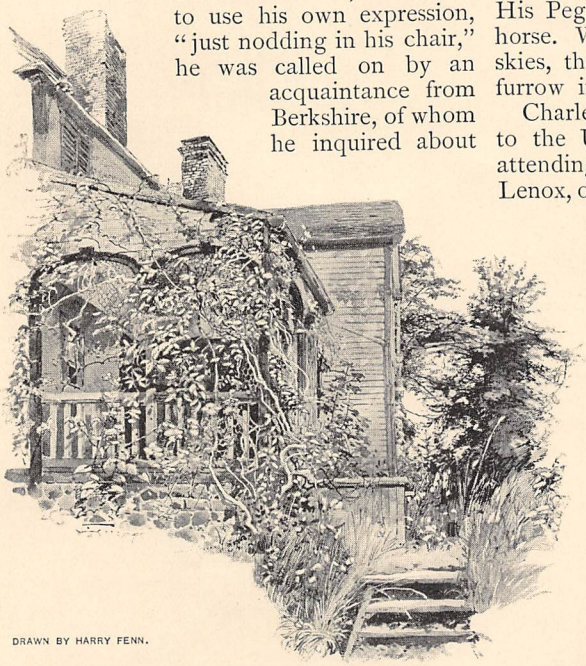
J. G. HOLLAND.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DEWEY, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

HERMAN MELVILLE, IN 1861.

mountains in your brain." This he himself did, not only by his love of the picturesque in nature, but in the sense of a largeness of mind that often made his thoughts seem like the "Jungfrau" and "Funster Aarhorn" holding converse together as in Tourguéneff's noble idyl. The last of the five true New England bards whose glowing love of freedom so lately expanded and exalted their "note of praise," he has left not only the memory of an original humor the like of which must henceforth seem a second-hand imitation, and of a genial wisdom which may still cheer and inspire at least, even if it, too, can be hardly paralleled, but also of a manly purity and vigorous excellence of character which, under Providence, no true lover of moral worth need despair of attaining. For many summers, until quite late in his life, he lived in Pittsfield, on what remained to him of the ancestral acres left to his family by his grandfather Jacob Wendell. It was his preference in his youth to live there always, but the necessity of earning a living took him to Boston. His affection for nature continued fresh and sweet to the last. A few weeks before his death, as he sat, to use his own expression, "just nodding in his chair," he was called on by an acquaintance from Berkshire, of whom he inquired about the trees there, not only generally but individually, as if they were friends in whom his interest had never flagged. He asked particularly after the "Sheffield elm," an old favorite described by the delightful Autocrat more than forty years before.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

PORCH OF LAUREL COTTAGE, WHERE MATTHEW ARNOLD SPENT THE SUMMER OF 1886.

The name of Bryant, identified with "the lovely and the wild mingled in harmony on nature's face" in Berkshire, is her crowning literary glory. Unlike Sir Walter, who so often forgot his own verses, and on one occasion, when "Cleveland's Serenade" was sung by a lady, asked who was the writer, Mr. Bryant remembered everything he ever wrote. One evening comes delightfully to my mind, when, among other games of the intellectual kind, he joined the young people in capping verses. As far as possible his youthful admirers chose his own verses for quotation; and it was pleasant to see the quiet smile with which he acknowledged them. Even lines which from their simplicity might have easily drifted out of his crowded memory were always recalled.

Mr. Bryant illustrated as truly as Burns himself the maxim that the poet is born and not made, yet no votary of the Muses ever reconciled more completely the exalted aspiration and inspiration of the poet with the commonplace desperations of active and useful life. As fond of rural beauty as Theocritus or Catullus, and as fascinated by country life as Horace or Vergil, he yet for half a century attended at his editorial desk with inexorable punctuality. His Pegasus was never chained to his cart-horse. When Pegasus took his flight to the skies, the cart-horse still turned his honest furrow in the ground.

Charles Sumner, for years before his election to the United States Senate in 1851, when attending the Berkshire circuit, then held at Lenox, occasionally drove to Stockbridge. He had a strong admiration of Berkshire, which in one of his letters he mentioned as a region where the mountains were dwarfs, but the people were giants. A giant himself in the great struggle to which he afterward gave his accomplished intellect, his greatness needs no tribute from these ephemeral pages.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, who in 1851 and 1852 lived in Stockbridge, on the border of Lenox, is so far the foremost of those who have adventured on the wide waters of American fiction that one, looking over them, brightened as they are by the sails or strewn with the wreckage of countless craft, is reminded of the answers of the lookout man on board the royal yacht at the international yacht race in 1851 to the two inquiries of Prince Albert: "What is first?" "*America*, sir." "What is second?" "Nothing, sir." Hawthorne is first. Is there a second? It is no discredit to the gallant phantom fleet manned by such a variety of genius and culture to hesitate as to the answer.



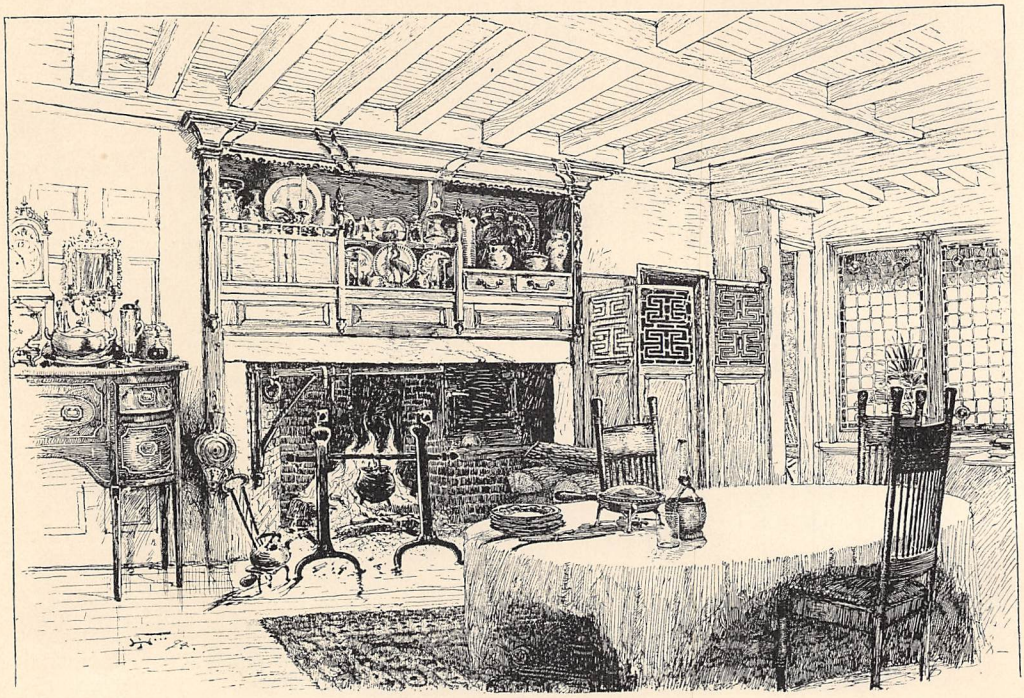
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, STOCKBRIDGE.

Miss Sedgwick, by her birth, life, and writings, is so identified with Stockbridge that even reminiscences so desultory as these ought not to omit a reference to her. She belongs to the past generation, but had she not gone before, perhaps others who are the idols of to-day might not have reached their present stage of literary evolution. Nearly every writer of fiction springs upward or forward from the platform which his predecessors have constructed, if he does not, being an original genius, or considering himself such, deliberately thrust it aside. It would not be fair, therefore, to judge her writings by the present standard. But while taste in fiction so varies from generation to generation that, with such rare exceptions as the magic creations of the Wizard of the North, or a few perfect literary gems like the "Vicar of Wakefield" or the "Scarlet Letter," the children toss aside the books which were the parents' delight, yet the tradition of Miss Sedgwick's exquisite femininenes and of the wide aureole of love in which she lived and moved will perhaps outlast the stories, the scenes of which were in part laid among her beloved Berkshire hills. Her influence in attracting to Lenox the best class of visitors, and in forming there the society which in varying phases has always continued to be distinguished, has been too often referred to in the published writings of Mrs. Kemble and others to need recording here.

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane was in Stockbridge for some weeks in the summer of, I think, 1856, visiting the family of a married daughter of Mr. Henry Grinnell, who then lived there. He was under the spell of spiritualism, which was cast about him by Miss Margaret Fox (to whom, by her account, he was privately married), and was enthusiastic in "table-tippings" and "planchette" interpretations. At an earlier day I had gone with a company to the Astor House to hear the rappings and see the table-tippings of the Fox sisters. They succeeded in inspiring many besides poor Dr. Kane with a belief in the genuineness of their supernatural intercourse. Within the last few years I heard Miss Fox, *alias* Mrs. Kane, confess on the stage of the Academy of Music in New York, before a large audience, the frauds she had practised, and explain the dexterous way in which she had wriggled her toes and her ankle-joints in playing off her spirits on her devotees.

Isaac Garfield, an ancestor of President Garfield, was in 1739 one of the settlers of Tyringham in Berkshire, and some of his descendants have always lived in a part of the town which, the year after Taylor's capture of Monterey in 1846, was set off and named in honor of that



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A BERKSHIRE INTERIOR.

victory. President Garfield, before going to college at Williamstown, twice made a visit of some weeks to his relation Colonel Daniel Garfield of Monterey. The colonel's daughter, Miss (now Mrs.) Henrietta Garfield, who has become a resident of Tyringham, has an agreeable recollection of her distinguished cousin's good spirits and good humor in those boyish days. The President always looked back with pleasure to his life in Berkshire both before and after going to college. It will be remembered that he was starting to attend a commencement at Williamstown when he was shot, and it was expected that he would visit Monterey, where a lake had been renamed in his honor. His family afterward passed part of a summer in Stockbridge.

It would be easy to enumerate a long catalogue of eminent names of visitors and summer residents of Stockbridge during the last fifty years, continuing a list of perhaps equal length of their predecessors in the preceding half-century. The residents would include the brothers David Dudley and the Rev. Henry M. Field, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Astor Bristed, General S. C. Armstrong (the heroic friend of the black man and the red man), Joseph H. Choate, and Matthew Arnold. Mr. Arnold had here one of the seizures to which he was subject, and which he then said would some day carry him off — a prediction which was fulfilled within two years. He lived in a cottage rented by his son-in-law, Mr. Whitridge, from Lady Musgrave, the daughter of David Dudley Field, where he was the center of a home life as unstudied as if scholarship had been abolished. What a delight it was to those who chanced to be his neighbors, after looking somewhat apprehensively at the classic poet and relentless critic who had dropped from Oxford into their New England nook, to find instead the tender husband, the fond father, the kind friend, and the appreciative and grateful guest!

The visitors would include Frederika Bremer, Dr. Bellows (whose life, teeming with patriotism and philanthropy, when worthily written will add a rich page to his country's annals), Dr. Orville Dewey (whose residence for many years in the neighboring town of Sheffield made his visits to Stockbridge as easy as they were delightful), William M. Evarts, Sir George Bowen, Henry Ward Beecher (who lived one summer in Lenox), Dr. F. A. P. Barnard, so long president of Columbia College, and his brother Major-General J. G. Barnard (both born in Sheffield, where General Barnard continued to reside in summer till his death), Dr. J. G. Holland (the famous "Timothy Titcomb," and first editor of this magazine, who received his medical education in Pittsfield), Phillips Brooks, Frank R. Stockton, Robert C. Winthrop (who has so lately died full of years and honors), Professors Child and Norton of Harvard, Cyrus W. Field and his brother Judge Stephen J. Field, Dr. McCosh, Sir William

Thompson, and Dean Stanley. The last five were guests of the Rev. Dr. Field.

One of the visitors as recently as 1883 was the late Henry W. Shaw, who, like three jurists now on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, had been at school in Stockbridge as a boy. A lady of the village was surprised at receiving a call from a grave and somber gentleman, accompanied by a lady whom he introduced as his wife. The call was under the mistaken impression that the house where it was made was the one where the gentleman had lived in early days. His wife inquired whether her husband was not well known to the hostess, who confessed her ignorance, and expressed her regrets. "Why," said Mrs. Shaw, "he is almost the best-known person in America — as well known as General Grant." Then, after enjoying for a moment the puzzled condition of her hostess's mind, she explained, "My husband writes under the name of Josh Billings." It was Josh Billings himself who had come to revisit the town where he had got his education long before attaining his high rank in that school of American humor which consists chiefly in phonetic spelling with fanciful variations.

Few rural American counties offer the local historian so diversified a field for the portrayal of individual character as Berkshire. The devoted John Sergeant, whose mission to the Mohican Indians was established at Stockbridge in 1735, was succeeded by Jonathan Edwards, who from 1751 to 1758 was pastor of the Congregational Church of the town. Here he wrote his treatises on the "Freedom of the Will" and "Original Sin." What a contrast for the historic artist between the pictures of Edwards's theology and of his humanity! In his quiet study, in the happy valley which seems the ideal abode of love and peace, he grimly exults in the ineffable agonies which the sinner shall suffer in the hands of an angry God. Then before the sinner has been snatched by the undying wrath, he who but now was in theory the inexorable doomster pours over the destined victim a flood of human sympathy and tenderness.

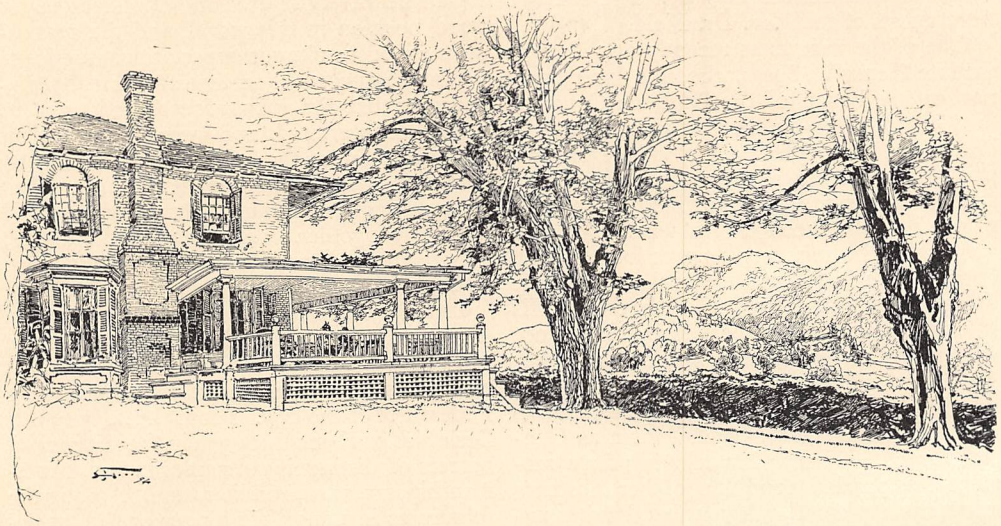
Then followed the Rev. Aaron Burr, a man of Edwards's own pattern, though cast in a somewhat smaller intellectual mold. He preceded Edwards in the presidency of Nassau Hall (afterward Princeton College), won at Stockbridge his lovely wife Esther, who was young enough to be his own daughter, and became the father of that strange compound, the second Aaron Burr. Of one of Esther's sisters, who was something of a shrew, the following story is still told in Stockbridge. When some adventurous suitor of good standing in the church sought her hand, the theologian decisively refused it. Confident in his good position in this world, and the reasonableness of his ulterior expectations, the lover persistently urged his pretensions. Finally, discovering that Mr. Edwards's objections were purely disinterested, and were based, not on his defects, but on the lady's temper, he argued that as she had experienced religion as well as he there was no reason to doubt that they would be happy together. "Ah," replied the divine, "there are some persons with whom the grace of God abides, that you can't."

In 1785 Judge Theodore Sedgwick removed from Sheffield to Stockbridge, where for the rest of his life (which was ended in 1813) his house was a frequent resort of many leading Federalists of the day. From that day to this Berkshire has been thronged in the summer by bearers of distinguished names in law, statesmanship, art, arms, and literature. Among the sojourners in Lenox, for longer or shorter periods, have been Harrison Gray Otis, Silas Wright, Governor Marcy, Millard Fillmore, Chief Justice Shaw, and other eminent Massachusetts judges who adorned the bench before it was transferred to Pittsfield, Louis Kossuth, Cassius M. Clay, Ralph Waldo Emerson (who had a daughter at Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's school), Governor Boutwell, Governor Andrew, a group of well-known New York artists from whom it would be invidious to make selections, Jenny Lind, Christine Nilsson, Charlotte Cushman, Anna Cora Mowatt, Epes Sargent, Henry Ward Beecher, General Hitchcock, General McClellan, James Russell Lowell, President Arthur, Sir Edward Thornton, William Crowninshield Endicott, and William C. Whitney.

Any general mention of Berkshire visitors should not omit the name of Henry David Thoreau. In 1846 or 1847 he passed a night in the rude observatory on Greylock, while the mice nibbled his toes and he nibbled the only available literary pabulum, the scraps of country newspapers scattered on the floor. These, which had served to wrap the luncheons of more carnally minded visitors, he read by the flickering firelight, finding the advertisements much better than the editorials, and even, by a process peculiarly his own, extracting some aroma of poetry from the names of the commodities advertised — lumber, cotton, sugar, hides, guano, and logwood.[1]

As has been already tritely suggested, the face of nature in Berkshire is unchanged outside of the towns, and wears its old familiar smile of infinite sweetness. The same beauties of field

[1] An account of this characteristic excursion will be found in Thoreau's "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," Vol. I of the new Riverside edition of his works, pp. 235–248.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

HOUSE IN WHICH G. P. R. JAMES LIVED, STOCKBRIDGE.

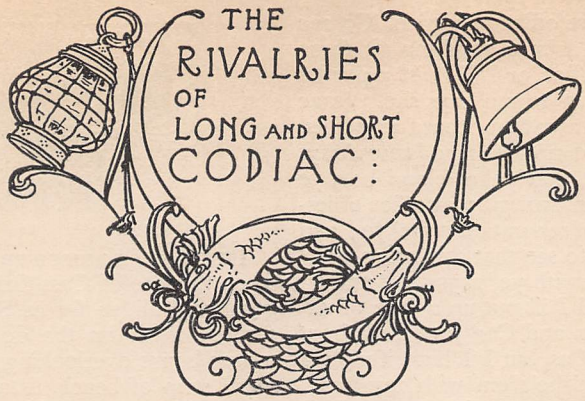
and fell are laced together by the silver band of the Housatonic, even if the silver be here and there tarnished by the mills. Yet a few sad changes extort a lament from our "Old Mortalities." Our tenure of this lovely river seems to be subject to the mill-owners of the manufacturing towns, who, finding water cheaper than steam, claim and are permitted to exercise the right of shutting it off in order to collect a sufficient supply for their purposes, so that at times and in some places, especially on Sunday, which is allowed as a day of rest to the mills as well as the hands, the bright stream is shrunk within its margin of meadow and willow to a murky rill sliding through its ooze. From our mountain-sides, too, the maples, elms, and other noble forest trees are too often unintelligently stripped without heed to the science of forestry by which in Europe, while a part of the woods is deftly removed for the purposes of fuel and manufacture, almost without being missed, their sylvan beauty and symmetry are preserved. On the other hand, there is in general a greater air of thrift than in our fathers' day, the result chiefly of the village improvement societies; the agriculture and horticulture are better; and there are in our larger villages what ninety-nine out of a hundred would call improvements — shaven lawns, trimmed hedges, costly and complicated houses of varied architecture, and occasionally even pretensions to something like the formal magnificence of a park. Rural life is in a measure exchanging its "unbought grace" for the charms of wealth and elaboration. The world moves. Society in the country, as well as in the town, is evolved into new and glittering forms, and few perhaps will bear with the senile prejudices of those who prefer "to stand on the old paths."

This is not the place to discuss the comparative advantages and disadvantages of the social evolution now going on in the country at large, of which Lenox and Stockbridge are types. Theologically, as we have seen, the advance is real and high. But we may observe that the men and women who used to form the cultivated elements of society were outwardly distinguished from its humbler members only by the quiet and kindly dignity of their deportment, and by their never forgetting that *noblesse oblige*. The liveries, the dress, the drags, the formal receptions, the Anglicanism, all the diversified phases of wealth which have changed the surface of society, have not always stifled the sweetness and virtue of the past, but have often hidden them under a load of formal self-consequence which makes them hard to find; and—

Oh, the difference to me!

Beautiful Berkshire! There are few other lands as fair, none more fitting, even yet, to be the patriot's cradle and the poet's haunt and home.

Henry Dwight Sedgwick.



AMBITION o'WOMEN

THE two islands called Long Codiac and Short Codiac are not far removed from Grand Mahac. Indeed, upon clear days the lighthouse upon the latter island may be plainly seen. But so far as the inhabitants are concerned, they might be as far apart as Charlottetown and St. John.

Long Codiac has the post-office, and Short Codiac has the school-house. So it would seem that honors are about evenly divided between the sister islands; but, alas! this is not so, for the Short Codiacs, by virtue of the educational advantage of possessing the school-house, have had the honor of the plantation elections, and this has engendered the bitterest rivalry between the islands.

To the stranger the rivalry was not apparent. No one would have known that there was aught to disturb the harmony that seemed to exist among the men who were seated in various attitudes in the sand, in the sheltered lee of one of the fish-houses, looking toward the mouth of the natural harbor. It was only after I had lived among them that I became cognizant of the state of affairs. The first trouble that came to my notice was connected with the office of justice of the peace, and the unsuccessful aspirant explained it to me.

"Jestice! Yes, I cal-cu-late!" said he, pointing up the road to where strode along a square figure in a yellow oilskin coat. "That 's him; belongs over on Short Codiac. But haow 'd he git ter be jestice, that 's what I say?" he said, glaring about him; but as there was no one present save him and me, he finally turned to me. "Haow 'd he git to be it, I say?" I mildly shook my head, as much as to say, "How, indeed?" "Well, I 'll tell ye. 'T was hees wooman! Ef 't waan't for hees wooman he 'd never 'a' got it. Yes, sir! Carrie Jane she got it for him. Car' Jane *she 's smaart* [pause], but yit she could n't be nawthin' else, I will say, hevin' sech a mother — Drusill', ye know. Why, when Drusill' was a gell I usety set up to her, and they waan't a smaarter gell between here and Grand Mahac, nor yit there, neither. D' I ever tell you haow she lifted the mor'gage from the Walrod house, hey? Oh, yaas. Well, I did start to tell about the jestice, did n't I. Oh, yaas. Well, Car' Jane she put him up to it. For *land's* sake, *he* [with scorn] never 'd had the idee o' settin' in sech a position! But Carrie Jane she was allus a-hankerin' after po-litical position for Sam, an' naow she 's got it. Hey? Oh, well, I call it jest the same as a po-litical po-sition — a-settin' on the bench, and a-jedgin' the weaknesses of yer fellow-critters. Hey? Why, she went after it, thet 's haow she got it. Car' Jane she read a piece in the 'Clarion' paper sayin' as haow they was a a jestice office for sale up ter Georgetown. Hey? Oh, yaas, thet is to say, they is certain chaarges thet 's got to be paid to secoor the po-sition; I d' know jest what they be. I see it in the paper the same time; see it jest as soon as the paper was handed out in the post-office. Sam was a-settin' on a cheer in the office, nigh hand, and he opened his paper same time 's I. Course he see the notice, and jest tore off home to Car' Jane, and I cal-cu-late 'tween them they fixed it. I cal-cu-la-ted to go up to Georgetown jest as soon as I hed turned my hake, bein' 's we 'd a hed fawgy weather for a spell; but I 'm blamed if Car' Jane and Sam did n't start aout the next mornin' while I was abaid, and 't was blowin' a breeze from the east'ard, too. My wooman was a-spyin' harborways with the glass, and first thing I knowed she sung aout ter me ter come and see who 't was a-settin' aout in a boat so early. Well, soon as I see the sail of her, I made shore 't was Sam's boat, and with the glass I see in the starn of her, as she rounded the bar'l rock, the yeller cloud that Car' Jane allus wears on her haid when she goes off rusticatin'.

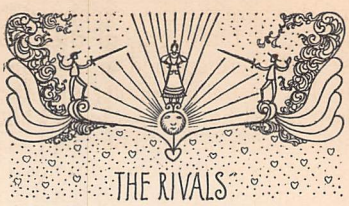
"'Phœbe,' I says to my wife, 'I 'm blamed if Car' Jane and Sam ain't gone over ter George-

town after that there office of jestice. Git me my coat and hat. I 'm a-goin' ter git there first, and git that office, or I 'll bu'st a plank.' Well, sir, Phœbe says to me, says she, ' Isaac James,'—Phœbe allus calls me that a-way when she 's kinder excited up —' Isaac James,' says Phœbe, ' if you let that yeller cloud beat ye over to Georgetown, and git that office of jestice, I 'll git a bill of separation ag'in' ye; and I 'm goin' with ye to see that things is a-goin' proper, too. Down with ye,' says she, ' and git yer boat ready, and I 'll put up a bite of vittles.' Well, sir, Sam and Car' Jane hed about two mile the start of us, but I 'll bate, if we hed started fair, I 'd 'a' be't 'em with my boat! Course, 't ain't no use a-mournin' naow. Hey? Well, yaas; that 's about it. I did n't get there in time, 'cause I stove a plank goin' up to the wharf at Georgetown, and we had to crawl up the rocks and see aour boat swamp, while Sam and Car' Jane ketched the stage and went along up ter the register's office, where they fixed things so Sam was sworn in and got his papers O. K. Cost him nine dawlers, too. Oh, yaas, he got them all O. K., I 'll bate you, when Car' Jane was along. Hey? Oh, yaas. Ye see, Codiac 's a plantation, and the appointin' of the officiers is at the caounty-seat.

" Well, sir, ye ought ter have been there ter see Sam and Car' Jane when they come down ter the landing. Sam he had on a keg hat, all shiny silk, and a red necktie thet Car' Jane hed made him git, and he did n't know whether he was afoot or a-hossback, and Car' Jane she jest es high-steppin' and praoud as a peacock, a-car'in' her haid high and a-callin' Sam '*Mr. Jestice*'; and there was me and my wooman a-standin' there on the landin'-stage, an' aour boat all stove, and we a-soppin' wet, and my wooman with fire in her eye, and me a-think-in' of what I 'd hev to endoor now forthwith, bein' and because I did n't git there first and waan't no jestice. Oh, yaas; women sets store by sech things.

" Hey? Oh, yaas! Sam 's jestice, and Sam 's postmaster, and Sam 's constable, and Sam 's tax-collector, and Sam 's school commissionary, and thet 's the cause of all my worriment —*ambition o' women!*— 'cause I ain't *nawthin'* or *nobody* on this round footstool of the earth's surface."

A woman's head darkened the fish-house window as he was speaking, and when he had finished an astonishingly deep voice called out, " Isaac James!" " Hey? Yaas, yaas; *cert'inly*, Phœbe, I 'm a-comin'," said he, hurriedly jumping to his feet, and then I saw them going along up the rough little road, the man walking ahead, and finally the two willows at the turn hid them from my view — Isaac James and his disappointed Phœbe.



THERE was no moon upon the autumn night when the fate of Cass Brace was decided for good and all, so far as Sue Pelew was concerned. I sat on the door-stone of the old square house overlooking the harbor and the small strip of beach, listening to the mellow sound of the water washing and gurgling among the rocks, and drifting the dories to and fro at their moorings.

There had been a " sing " at the house of Deacon Pelew, who possessed the only melodeon upon Long Codiac, to which those who were for the time being upon good terms with one another and with the family of the deacon came by some sort of understanding. As the sole stranger, or " rusticator," I was invited by Miss Sue Pelew, who, with a certain diffidence characteristic of the Codiac women when dealing with mankind, sent one of the boys with a verbal message to the effect that " she did not care if I came up to the house that night." Knowing something of manners on Long Codiac, I was able to construe this as a very cordial invitation. Therefore, after supper I joined a number of young fishermen in the deacon's little parlor. The women sat together in one end of the room, near the melodeon, while the men, resisting coyly the invitation of the deacon to enter and be seated, lounged in the open doorway and at the windows, where they indulged in uncouth pleasantries, with an eye to impressing the damsels, who, upon their part, whispered and fondled each other, and giggled, in a manner that must have been exceedingly seductive to their admirers.

I had long known of the bitter rivalry between " Cass " and " Fon " — otherwise Cassius of Long Codiac and Alfonso of Short Codiac — for the hand of the fair Sue Pelew. And now, as I saw them each occupying a window of the house, and surrounded by their respective sympathizers, I anticipated something in the nature of entertainment. But beyond certain loud boasts as to their own respective attainments, directed at the ears of the fair Sue between the pious hymns with which the entertainment was enlivened, there was nothing to disturb the harmony which seemed to exist.

Finally, after all the hymns had been sung, and lemonade and crullers had been passed around, we bade good night to the deacon, and in the dim starlight wandered down the strag-

gling road, where the men separated, betaking themselves, as I thought, to their respective homes. But there seemed to be something in the air that bespoke trouble, and after I had reached the old house I sat for a while on the door-step. After a half-hour had elapsed I heard footsteps on the beach among the boats, and the sound of whispering, but I could see nothing for the darkness. All about seemed to be moving figures, especially in the deep velvety shadows of the old houses that lined the beach. I heard a low whistle, and, after an interval, an answer from the road behind. I was about to go down on the beach and see what was going on when two figures dimly appeared approaching each other against the sky-line visible between the houses, and not a dozen feet away. I heard a low voice call out, "Pollack!" and an answering "Ay, ay!" spoken softly; and I know not what impulse forced me to crouch against the stone step in the weeds that grew high there.

"'Ye want to give 'em fair play,' I says," said the first speaker, as they seated themselves on a bare stone. "Th' ain't no use in interferin', as I can see, 'twixt two fellows that is as sot as they be. If Cass kin do him, Sue is willing ter have *him;* and if Fon comes out on top, why thet 's all is to it; she 'll have Fon. 'Pears like she can't tell which one she likes the best."

"Wull, yaas," said the other voice; "but I hain't goin' to hev no blood about it, 'thout it 's from regular an' peculiar handy pugialistics, and them 's all regular — but hol' on; there they be!"

"Where?" said the other. "I don't see nawthin'." There was a scuffing of many feet on the beach below, and the two men vanished in the gloom. I edged my way along the house to the side nearest the beach, from which point I could dimly see the boats drawn up on the shore, and occasionally the dark, moving figure of a man. From the harbor mouth came now and then the plaintive moan of the whistling-buoy. The wind was rising somewhat, and the noise of the waves upon the rocks was increasing. At regular intervals the revolving lantern upon the summit of the rock above sent a long mellow bar of light over the collection of houses on the level strip of land beneath, where in the deep shadow I half reclined, at times holding my breath. The bar of light reached across the little harbor, and touched here and there a jutting point of rock or a house gable on Short Codiac, flashed for an instant a ghostly gleam in some darkened window, and then traveled on into the immensity of the open space at the harbor mouth, where it lost itself, until it came back once more upon its ceaseless round.

There was evidently to be a fight between Cass and Fon for the hand of the fair Sue, and I was to see it. At regular intervals the beam swept over the little strip of beach below me save where the shadow intervened; and all at once two figures were seen struggling for a brief space, then all was blackness again. But from where I crouched I could hear the chafing of their bodies together, and their heavy breathing. When the beam swept the spot again, they were farther toward the water, still locked in each other's arms, and swaying this way and that. Then I heard the splashing of water and a strange gurgling noise, a piercing cry that cut the silence, and then in the momentary glare I saw the beach filled with running men, and one figure standing upright alone in the water, which reached to his armpits. Now from the houses all about gleamed lights in doorways. I heard women's voices. As if by magic the beach was deserted, and doors were slammed. I heard the grating of a boat on the pebbles of the beach, then the noise of oars on the thole-pins, then silence, save for the gurgle of the waters. How long it continued I do not know, but at last I fancied I detected an unusual movement in the water among the rocks just below where I crouched. I carefully edged my way to the spot, where I made out some sort of object like an animal crawling up on a flat-topped rock. It was panting for breath and occasionally making a sob-like sound. I slid down to it, and saw that it was a man lying sprawled out. I grasped him by the arm, and with this help he drew himself up where the rock was dry, and lay in the rank half-dried grass that grew there. The noise of oars sounded near at hand, and we both lay quiet. Then the boat grated softly on the pebbles of the beach, and I heard the crunching of feet on the small stones. When the light beam came around once more, I saw many men on the beach, and heard whispers and excited ejaculations. There was the noise of many feet on the sand and pebbles, gradually growing fainter, and finally silence once more.

After waiting an interval, I bent down close to the man's ear, and said, "Cass, is it you?" He did not answer. "Are you hurt?" I inquired.

"Not much, I cal'late," he whispered.

"Come with me," I said. "I 'll care for you."

"Is it you, sir?" he answered. "Then ye better let me lie here. I 'll git along all right. Ye better make yerself sca'ce; fer if they ketch ye mixin' yerself up in this, much as they think of ye, ye 'll suffer. Don't ye pay no attention to what ye see or hear on here, I advise ye."

"But I cannot leave you like this, my man," I said.

"Look ye," he replied with suppressed fury,

"go yer way, I tell ye, or ye 'll git hurt! There they come now! Make yerself sca'ce." And he rolled away from me into the darkness.

Again I heard the noise of footsteps on the beach, and saw the gleam of a lantern in a dory which put off into the harbor. I boldly stood up, and walked in the direction of the light and down to the beach. The beam from the lantern in the lighthouse shone full upon me. At the same instant I felt my arm grasped, and a voice whispered in my ear: "Come along, sir; come along. Ye 'll ketch cold if ye stay out here in the night air." It was Rufus Pingree, and in spite of myself he escorted me up to the old house, opened the door without another word, and gently pushed me in, closing it upon me. I thought best not to open it again.

The next morning, as usual, the men were gathered upon the beach. It seemed as though nothing had happened out of the ordinary. The price of mackerel was being discussed vociferously, and the fact that the cost of salt had risen twenty-five cents a barrel.

Rufus avoided me. In vain I listened for some allusion to the event of the previous night. Finally I broached the subject to the justice, who was seated upon his accustomed cask. He was evasive. "What say, sir? Oh, Cass? Oh, I cal'late he 's to hum. Hurt? No-o; I don't expect he is. Say, have ye got that there skatch finished? What say? Oh, no-o-o; they ain't no trouble as I knows on."

"Now look here," I said; "I helped Cass up the rocks last night, and he was bleeding badly, but he would n't let me aid him. He went off alone somewhere. I think he ought to be seen to."

"Sho!" said the justice, looking at me with half-closed eyes. "Sho! Well, well! Ye don't say! Well, well, well! He is, eh? Naow, see here; they ain't no use in going out trawlin' in fawgy weather, is there? Ye don't know where ye be, do ye? Don't know what kind o' bottom ye 're on, do ye? Can't git yer bearin's, kin ye? Might pile yerself up, might n't ye? And git all stove and lose yer gear, hey? Might git afoul of some one else's trawls, hey? And git into trouble, hey? Well, naow, I cal'late thet 's precisely the case right here; and supposin' we jest pull up and sail for hum, you and me, for the fawg 's a-gittin' thicker — reg'lar thick dungeon fawg."

And that was all I could get out of the justice. I took his advice. It was not Cass, after all, that I helped up the rocks. It was Fon, and he was badly hurt.

To the amazement of both islands, the fair Sue transferred her affections entirely to the unlucky Fon — or, if you like, to the lucky Fon. When he was able to get out of doors, they ran away one windy day, in a borrowed boat, and were married in Georgetown. Now they are living on Long Codiac, and the peace of the islands is by no means yet assured.



HANSE'S KEG HAT

"THAT," said the justice, unbending under the influence of a Havana, and apropos of nothing, "reminds me of the time Hanse see Sol piled up on the Pope's Nose."

Now, any one who knows the Codiacs knows that the Pope's Nose is at the extreme eastern point of the island, out of sight of any of the houses. It is a most dangerous rock, being almost submerged and, in a storm, invisible. The water thereabouts is an even fifteen fathoms deep. Coming from Georgetown, with the triangle on Old Man ledge bearing sou'west, one must look sharp for it.

"Yaas, sir," said the justice, crossing and uncrossing his booted legs; "Sol hated Hanse the wuss way, an' Hanse *he* hated an' despised Sol a leetle wusser, if pawsible. What say? Oh, 't were some trouble 'tween the women folks, I cal'late, an' it were aggeryvated by a matter of Hanse a-gittin' ahead of Sol in that matter of the wrackage from the three-master that went ashore on the ledge two year back — Hanse a-takin' the wind aouten Sol's sail an' a-pickin' up the pianny. Hey? Wull, yaas; *I* calls it a pianny, though 't is played with a handle." He referred to a wheezy hand-organ which was the pride of Hanse, and occupied a conspicuous place in his little parlor, but so rusted with sea-water that only the most mournful and disconnected notes issued at the turn of the handle.

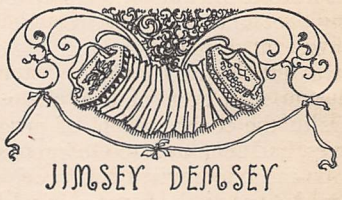
"An' *naow*, wull, they ain't no men on the coast what has more affection for each other than them two, Sol and Hanse; an' that there keg hat o' Hanse's is the bindin' spell, presented by Sol *to* Hanse as an evidence of esteem," said the justice, with a wave of his hand.

"It were the howlin'est easterly I ever *did* see, that mornin'. I lost sixty new lawbstertraps, an' a thousan' foot of trawl. All the men of both islands were gethered in the fish-houses, 'ceptin' Hanse an' Sol, which hed set aout airly to 'tend to their traps. They waan't no one else dast go but them two, an' neither one on 'em knowed thet t' other hed set aout. The wind come on a hurricane blow by six o'clock, an' the harbor was all white water, the boats a-draggin' moorin's, and the spume a-travelin' up to the light like a fawg, so thet

ye could n't see the lantern. Bumby we see a black rag a-hangin' aout the lighthouse window, an' we all knowed sum'n' were up, seaways. I sent one of the boys up to the light to spy out what were up, an' he come back immejut, an' 'lows that they was a boat bottom up on the Pope's Nose, and that Hanse's boat were a-standin' by. 'T waan't pawsible for no one on neither island to go to 'em; for, as I say, the harbor was all white water, and nawthin' but punts on the shore, and much as your life was wuth to go out in the harbor in one of them punts sech weather. So we all jest run up on Bald Head Hill with glasses; an', sure 'nough, there, off 'n the eastern end, no'th of the Pope's Nose, we see Hanse's boat layin' by; but they waan't nawthin' of the other boat, which hed stove up. Then we see Hanse h'ist his jib and claw off the ledge. For twenty minutes it seemed as if he was goin' to pile up hisself, but he did n't, and it were a mawsterly way in which he fetched off, I tell ye. Well, sir, when he did fetch off, he jest come harborways like a streak, and I never see no sech handlin' of a boat as Hanse put on. Short Codiac folks was all up on Burnt Head in a mass, a-watchin'; and I heerd a cheer go up from them as Hanse passed by — an' they never hed no love for Hanse, neither. When I heerd that there cheer from 'em, I tell ye, sir, I jest b'iled over; and aour folks jest followed with a yell that ye might 'a' heard over to Georgetown, only the wind were t' other way.

"Finially, Hanse come into the harbor, and ketched his moorin', and in ten minutes they waan't a man or boy but shoved off his punt into the harbor at the resk of hees life, I'll bate ye, to go to 'em. When we got to Hanse we jest stood up an' give him a cheer an' another. Hey? Why, 'cause he hed hees *bitter enemy* in hees boat — *Sol* — a-layin' in the bottom of her, that 's why. Hanse he said when he got thawed aout — 'cause it were in the month of January — he said that as he were a-underrunnin' his gear he see a boat pile up on the Pope's Nose. He could n't tell whose boat it were, but he let his trawl go free, and, pullin' in hees sheet, he gits raound, and after a spell he fetches up nigh the Pope's Nose, where the boat is a-poundin' bottom up an' a man a-hangin' on to the keel of her. I cal'late it were two to one thet he 'd pile up *hisself*, but Hanse he never thinked of that, but jest sailed her right up clus ter the rawk, and in thet minute the man faced raound, and there Hanse see 't was Sol — the man he hated like a pizenbush! Sol he held up hees haid an' looked Hanse in the eye, an' Hanse he looked Sol in the eye. What they both thinked I cal'late won't never be told, but Hanse he reached over and hauled Sol alongside as his boat come raound, and in a jiffy hed him into the boat, and there they was.

"Well, sir, we brung 'em ashore, and the women coddled 'em both, and gin 'em ginger-tea an' crullers; an' they shook hands, and Sol's wooman an' Hanse's wooman they jest hugged and mauled each other, and cried like women dooes on sech occasions — an', by John Horner! I don't blame 'em. And naow — why, sir, naow they ain't no two men on this here troubled earth as is more lovin'. They is the lovin'est, fondlin'est cusses I ever see. Ye see 'em on Sunday to meetin', did n't ye — Sol and Hanse? Hanse with that shiny keg hat on hees haid? Well, thet there keg hat is Sol's present to hees friend and preserver. Cost seven dawlers in St. John. Hey? What say? I don't know nawthin' 'bout no Damion, nor yet no Pythi's, but I 'll bate, I gorry, they ain't a marker to Sol an' Hanse."



JIMSEY plays a star part on Long Codiac. His personality may be written down as unique, which term needs a picture to qualify it. The picture will show Jimsey as a furiously bearded figure, four feet six or seven inches in height, of squatty build, in ample over-knee boots of rusty, salt-water-soaked red leather, and yellow tarpaulin hat, size six, which is somewhat too large for him. It should also show certain cabalistic signs, in India ink and vermilion, tattooed upon the backs of his hands; but in the summer these decorations are somewhat obscure because of sunburn. If Jimsey is in good humor,— as he generally is, be it said,— then he will roll up his sleeves and exhibit other wonderful and archaic pictures upon his muscular forearms, which he will explain with all the unction of a showman, giving exhaustive descriptions of the places and dates where and when these works of art were achieved. It is the delight of the Codiacs to stimulate Jimsey to the relation of certain of his achievements, one side exciting him by artful disbelief in his powers, while the other loudly voices its belief and admiration, the latter act being described in the vernacular as "bragging on him up." Jimsey is gifted oratorically, and his tongue is smoothly capable in his own behalf. Jimsey's nose is fleshy, and his eyes protrude, and he generally has a comfortable quid of "mariners' delight" stowed in his cheek.

Jimsey always depreciated life upon Long Codiac, alleging that Bar Harbor was the proper dwelling-place for such as he, considering the acquirements with which Providence had endowed him. Jimsey always professed contempt for schooner sailors, as he called them, having shipped before the mast when ten years of age, upon a Blackballer, upon which he was firmly persuaded he had experienced many wonderful adventures.

Among his other accomplishments Jimsey was a performer upon the concertina, with which he led the singing in the meeting-house. It was a machine heavily ornamented and inlaid with mother of pearl, by his own hands, during spare moments upon certain of his famous voyages. It was a treat to hear him at meeting, from his accustomed seat, just below the deacon's desk. The deacon would give out the words of the hymn, and Jimsey, at the final syllable, would draw a long chord upon his instrument, and with closed eyes and stamping foot unctuously deliver the full air for the verse, at the close of which the congregation was expected to begin.

It so happened that some of the younger members of the congregation, of progressive tendencies, had been over to Georgetown, and at a camp-meeting revival had received certain new ideas as to the manner in which service should be conducted; notably, that it was proper to have a melodeon in the meeting-house, and a new book of sacred song. These matters had been brought before the deacons, who heard them with some misgivings. The question was brought to a vote, and carried over the heads of the more conservative ones by the enthusiastic progressives. And it was thereupon resolved to purchase a melodeon on the instalment plan, which was to be delivered upon the first payment.

Of course Jimsey must have heard something of this business,—indeed, I believe he was present when the matter was decided,—but it evidently made no impression upon his mind. He could not believe it possible for a moment, even if he admitted the thought, that the movement could interfere with his leadership. And, indeed, he never was aware of the frowning looks cast upon him by the young women of the flock when he insistently played his overtures and prolonged interludes to the good old tunes, such as "When First I Lifted up Mine Eyes" and "Sinners, Wake!" These same young women of late had begun the following verse before he had quite finished his final trills and quavers. Although he opened his eyes upon them in surprise, he played right along, and they were forced to suit the tune to his caprice.

It was a treat to see Jimsey on Sunday morning, arrayed in a heavy, wadded mother-of-pearl-buttoned pea-coat, heavy white canvas trousers, with carpet slippers of brilliant hue upon his feet, and his hair and beard sleek with oil. He never appeared without his hat, save in meeting, when a shining white bald patch appeared, startlingly at variance with his complexion.

It was only when the congregation was seated and the deacon was at the reading-desk that Jimsey appeared at the meeting-house, and walked, with his beloved concertina in its canvas cover under his arm, to his accustomed seat before the desk, facing the people.

One day Jimsey was out on his favorite fishing-ground, and not far from shore, when the weekly mail-packet from Georgetown came up on his weather bow. Jimsey was underrunning his trawl, which had been attacked by the dog-fish and stripped of its hooks, bait, and whatever fish had come to it. Jimsey gave the packet a casual glance, in which his practised eye saw that the jib was improperly bent, and that the hawsepipe-plate needed repairing. He also saw a large, new wooden box on the deck. Captain Ben, who was at the wheel, shouted out some words and pointed to it as the packet sped past him. Jimsey waved his hand in reply, and the box made no impression upon his mind.

When he came ashore, the men, it seemed to Jimsey, were in a peculiar mood. They made certain references to his concertina, and asked him if he was going to play on Sunday. Jimsey took the question in good part, and replied that as long as his "pegs" held out he 'd "keep the wind a-whistlin' in praise of the Lord," and glanced in some surprise from one to another of the fishermen. Hen'y Ball, the ex-roadmaster, leered, and with a jerk of his neck said, "I cal'late, Jimsey, ye 'll hev to take a reef in that ar naow," at which there was a loud guffaw and various gibes, all of which were incomprehensible to Jimsey. Finally Sam Salter got up from the trawl-tub where he had been sitting, and, hopping over to where Jimsey was standing gazing from one to another of the men, burst out: "Now look here, neighbors; why n't ye let Jimsey alone? Don't ye see he carn't make nawthin' of yer gibin'? It 's a consarned shame, an' I ain't goin' to be no passel to it. Let the old man alone!"

At this the ex-roadmaster, the constable, and the ex-school commissioner all angrily began to rail at Sam, and, foreseeing trouble, Jimsey picked up his tangled trawl, and departed. The matter quickly passed from his recollection, and as the men did not again refer to his concertina, Jimsey's mind, which was active only upon matters connected with stuns'il-yards, main-royals, and abstruse problems connected with

the art of getting a square-rigged ship out of certain situations,—matters which he was never too tired to elucidate to the affected interest of the youthful Codiacs,—Jimsey's mind, I say, became once more serene.

Again Sunday came round, and from my window I saw the deacon open the meeting-house door, and the men and their wives and children begin to come up the crooked road by the clump of willows, past the try-house, over the bridge crossing the meadow, and finally arrive at the squatty gray building, with its staring curtainless windows, and its bell hanging in the huge framework of ship's timbers at the gable. As usual, Jimsey was the last to arrive, all stiffly and properly garbed, as was his wont, with his concertina in its respectable bag under his arm. As I reached the door Jimsey had already entered. There was considerable whispering among the young men and women, and from my seat near the door I saw that Jimsey was in his accustomed place on the bench under the deacon's desk; but beside Jimsey was a new, brilliantly varnished red-flannel-trimmed melodeon, at which was seated the fair Sue, whose acquaintance we have already made during the little difficulty between Cass and Fon.

As the deacon cleared his throat, Jimsey carefully removed the canvas cover from his beloved concertina. He glanced casually at the melodeon and at the ribbon ornamenting Sue's back hair, but evidently it had not yet dawned upon him that he was superseded by this new machine. The deacon arose and gave out the opening lines of a hymn. The words fell strangely on Jimsey's ear. He looked up in surprise at the deacon, in whose hands he saw a bright, new yellow-covered book, and before he quite understood, Sue had pulled out the stops, and the strong notes of the melodeon were singing through the meeting-house, out through the open door, and over the water to the signal-house where Sam stood in the doorway on watch.

Jimsey hurriedly fixed his hands in the straps of his concertina, and attempted to join in, all the time looking blankly from one to another of the congregation, some of whom grinned at him, while others evaded his eye. The result of Jimsey's attempt was discord, and Sue turned angrily to the deacon, who in an embarrassed way laid his hand on Jimsey's shoulder and whispered something.

We all saw Jimsey turn an ashen gray under his tan, and then, as he wildly looked from one to another, become a dark purple. His concertina fell to the floor with a crash, and some of the mother-of-pearl ornaments came out and rolled this way and that under the benches. Then Jimsey stood up and attempted to speak; his hands worked convulsively, and he dropped stiffly upon the bench beside the melodeon.

Sue got up, and, with a disdainful glance at the hapless figure of Jimsey, swept down the aisle, her starched calico dress rattling against the benches as she went. Then some one picked up Jimsey's concertina, and some one else gave him water to drink, and then, amid the excitement, the deacon gave out the words of a familiar hymn, in which many joined. At the second verse Jimsey, who had recovered himself somewhat, and had his concertina once more upon his knee, said something to the deacon, who nodded his head, whereupon he drew out the bellows of his concertina to its full length, and with the familiar stamp of his foot, but somewhat feebly, and with many flourishes, played the air to the end, at which he continued the tune, with his accustomed floriations. Jimsey had won the day.

The next morning came the news that Jimsey was seriously ill. Rodney and Allbaw sailed over to Georgetown after a doctor. They had to beat back with little wind, and it was Tuesday noon before we made out their boat off the ledge. The doctor, whom I met on the beach after his visit to Jimsey, said that the old man was paralyzed from the waist down, and asked if he had undergone any sort of unusual excitement. "Then," said the doctor, after he had heard a brief explanation, "you had better tell them to let him play his concertina. Another such shock will probably be the end of him."

So this is why the new melodeon is not opened now in the meeting-house on Long Codiac, and also why Jimsey still plays unctuously the old familiar hymn-tunes, from his bench just beneath the deacon's desk, on Sunday mornings. It also explains why Keys Jonas, the ship-carpenter, built that stout wagon in which Jimsey is wheeled to meeting regularly, rain or shine.

George Wharton Edwards.



THE CAT AND THE CHERUB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLEMAN IN THE BARREL."

FIVE were the years of the Infant Hoo Chee, and five were the inches of his cue. Then he had an adventure.

Every one in San Francisco who loves to look at a beautiful girl remembers Bayley Arenam. Once you mention her among the Hundreds straightway springs some novel anecdote of a cleverness of hers. She was a Californian, blessed with a glitter of talents and with a person to vex the gods. And she was the one.

Hoo King was the Infant's father — the ginseng merchant; and Hoo Bee, of the lily feet, was his mother. She who tended him was Hwah Kwee, the amah, a woman of flat feet and considerable kindness. They dwelt in Chinatown and prospered there; for Hoo King had interests, and was one of the secret Ho Wang Company, and was greeted with smirks at the Hong-Kong-American bank.

The Infant's world was three wide rooms on a topmost floor,—commodious, truly,—and a flower-pot balcony leaning over the main thoroughfare, whence one could drop beans on passers-by, and run away in an ecstasy of fear. Only at intervals did he see the streets; and then he was wedged between the amah and his father, both inwardly alert. For the fifth of Hoo Chee's years was a troublous time and made history in the quarter; and one who would strike most bitterly at Hoo King, the suspected traitor to the Chee Kung Tong, would take, not the old man's life, but his son. The parents treasured their offspring because his existence insured the rightful worship at the graves they expected to fill; and so they made a baby of the boy, though he was of the age when some sons put on cue-strings and a man's estate; and they tried to discourage fascinations beyond the threshold. But every day the Infant saw the forbidden streets with deeper longings.

His only human friend was Yeo Tsing, the Presbyterian evangelist. Yeo had a pious, folded look, as of a holy volume; but he had a genial eye for a child. He taught the Infant many mission songs, which Hoo Chee caught from the convert's lips and held tenaciously, especially the air of that hymn which inquires pertinently of all little Chinese proselytes, first in a high and skeptical tenor,

Are you washed — are you washed?

and then in a bass and warning tone,

Are you washed — are you washed?

and so forth. This the Infant was fond of singing to himself, though there is doubt whether he could have expounded it theologically.

But best of all, Yeo served to tide over some of the child's depression with telling him stories —stories of small people who did great things. The one that appealed to the Infant most was that of a little boy who set out from home all alone, and after many, many weary miles, and countless trials in which he showed exceeding fortitude and virtue, arrived at a glorious place called the House of Glittering Things, where he lived happily ever afterward. It was not very clear why the little boy had left home. Yeo could never be quite satisfactory on that point, because he had forgotten about it, and was too honest to invent. But what conditions would lead a little child to go forth from the roof of his birth and return no more, the Infant knew well in his heart, and kept there. He had learned from these stories much to whet his cravings for the world outside. It seemed that there were regions where, as far as you could see, all the land was like one great back yard, except that instead of musty boards and grim, gray rubbish there were acres and acres of waving green things, and millions of beautiful flowers that you might pluck without a whipping—flowers as handsome as those on the balcony, and free for all! And there were places where a hundred roof-spouts could not make so big a puddle as was spread as clear as crystal earrings in a circle of these posies, where humorous little things with legs were waiting to jump head first into the water just as you almost touched them, and then to laugh at you from the opposite bank; and where little fishes from behind a rock peeped up at you out of the corners of their eyes.

When the Infant was by himself he would describe all these things to little One-Two, his beloved cat and confidant, the only creature with whom he divided his sorrows. One-Two was barely out of kittenhood, yet had a vague, inviting melancholy in his look. Most of his body was covered with long white hairs that spoke of Angora; but his tail was slim and bluish-gray, and altogether Maltese; and when one remembers how he appeared suddenly from

nowhere, and came mewing, cold and lean and hungry, into the joyous arms of the Infant, it is not hard to imagine One-Two as the projection in time of an international romance. The Infant coddled the waif and stole food for it, and named it One-Two because it had one tail immediately prominent as an error in its composition, and two eyes of imperial yellow. These were its salvation, for Hoo King had at first superstitiously commanded that the strange cat be dismissed; but Hoo Chee had resisted even to struggles and tears, which tenacity delighted his father, who at once asked a fortune-teller for a translation of the omen. If the cat's eyes were blue, came the dictum, then boil its body in oil, for the augury was bad; but if they were the color of the viceregal jacket, then it was a cat of fortune better than good. So One-Two survived, and slept curled in the Infant's arms, and perpetually followed him about in the daytime, and waxed in size until he was heavy to carry. Once from his balcony Hoo Chee saw a little American girl — one of delicacy rare in his quarter — going along the street bearing a cat. It was not so pretty as One-Two, thought the Infant; but it had a red ribbon around its neck that gave it too much honor. He searched his world for something like the red ribbon; but there was nothing. At last he abstracted from his mother's possessions some bright-green silken cords that looked like cue-strings, and he made a little cue of the long hairs of the cat's neck, and braided in the silk as an extension of it. One-Two, whose mischosen tail was already a source of questioning self-contemplation, spent a bad half-day in a corner, foreboding over this fresh phenomenon. To Hoo Chee the effect of the trailing green was rhapsodical, and the event of happy hours.

But ever his confinement from the glowing world told on the Infant's years. The shouts of thousands of Freedom's Aryan children penetrated to his small body and infused in it some of the New World essence. Now came the season of the Chinese New Year, and he remained stalled with three impassive spirits, while the air about was joyous with music and laughter and song. He could not play by day when from his rear window he caught a bare glimpse of the Taoist priests, led by a string of pompous boys,— some of them seemingly smaller than he,— all making way to the joss-house, bearing gifts to the gods, and making the quarter resound with squealing pipes and clanging gongs. He could not sleep by night when everywhere he heard invisible fire-crackers rattling as if the gods had come down. While the amah snored by his side he lay awake and thought of the story of little Quong Sam and the House of Glittering Things, and the lovely lady that made him tea and gave him cakes whenever he asked. He longed to go abroad and meet with like adventures.

The sixth day of the holiday week had been set for what happened but once a year. It was a trip away from the quarter,— first to the cemetery, and then to the ocean beach,— to which the women looked forward with highest delight. Hoo Chee had learned some time before that they were to take him along, and this had sent him singing and dancing the rest of the day. But it seemed that the time would never come. When Hoo King came in one morning and found the women bedecked in their best, he suddenly changed his mind, and said that the child should remain at home, and that the amah must stay to take care of him. For a father with a single offspring it was too extravagant a risk to take a small child on a railroad train among the foreign devils, whose curiosity and impertinence at the sight of the women were themselves enough to bear. They had dressed the Infant handsomely; he was sure that this was the momentous day, and his blood ran gaily at the prospect; but again they told him the time had not yet come, and the father went off with Hoo Bee, leaving the amah weeping behind. It was the custom of the amah to weep, and the child felt sure they would have taken her if this was the wonderful event. He went to his favorite place on the balcony, only somewhat hushed and downcast.

He was thinking, though he did not know it. Why did they always keep him in, instead of letting him loose, as he saw the happy little urchins in the street? Could he not go about boldly enough, and preserve himself as well from harm as they? When would they braid silk strings in his curtailed pigtail, and put his head in a cap with a red button, and his legs in splendid sky-blue trousers wrapped at the bottoms? Certainly he was already as strong as any man. He could kick off all the bed-clothes, and get spanked for it by the amah. He could hang by his ankles to the edge of the sink, and appear to be standing on his head. The amah would not dare such a feat. And during all this festal period they had taken him out only once — then briefly to the joss-house, before the hairy wooden gentlemen who sat receiving offerings of fruits and sweets enough to make a covetous infidel of any mortal. He was charged to repeat certain words that he could not understand to the wooden gentlemen, which he did with an accuracy flattering to his father. But then they dragged him unwilling home through the decorated streets, with the thrauneen of a rice-cake as his part of the rejoicings.

One-Two had cautiously picked his way over the iron bars to a seat on a flower-pot, whence he licked the hand of his small patron. But now the Infant was staring down across the street like a statuette. He had seen Miss Arenam. This was the third time he had feasted his big brown eyes on her. Occasionally, after an absorbing morning with the clay, she left the lunch-room at the art school, and strolled through as much of Chinatown as included the principal windows, where new things are sometimes found in porcelain and bronzes. He had noticed her first when she paused one day in curiosity at the balconies on his side of the street. He had stared in fascination, with his chin on the rail; and then from as far as he could strain outward without falling he had watched her moving away. Two months later she appeared again. She did not look up this time, and after a minute the Infant shouted, "Ha-o!" But his small voice was inadequate, and she departed without noticing. Now the lovely dark-haired lady had shown herself once more. The Infant was absorbed in thought, and his eyes were fixed constantly on the door of the china-shop whence she would soon emerge.

After a while he could see her skirts moving about in the store, and then — there she was!

"Ha-o!" cried the Infant, swinging his arms up and down.

Then he stood mute and discontented, for she had not looked up, but had walked away quite unaware of him.

Was he always to stay thus pent? If he were free, how quickly he would run and get her to smile! The amah had left the room. He could hear her down-stairs, communing in bitter tones with the neighbor Ching Lo. From the threshold of the forbidden hall he heard no noises — every one who could go out was on the streets. On such a day as this, perhaps, the brave little Quong Sam of old had ventured forth to find the House of Glittering Things. The Infant grasped the baluster with every sense alert, and took one step down. No angry lightning came to strike him. Then he took another step, and paused to listen if there were bad devils coming to seize a naughty boy. But the house was still, and he went on, planting two feet safely on each step until he reached the landing. Ching Lo's door was ajar, but not so that they could see him; and his soft shoes carried him noiselessly past. There, down another flight, was the street — and then he could run and catch the lovely lady! He made the descent to the front door with greater confidence and equal circumspection. How delightful the free air! Now he would hurry and ask her the way to the House of Glittering Things, for she must know, if, indeed — why had he not thought before? — she were not herself the Lady of Cakes and Tea! Oh, joy! Then he heard a familiar voice that stopped him. It was One-Two, who had followed him, and now stood questioning at the head of the flight. He had almost forgotten One-Two; but could he leave the faithful partner of his woes behind? The Infant stood in serious quandary. That his father would be interested in his son's disappearance did not occur to the child. No such idea had been instilled in him. But indeed the loss of One-Two, the mascot, would not be undergone without long search and deep displeasure. You could buy little boys at a joss-house, but mascots came only unexpectedly in through the window. Yet should One-Two stay on and fall again to the bad grace from which he had so recently emerged, the Infant shuddered for what might happen. For the cat would be thrown from a window into the soiled back street. But still, with such a burden, how weary would the many miles be on the way to the House of Glittering Things! And he remembered how little Quong Sam had not only cast away his shoes, but had even shaved off his eyebrows to make himself lighter for his feet to carry. Now came another complication — he must ascend the stairs to get One-Two, who refused to come down, as though mistrusting the adventure — One-Two, who had been upon the world and knew it; and if the amah heard but one suspicious sound, she would rush out and end his prospects for days and days, and the lovely lady would be lost to him. But One-Two put his fore feet down one step, and stood with his hind quarters elevated and his tail waving, loyal to indissoluble ties, and Hoo Chee saw it even while he pondered the problem. And now, when the cat opened wide his mouth, and without a noise plainly showed the first anxiety about the plighted faith, it was too much: he loved One-Two!

The Infant crawled stealthily on hands and chubby knees up the stairs. One-Two advanced carefully to meet him, and was taken into the arms of the child, who silently, in his clumsy baby fashion, made way with his burden back to the door, and out to the street.

Miss Arenam was standing at the summit of the hill, looking over the dingy housetops down to the bay, which shone in the sun like a strange enamel set in mountains. He recognized her figure and the color of her dress. He would hurry up the steep incline and go with her. He would find little Quong Sam, and play with him in the Glittering House; for, though it was a thousand years since Quong had started forth, who that had come to the presence of the

Lady of Cakes and Tea would ever care to leave it?

He passed other children playing about uncared for. They were dressed in common garb, but he was in his best. He wore little shoes with white felt soles, and uppers embroidered in gold, to which came long, loose, drab-colored trousers. A skull-cap worked in spangles and prodigal hues came down to his ears, and through a neat hole in its crown projected his cuelet, curling away like coal-black smoke from a wigwam. His bulky tunic, which reached to his knees, was covered with a gingham bib tightly tied with tapes at the hips, so that he swelled out hugely above and below the waist. When he walked his arms seemed lost in his clothes, and his knees bobbed strangely up and down.

Ah, but the hill was steep! Now he understood how the youthful Quong had toiled and toiled and been discouraged; but Hoo Chee should not quail, though heavy One-Two must be changed so frequently from arm to arm. He came to a crossing where a traction cable rattled terrifically; and he ran as fast as his legs would go to escape the car that was coming three blocks away. They had said he did not know!

But the lovely lady had slowly walked away, and was lost immediately behind the brow of the hill. Was he going to miss her? No! He tried to run up the incline, and his little heart beat faster and faster. At last he reached the top, and saw the hem of her blue skirt swish around a corner. Now it was level going. He caught his breath, and trotted as fast as he could, unaware of the people who turned and smiled.

When Miss Arenam had gone a few steps down the other side of the hill, on the sharp descent from the nabob castles, and had started up the flights of stones that led to her father's house, she caught first sight of the Infant. He had paused, and now gazed at her in a mixture of doubt and bashfulness. His tiny figure, silhouetted against the sky at the line of the hilltop, was the most entrancing thing her eyes had met that day. She smiled across the little distance, and the Infant smiled in response. When she looked again, from farther up, Hoo Chee was hurrying after her; and in a moment he could stare mutely up at her with his hand on the open gate.

"Hello, little gentleman!" said Miss Arenam. "Won't you come in — and bring your friend?"

The Infant could not speak her tongue, but her smile was better than words. He tucked One-Two under his arm, and labored solemnly up the steps with hand and feet, until he halted to gaze in rapture at her from nearer than he ever had dreamed. Miss Arenam, shining down upon him, threw open the door; and the two went in together, the silent Infant staring at her in such intense admiration that she blushed.

By this time the pallid Hwah Kwee was rushing about in breathless search of her lost charge. There was no sight of him. She dared not say she had lost him; for if no one knew he might wander safely back, but if it were noised abroad some one would snatch him up.

"What shall I do?" wailed the amah to Ching Lo. "He has strayed into the vast maze of the city. Hoo King will kill me!"

"Say that he was stolen — that they knocked you senseless."

"But he will see no mark from the blow," said the amah.

"Make one! It is better than a thousand from the old dragon."

Hwah snatched a broken dish, and struck its jagged edge against her forehead.

"Leave the wound alone!" cried Ching Lo. "Go and lie in a heap near your door, and think what you will tell the master. I will say I heard terrible sounds, and thought he was beating you."

"If I can only keep him long enough to get his darling little noddle, I shall be celebrated," said Miss Arenam, working rapidly over a moist clay ball. The Infant sat on a stool at her feet, holding a fold of her skirt, and eying her intently. One-Two was lapping a dish of cream, and meditating on the exceeding wisdom of this small boy. Frequently Hoo Chee and the girl exchanged smiles.

"But, Bayley," said her mother, "we must find whose child he is. Think of the mother who is weeping for him!"

"I 've sent for Gee, mama," said the daughter. The clay was taking something the shape of the little noddle in question. Gee, summoned from the kitchen, threw up his hands.

"Whey you catch that baby? Who b'long, Miss Bayley? Oh, no! I doan' like go Chinatown say I know whey that baby was. People say I stolee that baby — make baily, baily bad for me. Whose boy are you?" asked Gee, in Chinese.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Hoo Chee, throwing back his small head, and pulling at the lady's skirt. It was not plain what amused him.

"Now, Gee," said Miss Arenam, "I wish to ask him some questions."

The servant translated, "What is your name, small sir?" The Infant thought the query originated with Gee.

"Flower-pot," replied the Infant, with a giggle.

"And what is your father's name?"

"Water-pot," said Chee, with another giggle.

"And your mother's?"

"Rice-bowl!" shouted the Infant. Then he laughed loud and long, while his fat little body shook. Only the Chinaman preserved gravity.

"That baby baily small baby, but great much tell lies — allee samee 'Melican boy."

"I will send a note to the police station," said Mrs. Arenam, "and ask them to inquire in Chinatown."

"I hope they won't find out anything until I have finished this — as long as he is happy here. I don't think his parents will worry over him. What an *objet d'art* he will be for the people this evening!"

"Bayley, your heart is turning to clay with all this mud-work. Suppose you had a little son, and he should stray away! I dare say it will be some time before his father thinks of asking the police. Those Chinese are so stupid about some things. If that child is to stay here this evening he must be scrubbed. Gee, I want you to give this boy — if it is a boy — a bath."

"Oh, no! I no likee. S'pose he die? That baby not old enough to wassee."

"Send for Mrs. Brady, mama," said Bayley.

Miss Arenam went on with the modeling. The Infant was still for several moments, while the young woman frowned, and stood off from the clay, and measured his nose with her little stick, which operation he considered most delightful. It was plain that he was involved in a mental process. At length he lisped doubtfully:

"Pay-lee?"

"Yes, dear," said Bayley; "that is my name."

"Pay-lee," said the Infant, confidently. He began to move about the room, so that she had difficulty in working from him.

"Come here, little man," she said; "I 'll teach you some English. Say this: 'Infinitesimal James'— say it: '*Infinitesimal James!*'"

"'If-itty-teshi-mow Jays,'" repeated the Infant. The two smiled ecstatically at each other.

"Now say: '*Had nine unpronounceable names.*'"

"'Haddee ny up-plo-now-shi-buh nays'— ha! ha!" laughed Hoo Chee. It was a rhyme — like those he had heard his father say to Yeo Tsing.

"Now: '*He wrote them all down,—*'"

"'He lote im aw dow','" repeated the Infant. One-Two looked on from near by. Hoo Chee stood with his hands on Miss Arenam's knee, staring straight into her eyes.

"'*With a mortified frown,—*'"

"'Witty motti-fy flow,—'"

"'*And threw the whole lot in the flames!*'"

"'A-flew-ty ho-lot-itty flays!' Hee!"

Very soon he could repeat the lines without prompting; and meanwhile Bayley was deftly shaping in the soft ball two almond eyes, and a little flat nose, and a mouth that opened in a smile, and was to show teeth as big as grains of rice. The Infant was enchanted by the rhyme, and kept on repeating: "If-itty-teshi-mow Jays" with happy countenance. Then Bayley taught him another verse:

There was a little boy, and he was n't very bright, and
He could n't tell his left from his right hand;
So he chawed his dexter paw till the skin was red and raw,
To remember that the right was the bite hand.

Then a stout, clear-skinned woman came to the door, and held a brief conversation with Miss Arenam, who suggested that Hoo Chee go along with the nice lady and enjoy a bath. Mrs. Brady held out her big hand to him. But the Infant grappled with all his might to Miss Arenam's skirt, and exclaimed his objections in a volume of Chinese baby-talk. He and One-Two willingly followed Miss Arenam into the tank-room, however, and she left him there with Mrs. Brady, closing the door rather quickly. There was a sound of running water, and Hoo Chee, between the blue mermaids on the tiles, and curiosity at what was to happen in this big, warm room with nothing in it but a square porcelain pond, seemed to have forgotten his anxiety, especially when the pond began to fill with water, and he searched it earnestly for little fishes that looked up from the corners of their eyes.

Miss Arenam stood in her apron, and hummed to herself, while she gave the roughly outlined bust little dabs with her forefinger. Suddenly there came a frantic shriek from the tank-room, and, hurrying in that direction, she heard a small voice shrilling in the direst fear:

"Pay-lee! Pay-ay-ay-lee!"

"What is the matter?" she asked, knocking at the door. "Have you scalded that child, Mrs. Brady?"

"Scalded um!" said Mrs. Brady, from the other side. "I 've just hoisted um into the water, an' he won't let go me neck. *Take yer han's from me hair, ye little imp! Did ye never see water?*"

"Pay-lee!" shouted the Infant, who apparently held the situation under control. The top of the tank was on a level with the floor, and Mrs. Brady had to kneel to it. But then

a splash was heard, and the anxious Bayley, at the door-knob, was frightened by another mighty screech.

"Mrs. Brady," protested the girl, tapping the panel, "I am sure that water is too hot; perhaps he is not used to hot water."

"Or cold, either," puffed Mrs. Brady, turning the faucet. "*Put yer foot down!* (Maybe if ye stay there an' talk he 'll be peaceful.) Take it out of yer mouth — it ain't sody-water! Oh, I wish I was yer mother — no, I don't! Now, here comes the shower!"

Bayley heard the pattering of many drops, and through them, as from a lamb in a rain, many sounds in Cantonese, with the wail of "Pay-ay-ay-ay-lee!"

"There, Mrs. Brady! You must have let that water run too long; perhaps he 's chilled."

"Hot it is," came the answer; "an' the responsibility be with you. *Now!* Maybe if you 'd go away he 'd be quiet."

There came a mixture of scrubbing and yells that increased as Hoo Chee found that he was not hurt, and began to express his anger. He seemed in the tortures of purgatory.

"What in the world *are* you doing to that child to make him cry so?" said Bayley.

The bath-brush came with a thump to the floor, and there was an instant of silence.

"Did n't ye tell me to wash um?" said Mrs. Brady, as if the whole matter might have been a mistake.

"Of course I did!" said the girl, with much warmth.

"Well, I 'm *washin'* um!" said Mrs. Brady, with equal emphasis; and the scrubbing continued. "D' ye think I 'm tattooin' um? Now he 's done it! He 's put a fistful of soap in his eye! *Down ye go!*"

There was a yell, quickly curtailed, a splash, and then a long silence.

"Mrs. Brady, you are surely not holding that child under water all this time?"

But Mrs. Brady was already triumphantly applying the finishing touches.

"Now, there! Ye ain't hurt, are ye? Ain't ye nice an' warm? When ye go home, tell yer mother ye was swallowed by a whale. What! Ye *bad* little boy!"

The Infant had taken One-Two by the scruff of the neck, and had doused the unsuspecting cat in the water. One-Two came up sneezing and yowling in utter dismay. Hoo Chee leaned over and endeavored to scrub the cat as Mrs. Brady would have done.

A few minutes later there was a loud cry of joy. One-Two scampered at full speed along the hall, and hid far under a lounge. Hoo Chee burst into the room where Bayley was still fashioning the model. The Infant glowed under a fresh and delightful sensation. He felt like dancing and singing, and presently he broke forth:

"Ah you wass — ah you wass?
Ah you wass — ah you wass?"

And Miss Arenam laughed, because she thought the child had learned from the streets a popular ditty that asked:

How you was — how you was?

The Infant laughed too, and coquetted with the lady, and would not let her touch him, but sought to be pursued in fun. They chased each other about in great glee, equally amused by the sport. At last Bayley caught him up, and kissed him soundly, and said:

"You darling child — I love you!"

And finally Mrs. Arenam found her daughter in the arm-chair, with Hoo Chee fast asleep in her lap, while One-Two dried himself in the sun, and tried to recall just what had taken place in the tank-room.

THE amah had been revived, and had told her story about the three men who tore the child from her arms. Half an hour after Hoo King had returned with the mother, he locked the women in the rooms, and descended the stairs with the same expression on his face that he had worn all day. He asked other tenants if they had seen the cat One-Two. The cat had strayed away, said the father, and little Hoo Chee was up-stairs weeping about it. Hoo King would give five dollars for its return. He considered that any one who knew about the cat would know about the boy; for the two had been stolen together, said Kwee. They had discovered that One-Two was a lucky animal, and they would keep him alive and well. In time some one would see the cat, even if the boy had been concealed or murdered. The father went to the various haunts of his friends, and repeated his inquiry in a careless manner. He went, also, to places where there were enemies, and where he kept himself ready to be attacked bodily, such were the relations of the Tongs at that period in Chinatown. When he spoke, he scrutinized his hearers to see if they smiled wisely, or otherwise betrayed knowledge of his greater loss. But no one seemed even interested. There was nothing but to wait until the captors approached him for a ransom. If he noised the truth, then perhaps the hostile Tongs would find the child first and switch him away. Nothing would please them better. They could take Hoo Chee to Oregon, and keep him until he had forgotten his parentage and had been developed into a hater of his father's Tong. If the father told the police, the newspapers would have it next

morning. Besides, Hwah Kwee could give no clue to the men; they had been too quick. He came home early, in an evil mood. Hoo Bee had taken her lily feet to bed, and was sound asleep.

IT was the evening of the month when Miss Arenam entertained her little coterie of souls artistic. While above the Infant had slumbered, the hours had passed until the music-room was full of people, and they had hushed to hear Miss Joliet sing while Dr. Rimpo played an obbligato on the flute. In the middle of the song there came from aloft an inquiring shriek of, "Pay-ay-lee!" followed by the hurried padding of small, uncertain feet upon the stairs. Miss Arenam blushed, and grasped the arm of her chair. Hoo Chee, with One-Two tightly clasped under his arm, dashed, shouting, into the room, then paused, dazzled by the lights and the number of strange faces. But Bayley, in her white dress, shone out from all the rest like the main star of a coronet; and the Infant, running joyously up, dropped on his knees before her and touched his forehead several times to the floor. The music stopped: Dr. Rimpo had laughed absurdly through his flute, and all the others joined; for the soap of the bath had dried in Hoo Chee's cue, which stood up as straight as the stem of a gourd.

All the ladies exclaimed:

"Where *did* you get that beautiful child?"

Miss Arenam told the story of the afternoon, while the Infant examined all the people, and determined that she was the loveliest.

"Now say the little piece," said Bayley.

"E-litty peesh?" repeated the Infant.

"About the little boy who was n't very bright."

Hoo Chee deposited One-Two carefully on the floor, and, placing his hands on the lady's knee, looked straight into her eyes and began:

"Washee litty poy — washee baily plight-an
Coutty tellee left flommy light-an;
So-ey *shawdy*-dexy paw —"

Here he stopped for breath —

"— tilly *tinny* leddy law,
To lemmemy latty lightee washee bite-an!"

Here the company broke into great applause, in which the Infant joined.

"'If-itty-teshi-mow Jays,'" began the young person as soon as he could be heard; and he finished the lines without a break. There was more applause and laughter, and the ladies thronged to kiss the boy, while Bayley strove in vain to overcome the stiffness of his cue.

The song with the obbligato was begun afresh, and the evening went on with music. When Miss Arenam sang a Spanish ballad the Infant insisted on standing at her side, with One-Two under his arm, and staring up at her with open mouth, while his ears drank in her lovely voice. Next she sang the "Angel's Serenade," accompanied by the flute and violin. A strange sight then was the face of Hoo Chee. Never in his life had he heard anything like this. Perhaps he feared that Miss Arenam was only a dream and might vanish from him, leaving him to wake at the summons of the amah; for he clutched the lovely lady's dress, as if to stay her from moving, and then slowly the corners of his mouth drew down, and one, two, three came the tears in his upturned eyes, until they swam his sight away, and he stuck his little, hard pigtail into a fold of the angel's gown, and sobbed.

Thus again was the music interrupted.

"You darling child! What is the matter?" cried Bayley, taking him maternally in her arms.

"Bayley," said her mother, suddenly, "that child has not eaten a mouthful since he came to this house!"

"Oh, mama!" cried the girl, rushing off with him to the dining-room.

"How strange," said the mother, "that his parents have not inquired of the police, and been sent here!"

The Infant was left with Gee, who brought him a bowl of rice and some dainties prescribed by the lovely lady. Gee did not regard him with favor; for in their colloquy the boy had given him a "bad face" before the ladies of the house. Now, while Hoo Chee sat in a high chair at the vast table, much engrossed with filling a want which his previous excitement had made him ignore, Gee tried again to find out who he was. But the Infant had a very clearly defined purpose to conceal that much, and he answered most of the queries with the forgetfulness of a great capitalist on the witness-stand. At length the servant said in disgust:

"If you don't tell me your name I 'll whip you!"

"If you do, I 'll call her," said Hoo Chee, with a small frown; "and she 'll cut your head off!"

Gee made no attempt to carry out his threat, but, instead, went, and whistled down to the basement. There was a galloping of claws and a sudden cocking of One-Two's ears. In a moment the cat's back arched into the most astonishing shape Hoo Chee had ever seen it take, and One-Two stood in a corner confronted by the small dog of the household. Prrout shared in the general surprise, and was half inclined to treat One-Two as an occurrence too interesting for malice. But Gee urged him on, and

plainly indicated that the cat was an enemy to be destroyed. The Chinaman foresaw that the results might be disastrous to himself should the facts reach Miss Bayley; so he went discreetly below-stairs, where he found awaiting him his friend Lee Sing.

To resist showing Lee what sport was about to happen was too much for Gee's mood, and, grinning, he conducted his friend to where they could look through, and get a glimpse of the corner of the dining-room. One-Two, with bristling hair, was hunched in battle array, his eyes glaring into those of the enemy, who moved cautiously from side to side, wagging his tail in anxious respect for the cat's sharp claws. The Infant, whom the Chinamen could not see, had dropped his bowl, and stared upon the scene in the greatest wonder. In a moment he decided that his dear One-Two was in peril, and he immediately struggled down from the high chair to go to the rescue. Gee, hearing the noise, closed the door. He did not wish any Chinaman to know about the child; for if it was the son of a person hostile to Gee's Tong, then, no matter what happened, Gee would become the object of violence as the one responsible for an injury either effected or attempted. Only a Chinaman in Chinatown can understand.

"That cat is like one our Hoo King lost today," said Lee. "He offers five dollars for its return. It belongs to his little boy, Hoo Chee. Strange that a man should offer so much for a cat; but Hoo King makes money."

Gee received this information with a quickened mind. He was a member of Hoo King's Tong. He said nothing, but presently excused himself, and sent Lee Sing on his way. Gee came half-way up the stairs and called:

"Hoo Chee!"

"What?" said the Infant, guilelessly.

The Chinaman laughed softly and retired. Then he slipped out, and ran over to the police station. There they telephoned to the Chinatown squad.

The Infant made straight for the dog.

"Go away, bad devil dog!" he said in Chinese, raising his small fists threateningly. Before Prrout had recovered from the novelty of this little figure Hoo Chee had snatched One-Two in his arms, and with difficulty had boosted him up to the high table. Then the Infant climbed back to his chair, where he leisurely finished his rice, stopping after each mouthful to let One-Two take his share from the bowl. Prrout after a while gave up his watch on them, and ran to find his mistress, who promptly sent him back to the basement.

Miss Arenam's evenings were always delightful. She was like California, thrilling and inspiring the charming people of many climes, and her guests invariably found the midnight come too soon. Now Mr. Paxton uncovered his new etching, and the talk having turned to art, Miss Arenam was persuaded to exhibit the unfinished bust of the Infant. It was placed in the front drawing-room, on a pedestal borrowed from one of the marbles, and the people thronged to admire it.

In the dining-room the small model, having eaten until One-Two refused to accept any more, and until he himself was compelled to desist with sighs, stuffed much of what remained into the broad pocket that ran across the breast of his bib. Then he got down once more, and proceeded with lordly content to inspect this part of the premises. What a funny place that was behind the screen — a long, low opening in the wall, with iron things, tipped, he thought, with golden knobs, resting at its bottom on a level with the floor, and, at the back, a wall of bricks built up like stairs. Some day he could easily crawl in there and climb up and see where it led to. How bright and cheerful compared to the gloomy chambers on Dupont street! And what a wilderness of curious things! Those lights, fifty times as brilliant as the peanut oil-wicks of home, how they dazzled one! They — why, why — *this* was the House of Glittering Things! And she — was the Lady of Cakes and Tea! Why had he not thought? Oh, joy! This was the goal for which he had set out — and oh, how many, many weary miles he had walked! But he had found it. He would stay here forever, and the Lady would give him cakes and tea, and he would play and play — where was little Quong Sam? Did Quong have a One-Two? He would ask Gee. No; he would run and find Pay-lee — she would be truthful.

A bell had rung, and Gee had gone through to the front door. The Infant paused. In a moment he heard a voice which sent a chill through his body. It said in Chinese:

"Is a little boy — Hoo Chee — here?"

"Yes," said Gee. "If you will give me the reward I will give you the cat, too."

Hoo Chee, standing behind the door with One-Two in his arms, knew the voice as well as he knew the color of his bib. Bayley came into the hall; he heard her say things in English. He could not understand them; but something in the tones made his heart sink. Was he to be taken away from her — back to the damp and darksome prison of three rooms? Never!

"There is a little lost Chinese boy here," said Bayley; "but how shall I be sure he belongs to you?"

Through Gee, Hoo King described his offspring.

"Yeh," said King, in answer to Mr. Are-

nam; "him gottee one litty mole und' him chin, an' one litty mole und' him ear."

"Let us examine the child," said Mr. Arenam.

Bayley went into the dining-room. Only the small dog greeted her. Gee had left the door open. The child was not to be found. They called his name, but there was no reply. She sent Gee down to the servants' quarters, and went herself up-stairs, while the guests peered under the furniture.

Hoo King grew uneasy. Perhaps this was a ruse to gain time. He stepped in from the hall. Before him on the pedestal was the cold head of his son — of the color of clay. They had slain his only child! There were no eyes; they had ground them up to make photographs!

"What for! what for!" cried the wretched father, laying his trembling hands on the pedestal, while his knees nearly sank under him. He moaned many words in Chinese. The searchers collected, thinking the child had been found. Gee explained the cause of the old man's grief, and tried to calm his fears. The dog barked, and ran toward the dining-room, stopping every moment and wagging his tail. Bayley hurried distractedly for another look at the spot where she had left the Infant. The dog danced about the fireplace, barking up the chimney in extravagant excitement. Miss Arenam heard the mewing of a cat.

"He cannot have climbed up there. Gee! Come here!"

Gee inserted his head in the chimney space, and received a kick in the nose from a small felt sole. Then he drew forth a little shoe.

"Pay-lee!" implored the Infant from the dark cavern.

Then One-Two and the defeated child were pulled from the chimney, covered from head to foot with soot. The Infant was weeping bitterly. The father hurriedly grasped the cat.

"Ah!" he cried joyously. "It is one good-luck cat!"

"Pay-*lee!*" beseeched the blackened child. He ran to her, with grimy outstretched hands, his eyes quite blind with tears.

"Your dress, my dear!" warned her mother.

But Bayley thought only of her unhappy little guest. She quickly took him in her arms, and kissed his quivering mouth again and again. The contact soiled the silk gown beyond repair.

The father rudely snatched his son away, and made for the door.

"Pay-*lee!*" implored Hoo Chee, reaching out his hands in vain. "Pay-ay-lee!" Then he wept afresh, as if his heart would break; and the street door closed upon him.

"What a dreadful—dreadful shame!" said Miss Arenam, her eyes filling. "I—I don't think they treat him well at home. I—"

Then she went away to where they could not see her.

THE amah was asleep. Hoo King deposited the child on the mattress at her side. For most of the way Hoo Chee had hung listless in his arms.

"Go to sleep with your little cat," said the father, somewhat tenderly. "It is a good little cat, is it not?"

"Yes," sniffed Hoo Chee, slowly; "but—I wish—"

Then he was silent. The father retired to his room.

The child lay for a while staring up into the grim darkness, and heard the familiar spip-spop of the faucet in the sink. Then his mouth began to twitch, and he thought of the Lady of Cakes and Tea and the glorious House of Glittering Things. For a long time he cried softly to himself, while One-Two sat wondering.

Finally, the Infant's eyelids grew heavier and heavier, and his breathing less interrupted by sighs. At last sweet weariness came down and gently closed the big, brown eyes; and he forgot his troubles, and floated away, dreaming that he was a little fish in a pond with white porcelain banks, and was behind a stone, looking up out of the corners of his eyes at a tiny boy who held a cat.

Chester Bailey Fernald.





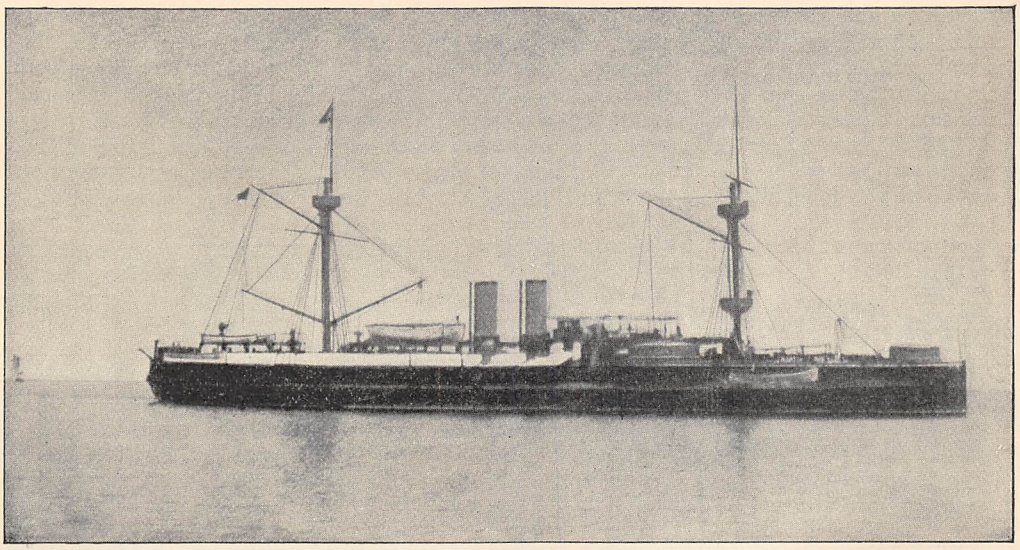
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CHINESE SAILORS FROM THE PEI YANG SQUADRON, EQUIPPED AS INFANTRY.

THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY THE COMMANDER OF THE CHINESE IRONCLAD "CHEN YUEN."

IN attempting an untechnical description of the battle between the Japanese and Chinese fleets which took place September 17, 1894, off the Yalu River, I wish to disclaim for the narrative any pretension to a professional report. Not only would technical language probably be unintelligible to lay readers unacquainted with naval science, but I frankly confess my inability to make such a report with entire accuracy. In a battle which lasted five hours, every moment of which was full of interesting incident, and in which single-ship combats were frequent, no officer could spare time from his duties to note all that was going on. Moreover, during the latter part of the engagement I was suffering from wounds, one of which almost blinded me. Although I remained on deck, I could see only dimly, with interruptions. During this period the *Chen Yuen* was conned by my colleague, Yang Yung Ling, a gallant and spirited officer who, to his country's loss, ended his life with a pistol-ball at Wei-Hai-Wei just as the Japanese came alongside to take the ship after the surrender. I shall there-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CHINESE IRONCLAD "CHEN YUEN"—SISTER SHIP TO THE FLAG-SHIP "TING YUEN."



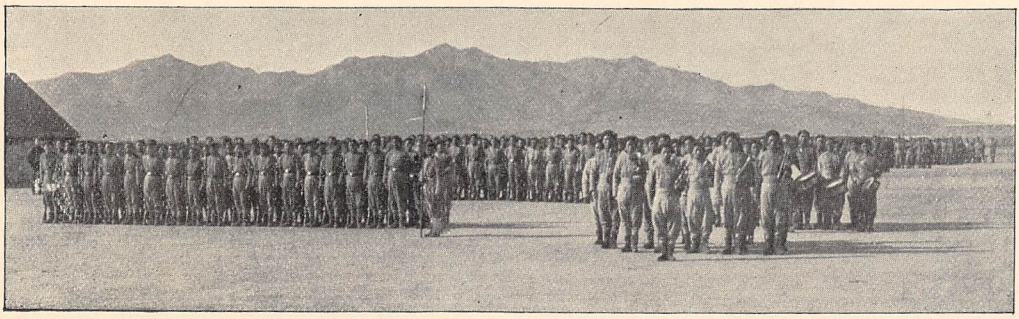
FROM A PRINT.

ADMIRAL TING JU CHANG, COMMANDER OF THE CHINESE PEI YANG SQUADRON IN THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

fore at times be obliged to employ hearsay evidence; but in so doing I have taken care to use only that which I feel to be reliable.

About ten o'clock on the morning of September 15, 1894, the Pei Yang squadron, commanded by Admiral Ting Ju Chang, consisting of the two ironclads *Ting Yuen* (flag-ship) and *Chen Yuen*, the two armored cruisers *King Yuen* and *Lai Yuen*, the two protected cruisers *Chih Yuen* and *Ching Yuen*, the two torpedo cruisers *Tsi Yuen* and *Kwang Ping*, the coast-defense ship *Ping Yuen*, the two Armstrong cruisers *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei*, and the corvette *Kwan Chia*, with two torpedo-boats, arrived at Ta-Lien-Wan. Here we found four "alphabetical" gunboats and four torpedo-boats, besides five chartered merchant vessels which were busily embarking troops. The day was spent in coaling the fleet. Toward dark another chartered steamer arrived from Port Arthur with 80 Krupp field-guns, 400 ponies, and 500 artillerymen. About midnight the embarkation was completed, and shortly before 1 A. M. (Sunday, the 16th), the fleet, consisting of eleven war-ships, four gunboats, and six torpedo-boats, weighed anchor, and proceeded to convoy the transports to the Yalu, arriving off the mouth of that river, without incident, in the afternoon. The convoy, escorted by the four gunboats and four smallest torpedo-boats, with the *Ping Yuen* and *Kwang Ping*, crossed the bar, and went up the river some fifteen miles, where the disembarkation was begun and carried on all night.

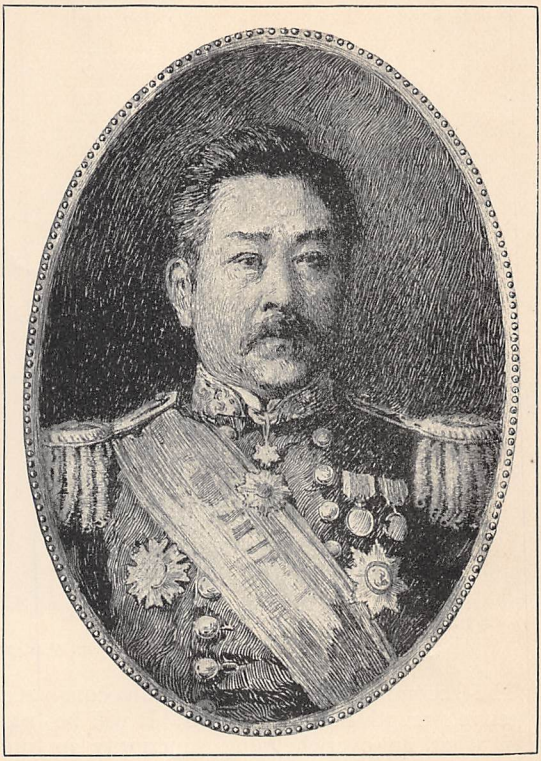
The next morning, Monday, the memorable 17th of September, was a beautiful day, a light breeze gently ruffling the surface of the water. The forenoon was passed as usual. At 9:15 each ship went to general quarters, cleared for action, and for an hour exercised the crew at the guns, no one dreaming that the results of our training were so soon to be tested. As usual, the crews were full of spirit, and eager to avenge, in a fleet engagement, the loss of the *Kwang Yih* and *Kow Shing*. The jeers which the "soldiers" at Wei-Hai-Wei and Port Arthur were wont to fling at us for not destroying the enemy's fleet had not ceased to rankle. As certain newspapers did not at that time hesitate to accuse Admiral Ting of cowardice in failing to bring on an engagement by searching out the enemy, let me state that, after the so-called "bombardment" of Wei-Hai-Wei, a most positive order came from the Tsung Li Yamen (Office of Foreign Affairs) that he was on no account to cruise eastward of a line drawn from Shantung lighthouse to the mouth of the Yalu. The gallant old sailor resented this, and also disaffections existing in a certain clique of his officers, yet he could not disobey. But the Japanese were under no such order, and they could have found us



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

NAVAL BATTALION FROM THE PEI YANG SQUADRON, DRILLING ON THE PARADE-GROUND AT WEI-HAI-WEI.

when they pleased, as we cruised freely to the westward of the line mentioned. At that time it would seem that the enemy hesitated to attack. Our ships were well armed and protected, and our gunners made excellent practice, as had been seen during the summer evolutions. This does not imply any personal reflection upon the Japanese, who are as gallant a race of men as exists. Perhaps they had too much at stake. The destruction of the Japanese fleet would have given the Chinese command of the sea. The small Japanese army in Korea, thus cut off from reinforcements and supplies, would in that event have been overwhelmed by mere force of numbers. Before the battles at the Yalu and Ping Yang the Chinese equaled the Japanese in their eagerness to fight; but as the result of these battles gave increased courage to the one, in like measure it disheartened the other.



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE, AFTER A JAPANESE PRINT.

VICE-ADMIRAL ITO, COMMANDER OF THE JAPANESE FLEET IN THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

From the outbreak of hostilities, officers and men had worked incessantly to put our ships into as efficient fighting trim as possible. Profiting by the lessons taught in the *Tsi Yuen* and *Kwang Yih's* hapless encounter with the enemy off Baker Island, Korea, on July 25, all boats were left behind, save one six-oared gig for each vessel. In case of disaster, quarter was not expected, nor was surrender contemplated. The fate of the ship was to be the fate of the crew. The *Tsi Yuen's* boats had been shattered and set on fire almost immediately, and had been extinguished only after much trouble, and after they had been rendered totally unserviceable. The heavy steel gun-shields, one inch thick and over thirty feet in diameter, which covered the two pairs of 30.5-centimeter (12.2-inch) Krupps on the ironclads, were also removed. As they revolved with the guns a shot might easily jam them, and, being too thin to keep out any but light machine-gun missiles, they would have served only as man-traps, since shells which might pass directly over the barbette and on when meeting no resistance, if intercepted by these shields would have penetrated and, bursting, have filled the entire closed space with flame and fragments.[1] Subsequent experience proved the wisdom of this removal, for many a shell passed close over the heads of the gunners. All unnecessary woodwork, rigging, etc., were taken away, the side wings of the bridge cut off, all hand-rails and ladders removed, and rope or wire life-lines and "Jacob's ladders" substituted when possible. The shields on the 6-inch guns, bow and stern, were kept on to protect the gun-crews from the blast of the heavy guns where firing ahead or astern. The ships had been painted an "invisible gray." Hammocks were placed as a small protection to the men at the quick-firing guns, and within the superstructure sand-bags were piled along the sides about three feet deep and four feet high. Lying inside of these on deck were kept some dozens of 100-pound shot and shell for the 6-inch guns, to promote quick service. Much of the glass was unshipped; the rest the Japanese unshipped for us in time. Coal in bags was also utilized for protection where possible. This protection by coal- and sand-bags served admirably, a number of projectiles and fragments having been found in them after the battle. When the bugles sounded "action" but little remained to be done save to lower to the deck the ventilators, or wind sails (which obstructed the fire of the guns), to close scuttles, water-tight doors, etc., and go to stations.

[1] In the engagement of July 25, a Japanese shell with base fuse, fired at long range, had plumped down on top of a similar shield of the *Tsi Yuen* (covering the two heavy bow guns), near the rear part of it, and had burst, the point going out through the side of the shield, while the remainder of the shell, in fragments, had hurtled about inside, killing seven, including the gunnery lieutenant, and wounding fourteen, thus disabling every one of the crew inside at the time. Had the shield been removed, this shell would have gone clear.



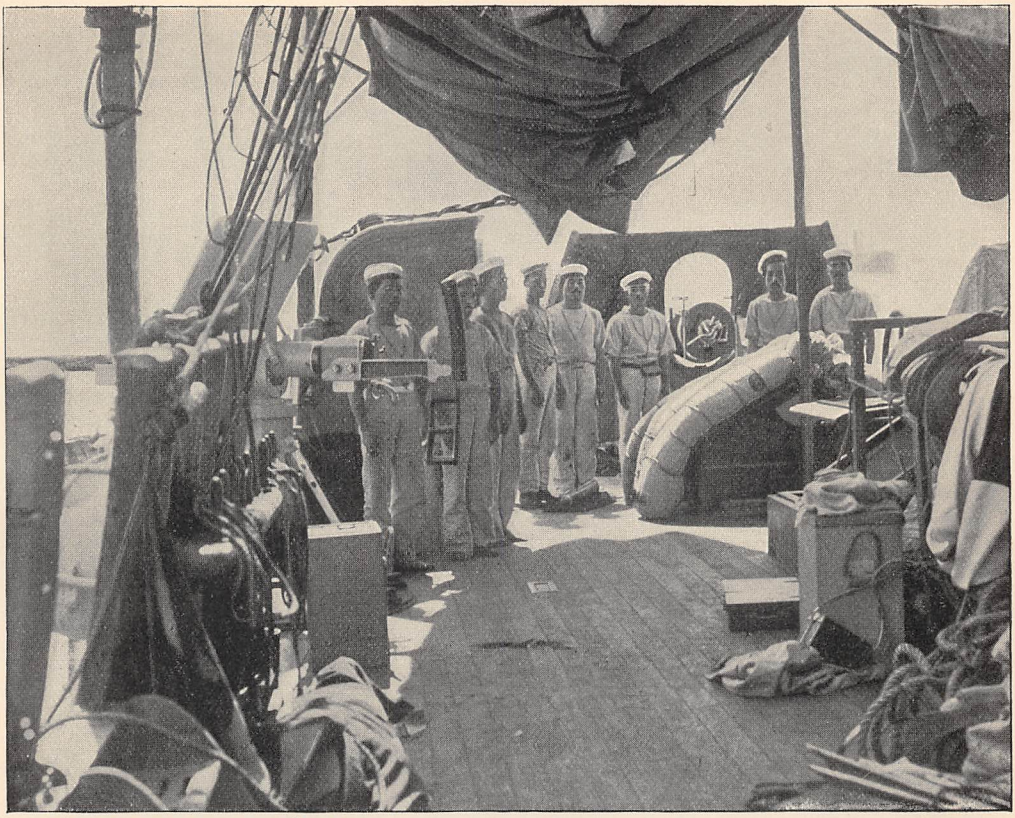
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AN OFFICER OF THE "SAIKIO MARU."

THE "AKAGI."

The accompanying tables show the comparative strength of the two fleets. It will be seen what an overwhelming superiority in quick-firing guns the Japanese had, while our seeming strength in heavy guns was more apparent than real in action, where ranges are uncertain. To explain this, let me digress a moment. It is well known that a projectile

THE JAPANESE FLEET.

Ships' Names.	Displacement.	Armor (in inches).		GUNS.	Torpedo discharges.	Speed, knots.
		On belt.	On turret, barbette, or battery.			
	Tons.					
Matsushima	4,277	0	12	One 13-in., eleven 5-in., five 6-pounder quick-firing, eleven 3-pounder quick-firing, six machine-guns.	4	17.5
Itsukushima	4,277	0	12	One 13-in., eleven 5-in., five 6-pounder quick-firing, 11-pounder quick-firing, six machine-guns.	4	17.5
Hasidate	4,277	0	12	One 13-in., eleven 5-in. quick-firing, six 3-pounder quick-firing, fifteen machine-guns.	4	17.5
Chiyoda	2,450	4½	0	Ten 5-in. quick-firing, fourteen 4.7-in. quick-firing, thirteen machine-guns.	3	19.0
Fuso	3,718	7	9	Four 9½-in., two 7-in., eight machine-guns.	0	13.2
Hiyei	2,200	4½	Hull composite.	Three 7-in., six 6-in. guns.	0	13.0
Takachiho	3,650	0	0	Two 10-in., six 6-in., twelve machine-guns.	4	18.7
Yoshino	4,150	0	0	Four 6-in. quick-firing, eighteen 4.7-in. quick-firing, twenty-two 6- and 3-pounder quick-firing.	5	23.0
Naniwa	3,650	0	0	Two 10-in., six 6-in., twelve machine-guns.	4	18.7
Akitsushima	3,150	0	0	One 13-in., twelve 5-in. quick-firing, ten machine-guns.	4	19.0
Akagi	615	0	0	One 9½-in., four 5-in. quick-firing, six machine-guns.	0	12.0
Saikio Maru	.....	0	0	"Fitted with quick-firing guns as a cruiser."	0	about 16½



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AN OFFICER OF THE "SAIKIO MARU."

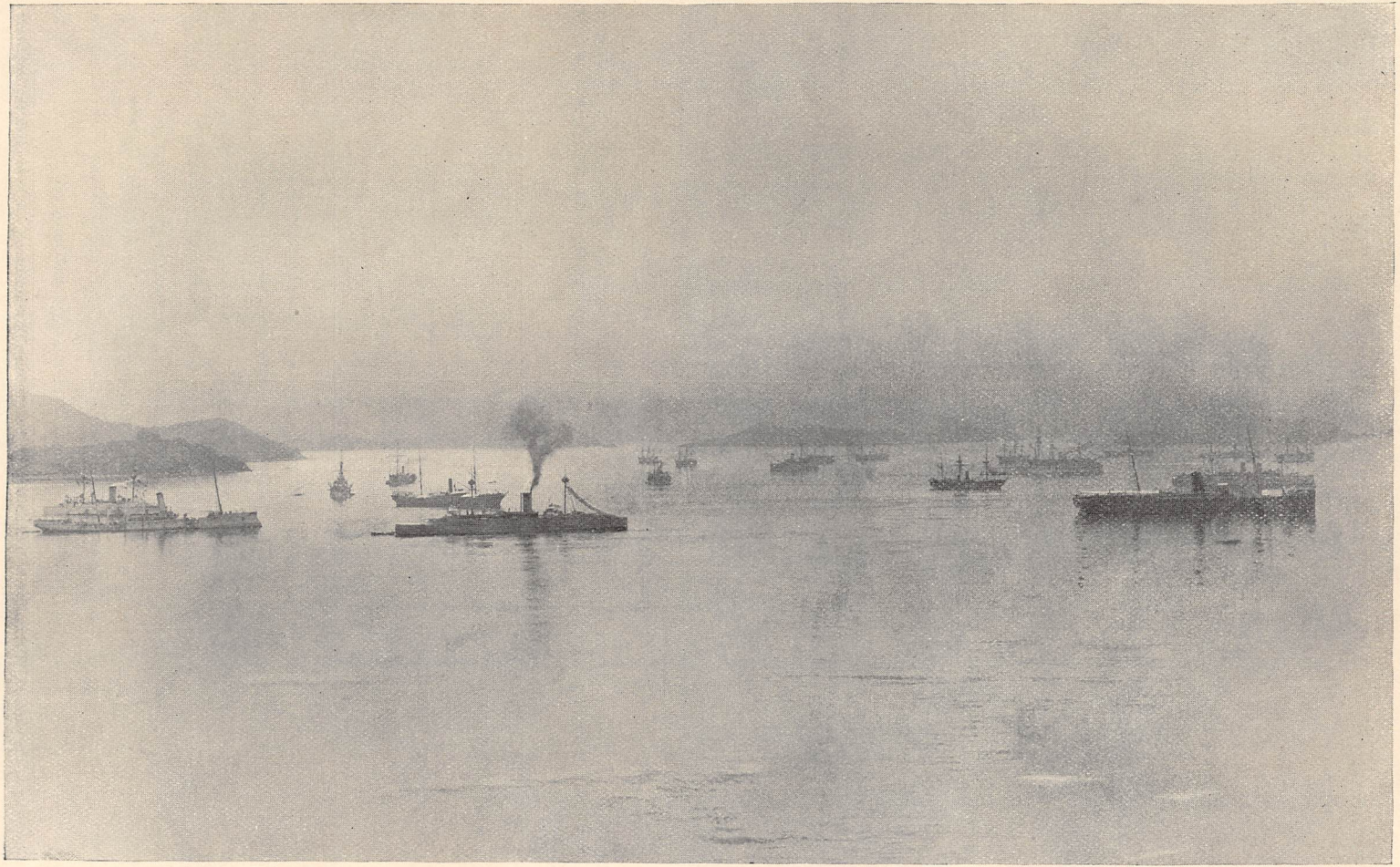
THE AFTER PART OF THE UPPER DECK OF THE "AKAGI."

from a gun does not travel in a straight line, but, under the influences of gravity and the powder impulse, describes a curve. The greater the impulse, the flatter or straighter this curve,

THE CHINESE FLEET.

Ships' Names.	Displacement.	Armor (in inches).		GUNS.	Torpedo discharges.	Speed, knots.
		On belt.	On turret, barbette, or battery.			
	Tons.					
Ting Yuen, Chen Yuen	7,430	14	12	Four 12.2-in., two 6-in., twelve machine-guns.	3	14.5
Lai Yuen, King Yuen	2,850	9½	8	Two 8¼-in., two 6-in., eight machine-guns.	4	15.0
Ping Yuen	2,850	8	5	One 12.2-in. Krupp, two 6-in., eight machine-guns.	4	12.0
Chih Yuen, Ching Yuen	2,300	0	0	Three 8.4-in., two 6-in., sixteen machine-guns.	4	18.0
Tsi Yuen	2,355	0	6	Two 8.4-in., one 6-in., ten machine-guns.	4	15.0
Chao Yung, Yang Wei	1,350	0	0	Two 10-in., four 40-pounders, seven machine-guns.	0	16.0
Kwang Ping	1,030	0	Hull partly of wood.	Three 4.7-in. quick-firing, eight machine-guns.	4	16.5
Kwan Chia	1,300	0	0	Three 6-in., four 5-in., eight machine-guns.	0	15.0

NOTE.—Upon the outbreak of hostilities both nations strengthened their ships' armament. I have given the armament of both Japanese and Chinese ships as they were on September 17, 1894, to the best of my knowledge and recollection, but complete accuracy is not claimed. P. N. McG.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AN OFFICER OF THE "SAIKIO MARU."

THE JAPANESE FLEET IN CHOCHOKURO, ON THE SOUTH COAST OF KOREA, SEPTEMBER 9, 1894, EIGHT DAYS BEFORE THE BATTLE.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

VICEROY LI HUNG CHANG.

or "trajectory," will be. To hit an object at a certain range, therefore, a gun giving a shot a lower velocity than another will have to be pointed so as to make a greater angle upward with a line drawn from gun to target than will the one of higher velocity. In the diagram, let C represent one of the Chinese 12.2-inch Krupp guns of 25 calibers' length of bore (25 × 12.2-in.), and J represent a Japanese 13-inch Canet gun of 40 calibers, the latter being of much higher power. A gunner at C, assuming J to be at J, fires, and the shot traces the curve C J. Now if J, assumed at J, happens instead to be actually at J′ or J″, C's shot will still strike the ship represented as carrying the gun J either at the upper deck or at the water-line. J, likewise, assuming C to be at C, fires, and his shot traces the curve J C. But if C is really at C′ or C″, instead of at C, J's shot will, as in C's case, either hit on the upper deck or at the water-line. It is evident that the space C′ C″ is greater than J′ J″, on ac-

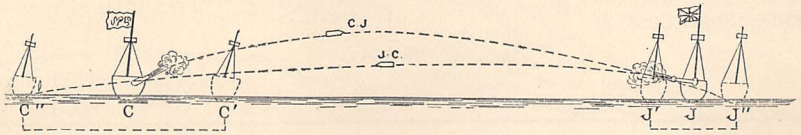
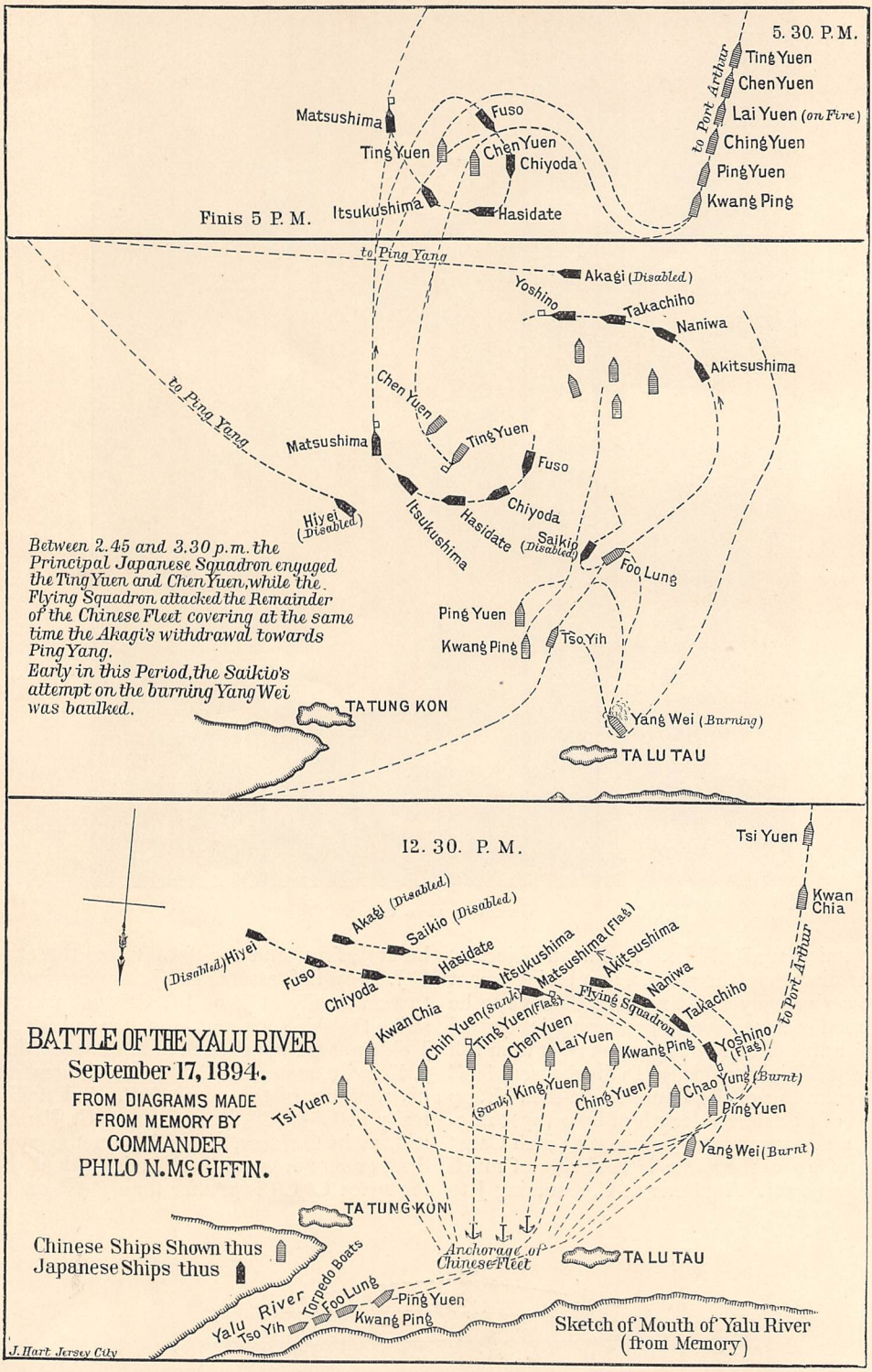
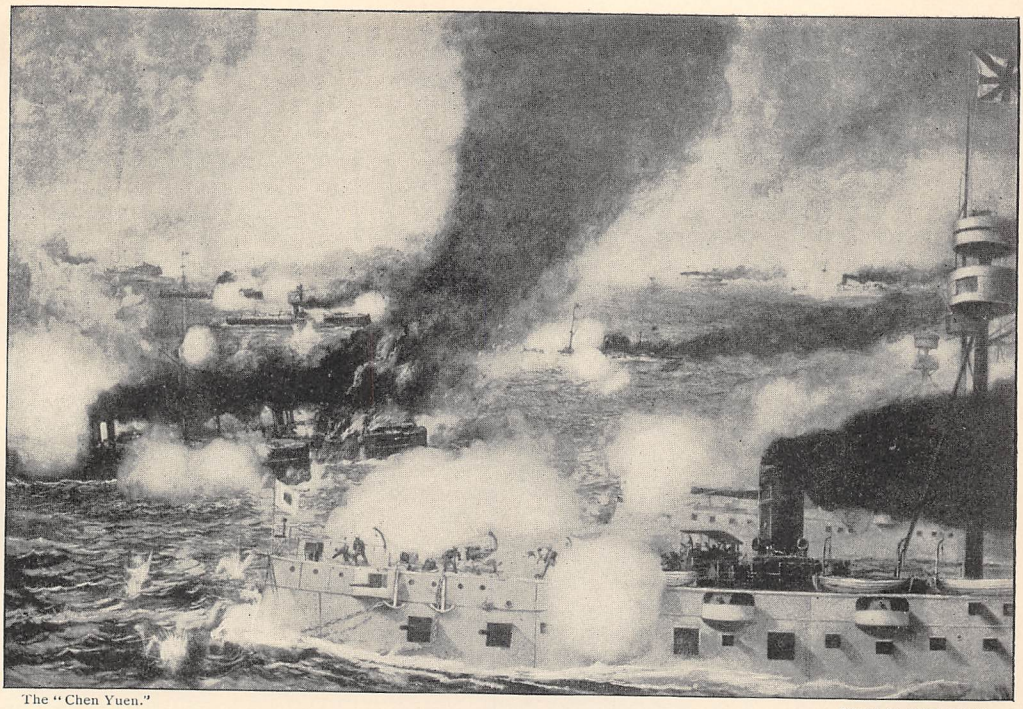


DIAGRAM SHOWING INCREASED ACCURACY OF HIGH-POWER GUNS WHEN RANGES ARE UNCERTAIN, OWING TO THE FLATTENING OF THE TRAJECTORY.


5. 30. P. M.
Ting Yuen
Chen Yuen
Lai Yuen (on Fire)
Ching Yuen
Ping Yuen
Kwang Ping
to Port Arthur
Matsushima
Fuso
Ting Yuen
Chen Yuen
Chiyoda
Itsukushima
Hasidate
Finis 5 P. M.
to Ping Yang
Akagi (Disabled)
Yoshino
Takachiho
Naniwa
Akitsushima
Chen Yuen
Ting Yuen
Fuso
Matsushima
Hiyei (Disabled)
Itsukushima
Hasidate
Chiyoda
Saikio (Disabled)
Foo Lung
Ping Yuen
Kwang Ping
Tso Yih
Between 2.45 and 3.30 p.m. the Principal Japanese Squadron engaged the Ting Yuen and Chen Yuen, while the Flying Squadron attacked the Remainder of the Chinese Fleet covering at the same time the Akagi's withdrawal towards Ping Yang.
Early in this Period, the Saikio's attempt on the burning Yang Wei was baulked.
TA TUNG KON
Yang Wei (Burning)
TA LU TAU
12. 30. P. M.
Tsi Yuen
Kwan Chia
Akagi (Disabled)
Saikio (Disabled)
(Disabled) Hiyei
Fuso
Chiyoda
Hasidate
Itsukushima
Matsushima (Flag)
Akitsushima
Naniwa
Flying Squadron
Takachiho
to Port Arthur
Kwan Chia
Chin Yuen (Sunk)
Ting Yuen (Flag)
Chen Yuen
Lai Yuen
Kwang Ping
Yoshino (Flag)
(Sunk) King Yuen
Ching Yuen
Chao Yung (Burnt)
Ping Yuen
Tsi Yuen
Yang Wei (Burnt)
BATTLE OF THE YALU RIVER
September 17, 1894.
FROM DIAGRAMS MADE FROM MEMORY BY COMMANDER PHILO N. Mc GIFFIN.
TA TUNG KON
Chinese Ships Shown thus
Japanese Ships thus
Anchorage of Chinese Fleet
TA LU TAU
Yalu River
Torpedo Boats
Foo Lung
Ping Yuen
Tso Yih
Kwang Ping
Sketch of Mouth of Yalu River (from Memory)
J. Hart Jersey City



The "Chen Yuen."

DRAWN BY BUNGO SAKUMA.

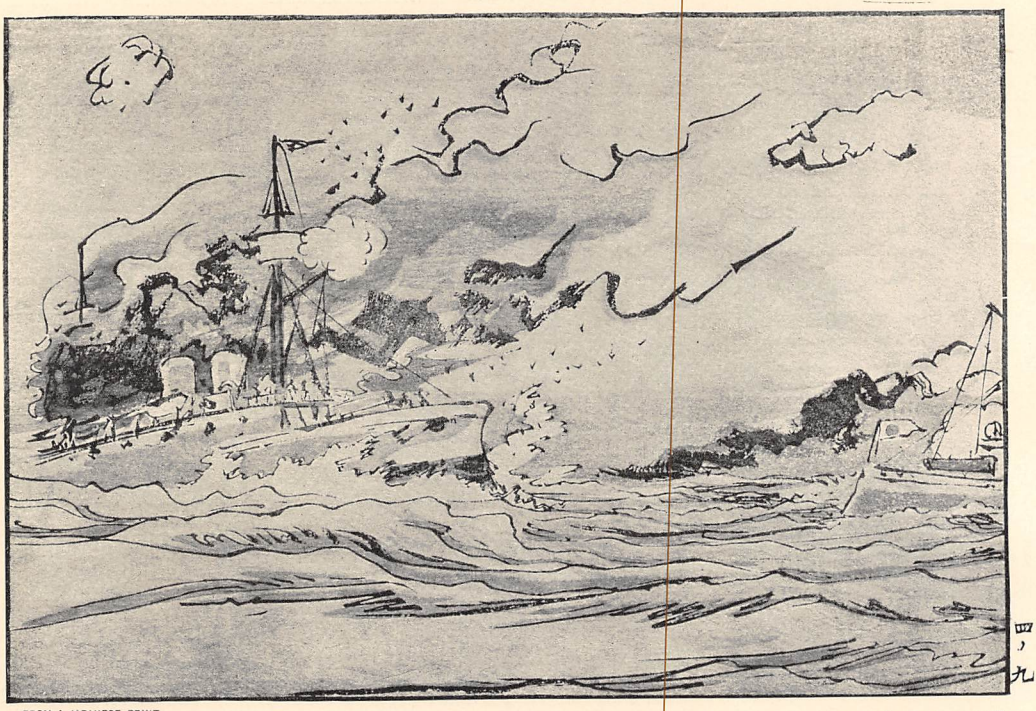
THE BATTLE OF THE YALU: THE PRINCIPAL SQUADRON ENGAGING THE "TING YUEN" AND "CHEN YUEN."

count of the flatter trajectory of J's gun. The distance C′ C″ (or J′ J″) is termed the "dangerous space," and it is at once seen that when ranges are uncertain the gunner at J has a great advantage, owing to his gun's flatness of trajectory, over the one at C.

No ordinary method of finding the range is of much use in a fleet action. Using "masthead angles," the range is found by measuring the angle subtended by the enemy's masthead and water-line (the height of mast being known). The "horizon method" depends on measuring the angle between the enemy's water-line and the horizon, the observer being stationed in a top whose height above water is known. In the latter case it is inconvenient to have the observer so far from the guns, and in either method the smoke on one side or the other generally conceals the enemy's water-line. In using a quick-firing gun, the place where the projectile hits must be seen, and this is equally difficult when shots are splashing up the water all about the object aimed at. It is needless to point out the importance of practising both officers and men in judging distances under all conditions at sea. But to resume.

The *Chen Yuen's* forenoon routine, drills and exercises, had been carried out, and the cooks were preparing the midday meal, when the smoke from the enemy's ships was sighted by the lookout men at the masthead. They were made out almost simultaneously from several vessels, and before even a signal could be made from the flag-ship the bugles throughout the fleet were sounding merrily the "officers' call" and "action." Columns of dense black smoke shooting upward from our funnels told that in the depth of each vessel the stokers were spreading fires, and, using forced draft with closed stoke-holes, were storing up energy in the boilers, that breath might not fail when most needed in the coming fight. These black pillars of smoke must have signaled our presence to the enemy; for their "smokes" now increased in volume and height, showing that they also had put on forced draft, and, like ourselves, were preparing for the contest. For weeks we had anticipated an engagement, and had had daily exercise at general quarters, etc., and little remained to be done. There were woeful defects in our ammunition supplies, as will be seen; but had we kept the seas for a year longer before fighting, there would have been no improvement in that respect, since the responsibility for the neglect lay in Tientsin. So the fleet went into action as well prepared as it was humanly possible for it to be with the same officers and men, handicapped as they were by official corruption and treachery ashore.

In far less time than is taken to read these lines signal had been made from the *Ting Yuen* to "weigh immediately," and never were cables shortened in and anchors weighed more speedily. The old *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei*,



FROM A JAPANESE PRINT.

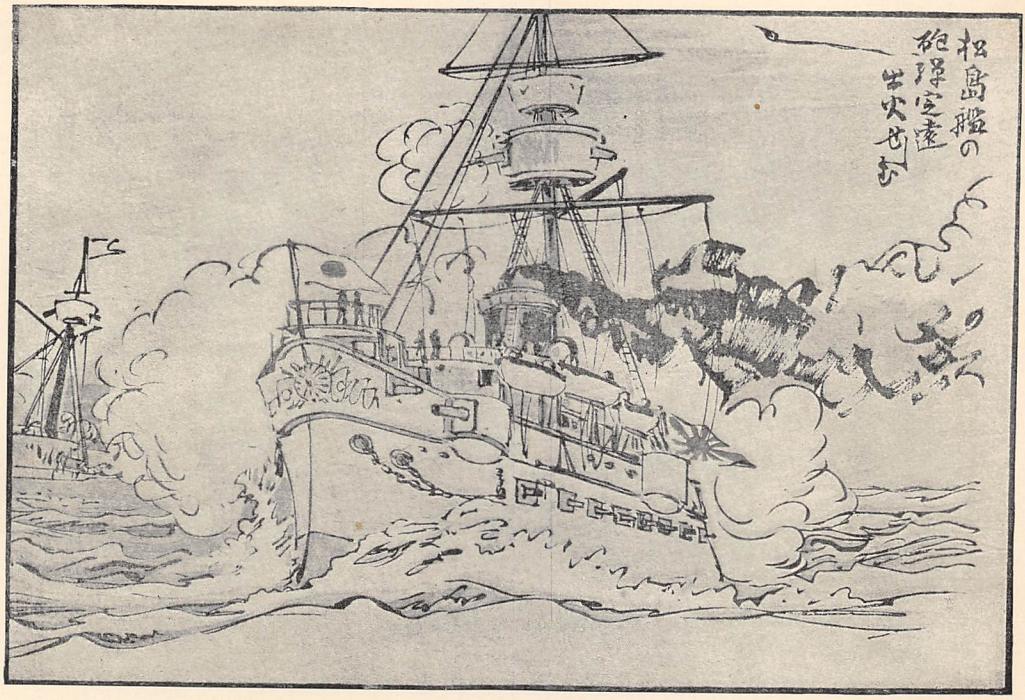
ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE CHINESE IRONCLAD "CHEN YUEN"

being always longer in weighing anchor, were left astern, and afterward, pushing on to gain station, probably gave to the fleet a seeming wedge-shaped formation for a short time, thereby giving rise to the report, widely circulated, that we used that formation in advancing to the attack. Our actual formation, which has justly been criticized, was an indented or zigzag line, the two ironclads in the center, as shown in the diagram. As the two fleets approached each other, officers and men eagerly strained their eyes toward the magnificent fleet of their country's hereditary foe, and on all sides there were animation and confidence. Our fleet consisted now of ten ships, viz.: *Ting Yuen* (flag-ship), *Chih Yuen*, *Tsi Yuen*, and *Kwan Chia*, forming the left wing; and *Chen Yuen*, *Lai Yuen*, *King Yuen*, *Ching Yuen*, *Chao Yung*, and *Yang Wei*, forming the right wing. It will be noticed that the right wing, as such, was stronger than the left, or admiral's. But the enemy, approaching from left to right, would thus receive the fire of our best eight ships before they could attack the *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei*, justly considered our "lame ducks." The *Ping Yuen* and *Kwang Ping*, with the two torpedo-boats *Foo Lung* and *Tso Yih*, did not join us until the fight was well under way. The gunboats and the other torpedo-boats did not appear at all.

The Japanese formed into two squadrons: The Flying Squadron, consisting of the *Yoshino* (flag), *Takachiho*, *Naniwa*, and *Akitsushima*, led, followed by the Principal Squadron, composed of the *Matsushima* (flag of Admiral Ito, commander-in-chief), *Itsukushima*, *Hasidate*, *Chiyoda*, *Fuso*, and *Hiyei*. On the unengaged side were the *Akagi* and *Saikio*.

These twelve Japanese ships, forming apparently a single line and preserving station and speed throughout most beautifully, could not but excite a feeling of admiration. Our fleet must also have presented an imposing appearance to the enemy. Since 8 A. M. our ensigns had been flying from their accustomed halyards, but now there streamed from the *Ting Yuen's* main-truck an immense yellow new national ensign, a similar one succeeding the smaller weather-worn ensign previously hoisted, the admiral's flag at the fore-truck being also replaced by a larger one. A similar change was made on every other ship almost at once, and the Japanese promptly followed our example.

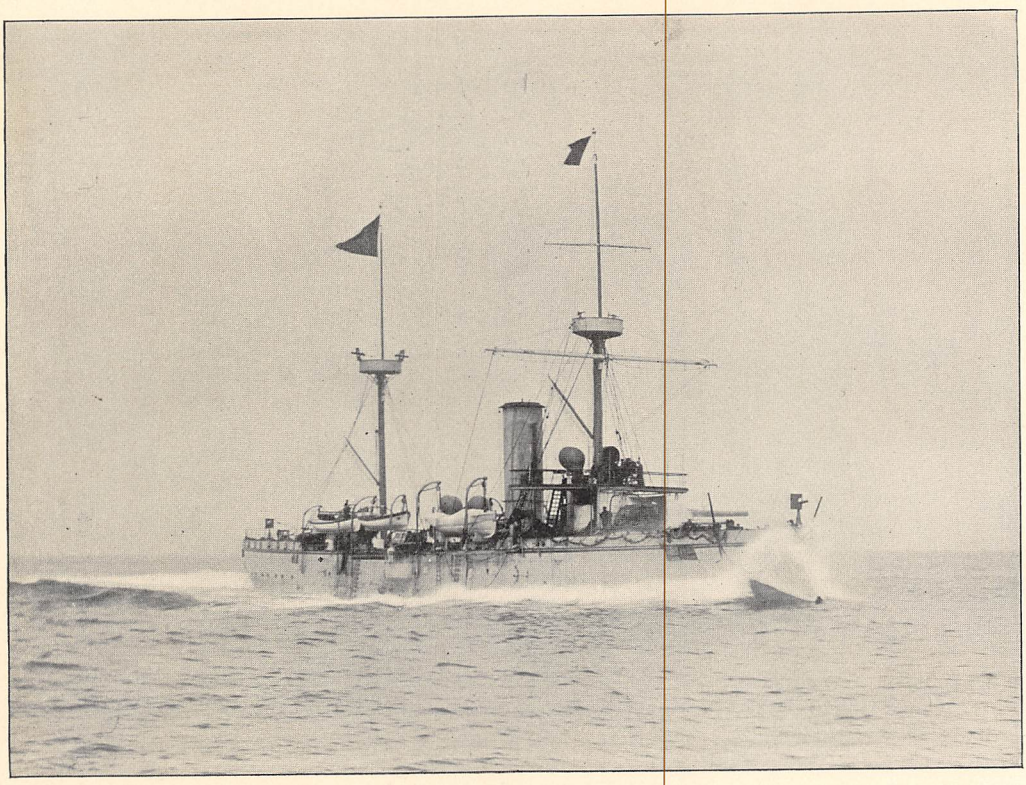
These twenty-two ships, trim and fresh-looking in their paint and their bright new bunting, and gay with fluttering signal-flags, presented such a holiday aspect that one found difficulty in realizing that they were not there simply for a friendly meeting. But, looking closer on the *Chen Yuen*, one could see beneath this gaiety much that was sinister. Dark-



AND THE JAPANESE FLAG-SHIP "MATSUSHIMA."

skinned men, with queues tightly coiled around their heads and with arms bare to the elbow, clustered along the decks in groups at the guns, waiting impatiently to kill and be killed. Sand was sprinkled on the decks, and more was kept handy against the time when they might become slippery. In the superstructures and down out of sight in the bowels of the ship were men at the shell-whips and ammunition-hoists, in torpedo-rooms, etc. Here and there a man lay flat on deck, with a charge of powder — fifty pounds or more — in his arms, waiting to spring up and pass it on when it should be wanted. These men were stationed at intervals to serve the guns quickly; for charges must not be massed along the deck, lest a shell drop in and make trouble. The nerves of the men below deck were in extreme tension. On deck one could see the approaching enemy, but below nothing was known, save that any moment might begin the action, and bring a shell in through the side. Once the battle had begun, they were all right, but at first the strain was intense.

The fleets closed on each other rapidly. My crew was silent. The sublieutenant in the military foretop was taking sextant angles and announcing the range, and exhibiting an appropriate small signal-flag. As each range was called the men at the guns would lower the sight-bars, each gun captain, lanyard in hand, keeping his gun trained on the enemy. Through the ventilators could be heard the beats of the steam-pumps; for all the lines of hose were joined up and spouting water, so that in case of fire no time need be lost. The range was about four miles, and decreasing fast. "Six thousand meters!" "Five thousand eight hundred"—"six hundred"—"five hundred"—"five hundred!" "Five thousand four hundred!" The crisis was rapidly approaching. Every man's nerves were in a state of tension, which was greatly relieved as a huge cloud of white smoke, belching from the *Ting Yuen's* starboard barbette, "opened the ball." Just as the projectile threw up a column of white water a little short of the *Yoshino*, a roar from the *Chen Yuen's* battery seconded the flag-ship's motion. It was exactly 12:20 P. M. The range, as found on the *Chen Yuen*, was 5200 meters; on the *Ting Yuen* it was assumed to be 5300. On our side the firing now became general from the main batteries, but it was about five minutes before the Japanese replied. As they opened fire, the Chinese quick-firing Hotchkiss and Maxim-Nordenfelt, 3- and 6-pounders, joined in, and thenceforward the conflict was almost incessant. Like ours, the enemy's first shots fell short; but with an exultant chuckle we noted that a shot from one of our 12-inch guns had struck one of the Japanese leading ships. The bridge of the *Chen Yuen*, although some thirty feet above



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE CHINESE SHIP "CHIH YUEN," SUNK IN THE BATTLE.

The ship is here shown at full speed. The bow torpedo-tube parts the spray as seen at water-line, but offers only slight resistance.

the water, was very soon soaked, as was, indeed, the entire exposed surface on the engaged side, by spray thrown up by line shots that struck the water a little short. Many of the men at the guns on deck were wet through, and indeed the water was flung on board with such violence as to sting the face and hands like hail. Every one in the conning-tower had his ears stopped with cotton, yet the din made by projectiles rattling up against the outside of its 10-inch armor was a serious annoyance.

During this early part of the engagement, the Chinese fleet as a whole kept their indented line, and preserved intervals fairly well, steaming at about six knots — the *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei* being still out of station on the extreme right. The *Tsi Yuen*, with her faint-hearted commander, Fong, had bolted very soon after the enemy had opened fire. At 12:45 we saw this vessel about three miles astern on our starboard quarter, heading southwest toward Port Arthur. She was followed by a string of Chinese anathemas from our men at the guns. She reached Port Arthur at 2 A. M. next day (seven hours in advance of the fleet), spreading there a wild tale that we had been overwhelmed by a vast Japanese armada, etc. Upon our arrival, Captain Fong claimed that his entire battery had early been disabled, and that he had been obliged to run to save his defenseless ship. But upon an examination of his battery by a detail of line and engineer officers, it was found in perfect working order, excepting the six-inch stern-chaser — the one projectile which struck his ship having passed beneath the trunnions, lifting the gun from its seat. But this shot had entered from the stern, having evidently been received after the retreat had begun — administered, it would seem, as a contemptuous parting kick from the enemy. Captain Fong's outrageous example was at once followed by the commander of the *Kwan Chia*, whose courage was scarcely exceeded by his knowledge of navigation; for, about midnight, he ran upon a reef outside of Ta-Lien-Wan, which he said was a most unaccountable mishap, as he had laid his course (in a 100-mile run) "to clear it by *one and a half* miles"! This vessel had not been struck at all, but some days later was blown up by her crew upon the approach of some Japanese vessels. Our force had thus early been reduced to eight vessels.

As the Japanese fleet approached, it steamed along our front from left to right, at perhaps double our speed, and each vessel thus could exchange shots with each of ours in turn. The

Japanese Principal Squadron, as will be seen from the diagram, kept at closer range, upon the whole, than did the Flying Squadron. The latter, upon reaching our right flank, turned it and poured in a heavy cross-fire on the extreme wing, the *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei* receiving the most of it. From the first these two old-fashioned cruisers were doomed. Two passageways in each superstructure connected the bow and stern 10-inch guns, on the outboard side of each being officers' quarters, etc., the partitions and bulkheads being of wood highly varnished and oiled. The vessels were early set on fire, and the draft down these passageways at once turned them into alleys of roaring flame. The machine-guns overhead were thus rendered useless, the deck being untenable, and the bow and stern guns were isolated from each other and from their magazines. As a forlorn hope, the ill-fated vessels made for the nearest land. The Japanese armed transport *Saikio*, seeing their plight and intention, made for them; whereupon the Chinese ironclads engagement, came up and headed for her, and her amiable intentions toward the burning vessels were frustrated.

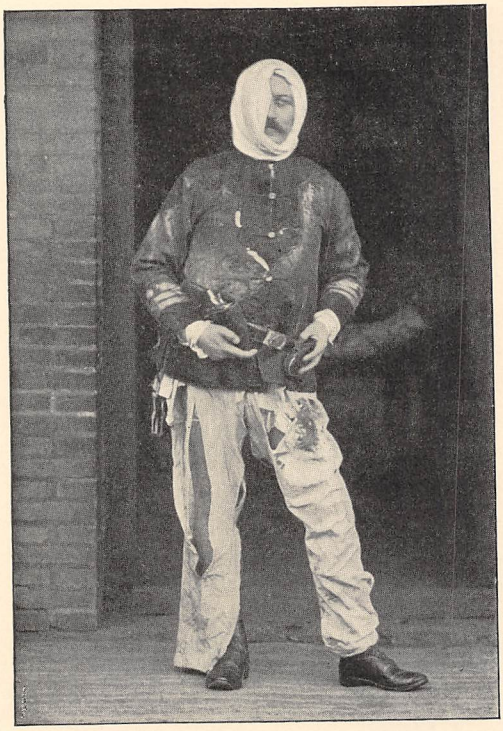
By this time the Flying Squadron had altered course sixteen points (180°) to port, and were returning, evidently to succor the *Akagi*, which was in a sad plight, having pluckily engaged us at pretty close range, and was now steering wildly, her mainmast gone, her commander and a considerable number of her crew killed, and her battery disabled.

We had now (about 2 P. M.) six vessels, viz.: the *Ting Yuen*, *Chen Yuen*, *King Yuen*, *Lai Yuen*, *Chih Yuen*, and *Ching Yuen*,—the *Ping Yuen* and *Kwang Ping* not yet having joined us. The flag-ship *Matsushima*, leading the Principal Squadron, had now reached our right wing, and, flanking it, steamed down again on the opposite course. The *Hiyei*, the last of the Principal Squadron, was now almost ahead of the *Ting Yuen*, having been engaged by the *Chih Yuen* on our flag-ship's left. Her distance from her next in line ahead was increasing, and her



THE CREW OF THE "CHIH YUEN." ALL BUT SEVEN OF THE CREW WERE DROWNED ON THE SINKING OF THE SHIP.

fired a few shots at her at long range, making fair practice; for, according to Japanese report, she received at least four 30.5-centimeter projectiles. Then the *Ping Yuen* and *Kwang Ping*, with the two torpedo-boats that had been inside the Yalu River at the beginning of the captain, presumably seeing that his slow old ship could not keep up with the rest, and, being already on fire, fearing to continue on and receive the fire of both ironclads and of the *King Yuen*, *Lai Yuen*, and *Ching Yuen*, boldly decided to make a short cut between the two

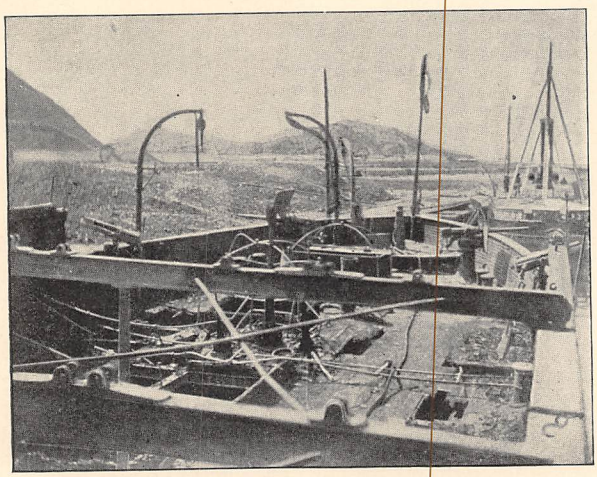


FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

COMMANDER McGIFFIN IN HOSPITAL AFTER THE FIGHT— SHOWING DAMAGE TO CLOTHES DUE TO CONCUSSION.

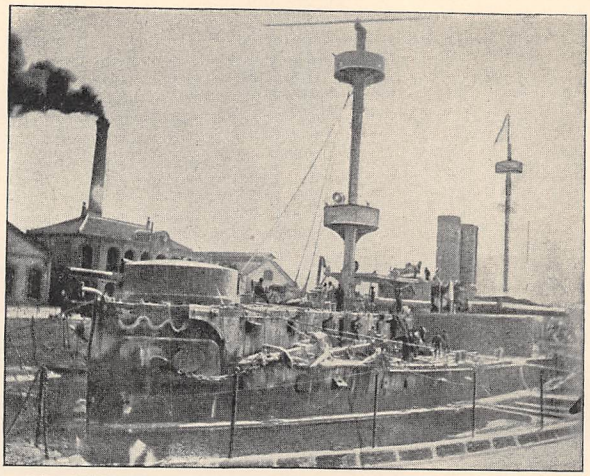
ironclads and rejoin his comrades on the other side. This was splendidly done. As his ship passed between our two big ships we fired into her point-blank. It was impossible to miss, and flying material showed that we did not. The smoke increased in volume and rolled up from the *Hiyei's* quarter-deck and poop as high as the mizzentop, the ship yawing wildly at the same time. We considered her "done for" — as doubtless she would have been had we used shell — one shot, for instance, passing diagonally through the ship from one bow to the opposite quarter, doing various minor damages. Had it been a live shell the result may be imagined.

From this time, I regret to say, the Chinese formation was broken into an irregular group. Bearing down on the one hand were the ships of the Principal Squadron, "in line ahead," keeping perfect station, while on the opposite side were those of the Flying Squadron. We were thus between two fires. As the Principal Squadron turned and altered course, the two Chinese ironclads turned also, keeping bows on to their van, the *Chen Yuen* preserving her station and distance from the flag-ship, as indeed she continued to do throughout the battle. The Japanese willingly bear witness that the two ironclads preserved their formation, and that the *Chen Yuen* by her movements and gun practice covered the *Ting Yuen* when in straits, and in fact prevented the fleet from suffering annihilation instead of its actual heavy loss. The Principal Squadron now seemed to ignore the four smaller Chinese vessels, and its five ships steamed around our two ironclads, pouring in a storm of shell. Time and again fires broke out, but, with one notable exception, the flames were subdued without much trouble. Some of the enemy's ships used melinite shells, the noxious fumes from which could at once be distinguished from those of powder. One ship, for a time, practised "broadside firing by director" — *i. e.*, each gun is laid by its crew on the object, and the entire battery, joined in one electric circuit, is fired by pressing a key. This system, though doubtless hard on the structure of the ship using it, was most effective,— the result of so many shot striking at once, and producing perhaps several fires, being very annoying.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT PORT ARTHUR.

STERN OF THE "LAI YUEN," SHOWING DAMAGES FROM FIRE, ETC.

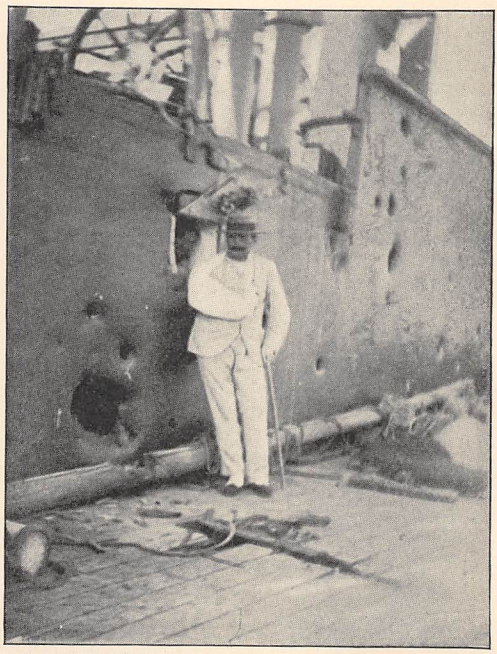


FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "CHEN YUEN" IN DOCK AT PORT ARTHUR THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

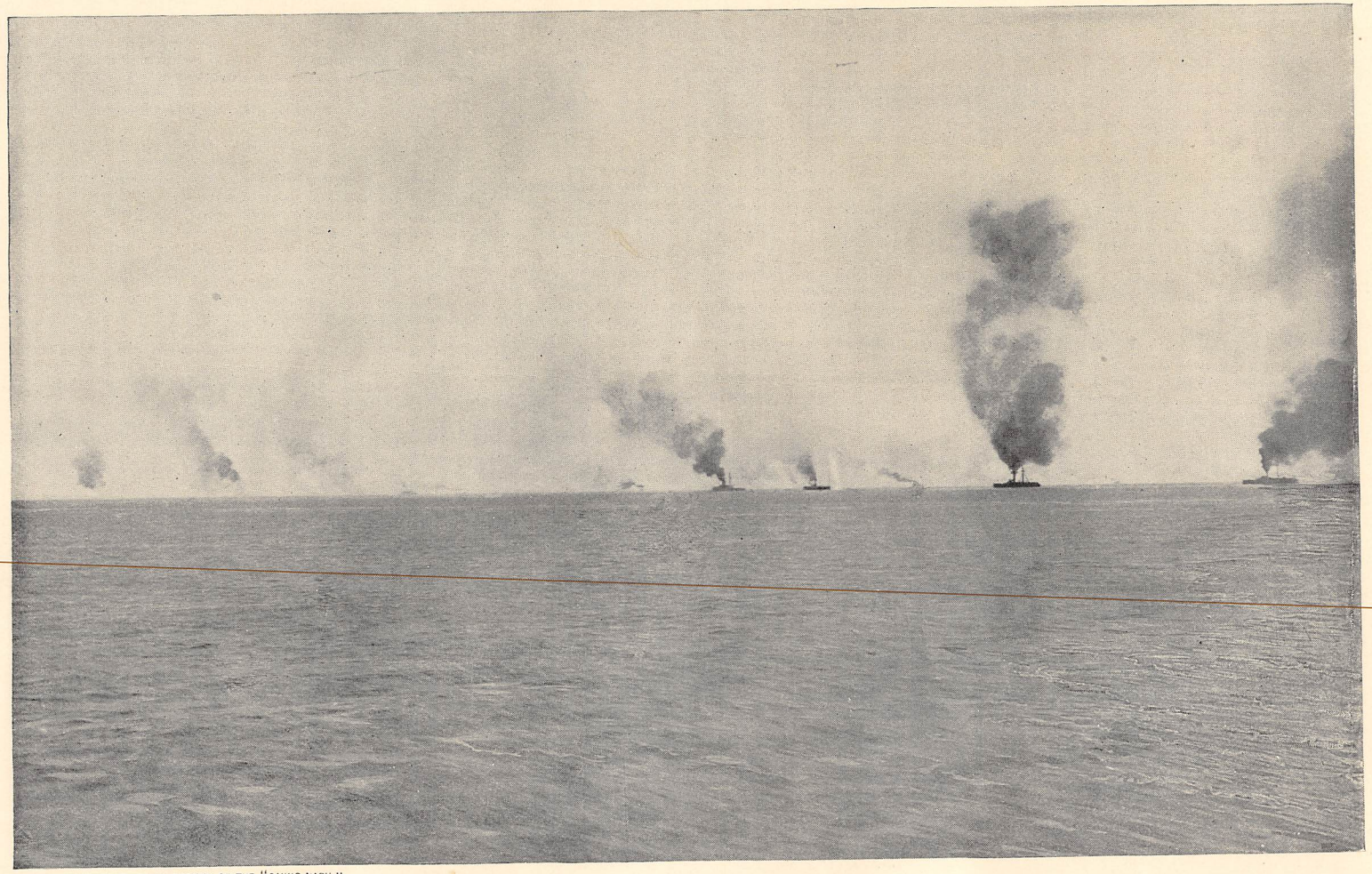
During the confusion of our line consequent upon being out-manœuvered, the *Chih Yuen* passed under our stern and joined the *Lai Yuen* and surviving ships of the right wing. The *Ping Yuen* and *Kwang Ping*, now coming up, threatened the *Akagi* and *Saikio*. Signals were made on the *Matsushima*, and the Flying Squadron manœuvered to cover the endangered vessels. About this time the *Chih Yuen* boldly, if somewhat foolhardily, bore down on the Flying Squadron's line, possibly to attack the two mentioned vessels. Just what happened no one seems to know, but apparently she was struck below the water-line by a heavy shell — either a ten-inch or a thirteen-inch. Be that as it may, she took a heavy list, and, thus fatally injured, her commander, Tang Shi Chang, a most courageous albeit somewhat obstinate officer, resolved at least to avenge himself, and charged one of the largest vessels, intending to ram. A hurricane of projectiles from both heavy and machine guns swept down upon his ship, the list became more pronounced, and just before getting home to his intended victim his ship rolled over and then plunged, bows first, into the depths, righting herself as she sank, her screws whirling in the air (as did the *Victoria's*), and carrying down all hands, including the chief engineer, Mr. Purvis, a gentleman and a most efficient officer, who was shut up in the engine-room. Seven of her crew clung to one of the circular life-buoys kept on the bridge, and were drifted by the tide toward the coast, where they were rescued by a junk. The stories of these men vary so much in general as to be unreliable, but all agree on one incident. Captain Tang had a large dog of a most vicious temper, unruly at times even with his master. After the ship sank Captain Tang, who could not swim, managed to get to an oar or some small piece of wood — enough to have supported him had not his dog swum to him, and, climbing up on him, forced him to release his grasp and thus miserably drown, the brute sharing his fate — perhaps the only case on record of a man drowned by his dog.

As the Principal Squadron circled around us, the range varied from 2800 meters (nearly two miles) to perhaps 1000, at times even less. At about three o'clock the *Matsushima* closed upon the *Chen Yuen* to about 1700 meters,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT PORT ARTHUR.

SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE "CHEN YUEN," SHOWING DAMAGE.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AN OFFICER OF THE "SAIKIO MARU."

THE BATTLE OF THE YALU, SEPTEMBER 17, 1894, AS IT APPEARED FROM THE "SAIKIO MARU" AT FOUR MINUTES TO ONE O'CLOCK P. M.

and we fired at her, from one of our 12.2-inch guns, a steel shell of 5 calibers' (5 × 12.2 inches) length, having a bursting-charge of nearly ninety pounds of powder. The Japanese flagship was struck by this missile, and as a burst of flame arose from her, followed by a great cloud of white smoke, hiding her entirely from view, our gun's crew yelled their satisfaction. This shell indeed wrought frightful havoc. From the Japanese report it totally disabled the big 13-inch Canet gun and swept the decks. Several charges of powder for this gun had been massed on deck, and these, exploding, gave the gunners a true "hoist with their own petard." By this one shell forty-nine officers and men were instantly killed, and over fifty wounded; the gunnery lieutenant was blown into the sea, his cap and telescope being all trace of him ever found on the ship.

Soon afterward the Principal Squadron withdrew toward the southeast, seemingly having had enough of fighting. Our two ironclads followed them, firing. When they had gone a distance of two or three miles the Principal Squadron turned, and, circling about us, poured in perhaps the most destructive fire we received during the day. We had now used up all of our 6-inch ammunition, having fired 148 projectiles of that caliber. There were left for the 12-inch guns (one of which was disabled) only some 25 steel shot, and no shell. The *Ting Yuen* was in a similar plight. In half an hour we would have none left, and be at the mercy of the enemy; for to ram agile, well-handled ships of 17½ knots' speed with our slower ships was out of the question. We fired carefully, but having no shell, comparatively little damage was done. It was now nearly five o'clock. After about a half-hour's cannonade the enemy again withdrew, we firing our last shot at them, save three left in the guns for the last moment. This withdrawal at about 5:30 P. M. has always been a mystery. It would seem that the Japanese could scarcely help noting that our bow and stern 6-inch guns were silent, and that our fire was slowly delivered from the barbettes. Had they stayed with us a quarter of an hour more, our guns would have been silent and the ships defenseless. The enemy apparently were not in want of ammunition, as their firing up to the last had been animated.

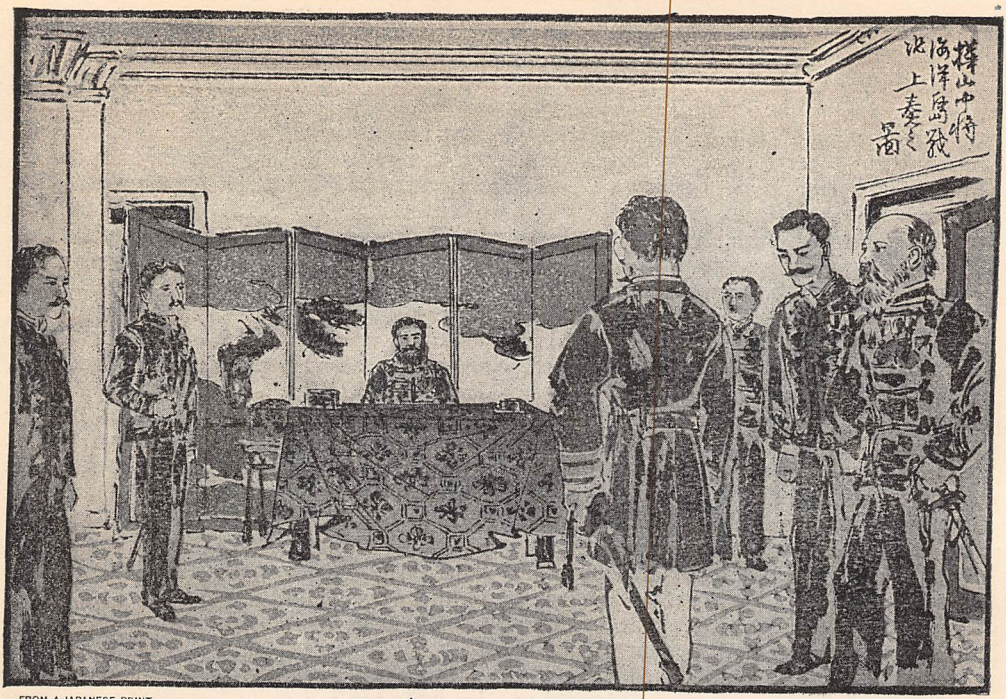
We now turned back and gathered up the surviving ships of the fleet. These vessels had fared badly at the hands of the Flying Squadron. After covering the *Saikio*, *Hiyei*, and *Akagi*, the van bore down on the *King Yuen*, which had been burning for some time, and the *Yoshino* with her next astern engaged the *King Yuen* at close range (less than 2000 meters). A heavy fire from the *Yoshino's* three 6-inch quick-firing bow guns told upon her with terrible effect. One after another of the 100-pound shells tore up her sides, and after yawing about wildly, as if her steering-gear was useless, she burst into flame and sank.

During this time the three crippled Japanese vessels had withdrawn toward Ping Yang. After the sinking of the *King Yuen*, the Flying Squadron were recalled by signal from the Principal Squadron, else the *Lai Yuen* and others could hardly have escaped destruction, since the ironclads, having no more ammunition, could not have succored them. As the sun was setting the *Ting Yuen*, with the battered *Chen Yuen*, the *Lai Yuen* (still desperately fighting the flames that threatened to devour her), the *Ching Yuen*, *Ping Yuen*, and *Kwang Ping*, set course for Port Arthur. As darkness set in the flames from the still burning *Chao Yung* showed luridly across the moonlit sea. The Japanese Principal Squadron of five vessels kept in sight on our port beam until darkness set in, but made no effort to reëngage. In fact, both fleets had fought themselves to a standstill.

The question is often asked, Why did the Japanese win? I reply, because the Japanese had better ships, more of them, better and larger supplies of ammunition, better officers, and as good men. As to the practice, it was on both sides bad; but, as the Japanese have admitted, the Chinese excelled. The Japanese percentage of hits (excluding 6-pounder and lighter projectiles) was about twelve; the Chinese perhaps twenty. But the latter had only three quick-firing guns in action—viz., the *Kwang Ping's* 50-pounders. An enormous number of projectiles could have been fired by the enemy. It must not be forgotten that the Japanese had twelve ships against our eight, as the *Tsi Yuen* and *Kwan Chia* ran away almost without having fired a shot, while the *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei* were in flames before they had time to do much more.

Admitting freely and heartily the courage of the Japanese crews and the dash of their commanders, I must also say a word for the despised Chinese sailor. The Japanese stood to their guns throughout; but their decks were not almost continuously swept by a storm of missiles, as were those of the Chinese. Had they been, it would have made no difference, I am sure. But owing to our paucity of ships and guns, especially quick-firing guns, they were not often so tried; while on the two ironclads, at least, a shower of missiles searched the upper works almost continuously, yet the men fought on, as a few incidents will show.

The captain of one of the 12-inch guns, while training or laying it, lanyard in hand, had his head dashed off, its fragments striking



FROM A JAPANESE PRINT.

ADMIRAL KABOYAMA'S ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE MIKADO OF THE VICTORY OF THE YALU.

those about him. As he toppled over, a man on the step below caught his body around the waist, passed it down into the arms of those below, and, catching the lanyard from his stiffening grasp, took his place, corrected the aim, and fired.

A brother of the *Chen Yuen's* gunnery lieutenant, a mere lad, had been taken by his brother on board for this cruise, as a change from his home at Wei-Hai-Wei. When the action began the lad took up a station on the barbette, in rear of the guns, eagerly taking the sponge or rammer from the men using them, and passing them back as required, making himself generally useful in whatever way his small body permitted. When his brother (Lieutenant Tsao Kai Cheong) was wounded, he helped pass him below, and after seeing him bandaged up returned to his work till the fight was over. Wonderful to say, he escaped without a scratch, being probably the only unwounded one of those who had been in the barbette from the first.

About the middle of the fight the *Lai Yuen* caught fire aft, and burned fiercely. The broadside guns could not be manned, being surrounded by flames; but the bow guns were worked steadily, while the crew persistently fought the flames on the quarter-deck. Below, in the engine-rooms, with the ventilators stopped on account of fire overhead, and, in darkness, receiving orders only by voice-tube transmitted from the deck through the stoke-hole, the engineers stood to their duty, hour after hour, in a temperature bordering on 200°. After several hours the fire was extinguished; but these brave men were in several cases blinded for life, and in every instance horribly burned and disfigured. There was no surgeon on board, and until Port Arthur was reached they suffered terribly. Many such incidents could be cited did space permit.

When the *Chen Yuen* was desperately on fire in the forecastle, and a call was made for volunteers to accompany an officer to extinguish it, although the gun fire from three Japanese ships was sweeping the place in question, men responded heartily, and went to what seemed to them almost certain death. Not one came back unscathed. No, these men were not cowards. There were cowards present, as there have been on every battlefield; but here, as elsewhere, there were brave men to detest them.

The battle being over, there was time to look about, and indeed the ships were found to be in a sorry plight. On the *Chen Yuen* there had long been no sign of life in the military foretop, where five men and an officer had been stationed, the former to work the two 1-pounder Hotchkiss guns, and the latter to find the enemy's range. Two gaping holes in the top gave an ominous meaning to the silence, and on investigation it was found that

a shell had penetrated and had killed every one of the six.

A curious accident saved the crew of the bow 6-inch Krupp gun. Twenty-four rounds had been fired when, upon opening the breech to load for the twenty-fifth, the guard-chain that prevents the breech-block from coming all the way out became unhooked and the steel block was pulled out and fell on the side of the carriage, breaking a locking-screw and totally disabling the gun. The crew, their occupation gone, came into the barbette and asked for orders. They were needed to fill vacancies at the 12-inch guns, and were at once stationed. Scarcely had they reached the barbette when a 10-inch shell entered beneath the gun which they had just left, and, exploding, rattled fragments about inside the shield like dice in a box. Afterward other shell penetrated and burst in the shield. Had the crew been there, not one would have escaped.

It is safe to say that the damage done to the Japanese vessels far exceeded their statements of it. As they patched up their vessels as well and speedily as they could, putting painted canvas over shot-holes, and wisely avoided the exhibition to foreigners of their most serious injuries, the relative amount of damage is misunderstood. The Chinese, on the other hand, from the first allowed many visitors to examine and visit their ships while at Port Arthur under repairs. For weeks the ships lay in the steam-basin, each gun dressed with a band or scarf of red bunting around its muzzle (a ceremony having some religious significance), all but the craven *Tsi Yuen*, which lay in the western basin, apart from all the others, in disgrace.

The Japanese claim a victory at the Yalu, and with justice. But with the going down of the sun on that day seemed to disappear the *élan* with which they broke our formation in the early afternoon. As has been said, no attempt was made to renew the battle during the night. Four of the torpedo-boats, which (from the reports of the Japanese) seemed such a bugbear to them, never left the river; and it is hard to believe that so dashing a commander as Admiral Ito would have allowed the two boats with us to frighten him. They say that, imagining us to be bound for Wei-Hai-Wei, they kept, as they considered, a parallel course, intending to renew battle and oppose our entering the harbor in the morning. But why, in the name of common sense, should we have gone to Wei-Hai-Wei, which is over eighty miles farther than Port Arthur, and had no docking facilities, nor any place where ships could be repaired, save a small yard for trifling damages, while Port Arthur, on the other hand, possessed ample facilities for repair, and abundant stores? Moreover, the course we steered — direct for Port Arthur, even before dark — should have indicated to the enemy our destination. Perhaps they were in little better condition for fighting than ourselves. The next morning a Japanese squadron from Ping Yang, which probably had not been in the battle of the day before, reconnoitered the field of battle, and, like a kick administered to a dead animal, exploded a torpedo against the stranded, fire-gutted wreck of what had been the *Yang Wei*. No attempt whatever was made on the transports, the four gunboats, and the four torpedo-boats up the river, which, some five days later, arrived safe at Port Arthur and Taku.

As may be imagined, a study of the battle teems with lessons to the naval architect and the seaman. It established the value of high-power rapid-firing guns of 4.7-inch caliber and upward, and the destructive effect of shells with large bursters. The value of quick-firing guns smaller than the 3-pounder is questionable, little if any damage being done by such guns. In the opinion of the writer, they have no place on any ship of war except torpedo-vessels.

On the other hand, with regard to the ships' defensive armament, superiority may be claimed for the Chinese ironclads. These vessels were struck both on the 14-inch belt and the 10-inch conning-tower by dozens of armor-piercing projectiles from the enemy's 13-inch Canet guns (for which thirty inches of penetration is claimed), as well as from their 10-inch Armstrong guns and from smaller guns, but not a single shot penetrated more than four inches. With this success for thick armor comes the failure of minor steel protection. The gun-shields and conning-towers of one and two inches of steel were simply man-traps. As I have said, by removing the shields from the heavy guns on the two ironclads many lives were saved. At 3000 meters' range, on July 25, the *Tsi Yuen's* conning-tower was pierced from side to side by a 4.7-inch projectile, shattering its inmates into a shapeless mass. The need of a protection of four inches at least, or none, would seem to be the lesson taught.

The important part played by fire in this action is well known. The convenient disposition and protection of fire hose in battle are shown to be imperative. On the *Chen Yuen* the ship's life was several times saved by the fact that the lines of hose were coupled up and the fire-pumps were working continually. Thus ready, our fires were extinguished, as a rule, before they had attained large proportions, which, in action, they do in a marvelously short time. Every line of hose, however, was cut by shot through and through before the close of the battle.

Another question introduced by our experiences is, What should be the situation of the

conning-tower? Between, rising above, and dominating the two barbettes in which lay the ship's main battery, that on the *Chen Yuen* was struck by many projectiles, which, breaking up or bursting, rebounded into the gun-pits in a deadly shower. Two thirds of the casualties at these guns were caused by rebounding missiles.

From the beginning nearly all the signal-halyards were shot or burned away. The *Chen Yuen's* were nearly all gone, and she entered Port Arthur next day with a small riddled ensign flying from the starboard signal yard-arm on the foremast. There should be an armored place for signalmen in full view of the conning-tower, from which signal-numbers could be shown, chalked on a slate for example; and its signal-halyards should be rove up part of the way through the steel mast.

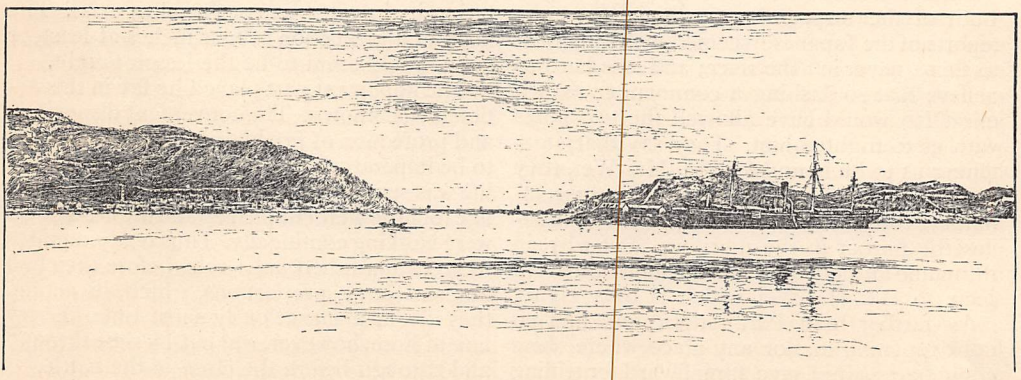
There has been considerable misapprehension of the part taken in this engagement by torpedo-boats. The *Foo Lung*, the larger of the two torpedo-boats which took part in the action, was commanded by Captain Choy, a gallant and capable officer, educated in America. According to his report the *Foo Lung*, following the *Ping Yuen*, *Kwang Ping*, and *Tso Yih* into action, came up with the *Kwang Ping* a little after two. Captain Choy says:

> Five of the Japanese were seen going in line ahead, being hotly engaged with our *Ting Yuen* and *Chen Yuen*. . . . They were five or six miles from us. Other clouds of smoke were seen farther to the westward. . . . We then made for the Japanese ships which separated us from our fleet, and when about 3000 yards off the *Ping Yuen* opened fire, . . . and seemed to hit one of the larger Japanese ships. . . . Presently the *Kwang Ping* opened fire also. . . . At this time the *Chen Yuen* hit a Japanese ship, which was immediately covered with white smoke, and could not be seen afterward. She was burning all ablaze. . . . At this time a Japanese armed transport was seen ahead, cutting across our bow, and seemed to be heading for one of our ships [the *Yang Wei*] which was ashore, burning W.S.W. of Ta Lu Tau. The *Kwang Ping* opened fire. The transport replied to the fire. The *Foo Lung* then steered direct toward the transport, . . . and at about 400 yards one torpedo was fired at her, but it deviated toward the right, the Japanese also steering to avoid the missile. . . . A second torpedo was fired, and passed her side about fifteen feet. . . . The Hotchkiss guns and Gatling guns were fired at her, she firing at us at the same time, . . . all the shots passing over our heads. . . . We ported the helm and passed her on our port side about thirty or fifty yards off, and fired the broadside torpedo at her, *but it passed under her*. She then steered southward, trying to join the Japanese fleet. It was now between 3:30 and 4:00 P. M.

All the *Foo Lung's* torpedoes were now fired. The probable explanation of the firing under the *Saikio's* bottom is that the torpedo-boat listed over in answering her helm, thereby pointing the broadside torpedo downward. The *Tso Yih* had also tried to use her torpedoes, but leaked so that it was easy for the enemy to avoid her.

China's fleet is now a thing of the past, and many gallant men have perished with it, striving vainly to save their country's credit, with fate against them, and handicapped by corruption, treachery, and incompetence on shore. Chief among those who have died for their country is Admiral Ting Ju Chang, a gallant soldier and true gentleman. Betrayed by his countrymen, fighting against odds, almost his last official act was to stipulate for the lives of his officers and men. His own he scorned to save, well knowing that his ungrateful country would prove less merciful than his honorable foe. Bitter, indeed, must have been the reflections of the old wounded hero, in that midnight hour, as he drank the poisoned cup that was to give him rest.

Philo N. McGiffin.



DRAWN BY ALEXANDER SCHILLING, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ENTRANCE TO PORT ARTHUR, FROM THE HARBOR.

CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

XXXVI.

THE summer passed, with its monotonous heat. Rain fell in August, and poisoned the Campagna with fever for six weeks, and the clear October breezes blew from the hills, and the second greenness of the late season was over everything for a brief month of vintage and laughter. Then came November with its pestilent sirocco gales and its dampness, pierced and cut through now and then by the first northerly winds of winter.

And then, one day, there was a new life in the little apartment in the Via della Frezza. Fate, relentless, had brought to the light a little child, to be the grandson of that fated Maria Braccio who had died long ago, to have his day of happiness and his night of suffering in his turn, and to be a living bond between Gloria and the man who loved her.

They called the boy Walter Crowdie, for a relative of Angus Dalrymple's, who had been the last of the name. It was convenient, and he would never need any other, nor any third name after the two given to him in baptism.

For a few days after the child's birth, Griggs left his writing-table. He was almost too happy to work, and spent many hours by Gloria's side, not talking, for he knew that she must be kept quiet, but often holding her hand, and always looking at her face with the strong, dumb devotion of a faithful bloodhound.

Often she pretended to be sleeping when he was there, though she was wide awake and could have talked well enough. But it was easier to seem to be asleep than to play the comedy now, while she was so weak and helpless. With the simplicity of a little child, Griggs watched her, and when her eyes were closed believed that she was sleeping. As soon as she opened them he spoke to her. She understood, and sometimes smiled in spite of herself, with close-shut lids. He thought she was dreaming of him, or of the child, and was smiling in her sleep.

As she lay there and thought over all that had happened, she knew that she hated him as she had never loved him, even in the first days. And she hated the child, for its life was the last bond linking her to Paul Griggs, and barring her from the world forever. Until it had been there she had vaguely felt that if she had the courage, and really wished it, she might in some way get back to her old life. She knew that all hope of that was gone from her now.

In the deep perspective of her loosened intelligence, the endless years to come rolled away, gray and monotonous, to their vanishing-point. She had made her choice, and had not found heart to give it up, after she had made it, while there was yet time. Time itself took shape before her closed eyes, as many succeeding steps, and she saw herself toiling up them, a bent, veiled figure of great weariness. It was terrible to look forward to such truth, and the present was no better. She grasped at the past and dragged it up to her, and looked at its faded prettiness, and would have kissed it, as though it had been a living thing. But she knew that it was dead, and that what lived was horrible to her.

She wished that she might die, as she had often thought she might during the long summer months. In those days her eyes had filled with tears of pity for herself. They were dry now, for the suffering was real, and the pain was in her bodily heart. Yet she was so strong, and she feared Paul Griggs with such an abject fear, that she played the comedy when she could not make him think that she was asleep.

"My only thought is for you," she said. "It is another burden on you."

He was utterly happy, and he laughed aloud.

"It is another reason for working," he said.

And even as he said it she saw the writing-table, the poor room, his stern, determined face and busy hand, and herself seated in her own chair, with a half-read novel on her lap, staring at the gray future of mediocrity and mean struggling that loomed like a leaden figure above his bent head. Year after year, perhaps, she was to sit in that chair, and watch the same silent battle for bare existence. It was too horrible to be borne. If only he were a man of genius, she could have suffered it all, she thought, and more also. But he himself said that he had no genius. His terrible mechanics of mind killed the little originality he had. His gloomy sobriety over his work made her desperate. But she feared him. The belief grew on her

that if he ever found out that she did not love him, he would end life then, for them both—perhaps for them all three.

Surely, hell had no tortures worse than hers, she thought. Yet she bore them, in terror of him. And he was perfectly happy, and suspected nothing. She could not understand how, with his melancholy nature and his constant assertion that he had but a little talent and much industry for all his stock in trade, he could believe in his own future as he did. It was an anomaly, a contradiction of terms, a weak point in the low level of his unimaginative, dogged strength. She thought often of the poor book he had written. She had heard that talent was stirred to music by a great passion that strung it and struck it, till its heartstrings rang wild changes and breathed deep chords, and burst into rushing harmonies of eloquence. But his love was dumb and dull, though it might be deadly. There had been neither eloquence nor music in his book. It had been an old story, badly told. He had said that he was only fit to be a newspaper man, and it was true, so far as she could see. His letters to the paper were excellent in their way, but that was all he could do. And she had given him in the child another reason for being what he was, hard-working, silent — dull.

She looked at him, and wondered; for there was a mystery in his shadowy eyes and still face which had promised much more than she had ever found in him. There was something mysterious and dreadful, too, in his unnatural strength. The fear of him grew upon her, and sometimes when he kissed her she burst into tears, out of sheer terror at his touch.

"They are tears of happiness," she said, trembling and drying her eyes quickly.

She smiled, and he believed her, happier every day in her and in the child.

Then came the realization of the gray dream of misery. Again she was seated by the window in her accustomed chair, and he was in his place, pen in hand, eyes on paper, thoughts fixed like steel in that obstinate effort to do better, while she had the certainty of his failure before her. And between them, in a straw cradle with a hood, all gauze and lace and blue ribbons, lay the thing that bound her to him and cut her off forever from the world—little Walter Crowdie, the child without a name, as she called him in her thoughts. And above the child, between her and Paul Griggs, floated the little imaginary stage on which she was to go on acting her play over and over again till all was done. She had not even the right to shed tears for herself without telling him that they were for the happiness he expected of her.

He would not leave her. He had scarcely been out of the house for weeks, though the only perceptible effect of remaining indoors so long was that he had grown a little paler. She implored him to go out. In a few days she would be able to go with him, and meanwhile there was no reason why he should be perpetually at her side. He yielded to her importunity at last, and she was left alone with the child.

It was a relief even greater than she had anticipated. She could cry, she could laugh, she could sing, and he was not there to ask questions. For one moment after she had heard the outer door close behind him she almost hesitated as to which she should do; for she was half hysterical with the long outward restraint of herself, while inwardly she had allowed her thoughts to run as wild as they would. She stood for a moment, and there was a vague, uncertain look in her face. Then her breast heaved, and she burst into tears, weeping as never before in her short life, passionately, angrily, violently, without thought of control, or indeed of anything definite.

Before an hour had passed Griggs came back. She was seated quietly in her chair, as when he had left her. The light was all behind her, and he could not see the slight redness of her eyes. Pale as she was, he thought she had never been more beautiful. There was a gentleness in her manner, too, beyond what he was accustomed to. He believed that perhaps she might be the better for being left to herself for an hour or two every day, until she should be quite strong again. On the following day she again suggested that he should go out for a walk, and he made no objection.

Again, as soon as he was gone, she burst into tears, almost in spite of herself, though she unconsciously longed for the relief they had brought her the first time. But to-day the fit of weeping did not pass so soon. The spasms of sobbing lasted long after her eyes were dry, and she had less time to compose herself before Griggs returned. Still, he noticed nothing. The tears had refreshed her, and he found that same gentleness which had touched him on the previous day.

Several times after that he went out and left her alone in the afternoon. Then, one day, while he was walking, a heavy shower came on, and he made his way home as fast as he could. He opened the door quickly, and came upon her to find her sobbing as though her heart would break.

He turned very pale, and stood still for a moment. There was terror in her face when she saw him; but in an instant he was holding her in his arms and kissing her hair, asking her what was the matter.

"I am a millstone around your neck!" she

sobbed. "It is breaking my heart — I shall die if I see you working so!"

He tried to comfort her, soothing and laughing at her fears for him, but believing her, as he always did. Little by little her sobs subsided, and she was herself again, as far as he could see. He tried to argue the case fairly on its merits.

She listened to him, and listening was a new torture, knowing as she did what her tears were shed for. But she had to play the comedy again, at short notice, not having had the time to compose herself and enjoy the relief she found in crying alone.

It was a relief which she sought again and again. When she thought of it afterward, it was as an indescribable, half-painful, half-pleasant emotion through which she passed every day. When she felt that it was before her, as soon as Griggs was out of the house, she made a slight effort to resist it, for she was sensible enough to understand that it was becoming a habit which she could not easily break.

Even after she was quite strong again, Griggs often left her to herself for an hour, and he did not again come in accidentally and find her in tears. He thought it natural that she should sometimes wish to be alone.

One day, when she had dried her eyes, she took a sheet of paper from his table, and began to write. She had no distinct intention, but she knew that she was going to write about herself and her sufferings. It gave her a strange and unhealthy pleasure to set down in black and white all that she suffered. She could look at it, turn it, change it, and look at it again. Constantly, as the pen ran on, the tears came to her eyes afresh, and she brushed them away with a smile.

Then, all at once, she looked at the clock — the same cheap little American clock which had ticked so long on the mantelpiece in Griggs's old lodging up-stairs. She knew that he would be back before long, and she tore the sheets she had covered into tiny strips, and threw them into the waste-paper basket. When Griggs returned, she was singing softly to herself over her needlework.

But she had enjoyed a rare delight in writing down the story of her troubles. The utter loneliness of her existence, when Griggs was not with her, made it natural enough. Then a strange thought crossed her mind. She would write to Reanda, and tell him that she had forgiven him, and had expiated the wrong she had done him. She craved the excitement of confession, and it could do no harm. He might, perhaps, answer her. Griggs would never know, for she always received the letters, and sorted them for him, merely to save him trouble. The correspondence of a newspaper man is necessarily large, covering many sources of his information.

It was rather a wild idea, she thought, but it attracted her, or, rather, it distracted her thoughts by taking her out of the daily comedy she was obliged to keep up. There was in it, too, a very slight suggestion of danger; for it was conceivable, though almost impossible, that some letter of hers or her husband's might fall into Griggs's hands. There was a perverseness about it which was seductive to her tortuous mind.

At the first opportunity she wrote a very long letter. It was the letter of a penitent. She told him all that she had told herself a hundred times, and it was a very different production from the one she had sent to her father nearly a year earlier. There were tears in the phrases, there were sobs in the broken sentences, and there were tears in her own eyes when she sealed it.

She was going to ring for the woman-servant to take it, and her hand was on the bell. She paused, looked at the addressed envelop, glanced furtively round the room, and then kissed it passionately. Then she rang.

Griggs came home later than usual, but he thought she was preoccupied and absent-minded.

"Has anything gone wrong?" he asked anxiously.

"Wrong?" she repeated. "Oh, no!" She sighed. "It is the same thing. I am always anxious about you. You were a little pale before you went out, and you had hardly eaten anything at breakfast."

"There is nothing the matter with me," laughed Griggs. "I am indestructible. I defy fate."

She started perceptibly, for she was too much of an Italian not to be a little superstitious.

XXXVII.

STEFANONE was often seen in the Via della Frezza, for the host of the little wine-shop was one of his good customers. The neighborhood was very quiet and respectable, and the existence of the wine-shop was a matter of convenience and almost of necessity to the respectable citizens who dwelt there. They sent their women-servants, or came themselves at regular hours, bringing their own bottles and vessels of all shapes and of many materials for the daily allowance of wine; they invariably paid in cash, and they never went away in the summer. The business was a very good one; for the Romans, though they rarely drink too much, and are on the whole a sober people, consume an amount of strong wine which would produce a curious effect upon any other race, in any other climate.

Stefanone, though his wife had formerly thought him extravagant, had ultimately turned out to be a very prudent person; and in the course of a thirty years' acquaintance with Rome had selected his customers with care, judgment, and foresight. Whenever he was in Rome and had time to spare, he came to the little shop in the Via della Frezza. He had stood godfather for one of the host's children, which in those days constituted a real tie between parents and godparents.

But he had another reason for his frequent visits since that night on which he had accompanied Gloria, and had shielded her from the rain with his gigantic brass-tipped umbrella. He took an interest in her, and would wait a long time in the hope of seeing her, sitting on a rush-bottomed stool outside the wine-shop, and generally chewing the end of a wisp of broom. He had the faculty of sitting motionless for an hour at a time, his sturdy white-stockinged legs crossed one over the other, his square peasant's hands crossed upon his knee (the sharp angles of the thumb-bones marked the laboring race), his soft black hat tilted a little forward over his eyes, his jacket buttoned up when the weather was cool, thrown back and showing the loosened shirt open far below the throat when the day was warm.

Gloria reminded him of Dalrymple. The process of mind was a very simple one, and needs no analysis. He had sought Dalrymple for years, but in vain; and Gloria had something in her face which recalled her father, though the latter's features were rough and harshly accentuated. Stefanone had made the acquaintance of the one-eyed cobbler without difficulty, and had ascertained that there was a mystery about Gloria, whom the cobbler had first seen on the morning after Stefanone had met her in the storm. It was, of course, very improbable that she should be the daughter of Dalrymple and Annetta; but even the faint possibility of being on the track of his enemy had a strong effect upon the unforgiving peasant. If he ever found Dalrymple, he intended to kill him. In the mean while he had found a simple plan for finding out whether Gloria was the Scotchman's daughter or not. He waited patiently for the spring; and he came to Rome now every month for a week at a time.

More than once during the past year he had brought small presents of fruit and wine and country cakes for Gloria, and both she and Griggs knew all about him, and got their wine from the little shop which he supplied. Gloria was pleased by the decent, elderly peasant's admiration of her beauty, which he never failed to express when he got a chance of speaking to her. When little Walter Crowdie was first carried out into the sun, Stefanone was in the street, and he looked long and earnestly into the baby's face.

"There is the same thing in the eyes," he muttered, as he turned away, after presenting the nurse with a beautiful jumble which looked as though it had been varnished, and was adorned with small drops of hard pink sugar. "If it is he — an evil death on him and all his house!"

And he strolled slowly back to the wine-shop, his hand fumbling with the big curved brass-handled knife which he carried in the pocket of his blue cloth breeches.

He was certainly mistaken about the baby's eyes, which were remarkably beautiful, and of a very soft brown, whereas Dalrymple's were hard, blue, and steely, and it was not possible that anything like a hereditary expression should be recognizable in the face of a child three weeks old. But his growing conviction made his imagination complete every link which chanced to be missing in the chain.

One day in the spring he met Griggs when the latter was going out alone.

"A word, Signore, if you permit," he said politely.

"Twenty," replied Griggs, giving the common Roman answer.

"Signore, Subiaco is a beautiful place," said the peasant. "In spring it is an enchantment. In summer, I tell you nothing. It is as fresh as paradise. There is water, water, as much as you please. Wine is not wanting, and it seems that you know that. The butcher kills calves twice a week, and sometimes an ox when there is an old one, or one lame. Eh, in Subiaco one is well."

"I do not doubt it when I look at you," answered Griggs, without a smile.

"Thanks be to Heaven, my health still assists me. But I am thinking of you and of your beautiful lady and of that little angel, whom God preserve. In truth, you appear to me as the Holy Family. I should not say it to every one, but the air of Subiaco is thin, the water is light, and, for a house, mine is of the better ones. One knows that we are country people, but we are clean people; there are neither chickens nor children. If you find a flea, I will have him set in gold. You shall say, 'This is the flea that was found in Stefanone's house.' In that way every one will know. I do not speak of the beds. The Pope could sleep in the one in the large room at the head of the staircase,—the Pope with all his cardinals. They would say, 'Now we know that this is indeed a bed.' Do you wish better than this? I do not know. But if you will bring your lady and the baby, you will see. Eyes tell no lies."

"And the price?" inquired Griggs, struck by the good sense of the suggestion.

"Whatever you choose to give. If you give nothing, we shall have had your company. In general, we take three pauls a day, and we give the wine. You shall make the price as you like it. Who thinks of these things? We are Christians."

When Griggs spoke of the project to Gloria, she embraced it eagerly. He said that he should be obliged to come to Rome every week on account of his correspondence. But Subiaco was no longer as inaccessible as formerly, and there was now a good carriage-road all the way, and a daily public conveyance. He should be absent three days, and would spend the other four with her.

It was a sacrifice on his part, as she guessed from the way in which he spoke. But it was clearly necessary that Gloria and the child should have country air during the coming summer. He had often reproached himself with not having made some such arrangement for the preceding hot season, but he had seen that she did not suffer from the heat, and his presence in the capital had been very necessary for his work. Now, however, it looked possible enough; and before Stefanone went back to the country for his next trip, a preliminary agreement had been made.

Gloria looked forward with impatience to the liberty she was to gain by his regular absences, for her life was becoming unbearable. She felt that she could not much longer sustain the perpetual comedy she was acting, unless she could get an interval of rest from time to time. At first, the hour he gave her daily when he went out alone had been a relief, and had sufficed. The tears she shed, the letters she wrote to Reanda, rested her and refreshed her. For she had written others since that first one, though he had never answered any of them. But the small daily interruption of her acting was no longer enough. The taste of liberty had bred an intense craving for more of it, and she dreamed of being alone for days together.

She wrote to Reanda now without the slightest hope of receiving any reply, as madmen sometimes write endless letters to women they love, though they have never exchanged a word with them. It was a vent for her pent-up suffering. It could make no difference, and Griggs could never know. Her strange position put the point of faithfulness out of the question. She was in love with her husband, and the man who loved her held her to her play of love by the terror she felt of what lay behind his gentleness. She dreamed once that he had found out the truth, and was tearing her head from her body with those hands of his, slowly, almost gently, with mysterious eyes and still face. She woke, and found that the heavy tress of her hair was twisted round her throat and was choking her; but the impression remained, and her dread of Griggs increased, and it became harder and harder to act her part.

At the same time the attraction of secretly writing to her husband grew stronger day by day. She did not send him all she wrote, nor a tenth part of all, and the greater portion of her outpourings went into the fire, or they were torn to infinitesimal bits and thrown into the waste-paper basket. She was critical, in a strangely morbid way, of what she wrote. The fact that she was acting for Griggs, and knew it, made her dread to write anything to Reanda which could possibly seem insincere. No aspiring young author ever took greater pains over his work than she sometimes bestowed upon the composition of these letters, or judged his work more conscientiously and severely than she. And the result was that she told of her life with wonderful sincerity and truth. Truth was her only luxury in the midst of the great lie she had to sustain. She reveled in it, and yet, fearing to lose it, she used it with a conscientiousness which she had never exhibited in anything she had done before. It was her single delight, and she treasured it with scrupulous and miserly care. In her letters, at least, she could be really herself.

But the strain was telling upon her visibly, and Griggs was very anxious about her, and hastened their departure for Subiaco as soon as the weather began to grow warm, hoping that the mountain air would bring the color back to her pale cheeks. For her beauty's sake, he could almost have deprecated the prospect, strange to say, for she had never seemed more perfectly beautiful than now. She was thinner than she had formerly been, and her pallor had refined her by softening the look of hard and brilliant vitality which had characterized her before she had left Reanda. There is perhaps no beauty which is not enhanced by a touch of sadness. Griggs saw it, and while his eyes rejoiced, his heart sank.

He knew what an utterly lonely life she was leading, even as he judged her existence, and the tender string was touched in his deep nature. She had sacrificed everything for him, as he told himself many a time in his solitary walks. All the love he had given and had to give could never repay her for what she had given him. Marriage, he reflected, was often a bargain; but such devotion as hers was a gift for which there could be no return. She had ruined herself in the eyes of the world for him; but the world would never accuse him nor shut its doors upon him because he had accepted what she had so freely given. He was not an emotional man,

but even he longed for some turn of life in which for her sake he might do something above the dead level of that commonplace heroism which begins in hard work and ends in the attainment of ordinary necessities. He felt his strength in him and about him, and he wished that he could let it loose upon some adversary in the physical satisfaction of fighting for what he loved. It was not a high aspiration, but it was a manly one.

He drew upon his resources to the utmost, in order to make her comfortable in Subiaco when they should get there. He was not a dreamer, though he dreamed when he had time. It was his nature to take all the things which came to him to be done, and to do them one after another with untiring energy. He worked at his correspondence, and got additional articles to write for periodicals, though it was no easy matter in that day, when the modern periodical was in its infancy.

Gloria, acting her part, complained sadly that he worked too hard. Work as he might, he had no such stress to fear as was wearing out her life. She hated him, she feared him, and she envied him. Sometimes she pitied him, and then it was easier for her to act the play. As for Griggs, he laughed, and told her, for the hundredth time, that he was indestructible, and defied fate.

So far as he could see what he had to deal with, he could defy anything. But there was that beyond of which he could not dream, and destiny, with leaden hands, was already upon him, on the day when a great old-fashioned carriage, loaded with boxes and belongings, brought him and his to the door of Stefanone's house in Subiaco.

Sora Nanna, gray-haired, and withered as a brown apple, but tough as leather still, stood on the threshold to receive them. She no longer wore the embroidered napkin on her hair, for civilization had advanced a generation in Subiaco, and a colored handkerchief flapped about her head, and she had caught one corner of it in her teeth to keep it out of her eyes, as the afternoon breeze blew it across her leathery face.

First at the door of the carriage she saw the baby, held up by its nurse, and the old woman threw up her hands and clapped them, and crowed to the child till it laughed. Then Griggs got out. And then, out of the dark shadow of the coach, a face looked at Sora Nanna, and it was a face she had known long ago, with dark eyes, beautiful and deadly pale, and very fateful.

She turned white herself, and her teeth chattered.

"Madonna Santissima!" she cried, shrinking back.

She crossed herself, and did not dare to meet Gloria's eyes again for some time.

XXXVIII.

Sora Nanna showed her new lodgers their rooms. They were the ones Dalrymple had occupied long ago, together with a third, opening separately from the same landing. In what had been the Scotchman's laboratory, and which was now turned into a small bedroom, a large chest stood in a corner, of the sort used by the peasant women to this day for their wedding outfits.

"If it is not in your way, I will leave it here," said Sora Nanna. "There are certain things in it."

"What things?" asked Gloria, idly, and for the sake of making acquaintance with the woman, rather than out of curiosity.

"Things, things," answered Nanna. "Things of that poor girl's. We had a daughter, Signora."

"Did she die long ago?" inquired Gloria, in a tone of sympathy.

"We lost her, Signora," said Nanna, simply. "Look at these beds! They are new, new! No one has ever slept in them. And linen there is, as much as you can ask for. We are country people, Signora, but we are good people. I do not say that we are rich. One knows — in Rome everything is beautiful. Even the chestnuts are of gold. Here, we are in the country, Signora. You will excuse, if anything is wanting."

But Gloria was by no means inclined to find fault. She breathed more freely in the mountain air, she was tired with the long drive from Tivoli, where they had spent the previous night, and she was more hungry than she had been for a long time.

It was not dark when they sat down to supper in the old guest-chamber which opened upon the street. Nanna was anxious and willing to bring them their supper up-stairs, but Gloria preferred the common room. She said it would amuse her, and in reality it was easier for her not to be alone with Griggs; and by going down-stairs on the first evening she meant to establish a precedent for the whole summer. He had told her that he must go back to Rome for his work on the next day but one, and she counted the hours before her up to the minute when she should be free and alone.

They sat down at the old table at which Dalrymple had eaten his solitary meals so often, more than twenty years earlier. There was no change. There were the same solid, old-fashioned silver forks and spoons; there were plates of the same coarse china, tumblers of the same heavy pressed glass. Had Dalrymple been

there, he would have recognized the old brass lamp, with its three beaks, which poor Annetta had so often brought in lighted when he sat there at dusk. On the shelf in the corner were the selfsame decanters full of transparent anise-seed and pink *alchermes* and coarse brown brandy. Stefanone came in, laid his hat upon the bench, and put his stick in the corner, just as he had always done. There was no change, except that Annetta was not there, and the husband and wife had grown almost old since those days.

"How often does the post go to Rome?" Gloria asked of Sora Nanna, while they were at supper.

"Every evening, at one of the night, Signora. There are also many occasions of sending by the carters."

"I can write to you every day when you are away," said Gloria in English to Griggs.

She was thinking of those letters which she wrote to Reanda almost in spite of herself, but the loving smile did not play her false, and Griggs believed her.

In her, the duality of her being had created two distinct lives. For him, the two elements of consciousness and perception were merged in one by his love. All that he felt he saw in her, and all that he saw in her he felt. The perfection of love, while it lasts, is in that double certainty from within and from without, which, if once disturbed, can never be restored again. Singly, the one part or the other may remain as of old, but the wholeness of the two has but one chance of life.

On that first night Gloria had an evil dream. She had fallen asleep, tired from the journey, and worn out with the endless weariness of her secret suffering. She awoke in the small hours, and moonlight was streaming into the room. She was startled to find herself in a strange place at first, and then she realized where she was, and gazed at the clouded panes of common glass as her head lay on the pillow, and she marked the moonlight on the brick floor by the joints of the bricks, and watched how it crept silently away; for the moon was waning, and had not long risen above the black line of the hills.

Her eyelids drooped, but she saw it all distinctly still — more distinctly than before, she thought. The level light rose slowly from the floor — very, very slowly, stiff and straight as a stark, shrouded corpse — and stood upright between her and the window. She felt the heavy hair rising on her scalp, and an intense horror took possession of her body, and thrilled through her from head to foot, and from her feet to her head. But she could not move. She felt that something held her, and pressed on her, as though the air were molded about her like cast-iron.

The thing stood between her and the window, stiff and white. It showed its face, and the face was white, too. It was Angelo Reanda. She knew it, though there seemed to be no eyes in the white thing. She felt its dead voice speaking to her.

"An evil death on you and all your house!" it said.

The face was gone again, but the thing was still there. Very, very slowly, stiff and white, it lay back, straight from the heel upward, unbending as it sank, till it laid itself upon the floor, and she was staring at the joints of the bricks in the moonlight.

Then she shrieked aloud, and awoke. The moonlight had moved a foot or more, and she knew that she had been asleep.

"It was only a dream," she said to Griggs, in the morning. "I thought I saw you dead, dear. It frightened me."

"I am not dead yet," he laughed. "It was that salad: there were potatoes in it."

She turned away; for the contrast between the triviality of what he said and the horror of what she had felt brought an expression to her face which even her consummate art could not have concealed.

The impression lasted all day; and when she went to bed she carefully closed the shutters so that the moonlight should not fall upon the floor. The dream did not return.

"It must have been the salad," said Griggs, when she told him that she had not been disturbed again.

But Gloria was thinking of death, and his words jarred upon her horribly, as a trivial jest would jar on a condemned man walking from his cell to the scaffold. In the evening Griggs went by the diligence to Rome, and Gloria was left alone with her child and the nurse.

Then she sat down and wrote to Reanda with a full heart and a trembling hand. She told him of her dream, and how the fear of his death had broken her nerves. She implored him to come out and see her when Griggs was in Rome. She could let him know when to start, if he would write one word. It was but a little journey, she said, and the cool mountain air would do him good. But if he would not come, she besought him to write to her, if it were only a line, to say that he was alive. She could not forget the dream until she should know that he was safe.

She was not critical of her writing any more, for she was no longer in fear of being misunderstood, and she wrote desperately. It seemed to her that she was writing with her blood. She had sent him many letters without hope of answer; but something told her that she could not appeal in vain forever, and that he would at last reply to her.

Two days passed, and she spent much of her

time with the child. She felt that in time she might love it, if Griggs were not beside her. Then he came back; and in the great joy of seeing her again after that first short separation, the stern voice grew as soft as a woman's, and the still face was moved. She had looked forward with dread to his return, and she shivered when he touched her; she would have given all she had if only he would not kiss her. Then, when she felt that he might have found her cold to him at the first moment, that he might guess, that he might find out her secret, she shivered again from head to heel, in fear of him, and she forced the smile upon her face with all her will.

"I am so glad that I am almost frightened!" she cried; and lest the smile should be imperfect, she hid it against his shoulder.

She could have bitten the cloth and the tough arm under it, as she felt him kiss the back of her neck just at the roots of the hair; as it was, she grasped his arm convulsively.

"How strong you are!" he laughed, as he felt the pressure of her fingers.

"Yes," she answered. "It is the mountain air — and you," she added.

And, as ever, it seemed to him true. The days he spent with her were heavenly to him, as they were days of living earthly hell to her. He did not even leave her alone for an hour or two, as he had done in the city; for when he was in Rome without her he did double work, and shortened his sleep by half, that he might lengthen the time he was to have with her. The heat of the capital and the late hours brought out dark shadows under his eyes, and gave her another excuse for saying that he was overworking for her sake, and that she was a burden upon him — she and the child.

On the morning before he next went to Rome, she received a letter from Reanda. The blood rushed scarlet to her face, but Griggs was busy with his own letters, and did not see it.

She went to the baby's room. The child had been taken out by the nurse, and she sat down in the nurse's chair by the empty cradle, and broke the seal of the note. There was a big sheet of paper inside, on which were written these lines in the artist's small, nervous handwriting:

> I am perfectly well, but I understand your anxiety about my health. I do not wish to see you; but as human life is uncertain, I have given instructions that you may be at once informed of the good news of my death, if you outlive me.

Gloria's hand closed upon the sheet of paper, and she reeled forward and sideways in the chair as though she had received a stunning blow. She heard heavy footsteps on the brick floor in the next room, and with a desperate effort at consciousness she hid the crumpled letter in her bosom before the door opened. But the room swam with her as she grasped the straw cradle and tried to steady herself.

In an agony of terror, she heard the footsteps coming nearer and nearer, then retreating again, then turning back toward her. She prayed to God at that moment that Griggs might not open the door. To gain strength, she forced herself to rise to her feet and stand upright; but with the first step she took she stumbled against the chest that contained Annetta's belongings. The physical pain roused her. She drew breath more freely, and listened. Griggs was moving about in the other room, probably putting together some few things which he meant to take to Rome with him that evening. It seemed an hour before she heard him go away, and the echo of his footsteps came more and more faintly as he went down the stairs. He evidently had not guessed that she was in the little room that served as a nursery — the room which had once been Dalrymple's laboratory.

She did not read the letter again; but she found a match and set fire to it, and watched it as it burned to black, gossamer-like ashes on the brick floor. It was long before she had the courage to go down and face Griggs, and say that she was ready for the daily walk together before the midday meal. And all that day she went about dreamily, scarcely knowing what she did or said, though she was sure that she did not fail in acting her part; for the habit was so strong that the acting was natural to her, except when something waked her to herself too suddenly.

He went away at last in the evening, and she was free to do what she pleased with herself: to close the deadly wound she had received, if that were possible; to forget it, even for an hour, if she could.

But she could not. She felt that it was her death-wound, for it had killed a hope which she had tended and fostered into an inner life for herself. She felt that her husband hated her as she hated Paul Griggs.

She was impelled to fall upon her knees and pray to Something, somewhere, though she knew not what; but she was ashamed to do it when she thought of her life. That Something would turn upon her and curse her, as Reanda had cursed her in her dream — and in the cruel words he had written.

She hardly slept that night, and she rose in the morning heavy-eyed and weary. Going out into the old garden behind the house, she met Sora Nanna with a basket of clothes on her head, just starting to go up to the convent, followed by two of her women.

"Signora," said the old woman, with her leathern smile, "you are consuming yourself

because the husband is in Rome. You are doing wrong."

Gloria started, stared at her, and then understood, and nodded.

"Come up to the convent with us," said Nanna. "You will divert yourself, and while they take in the clothes I will show you the church. It is beautiful. I think that even in Rome it would be a beautiful church. I will show you where the sisters are buried, and I will tell you how Sister Maria Addolorata was burned in her cell. But she was not buried with the rest. When you come back, you will eat with a double appetite, and I will make gnocchi of polenta for dinner. Do you like gnocchi, Signora? There is much resistance in them."

Gloria went with the washerwomen. She was strong, and kept pace with them, burdened as they were with their baskets. It was good to be with them, common creatures with common, human hearts, knowing nothing of her strange trouble. Sora Nanna took her into the church, and showed her the sights, explaining them in her strident, nasal voice, without the slightest respect for the place so long as no religious service was going on. The woman showed her the little tablet erected in memory of Maria Addolorata, and she told the story as she had heard it, and dwelt upon the funeral services and the masses which had been said.

"At least she is in peace," said Gloria, in a low voice, staring at the tablet.

"Poor Annetta used to say that Sister Maria Addolorata sinned in her throat," said Nanna. "But you see. God can do everything. She went straight from her cell to heaven. Eh, she is in peace, Signora, as you say. Requiesca'. Come, Signora; it takes at least three quarters of an hour to make gnocchi."

And they did not know that she was standing on her daughter's grave, and the tablet was a memorial of the mother of the woman beside her.

"You make me think of her, Signora," said the peasant. "You have her face. If you had her voice to sing, I should think that you were she, returned from the dead."

"Could she sing?" asked Gloria, dreamily, as they left the church.

"Like the angels in paradise," answered Nanna. "I think that now, when she sings, they are ashamed, and stand silent to listen to her. If God wills that I make a good death, I shall hear her again."

She glanced at her companion's dreamy, fateful face.

"Let us not speak of the dead!" she concluded. "To-day we will make gnocchi of polenta."

XXXIX.

In the afternoon Gloria called Sora Nanna to move the chest against which she had stumbled in the morning. It would be more convenient, she said, to put it under the bed, if it could not be taken away altogether. It was a big, old-fashioned chest of unpainted, unvarnished wood, brown with age, and fastened by a hasp, through which a splinter of white chestnut wood had been stuck instead of a padlock. Gloria saw that it was heavy, as Sora Nanna dragged it and pushed it across the room. She remarked that, if it held only clothes, it must be packed very full.

Sora Nanna, glad to rest from her efforts, stood upright with her hand on her hip, and took breath.

"Signora," she said, "who knows what is in it? Things, certain things! There are the clothes of that poor girl. This I know. And then, certain other things. Who knows what is in it? It may be a thousand years since I looked. Signora, shall we open it? But I think there are certain things that belonged to the Englishman."

"The Englishman?" asked Gloria, with some curiosity.

She was glad of anything which could interest her a little. For the moment she had not yet the courage to begin to write again after Reanda's message. Anything which had power to turn the current of her thoughts was a relief. She was sitting in the same chair beside the cradle in which she had sat in the morning, for she had called Nanna to move the box at a time when the child had been taken out for its second airing. She leaned back, resting her auburn hair against the bare wall, the waxen whiteness of her face contrasting with the bluish whitewash.

"What Englishman?" she asked again, wearily, but with a show of interest in her half-closed eyes.

"Who knows? An Englishman. They called him Sor Angoscia." Nanna sat down on the heavy box, and dropped her skinny hands far apart upon her knees. "We have cursed him much. He took our daughter. It was a night of evil. In that night the abbess died, and Sister Maria Addolorata was burned in her cell, and the Englishman took our daughter. He took our one daughter, Signora. We have not seen her more, not even her little finger. It will be twenty-two years on the eve of the feast of St. Luke. That is in October, Signora. He took our daughter. Poor little one! She was young, young—perhaps she did not know what she did."

Gloria leaned forward, resting her chin in

her hand, and her elbow on her knee, gazing at the old woman.

"She was a flower," said Nanna, simply. "He tore her from us with the roots. Who knows what he did with her? She will be dead by this time. May the Madonna obtain grace for her! Signora, she seemed one of those flowers that grow on the hillside, just as God wills. Rain, sun, she was always fresh. Then came the storm. Who could find her any more? Poor little one!"

"Poor child!" exclaimed Gloria.

And she made Nanna tell all she knew, and how they had found the girl's peasant dress in a corner of that very room.

"Signora, if you wish to see, I will content you," said Nanna, rising at last.

She opened the box. It exhaled the peculiar odor of heavy cloth which has been worn and has then been kept closely shut up for years. On the top lay Annetta's carpet apron. Nanna held it up, and there were tears in her eyes, glistening on her dry skin like water in a crevice of brown rock.

"Signora, there are moths in it, see! Who cares for these things? They are a memory. And this is her skirt, and this is her bodice. Eh, it was beautiful once. The shoes, Signora, I wore them, for we had the same feet. What would you? It seemed a sin to let them mold, because they were hers. The apron, too, I might have worn it. Who knows why I did not wear it? It was the affection. We are all so, we women. And now there are moths in it. I might have worn it. At least it would not have been lost."

Gloria peered into the box, and saw under the clothes a number of books packed neatly with a box made of English oak. She stretched down her hand and took one of the volumes. It was an English medical treatise. She looked at the fly-leaf.

A loud cry from Gloria startled the old woman.

"Angus Dalrymple — but —" Gloria read the name, and stared at Nanna.

"Eh, eh!" assented Nanna, nodding violently, and smiling a little as she at last recognized the Scotchman's name, which she had never been able to pronounce. "Yes — that is it. That was the name of the Englishman. An evil death on him and all his house! Stefanone says it always. I also may say it once. It was he. He took our daughter. Stefanone went after them, but they had the beast of the convent gardener. It was a good beast, and they made it run. Stefanone heard of them all the way to the sea, but the twenty-four hours had passed, and the war-ship was far out. He could see it. Could he go to the war-ship? It had cannons. They would have killed him. Then I should have had neither daughter nor husband. So he came back."

The long habit of acting had made Gloria strong, but her hands shook on the closed volume. She had known that her mother had been an Italian, that they had left Italy suddenly, and had been married on board an English man-of-war by the captain — that same Walter Crowdie, a relative of Dalrymple's, after whom Gloria and Griggs had named the child. More than that Dalrymple had never been willing to tell her. She remembered, too, that though she had once or twice begged him to take her to Tivoli and Subiaco, he had refused rather abruptly. It was clear enough now. Her mother had been this Annetta whom Dalrymple had stolen away in the night.

And the wrinkled, leathery old hag, with her damp, coarse mouth, her skinny hands, and her cunning, ignorant eyes, was her grandmother — Stefanone was her grandfather — her mother had been a peasant, like them, beautified by one of nature's mad miracles.

There could be no doubt about it. That was the truth, and it fell upon her with its cruel, massive weight, striking her where many other truths had struck her before this one — in her vanity.

She grasped the book tightly with both hands, and set her teeth. After that she did not know what Nanna said; and the old woman, thinking Gloria was not paying a proper attention to her remarks, pushed and heaved the box across the room rather discontentedly. It would not go under the bed, being too high, so she wedged it in between the foot of the bedstead and the wall. There was just room for it there.

"Signora, if ever your one child leaves you without a word, you will understand," said Nanna, a little offended at finding no sympathy.

"I understand too well," answered Gloria.

Then she suddenly realized what the woman wanted, and with great self-control she held out her hand kindly. Nanna took it and smiled, and pressed it in her horny fingers.

"You are young, Signora. When you are old, you will understand many things, when evils have pounded your heart in a mortar. Oil is sweet, vinegar is sour; with both one makes salad. This is our life. Rest yourself, Signora, for you walked well this morning. I go."

Gloria felt the pressure of the rough fingers on hers, after Nanna had left her. The acrid odor of peeled vegetables clung to her own hand, and she rose and washed it carefully, though she was scarcely aware of what she was doing. Suddenly she dropped the towel and went back to the box. It had crossed her mind that the single book she had opened

might have been borrowed from her father, and that she might find another name in the others — that Nanna might have been mistaken in thinking that she recognized the English name — that it might all be a mistake, after all.

With violent hands she dragged out the moth-eaten clothes and threw them behind her upon the floor, and seized the books, opening them desperately one after the other. In each there was the name, "Angus Dalrymple," in her father's firm young handwriting of twenty years ago. She threw them down and lifted out the oak box. A little brass plate was let into the lid, and bore the initials, "A. D." There was no doubt left. The books all bore dates prior to 1844, the year in which, as she knew, her father had been married. It was impossible to hesitate, for the case was terribly clear.

She rose to her feet, and carried the box to the window and set it upon a chair, sitting down upon another before it. It was not locked. She raised the lid, and saw that it was a medicine-chest. There was a drawer, or little tray, on the top, full of small boxes and very minute vials, lying on their sides. Lifting this out, she saw a number of little stoppered bottles set in holes made in a thin piece of board for a frame. One was missing, and there were eleven left. She counted them mechanically, not knowing why she did so. Then she took them out and looked at the labels. The first she touched contained spirits of camphor. It chanced to be the only one of which the contents were harmless. The others were strong tinctures and acids, vegetable poisons,—belladonna, aconite, and the like,—sulphuric acid, nitric acid, hydrochloric acid, and others.

Gloria looked at them curiously and set them back one by one, put in the little tray, and closed the lid. Then she sat still a long time, and gazed out of the window at the rugged line of the hills.

Between her and the pale sky she saw her own life, and the hideous failure of it all, culminating in the certainty that she was of the blood of the old peasant couple to whose house a seeming chance had brought her to die. She felt that she could not live, and would not live if she could. It was all too wildly horrible, too utterly desolate.

The only human being that clung to her was the one of all others whom she most feared and hated, whose very touch sent a cold shiver through her. She and fate together had pounded her heart in a mortar, as the old woman had said. With a bitterness that sickened her she thought of her brief married life, of her poor social ambition, of her hopeless efforts to be some one among the great. What could she be, the daughter of peasants, what could she have ever been? Probably some one knew the truth about her, in all that great society. Such things might be known. Francesca Campodonico's delicate, noble face rose faintly between her and the sky, and she realized with excruciating suddenness the distance that separated her from the woman she hated — the woman who perhaps knew that Gloria Dalrymple was the daughter of a peasant, and a fit wife by her birth for Angelo Reanda, the steward's son.

The ruin of her life spread behind her and before her. She could not face it. The confusion of it all seemed to blind her, and the confusion was pierced by the terrible thought that on the next day but one Griggs would return again,— the one being who would not leave her, who believed in her, who worshiped her, and whom she hated for himself, and for the destruction of her existence which had come by him.

In the box before her was death, painful perhaps, but sure as the grave itself. She was not a coward, except when she was afraid of Paul Griggs; and the fear lest he, too, should find out the truth was worse than the fear of mortal pain.

She sat still in her place, staring out of the window. After a long time the nurse came in, carrying the child asleep in her arms, covered with a thin gauze veil. Gloria started, and then smiled mechanically as she had trained herself to smile whenever the child was brought to her. The nurse laid the small thing in its cradle, and Gloria, as in a dream, put the books and the clothes back into the box, and was glad that the nurse asked no questions. When she had shut down the lid, she rose to her feet, and saw that she had left the medicine-chest on the chair. She took it into the bedroom, and set it upon the table.

Then she sat down and wrote to Reanda. There was no haste in the writing, and her head was clear and cool, for she was not afraid. Griggs could not return for two days, and she had plenty of time. She went over her story, as she had gone over it many times before in her letters. She told him all, but not the discovery she had just made. That should die with her, if it could. It would be easy enough, on the next day, when the nurse was out, to open the box again, and to tear out the fly-leaf from each book, and so destroy the name. As for the medicine-chest, Griggs might see that it had belonged to her father, but he would suppose that she had brought it among her belongings. He would never guess that it had lain hidden in the old box for more than twenty years. That was her plan, and it was simple enough. But she should have to wait until the next day. It was better so. She could think

of what she was going to do, and nobody would disturb her. She finished her letter.

"You have killed me," she wrote at the end. "If I had not loved you to the very end, I would tell you that my death is on your soul. But it is not all your fault, if I have loved you to death. I would not die if I could be free in any other way; but I cannot live to be touched and caressed again by this man, whom I loathe with all my soul. I tell you that when he kisses me it is as though I were stung by a serpent of ice. It is for your sake that I hate him as I do. For your sake I have suffered hell on earth for more than a whole year. For your sake I die. I cannot live without you. I have told you so again and a hundred times again, and you have not believed me. You write to-day, and you tell me that I shall be free, when you die, to marry Paul Griggs. I would rather marry Satan in hell. But I shall be free to-morrow, for I shall be dead. God will forgive me, for God knows what I suffer. Good-by. I love you, Angelo. I shall love you to-morrow, when the hour comes, and after that I shall love you always. This is the end. Good-by. I love you; I kiss your soul with my soul. Good-by, good-by. "GLORIA."

She cut a lock from her auburn hair, and twisted it round and round her wedding-ring, and thrust it into the envelop.

XL.

Two days later, Paul Griggs stood beside Gloria. She was not dead yet, but no earthly power could save her. She lay white and motionless on the high trestle-bed, unaware of his presence. They had sent a messenger for him, and he had come. The door was locked. Stefanone and his wife whispered together on the landing. In the third room, beyond, the nurse was shedding hysterical tears over the sleeping child.

The strong man stood stone still with shadowy, unblinking eyes, gazing into the dying face. Not a muscle moved, not a feature was distorted; his breath was regular and slow, for his grief had taken hold upon his soul, and his body was unaware of time, as though it were already dead.

She had suffered horrible agonies for two nights and one day, and now the end was very near, for the racked nerves could no longer feel. She lay on her back, lightly covered, one white arm and hand above the coverlet, the other hidden beneath it.

The room was very hot, and the sun streamed through the narrow aperture of the nearly closed shutters, and made a bright streak on the red bricks, for it was morning still.

The purple lids opened, and Gloria looked up. There was no shiver now, as she recognized the man she feared, for the nerves were almost dead. Perhaps there was less fear, for she knew that it was almost over. The dark eyes were fixed on his with a mysterious, wondering look.

He tried to speak, and his lips moved, but he could make no sound, and his chest heaved convulsively, once. He knew what she had done, for they had told him. He knew, now that he had tried to speak and could not, that he was half killed by grief. She saw the effort and understood, and faintly smiled.

"Why?"

He wrenched the single broken word out of himself by an enormous effort, and his throat swelled and was dry. Suddenly a single great drop of sweat rolled down his pale forehead.

"I could not live," she answered in a cool, far voice beyond suffering, and still she smiled.

"Why? Why?"

The repeated word broke out twice like two sobs, but not a feature moved. The dying woman's eyelids quivered.

"I was a burden to you," she said faintly and distinctly. "You are free now; you have —only the child."

His calm broke.

"Gloria, Gloria! In the name of God Almighty, do not leave me so!"

He clasped her in his arms and lifted her a little, pressing his lips to her face. She was inert as a statue. She feared him still, and she felt the shiver of horror at his touch, but it could not move her limbs any more. Her eyes opened and looked into his, very close; but his were shut. The mask was gone. The man's whole soul was in his agonized face, and his arm shook with her. Her mind was clear, and she understood. She was still herself, acting her play out in the teeth of death.

"I could not live," she said. "I could not be a millstone, dragging you down, watching you as you killed yourself in working for me. It was to be one of us. It is better so."

In his agony he laid his head beside hers on the pillow.

"Gloria — for Christ's sake — don't leave me —" The deep moan came from his tortured heart.

"Bring — the child — Walter —" she said very faintly.

Even in death she could not bear to be alone with him. He straightened himself, stood up, and saw the light fading in her eyes. Then, indeed, a shiver ran through her and shook her. Then the lids opened wide, and she cried out loudly:

"Quick — I am going —"

Rather than that she should not have what



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

"'LET US NOT SPEAK OF THE DEAD!'"

(SEE PAGE 613.)

she wished, he tore himself away and wrenched the door open, forgetting that it was locked.

"Bring the child!" he cried, into the face of old Nanna, who was standing there; and he pushed her toward the door of the other room with one hand, while he already turned back to Gloria.

He started, for she was sitting up, with wide eyes and outstretched hands, gazing at the patch of sunlight on the floor. Dying, she saw the awful vision of her dream again, rising stiff and stark from the bricks to its upright horror between her and the light. Her hands pointed at it and shook, and her jaw dropped, but she was motionless as she sat.

Nanna, sobbing, came in suddenly, holding up the little child straight before her, that it might see its mother before she was gone forever. The baby hands feebly beat its little sides, and it gasped for breath.

Words came from Gloria's open mouth, articulate, clear, but very far in sound.

"An evil death on you and all your house!" the words said, as though spoken by another.

The outstretched hands sank slowly, as the vision laid itself down before her, straight and corpse-like. The beautiful head fell back upon Griggs's arm, and the eyes met his.

Nanna prayed aloud, holding up the child mechanically, and the small eyes were fixed, horror-struck, upon the bed. A low cry trembled in the air. Stefanone, his hat in his hand, stood against the door, bowed a little, as though he were in church. The cry came again. Then there was a sort of struggle.

In an instant Gloria was standing up on the bed to her full height. And the hot, still room rang with a burst of desperate, ear-breaking song, in majestic, passionate, ascending intervals.

Calpesta il mio cadavere, ma salva il Trovator!

The last great, true note died away. For one instant she stood up still, with outstretched hands, white, motionless. Then the flame in the dark eyes broke and went out, and Gloria fell down dead.

"Maria Addolorata! Maria Addolorata!" Nanna screamed in deadly terror, as she heard the transcendent voice that one time, like a voice from the grave.

She sank down, fainting upon the floor, and the little child rolled from her slackened arms upon the coarse bricks, and lay on its face, moaning tremulously. No one heeded it.

Stefanone, with instinctive horror of death, turned and went blindly down the steps, not knowing what he had seen, the death-notes still ringing in his ears.

On the bed the man lay dumb upon the dead woman. Only the poor little child seemed to be alive, and clutched feebly at the coarse red bricks, and moaned and bruised its small face. It bore the slender inheritance of fatal life, the inheritance of vows broken, and of faith outraged, and with it, perhaps, the implanted seed of a lifelong terror, not remembered, but felt throughout life, as real and as deadly as an inheritance of mortal disease. Better, perhaps, if death had taken it, too, to the lonely grave of the outcast and suicide woman, among the rocks, out of earshot of humanity. Death makes strange oversights, and leaves strange gleanings for life, when he has reaped his field and housed his harvest.

They would not give Gloria Christian burial, for it was known throughout Subiaco that she had poisoned herself, and those were still the old days when the Church's rules were the law of the people.

Paul Griggs took the body of the woman he had loved, and loved beyond death, and he laid her in a deep grave in a hollow of the hillside. Such words as he had to speak to those who helped him he spoke quietly, and none could say that they had seen the still face moved by sorrow. But as they watched him a human sort of fear took hold of them at his great quiet, and they knew that his grief was beyond anything which could be shown or understood. It was night, and they filled the grave after he had thrown earth into it with his hands. He sent them away, and they left him alone with the dead, leaving also one of their lanterns upon a stone near by.

All that night he lay on the grave, dumb. Then, when the dawn came upon him, he kissed the loose earth and stones, and got upon his feet, and went slowly down the hillside to the town beyond the torrent. He went into the house noiselessly, and lay down upon the bed on which she had died. And so he did for two nights and two days. On the third, a great carriage came from Rome, bringing twelve men, singers of the Sistine Chapel and of the choir of St. Peter's and of St. John Lateran, twelve men having very beautiful voices, as sweet as any in the world. He had sent for them when he had been told that she could not have Christian burial.

They were talking and laughing together when they came; but when they saw his face they grew very quiet, and followed him in silence where he led them. Two little boys followed them, too, wondering what was to happen, and what the thirteen men were going to do, all dressed in black, walking so steadily together.

When they all came to the hollow in the hillside, they saw a mound, as of a grave, amidst the stones, and on it there lay a cross of black

wood. The singers looked at one another in silence, and they understood that whoever lay in the grave had been refused a place in the churchyard for some great sin. But they said nothing. The man who led them stood still at the head of the cross and took off his hat, and looked at his twelve companions, who uncovered their heads. They had sheets of written music with them, and they passed them quietly about from one to another, and looked toward one who was their leader.

Overhead, the summer sky was pale, and there were twin mountains of great clouds in the northwest, hiding the sun, and in the southeast, whence the parching wind was blowing in fierce gusts. It blew the dry dust from the clods of earth on the grave, and the dust settled on the black clothes of the men as they stood near.

The voices struck the first chord softly together, and the music for the dead went up to heaven, and was borne far across the torrent to the distance in the arms of the hot wind. And one voice climbed above the others, sweet and clear, as though to reach heaven itself; and another sank deep and true and soft in the full close of the stave, as though it would touch and comfort the heart that was quite still at last in the deep earth.

Then one who was young stood a little before the rest, a strong, pale singer, with an angel's voice. And he sang alone to the sky and the dusty rocks and the solemn grave. He sang the "Cujus animam gementem pertransivit gladius" of the Stabat Mater, as none had sung it before him, nor perhaps has ever sung it since that day — he alone, without other music.

They came also to the words "Fac ut animæ donetur Paradisi gloria," and the word was a name to him who listened silently in the midst of them.

Besides these they sang also a "Miserere," and last of all, "Requiem eternam dona eis."

Then there was silence, and they looked at the still face, as though asking what they should do. The mysterious eyes met theirs with shadows. The pale head bent itself in thanks twice or thrice, but there were no words.

So they turned and left him there on the hillside, and went back to the town, awe-struck by the vastness of the man's sorrow. And afterward, for many years, when any of them heard of a great grief, he shook his head, and said that he and those who had sung with him over a lonely grave in the mountains alone knew what a man could feel and yet live.

And Paul Griggs lived through those days, and is still alive. His grief could not spend itself, but his stern strength took hold of life again, and he took the child with him and went back to Rome, to work for it from that time forward, and to shield it from evil if he could, and to bring it up to be a man, ignorant of what had happened in Subiaco in those summer days, ignorant of the tie that made it his,— to be a man free from the burden of past fates and sins and broken vows and trampled faith, and of the death its dead mother had died, having a clean name of its own, with which there could be no memories of misery and fear and horror.

He wrote a few short words to Angus Dalrymple, now Lord Redin at last, to tell him the truth as far as he knew it. The hand that had labored so bravely for Gloria could hardly trace the words that told of her death.

Then, when the summer heat was passed, he took little Walter Crowdie with him, hiring an Englishwoman to tend the child, and he crossed the ocean and gave it to certain kinsfolk of his in America, telling them that it was the child of one who had been very dear to him, that he had taken it as his own, and would provide for it and take it back when it should be older. And so he did, and little Walter Crowdie grew up with an angel's voice, and other gifts which made him famous in his day. But many things happened before that time came.

He could do no better than that. For a time he strove to earn money with his pen in his own country. But the land was still trembling from the convulsion of a great war, and there were many before him, and he was little known. After a year had passed, he saw that he could not then succeed; and very heavy at heart he set his face eastward again, to toil at his old calling as a correspondent for a great London paper, to earn bread for himself and for the one living being that he loved.

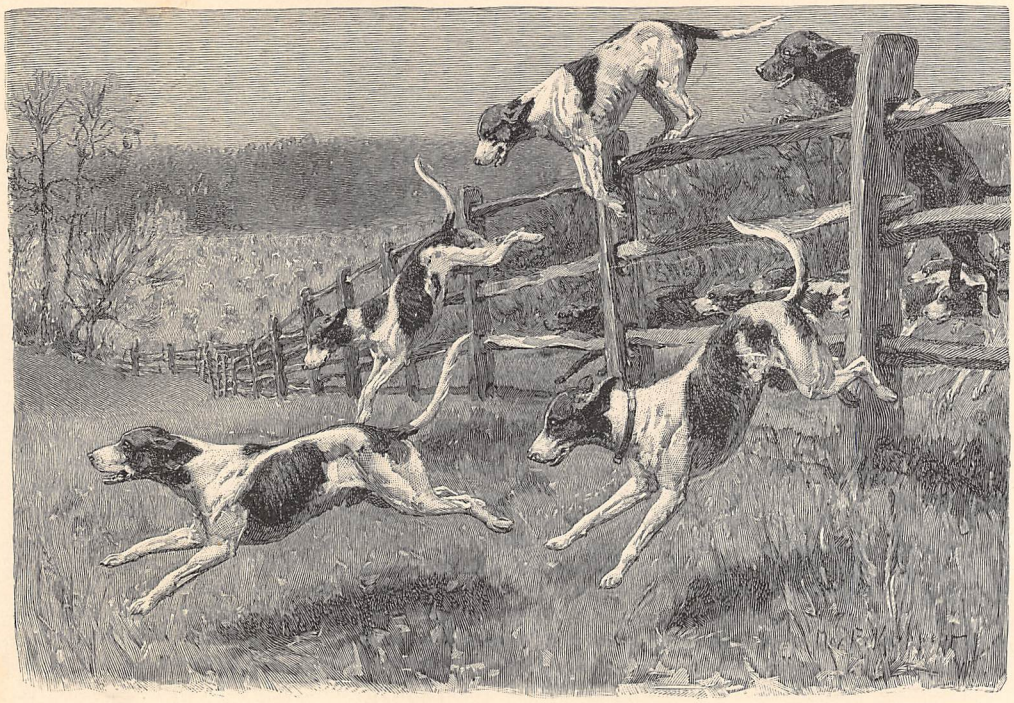
(To be continued.)

F. Marion Crawford.

A FRIEND.

THE plum-tree bends, all dumb with snow, and pale
With mockery of the coming bloom.
But ah! with one sweet cry, the nightingale
Leaps to her bough and sings perfume.

Mary McNeil Scott.



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

ON A HOT TRAIL.

FOX-HUNTING IN KENTUCKY.

WITH PICTURES BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

I.

THE judge parted his coat-tails to the big pine blaze, and, with one measuring, vertical glance, asked two questions:

"Do you hunt coons? Do you hunt gray foxes?"

A plea of not guilty was made to both, and the judge waved his hand.

"If you do," he said, "I decline to discuss the subject with you."

Already another fox-hunter, who was still young, and therefore not quite lost to the outer world, had warned me. "They are cranks," he said, "all of 'em."

And then he who was yet sane went on to tell about his hound Red Star: how Red Star would seek a lost trail from stump to stump, or on top of a rail-fence; or, when crows cawed, would leave the trail and make for the crows; how he had once followed a fox twenty hours, and had finally gone after him into a sink-hole, from which he had been rescued several days later, almost starved. On cold winter nights the young hunter would often come on the lonely figure of the old one, who had walked miles out of town merely to sit on the fence and listen to the hounds. Against him the warning was particular. I made a tentative mention of the drag-hunt, in which the hounds often ran mute, and the fun was in the horse, the ride, and the fences. For a moment the judge was reflective.

"I remember," he said slowly, as though he were a century back in reminiscence, "that the darkies used to drag a coon-skin through the woods, and run mongrels after it."

A hint of fine scorn was in his tone, but it was the scorn of the sportsman and not of the sectionalist, though the judge, when he was only fifteen, had carried pistol and saber after John Morgan, and was, so the general said a moment later, the gamest man in the Confederacy.

"Why, sir, there is but one nobler animal than a long-eared, deep-mouthed, patient fox-hound — and that is a woman! Think of treating him that way! And the music is the thing! Many an old Virginian would give away a dog because his tongue was not in harmony with the rest. The chorus should be a chord. I shall never hear sweeter music, unless by the grace of Heaven I hear some day the choiring of angels."

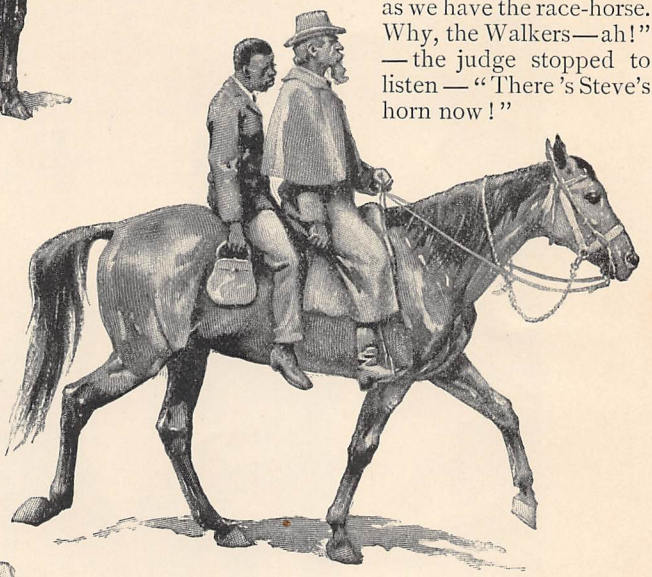
I was about to speak of the Maine and Massachusetts custom of shooting the fox before the hounds, but the judge forestalled me.



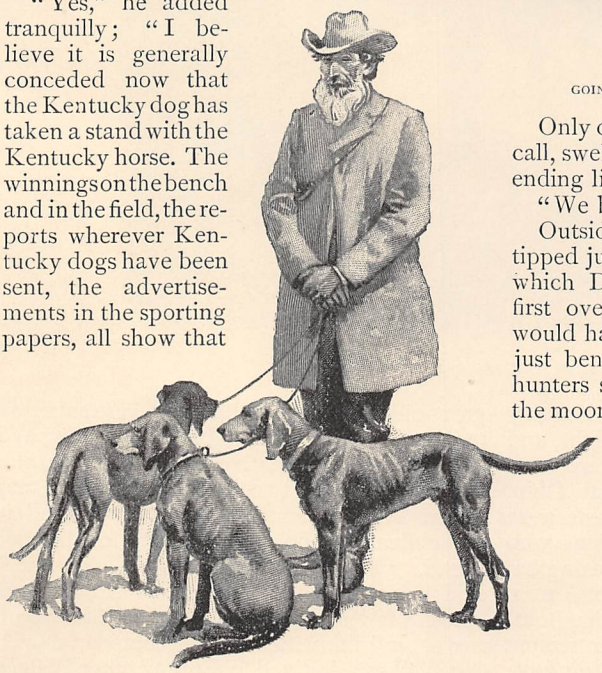
A TYPICAL HUNTER.

"I believe, sir, that is worse — if worse be possible. I do not know what excuse the gentlemen make. They say, I believe, that their dogs cannot catch their red fox — that no dogs can. Well, the ground up there, being rough, is favorable to the fox, but our dogs can catch him. Logan, a Kentucky dog, has just caught a Massachusetts fox for the Brunswick Fur Club, and we have much better dogs here than Logan.

"Yes," he added tranquilly; "I believe it is generally conceded now that the Kentucky dog has taken a stand with the Kentucky horse. The winnings on the bench and in the field, the reports wherever Kentucky dogs have been sent, the advertisements in the sporting papers, all show that Steve Walker, who, by the way, will never sell a dog, and who will buy any dog that can beat his own, has tried every strain in this country except the Wild Goose Pack of Tennessee. He has never gone outside the State without getting a worse dog. I reckon phosphate of lime has something to do with it. The same natural forces in the Blue Grass region that make horses better improve the dogs. Since the war, too, we have bred with more care; we have hunted more than people elsewhere, and we have bred the dog as we have the race-horse. Why, the Walkers — ah!" — the judge stopped to listen — "There 's Steve's horn now!"



GOING TO THE HUNT.



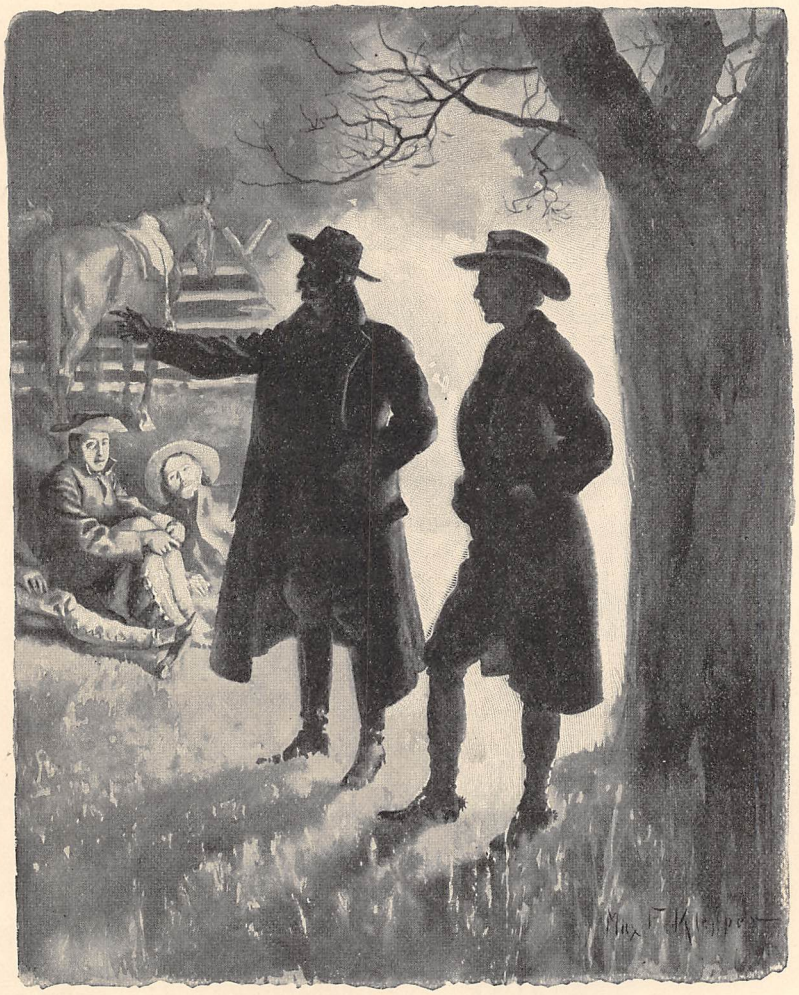
DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER. NATIVE DOGS.

Only one man could blow that long mellow call, swelling and falling without a break, and ending like a distant echo.

"We better go, boys," he said.

Outside the hotel, the hunter's moon was tipped just over one of the many knobs from which Daniel Boone is said to have looked first over the Blue Grass land. A raindrop would have slipped from it into the red dawn just beneath. And that was the trouble, for hunters say there is never rain to drop when the moon is tipped that way. So the field trials had been given up; the country was too rough; and the elements and the local sportsmen, who hunted the ground by night that we were to hunt by day, held the effort in disfavor. That day everybody and everybody's hound were to go loose for simple fun, and the fun was beginning before dawn. In the stable yard darkies and mountaineers were bridling and saddling horses. The

hunters were noisily coming and going from the little hotel that was a famous summer resort in the Bath County Hills forty years ago, and, once owned by a great Kentuckian, was, the tradition goes, lost by him in a game of poker. Among them were several Blue Grass girls in derby hats, who had been in the saddle with us on the previous day from dark to dark, and on to midnight, and who were ready to do it again. There were fox-hunters from Maine, the Virginias, Ohio, and from England; and the contrasts were marked even among the Kentuckians who came from the Iroquois Club of Lexington, with bang-tailed horses and top-boots; from the Strodes Valley Hunt Club and the Bourbon Kennels, who disdain any accoutrement on horseback that they do not wear on foot; and from the best-known fox-hunting family in the South, who dress and hunt after their own way, and whom I shall call Walkers, because they are never seen on foot. No Walker reaches the age of sixteen without being six feet high. There were four with us, and the shortest was six feet two, and weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds. They wore great oilskin mackintoshes, and were superbly mounted on half thoroughbreds. Not long ago they carried their native county Democratic for one friend by two hundred and fifty majority. At the next election they carried it Republican by the same majority for another friend. "We own everything in common," said one, who asked me to come over and spend a few months, or a year, or the rest of my natural life with him, "except our dogs." No Walker's dog will follow any other Walker or come to his horn. All the Walkers had great,



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

LISTENING TO THE MUSIC OF THE DOGS.



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER. CALLING OFF THE DOGS. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

soft musical voices and gentle manners. All were church members, and, *mirabile dictu*, only one of the four touched whisky, and he lightly. About one of them the general told a remarkable story.

This Walker, he said, got into a difficulty with another young man just after the war. The two rode into the county town, hitched their horses, and met in the court-house square. They drew their pistols, which were old-fashioned, and emptied them, each man getting one bullet. Then they drew knives. They closed in after both had been cut slightly. The other man made for Walker's abdomen, just as Walker's knife was high over his head for a terrible downward stroke. Walker had on an old army belt, and the knife struck the buckle and broke at the hilt. Walker saw it as his knife started down. He is a man of fierce passion, but even at that moment he let his knife fall and walked away.

"It 's easy enough in a duel," commented the general, "when everything is cool and deliberate, to hold up if your adversary's pistol gets out of order; but in a hand-to-hand fight like that! They have been close friends ever since — naturally."

Being such a company, we rode out of the stable yard through the frosty dawn toward the hills, which sink by and by to the gentle undulations of Blue Grass pasture and woodland.

II.

In Kentucky the hunting of the red fox antedates the war but little. The old Kentucky foxhound was of every color, loose in build, with open feet and a cowhide tail. He had a good nose, and he was slow, but he was fast enough for the gray fox and the deer. Somewhere about 1855 the fox-hunters discovered that their hounds were chasing something they could not catch. A little later, a mule-driver came through Cumberland Gap with a young hound that he called Lead. Lead caught the eye of old General Maupin, who lived in Madison County, and whose name is now known to every fox-hunter North and South. Maupin started poor, and made a fortune in a frolic. He would go out hunting with his hounds, and would come back home with a drove of sheep and cattle. He was a keen trader, and would buy anything. He bought Lead, and in the first chase Lead slipped away from the old deerhounds as though he knew what he was after; and it was not long before he captured the strange little beast that had been puzzling man and dog so long. Lead was thus the first hound to catch a red fox in Kentucky; and since every foxhound in the State worthy of the name goes back to Lead, he is a very important personage. General Maupin never learned Lead's exact origin; perhaps he did not try very hard, for he soon ran across a suspicion that Lead had been stolen. He tried other dogs from the same locality in Tennessee from which he supposed the hound came, but with no good results. Lead was a *lusus naturæ*, and old fox-hunters say that his like was never before him, and has never been since.

People came for miles to see the red fox



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

A BIT OF BRUSH.

that Lead ran down, and the event was naturally an epoch in the history of the chase in Kentucky. Nobody knows why it took the red fox so long to make up his mind to emigrate to Kentucky, not being one of the second families of Virginia, and nobody knows why he came at all. Perhaps the shrewd little beast learned that over the mountains the dogs were slow and old-fashioned, and that he could have great fun with them and die of old age; perhaps the prescience of the war moved him: but certain it is that he did not take the "Wilderness Road" until the fifties, when began the inexplicable movement of his race south and southwest. But he took the trail of the gray fox then, just as the tide-water Virginians took the trail of the pioneers, and the gray fox gave way, and went farther west, as did the pioneer, and let the little red-coated aristocrat stamp his individuality on the Blue Grass as his human brother had done. For a long while he did have fun with those clumsy old hounds, running a hundred easy lengths ahead, dawdling time and again past his den, disdaining to take refuge, and turning back to run past the hounds when they had given up the chase — great fun, until old Lead came. After that General Maupin and the Walkers imported Martha and Rifler from England, and since then the red fox has been kept to his best pace so steadily that he now shows a proper respect for even a young Kentucky foxhound. He was a great solace after the war, for Kentucky was less impoverished than other Southern States, horses were plentiful, it was inexpensive to keep hounds, and other game was killed off. But fox-hunting got into disrepute. Hunting in Southern fashion requires a genius for leisure that was taken advantage of by ne'er-do-weels and scapegraces, young and old, who used it as a cloak for idleness, drinking, and general mischief. They broke down the farmer's fences, left his gates open, trampled his grain, and brought a reproach on the fox-hunter that is alive yet. It is dying rapidly, however, and families like the Clays of Bourbon, the Robinsons and Hamiltons of Mount Sterling, the Millers and Winns of Clark, and the Walkers of Garrard, are lifting the chase into high favor. Hitherto the hunting has been done individually. Now hunt clubs are being formed. Chief among them are the Bourbon Kennels, the Strodes Valley Hunt Club, and the Iroquois Club, the last having been in existence for ten years. This club does not confine itself to foxes, but is democratic enough to include coons and rabbits, which last are hunted on horseback, without dog or gun — a unique and rather dangerous sport peculiar to the Blue Grass.

Except in Maine and Massachusetts, where the fox is shot before the hounds, fox-hunting in the North is modeled after English ways. In Kentucky and elsewhere in the South it is almost another sport. The Englishman wants his pack uniform in color, size, tongue, and speed: a hound that is too fast must be counted out. The Kentuckian wants his hound to leave the rest behind if he can. He has no whipper-in, no master of the hounds. Each man cries on his own dog. Nor has he any hunting terms, like "cross-country riding," or "riding to hounds." To hunt for the pleasure of the ride is his last thought. The fun is in the actual chase, in knowing the ways of the plucky little animal, in knowing the hounds individually, and the tongue of each, in the competition of one man's dog with another, or of favorites in the same pack. It is not often that the hounds are followed steadily. The stake-and-ridered fences everywhere, and the barbed wire in the Blue Grass, would make following impossible even if it were desirable. Instead, the hunters ride from ridge to ridge to wait, to listen, and to see. The Walkers hunt chiefly at night. The fox is then making his circuit for food, and the scent is better. Less stock is moving about to be frightened, or among which the fox can confuse the hounds. The music has a mysterious sweetness, the hounds hunt better, it seems less a waste of time, and it is more picturesque. At night the hounds trot at the horses' heels until a fire is built on some ridge. Then they go out to hunt a trail, while the hunters tie their horses in the brush, and sit around the fire telling stories until some steady old hound gives tongue.

"There 's old Rock! Whoop-ee! Go it, old boy!" Only he does n't say "old boy" exactly. The actual epithet is bad, though it is endearing. It reaches old Rock if he is three miles away, and the crowd listens.

"There 's Ranger! Go it, Alice, old girl! Lead 's ahead!"

Then they listen to the music. Sometimes the fox takes an unsuspected turn, and they mount and ride for another ridge; and the reckless, daredevil race they make through the woods in the dark is to an outsider pure insanity. Sometimes a man will want to go on one side of the tree when his horse prefers another, and the man is carried home senseless. Sometimes a horse is killed, but no lesson is learned. The idea prevails that the more reckless one is, the better is his chance to get through alive, and it seems to hold good. In their county, the Walkers have both hills and blue grass in which to hunt. The fox, they say, is leaving the hills, and taking up his home in the plantations, because he can get his living there with more ease. They hunt at least three nights out of the week all the year around, and

they say that May is the best month of the year. The fox is rearing her young then. The hunters build a fire near a den, the she-fox barks to attract the attention of the dogs, and the race begins. At that time the fox will not take a straight line to the mountains and end the chase as at other times of the year, but will circle about the den. It is true, perhaps, that at such times the male fox relieves the mother and takes his turn in keeping the hounds busy. The hunters thus get their pleasure without being obliged to leave their camp-fire. Rarely at this time is the fox caught, and provided he has had the fun of the chase, the Kentucky hunter is secretly glad, I believe, that the little fellow has gone scot-free.

Such being the hunt, there is, of course, no ceremony whatever in its details; it is go as you please as to horse, way of riding, dress, and riding accoutrements. The effect is picturesque and individual. Each man dresses usually as he dresses on foot, his seat is the military seat, his bridle has one rein, his horse is bridle-wise, and his hunter is his saddle-horse. The Kentuckian does not like to trot anywhere in the saddle. He prefers to go in a "rack," or a running walk. His horse, when he jumps at all, does not take fences in his stride, but standing. And I have yet to see anything more graceful than the slow rear, the calculating poise, the leap wholly from the hind feet, and the quick, high gather to clear the fence. It is not impossible to find a horse that will feel for the top rail with his knees, and if they are not high enough, he will lift them higher before making his leap. I have known of one horse that while hitched to a stake-and-ridered fence would jump the fence without unhitching himself.

It was an odd and interesting crowd that went through the woods that morning,—those long-maned, long-tailed horses, and their riders, the giants in slouched hats and oilskins, the pretty girls with a soft fire of anticipation in their straight, clear eyes,—especially to the hunters from the East, and to the Englishman with his little hunting-saddle, his short stirrups, his top-boots thrust into them to the heels, and his jockey-like seat—just as he was odd to them. I saw one Kentuckian double on his horse, laughing at the apparent inefficiency of his appearance, little knowing that in the English hunting-field the laugh would have been the other way.

To the stranger the dogs doubtless looked small and wiry, being bred for speed, as did the horses, because of the thoroughbred blood in them, livery hacks though most of them were. Perhaps he was most surprised at the way those girls dashed through the woods, and the way the horses galloped over stones and roots, and climbed banks, for which purpose the Eastern hunter would have been inadequate, through lack of training. The Southern way of riding doubtless struck him as slovenly—the loose rein, the toes in the stirrups (which upheld merely the weight of the legs), the easy, careless, graceful seat: but he soon saw that it was admirably adapted to the purpose at hand—staying on the horse and getting out all that there was in him. For when the Southern fox-hunter starts after his hounds through wood and thicket, in daylight or dark, you know whence came the dashing horsemanship that gave the South a marked advantage some thirty years ago. And when he gets warmed up, and opens his throat to cry on his favorite hound, you know at last the origin of the "rebel yell," and you hear it again but little changed to-day.

III.

WITHIN ten minutes after the dogs were unleashed there was an inspiriting little brush through the woods. A mule went down, and his rider executed a somersault. Another rider was unhorsed against a tree. How the girls came through with their skirts was a mystery; but there they were, eager and smiling, when we halted on the edge of a cleared field. The hounds were circling far to the left. The general pointed to a smoldering fire which the local sportsmen had used through the night.

"It 's an old trail," he said, and we waited there, as we waited anywhere, with an unwearying patience that would have thrown an Eastern hunter into hysteria.

"No, sir," said the general, courteously, in answer to a question; "I never sell a fox-dog; I consider him a member of my household. It would be a sacrilege to sell him." Then he continued learnedly and calmly:

"As is the fox, so in time is the dog; that is the theory. The old English dog was big-boned, coarse, and heavy, and he had to have greyhound blood before he could catch the English red fox. The English dog has always been, and is now, inadequate for the American red fox. By selection, by breeding winner with winner, we have got a satisfactory dog, and the more satisfactory he is, the more is he like the fox, having become smaller in size, finer in bone, and more compact in shape. The hunted molds the hunter: the American red fox is undoubtedly superior to the English red fox in speed, endurance, and stratagem, and he has made the American dog superior. The principle was illustrated when old Lead came over to Cumberland; for he was rather small and compact, his hair was long and his brush heavy, though his coat was coal-black except for a little tan about the face and eyes. The Virginia red fox had already fashioned Lead."

The hounds were coming back now; they were near when the music ceased. The great yellow figure of a Walker was loping toward them through the frost-tipped sedge, with his hat in his hand and his thick gray hair catching the first sunlight, The general was right; the trail was old, and it was lost. As we rode across the field, however, an old hound gave tongue. Sharp, quick music began, and ceased just as another Walker was reaching down into his trousers' pocket for his plug of tobacco.

"I believe that was a rabbit," he said. "I 'm going over there and knock old Rock in the head." Without taking his hand from his pocket, he touched his horse, and the animal rose in his tracks, poised, and leaped, landing on a slippery bank. The plug of tobacco was in one corner of the rider's mouth when both struck the road. He had moved in his saddle no more than if his horse had stepped over a log. Nothing theatrical was intended. The utter nonchalance of the performance was paralyzing. He did not reach old Rock. Over to the right another hound raised so significant a cry that Rock, with an answering bay, went for him. In a moment they were sweeping around a knoll to the right, and the third Walker turned his horse through the sedge, loping easily, his hat still in his hand, a mighty picture on horseback; and as I started after him, I saw the fourth brother scramble up a perpendicular bank twice the length of his horse—each man gone according to his own judgment. I followed the swinging black hat, and caught up, and we halted in the woods to listen, both jerking the reins to keep the horses from champing their bits. One peculiar, deep, musical tongue rose above the pack's cry. The big Walker stood in his stirrup, with his face uplifted, and I saw in it what fox-hunting means to the Kentuckian. Had he been looking into heaven, his face could not have been more rapt.

"That 's Rock!" he said breathlessly, and then he started through the woods. He weighed over two hundred, and was six feet four. A hole through the woods that was big enough for him, was, I thought, big enough for me, and I had made up my mind to follow him half an hour, anyhow. My memory of that ride is a trifle confused. I saw the big yellow oilskin and the thick gray hair ahead of me, whisking around trees and stumps, and over rocks and roots. I heard a great crashing of branches and a clatter of stones. Every jump something rapped me across the breast or over the head; my knees grazed trees on each side; a thorn dug into my face not far from one eye; and then I lay down on my horse's neck and thought of my sins. I did not know what it was all about, but I learned when I dared to lift my head. We had been running for a little hollow between the hills to see the fox pass, but we were too quick. Several hunters had crossed the trail before the hounds, and fox and scent were lost.

"You 've bu'sted up the chase," said a hunter, with deep disgust.

"Who—we?" said the Walker. "Why, we have just been riding quietly up the ridge, have n't we?" *Quietly* — that was his idea of riding quietly!

I told the general about that ride, and the general laughed. "That 's *him*," he said, with ungrammatical emphasis. "He 's fifty-three now, but he 's the hardest hunter in this State to follow."

We had to end the chase that day, and we went back to the hotel, early in the afternoon, so disheartened that the general threw his pride and his hunting traditions to the wind, and swore with a beautiful oath that the ladies should have a chase. He got a mountaineer to climb a mule and drag a coon-skin around the little valley. The natives brought in their dogs, and entered them for a quart of whisky. The music started, and Logan was allowed to let out his noble length for exercise, and Patsy Powell slipped her leash and got away, while her master swore persistently that she was running because the others were — that she scorned the scent of a drag, and would hardly run a gray fox, let alone the skin of a coon. Logan came in ahead; but a native got the whisky, and in half an hour every one of his friends owned the best dog in the county.

That last night, after a game of blindman's-buff, we had intersectional toasts and congratulations, and welcomes to come again. The conditions had all been antagonistic. It was too early; it was too dry; and there were many other reasons.

The man from the Brunswick Fur Club explained that in his country the sportsmen shot the foxes because the dogs could not catch them fast enough. The foxes were so thick up there that they could hardly raise a Thanksgiving turkey. So they shot them to appease the farmers, whom they had to fight annually in the legislature to prevent them from having the fox exterminated by law as a pest. The Southern sportsmen were glad to hear that, and drank to his health, and argued that the solution of the difficulty was to try more dogs like Logan. Then everybody discussed phases and problems of the chase that emphasized the peculiarities of hunting in the South — how the dogs, like the race-horse, have grown lighter, more rangy in form, smaller, solider in bone; and how, in spite of the increase in speed, they yet win by bottom, rather than by speed; that it was, after all, a question

of the condition of the fox, whether he was gorged or not; that rough ground being favorable to the fox, more kills were made south of Virginia, because the ground is favorable to the dog; how since the war the breeding has been toward better feet, rougher hair, better brush, gameness, nose, and speed. Yet the Walkers say that hounds are not as good as they were twenty years ago; that the English dogs are tougher and have more bottom and less nose and speed; that the half thoroughbred makes the best hunter, the thoroughbred being too high-strung, too fretful; that the right proportion of English blood in the hound is one fourth. And everybody wondered why some Kentucky horseman has never bred hunters for the Eastern market, arguing that the Kentucky hunter should excel, as the racehorse and the trotter have excelled.

One and another told how a fox will avoid a corn-field, because a muddy tail impedes him; how he will swim a creek simply to wash it out; and how, in Florida, he will swim a river to escape the dogs, knowing that they will not follow him through fear of the alligators. How he will turn up-stream when he is not hard pressed, and down-stream when he is. Does the red fox actually kill out the gray? One man had come on the fresh-bitten carcass of a gray in the snow, and about it there was not another sign than the track of a red fox. Or does the gray disappear because he is more easily caught, or does an instinctive terror of the red drive the gray off to other hunting-grounds? A hunter declared that a full-grown gray would show mortal terror of a red cub. Is the red fox a coward, or is he the only sporting member of the animal kingdom? Does he really enjoy the chase? Many had seen him climb a stump or fence to look back and listen to the music. One man claimed that he often doubled out of curiosity to see where the dogs were, though another had seen a fox go through the window of a deserted house, through the floor, and out under it; and in doubling, go through it just the other way. He always did that, and that did not look like curiosity. Several had known a fox, after the hounds had given up the chase and turned homeward, to turn too, and run past the dogs with a plain challenge to try it again. Another said he had known a fox to run till tired, and then let a fresh fox take up the trail, and lead the hounds on while he rested in the thicket twenty yards away. All except one hunter had known foxes to run past their holes several times during the chase, and often to be caught within one or two hundred yards of a den. One opinion was that he would not go into his hole because he was too hot and would smother; another said he was game. But the doubting hunter, an old gentleman who was nearly seventy, and who had kept close behind the dogs on a big sorrel, with an arm that had been thrown out of place at the shoulder only the night before, declared that most fox-stories were moonshine, that the fox was a sneaking little coward, and would make for a hole as soon as he heard a dog bark. There was one man who knew another man who had seen a strange thing. All the others had heard of it, and many believed it. A fox, hard pressed, had turned, and, with every bristle thrown forward, had run back, squealing piteously, into the jaws of the pack.

"That 's a bluff game," said the old hunter.

"No," said another; "he knew that his end had come, and he went to meet it with his colors flying, like the dead-game little sport that he is."

John Fox, Jr.

THE STRAYED REVELER.

AS she flees up the mountain-side
The valley is astir
With gay companions, racing wide
In vain pursuit of her.

In every tangled copse they seem
To see her streaming hair,
And where the wild, white lilies gleam,
Her face a lily there.

But laughing, hand to side, to still
The beating of her heart,
Tiptoe upon the lonely hill
She stands, with lips apart.

The gay rout passes, and there falls
A silence in the place;
Again the cuckoo softly calls,
The watchful squirrels race.

Then, like a sigh among the trees,
A wind is softly heard,
And, like a leaf blown down the breeze,
There darts a songless bird.

For one swift moment then she slips
Into a world apart:
She thinks of mold upon her lips
And dust about her heart.

L. Frank Tooker.

LESSONS FROM THE YALU FIGHT.

COMMENTS ON COMMANDER McGIFFIN'S ARTICLE[1] BY THE AUTHOR OF "INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER UPON HISTORY."

COMMANDER McGIFFIN is to be congratulated upon being one of the first, if not the very first, of naval officers belonging to the nations of European civilization, not only to undergo the dangers and experiences of a naval action under modern conditions, but also to tell what he has seen and felt in a manner at once instructive and suggestive. The remarks that follow are an attempt to develop somewhat further, along the line of thought of one person, the inferences that may be drawn from his story.

1. It appears that although the Chinese government permitted the fleet to cruise freely to the westward of a line drawn from the Yalu River to Shantung lighthouse, they positively forbade the admiral to go to the eastward, thereby depriving him of the power to bring the Japanese to action if, from the information he might receive, a fair opportunity offered. Admiral Ting's views in this matter seem to have been contrary to those of his superior on shore. In the absence of full information a decisive judgment would be improper; but it seems likely that we have here one of the commonest and most deplorable experiences of war — the hands of a commander-in-chief, present on the scene of operations, tied by the positive instructions of a man, or set of men, at a distance. How often the Aulic Council ruined the Austrian armies, how much more often it neutralized their efficiency by the unavoidable slowness consequent upon having to refer continually to Vienna for instructions, is one of the commonplaces of military history. It is inevitable and necessary that the armies and navies should be subordinate to the general war policy of the civil government; but the latter should beware of too particular directions, and, above all, of absolute orders, fettering the discretion of the commander-in-chief. If the man *on the spot* cannot be trusted, he should be removed; but no one at a distance from the scene of operations can effectively direct them.

2. The experiences with the gun-shields on July 25, as well as in the Yalu fight of September 17, are extremely suggestive, and from my point of view should be taken in connection with another fact which has seemed to make the deepest impression on the professional mind, not only of naval officers, but of civilians who have made a special study of naval matters — namely, the great effect of rapid-fire guns. Speaking broadly, the gun-shield represents the defensive element, the rapid-fire gun the offensive. Both ideas, of course, are necessary, and in a sense complementary each of the other; but not only does the unvarying voice of military history assign superiority to the offensive, but Commander McGiffin gives reason to think that the gun-shield, unless of unusual thickness, — perhaps even then,— is a source rather of increased injury than of defense. The reason, as far as he goes in this, is simple enough: a single projectile that might clear everything and every one but for the shield, and that at the worst would probably strike only a single man, is by the shield converted into several projectiles which can scarcely miss all round, not to speak of the shock caused by the explosion to those who escape being hit. Most modern shells, it should be explained, do not burst unless they meet a fairly solid resistance.

Regarding the contrast of ideas expressed respectively by the gun-shield and the rapid-fire guns, I have long been inclined to think that Admiral Farragut's pregnant phrase, "The best defense against the enemy is a well-directed fire from our own guns," was almost a prophecy to our present times, though the rapid-fire gun now so called was not even dimly foreshadowed in his day: but in truth his words simply expressed tersely a great undying principle as applied to the situation then before him. Offense is better than defense. A war-ship is vulnerable in two chief respects — in her motive power and in her personnel. It is imaginable that one might be wholly neutralized without materially injuring the other. The question, not only of to-day, but of a century's standing, is, Which is it better to attack in order to subdue the ship? In olden days the British habitually attacked the personnel, the French the motive power, and each was consistent; for the aim of the former was to insure decisive results, and that of the latter to avoid them. Each has had its advocates, and consequently there is something to be said on each side; but upon the whole it is, I think, fair to say that experience replies, Attack the men. And the reason is

[1] See page 585.

much the same as a hundred years ago: not only is it impossible to have the men as well protected as the motive power, but the destruction of the men who handle the offensive powers of the ship makes the motive power practically useless. Now the weight which a ship of given size can carry is limited, and must be distributed among several objects, of which gun-power is one; and the question has to be met, How shall this gun-power be subdivided among the different classes of gun? If your aim is the motive power, you want heavy guns; for the motive power — the engines and boilers — are given the utmost possible protection, by position, by the thickest armor, by the coal stowage, the protective deck, and so on, to pierce which great force is required. But heavy guns mean few guns, and few guns mean few shots, and few shots mean fewer hits; while of those that hit, if they strike the protective system of the engines, etc., fewer still penetrate, a truth long foreseen, yet very generally dropped out of sight, and which the Yalu battle has singularly confirmed. On the other hand, the weight of armor required to protect the water-line adequately makes it impossible to extend by similar means adequate protection to the battery spaces, except only those occupied by the heavy guns; and even where these are adequately protected,— impervious, that is, to the missiles from those lighter guns technically called "rapid-fire,"— there can be no question that their accuracy of fire is singularly embarrassed. For that reason it is sought to aim and fire them from an exterior position — the conning-tower,[1] for instance — a plan of which it is enough here to say that, except for the heaviest guns, it is tending to fall into disuse. Considering the vast importance of securing the best practice from the heavy guns,— for I am not at all arguing against them, only against their excessive number,— it becomes necessary to beat down and keep down all the other fire of the enemy. If success in this is attained, a distinct and immense advantage is gained for the heavy guns over those of the enemy; for, if the rapid-fire guns which have established their ascendancy cannot penetrate the turrets, they can greatly annoy the men in them, and may enter the gun-ports. This superiority, if maintained, must result in victory. It has long seemed to me that the mutual relations of the heavy and rapid-fire guns of a ship have a strong analogy to a field battery of artillery and its infantry supports, the latter of which at once protect and secure the efficient service of the former. However that may be, the rapid-fire gun of moderate caliber has just now fairly established its position as the greatest offensive power in naval warfare.

3. Rapidity of fire for guns of all kinds is a question partly of the size and mechanism of the gun, but still more of supply. The ammunition storage of a ship is, for obvious reasons, buried as deep under water as possible, and it is both an important and intricate matter so to proportion supply to demand as to make no needless exposure of such dangerous material *in transitu* or on deck — not, in short, to be hoist with your own petard. It appears from Commander McGiffin's narrative that both Chinese and Japanese were led, by design or accident, to accumulate projectiles and ammunition on deck in advance of immediate demands — a practice greatly deprecated. But is the deprecation wholly sound? Offense is better than defense. Rapid fire with some risk is better than slower fire with no risk — risk, that is, from this particular source — because the slower fire yields to the enemy an advantage greater than the risk avoided. On board a foreign battle-ship, not long ago, the captain said to me that in providing for action they accumulated a certain number of rounds — ten, I think — near each rapid-fire gun. "Don't you consider that a great risk?" I asked. "Undoubtedly," he replied; "but not so great a risk as that the enemy should fire faster than we." I think he was right. Collingwood used to tell his crew that if they could fire three well-aimed broadsides in as many minutes, no enemy could resist them. Farragut noted with emphatic commendation, in 1839, when the French attacked the castle of San Juan de Ulua at Vera Cruz, that they habitually kept a great number of shot accumulated in racks on deck — a practice many naval officers still remember. The introduction of shells — explosive projectiles — gave pause to this habit, for direful experiences had taught that a shot, solid or hollow, striking one would explode many near by. Nevertheless, the difficulty of insuring rapid supply at any time, even the quietest, and the dreadful liability to severance of the chain of supply by the casualties of battle, suggest the imperative necessity of an accumulation. This should be so planned and so proportioned to the rate of fire possible to the gun as to insure the minimum of risk that must be taken if the full efficiency of the battery is to be maintained. Especially is this necessary for the beginning of an action — usually, at least as regards the single ship, the most pregnant of the final result.

4. The manner in which the battle was fought — the tactics, to use the correct technical word — presents some points of interest. It is to be regretted that we have not with more precision the ideas which underran the distri-

[1] "To con" is to direct the steering.

bution of the forces of either admiral; but the various accounts made public are so far in agreement as to show authoritatively, within certain limits, what was done, though not the reasons for doing it.

It will be observed, assuming Commander McGiffin's figures, that the possible speed of the Japanese fleet, according to the accepted maxim that the speed of a fleet is that of the slowest ship, was about three knots in excess of that which the Chinese could show. The figures would be, approximately, seventeen and fourteen. The Japanese *Akagi*, *Hiyei*, and *Fuso*, of twelve and thirteen knots, scarcely invalidate this statement, as they were weak ships, except the *Fuso*, and the first two dropped behind and were disabled. This superiority would encourage the Japanese admiral to attempt the manœuver — to me somewhat inexplicable — of steaming in column from left to right across the front of the Chinese line. He had the speed to do it; otherwise, to present the flank of his ships to the oncoming prows of the enemy would have been a reckless undertaking, as was exemplified by the mischance of the slow *Hiyei*, which failed to get across, its captain, to avoid consequent destruction, having turned and passed between the two Chinese ironclads — a deed, be it said in passing, that showed a promptness of decision and a daring which well deserve the praise bestowed by Commander McGiffin. But the same consideration — the danger of being rammed — forced the Japanese to pass a long way ahead of the Chinese, — three thousand yards (if I remember right; McGiffin does not say), — and to deliver their fire at that range, which I do not think naval professional opinion would generally approve. The first blow is half the battle, and should, if practicable, be more closely delivered.

The Chinese admiral, in reducing the speed of his fleet to six knots, its actual rate of steaming, had accepted the defensive rôle — awaited attack. In his disposition for defense (if the result of deliberation) he had to consider that there are three weak points of a line, the center and the two flanks. If the center is pierced, the force is divided; but the center can be more easily reinforced than either flank can be. Owing to the want of homogeneity in his ships, the problem was perplexing, but the natural solution was the one adopted; namely, to keep the two battle-ships together and to place them in the center. Having done this, however, I think that if it was intended to fight in the order assumed, the next strongest ships, the two armored cruisers, should have been placed on each flank; and immediately in rear of each of them should have followed one of the ships standing third in the order of strength, thus forming a flanking column of two. To file past the flank of a line of ships, as the Japanese did, is an old incident of naval warfare, sometimes accidental, as in Rodney's battle of 1782, sometimes intentional, as it always was when a line was intentionally broken by an enemy. If the line be single, the flank ship is alone, and receives, unsupported, the fire of all the enemy that pass by. If another ship be placed in her rear, they support each other; and if there be three or four, the enemy's attempt loses much of its danger. All of which goes to show that, upon the whole, a column of ships is a better defensive formation than a line, as the broadsides of the ships cover their flanks and they move up to each other's support.

Having passed the Chinese front, the Japanese filed by the right flank; and this is why, failing other light than I have, I find the manœuver of passing the front inexplicable. Considerable risk of casualty was thereby run merely to concentrate fire in the end on the right flank, when the left flank could, apparently, equally well have been attacked without the previous punishment, whatever that might amount to. Nor would the slow rear ships have been exposed to the mischance of the *Hiyei*. This comment, however, as well as that upon the Chinese dispositions, is confessedly made upon partial information, and may also be open to the proverbial retort that hindsight is always better than foresight.

After the first collision between the enemies, the Chinese order was soon lost, whereas the Japanese retained control of their own throughout. This advantage they seem to have utilized in a manner at once judicious, spirited, and skilful. Dividing their force, they separated the two hostile battle-ships from their consorts; and holding the latter in check with a light division, they concentrated upon the two their five heaviest ships, circling round them swiftly, and pouring in the fire of their numerous rapid-fire guns. Such an attack searched every open or weak point in the enemy's harness. The number of shots, and the consequent number of hits, told everywhere; and while the heavy guns failed utterly to get through the armor to the motive power, the personnel suffered grievously in efficiency, if not by wounds. Of this the proof is that only one 12-inch projectile from the Chinese fleet got in seriously upon the Japanese, while the terrible effect produced by that one showed how complete might have been the victory of the Chinese had their gunners been able to fire with full judgment and sight; having, as they had, five enemy's ships only partly protected, in close line, among which to choose. How the Japanese small projectiles found their way everywhere is also indicated by the fact cited by Commander McGiffin that the captain of one

of the 12-inch guns, which had the maximum of protection, was killed.

As regards systems, the result of this episode is a drawn battle, which may be summed up broadly as the successful resistance of two ships, armored, with a joint displacement of 15,000 tons, to five ships, partly protected, of 19,000 tons. This, as far as it goes, favors the view that a given amount of tonnage in one or in a few big ships possesses a decided advantage over the same, or even a greater amount, divided among several. This view is also in strict accord with the general teachings of warfare, that force concentrated under one command is more efficient than that disseminated among several. This conclusion must not, of course, be pressed to absurdity, but tempered, as all practical conclusions are, by moderation and discretion. A man may consider one 10,000-ton ship better than two of 6000 without wanting one of 20,000 tons at all, for sufficient reasons. Our forerunners found a 74-gun ship absolutely superior to two frigates,—for the latter to attack was considered folly,—yet the seventy-four was their norm for the battle-ship, and only exceptionally was exceeded in size.

On the other hand, this episode was a drawn fight because forty-five (more or less) quick-firing guns got the better of eight 12-inch guns unsupported by any quick-firing guns at all. They did so, I apprehend, because they destroyed the personnel of the ship, either directly or by shattering its power of efficient offense. Men, however brave, cannot stand up against fire of a certain intensity; and when such a condition is reached and sustained, they are as good as dead for the time being.

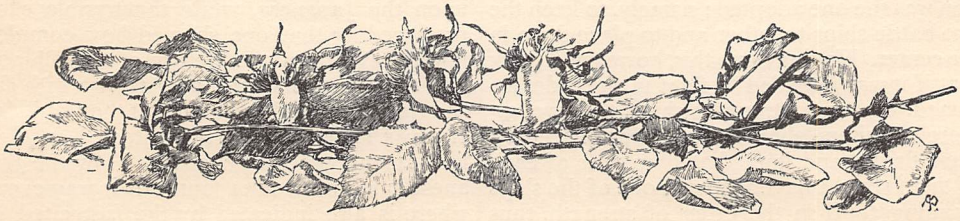
I make all these inferences broadly, neither ignoring nor wishing to ignore the existence of qualifying circumstances, which, however, only qualify, do not reverse, the conclusions reached. I have, for instance, not taken into account the Japanese heavy guns, of which there were three 13-inch, and twenty-seven of calibers varying from 5 to 9 inches. These certainly must have counted for something; but as, on the one hand, this increase of the Japanese power reinforces my argument that force in two big ships is better than if distributed in five, so, on the other hand, it goes to show that heavy guns, slowly manipulated, are inferior to rapid-fire guns in effect against personnel. Directed against the vitals of the ship herself, they failed to penetrate. They represent the attack on motive power, as the rapid-fire guns represent that on personnel.

In itself, and considered simply as a naval engagement, the Japanese victory of the Yalu appears to me inconclusive. The failure to press at once the advantage obtained may be accounted for in more ways than one, not in the least discreditable to the Japanese; but the comparative losses, and the insignificance of the Chinese vessels sunk, coupled with the fact that the engagement was not renewed, would indicate that their gallant and skilful admiral felt it was expedient to retire. The subsequent demoralization of the Chinese left to their enemies the control of the sea, which was decisive of the war, but which the Yalu fight alone would not have conferred.

In conclusion, the failure of the heavy projectiles to penetrate the Chinese armor which they struck, while it strengthens the argument of those who favor the battle-ship as the chief constituent of naval force, deserves the close attention of all persons, lay as well as naval, who are perplexed by the alternate crowing of both parties in the wearisome contest between guns and armor. The result shows, as most of us could have foreseen had we stopped to think, that armor is actually a far better protection than is indicated by the trials of the testing-ground, where, for purposes of extreme proof, all the off chances are given to the gun. On the trial ground the victory of the gun has, with occasional fluctuations of opinion, been generally taken as proved; in the Yalu fight the armor, thanks to the operation of causes carefully excluded in testing, came out ahead when it was struck.

In considering these various questions, I have tried, as far as possible, not to regard them merely as particular unrelated cases, but to treat them as illustrations of general principles, operative formerly as well as now, and which were exemplified by the history and practice of the past as really as they are by these modern instances.

A. T. Mahan.



"THE GREEN GRASS AV OWLD IRELAND."

THE green grass av owld Ireland!
Whilst I be far away,
All fresh an' clean an' jewel-green
It 's growin' there to-day.
Oh, it 's cleaner, greener growin' —
All the grassy worrld around,
It 's greener yet nor any grass
That grows on top o' ground.

The green grass av owld Ireland,
Indade, an' balm 't 'u'd be
To eyes like mine that drip wid brine
As salty as the sea!
For still the more I 'm stoppin' here,
The more I 'm sore to see
The glory av the green grass av owld Ireland.

Ten years ye 've paid my airnin's —
I 've the l'avin's on the shelf,
Though I be here widout a queen,
An' own meself meself.
I 'm comin' over steerage,
But I 'm goin' back firrst-class,
Patrolin' av the foremost deck
For firrst sight av the grass.

God bless yez, free Ameriky!
I love yez, dock and shore!
I kem to yez in poverty
That 's worstin' me no more.
But most I 'm lovin' Erin yet,
Wid all her graves, d' ye see,
By reason av the green grass av owld Ireland.

James Whitcomb Riley.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Season of Timidity in Presidential Candidates.

THE year preceding a national campaign is always a very trying period for Presidential candidates. However courageous and outspoken in expressing their views on leading questions of the day they may be at other times, as soon as they find themselves within a twelvemonth of the nominating conventions a great wave of conservatism passes over them. They become so judicially minded that a one-sided view of any such question becomes an impossibility. Both sides seem to have so much in their favor that no one except a heedless partizan could think of stating publicly which he favored. If it be a question of silver, the candidate either refers the inquirer to his "well-known views expressed on former occasions,"— date omitted,— or he assures him that his party, which has always shown such patriotism and ability in solving problems of government, in case it be trusted with power will solve this particular one with equal ability and wisdom. He will admit to you that there is much to be said in favor of bimetallism, provided it can be secured on an international basis, and much to be said against it because of the doubt that it can be secured on that basis; but he will be very careful not to let you see on which side he ranges himself. He is quite willing to say that the question should be discussed amicably, without heat, with charity for all opinions, and that he is very warmly in favor of the wisest solution, preferring one which would be acceptable to all sides.

We cite the silver question as an example because it happens to be the leading issue this year. Upon any

other public question the position of most of the candidates would be distinguished by a similar diffidence. This seems at first sight somewhat inexplicable from the fact that so large a proportion of the people of the country are looking eagerly about for a candidate with pronounced views. They are yearning literally for a candidate with courage and convictions, and would be ready to rally in overwhelming numbers to his support. The business interests of the entire country — commercial, industrial, and all others — are solidly united in a determination to support for the Presidency no candidate whom they cannot trust to maintain the credit of the Government, and keep its currency upon the gold basis. Whatever else they may consent to be uncertain about, they will take no chances on those two points. Why do not the Presidential candidates see this, and rally this most powerful of all support to their fortunes? The reason is a very simple one. They are not seeking support at the polls now, but support in the nominating conventions. They reason that the fewer opponents they have from any section in those bodies, the better will be their chances. They believe that in these conventions the candidate who can show the least amount of sectional antagonism — who, in other words, can be shown to be most "available" — will be most likely to capture the prize.

It cannot be denied that there is strong ground for this line of reasoning. Many times has it happened that candidates have been nominated because of their unknown views, and generally unknown abilities and character. But, on the other hand, we believe that in every case in which a candidate has disregarded all the usual tactics of timidity, has declared his honest convictions on the great questions, or the greatest question, of the day, and has trusted to the people rather than to the professional politicians for support, he has gone into the national convention of his party with such a popular demand for his nomination that the delegates have been forced to yield to it. It was Lincoln's refusal, at Springfield, in June, 1858, to strike out from his speech the famous passage, "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free," which made him President of the United States two years later. When he submitted the speech in advance of delivery to the politicians of his party, men who were pushing him forward for high political honors, they were unanimously of the opinion that that passage should be stricken out. Lincoln listened to them politely, as usual, and when they had all spoken said:

> Friends, this thing has been retarded long enough. The time has come when these sentiments should be uttered; and if it is decreed that I shall go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth — let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right.

To a friend who upbraided him for the passage after the speech was delivered he said:

> If I had to draw a pen across my record, and erase my whole life from sight, and I had one poor gift or choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I would choose that speech, and leave it to the world unerased.

The conscience of the country recognized in that speech the high note of a fearless devotion to duty — a note which in all times the American people has heard joyfully, and followed in irresistible numbers.

The practical politicians are seldom or never able to recognize this power in politics. They were sure that Lincoln had ruined himself in 1858, and their successors were equally sure that Mr. Cleveland had ruined himself in 1891 when he wrote his letter against free silver coinage. They were more sure of it when the regular party organization of Mr. Cleveland's own State refused to support him for renomination in the following year; but the people, remembering the silver letter, took possession of the convention and insisted that the politicians must give way to them. It is impossible to cite an instance in which the people have failed to come to the support of a candidate who trusted his future to them on an issue of principle and devotion to duty. It is very strange that so many candidates, men who have a high sense of honor, and who, if elected, would undoubtedly fill the office of President creditably to themselves and usefully to the country, fail to profit by these examples from our history. It is an uncontrovertible fact that Presidential candidates, without the support of party machines and without the sympathy of the professional politicians, have proved more powerful in elections than the first choices of the machines and the idols of the politicians. Why cannot our candidates of to-day learn from this that the people are so much more powerful than the politicians that any man who has the people behind him is certain to win? Why cannot they learn also that by acting as real leaders of the people, guiding them to wise action, they best serve their country and strengthen the cause of popular government throughout the world?

The Need of a City Party.

THOSE who have followed the discussion of municipal-reform questions during the last year have been impressed by the fact that interest in them has been growing steadily. This is demonstrated by the great quantity of publications upon various phases of the subject which are put forth in all the large cities. Until within a year or two it has been virtually impossible to find publications of this kind. They have been produced now in response to a wide-spread and growing demand for exact information as to the nature and defects of existing municipal government, and as to the best means for bringing about reforms. The existence of this demand gives evidence that there is a larger number of people devoting their attention to the subject than ever before — a fact which is of the greatest encouragement; for awakened public interest is the first and most powerful agency for a better condition of affairs.

It is of vital importance that this awakened city interest be consolidated and concentrated upon city problems alone. Every one who has studied these problems recognizes party names and party passions and prejudices as the most formidable obstacles to permanent municipal reform. Temporary reform may be secured in spite of them, but nothing enduring. So long as men allow State and national political names and issues to decide their votes in municipal elections, we can hope for only spasmodic improvement in city affairs. In times of unusual popular indignation, as was the case in New York in November last, and in Chicago in April, enough men may forego their partizanship to secure the election of a mayor upon the question of city

interests alone; but unless the state of mind which permits them to do this continues, the city is likely to slip away from the reformers at the next following election. Then, too, partizan interests and feelings are very likely to make themselves felt after election. It very often happens that the mayor who was elected nominally as a non-partizan finds, on taking office, that he is really at the head of a multi-partizan body of voters, each partizan group of which expects him to give its members some offices. Instead of devoting himself entirely to the good government of the city without regard to any political party, he finds he can give it only as much good government as the various political parties which combined for his election will permit him to give.

There is only one sure road out of this trouble. Multi-partizan government leads inevitably to greater and more diversified partizanship, and renders practically impossible a succession in kind; but it can be made the stepping-stone to real non-partizan rule. Thousands of voters have been convinced, by what has happened in New York and Chicago during the last few months, of the necessity of having city affairs separated completely from State and national politics. Here is the nucleus for a party outside and above the regular political organization, calling itself the City Party, and devoted entirely to city interests. In New York city the City Club and the affiliated Good Government clubs form the rallying-point for such an organization. They are composed of men of all parties who are pledged to place the good government of the city above all political considerations.

The course to be followed by a city party is plain. It should not wait to combine with political organizations in support of a city ticket, but should pick out its own candidates and put them before the voters on the city issue alone. If defeated, it should keep on undismayed until it has rallied to its cause enough voters to win. It would not have to do as the political organizations do when they combine,— find for a candidate some man acceptable to all shades of politics,— but would have only to find a man who had demonstrated his ability and character as a servant of the city. It should be on the watch for such men in the public service. In fact, the existence of a city party would of itself act as a stimulus for the growth of such men — would encourage, indeed, the development and training of a body of public servants from which the city could draw in time of need. As it is now, in default of any such body, we are forced to take up any one who is found willing to accept the place, and whose career in business or professional life gives reasonable assurance that he would be a capable public official. We are seldom or never able to find a man who has had experience in municipal affairs, or who is in any sense a trained public servant.

One of the difficulties which a city party will have to encounter in New York is that of really non-partizan nominations for members of the State legislature. It will be impossible to have State and national politics ignored in the nomination of these candidates whenever they shall be required, after election, to take part in the choice of a United States senator. This difficulty can be met in several ways. The City Party might offer to give its support to Republican candidates in Republican districts and to Democratic candidates in Democratic districts, provided such candidates would pledge themselves to act as non-partizans on all legislative measures affecting the city. Or the City Party might itself pick out the Republican or Democratic candidates, and invite the coöperation of the regular party organizations in their support. If the regular party organizations refuse either to allow their candidates to be pledged on city matters, or to cooperate at all with the City Party, then the latter's course becomes plain. It must put its own candidates for the legislature in the field, and appeal to the public for support on the ground of city issues alone, washing its hands of all responsibility for the results of the election, so far as they may affect the United States senatorship question. This course, if persisted in, would soon convince the regular party managers that it was for their interest to coöperate with the City Party; for the following of the latter would soon be too large to be ignored or defied with safety.

The great thing to be sought is a party which in all municipal elections will act upon the principle that the interests of the city are paramount and will not be waived for any other interests whatever. With separate municipal elections, which the new constitution of New York provides, and which are the rule in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and other large cities, the building up of such a party would be only a question of time, provided the work were undertaken and persisted in with unconquerable spirit. In fact, the work has been begun in nearly all these cities now, but it has not been formulated with sufficient definiteness, and has not yet got into shape which promises ultimate success. We are confident, however, that the proper spirit has been awakened, and that within a few years the harvest will be gathered.

The Degenerate Stage.

NOBODY with any knowledge of the facts will deny that the American theater, considered merely as a rational means of entertainment, without reference to its relations to literature and art, is in a most forlorn and debased condition. Tragedy, high comedy, the historical and romantic drama, have been virtually banished from the stage, or find few worthy interpreters, and have been replaced to a large extent by worthless melodramas, the extravagant buffooneries of so-called farce-comedies, or the feverish and unwholesome society play, in which the most vicious topics are discussed openly under the pretense of solving social problems.

The causes that have led to this deplorable state of affairs are various. Good new plays cannot be had without the men to write them, or great acting without great actors. Death has been busy of late among writers and players. Many bright lights in the ranks of both have been extinguished, and, naturally, after their removal a period of darkness and depression might be expected. But what makes the present outlook for the American theater so dark is the fact that there are no perceptible signs of any coming revival. The dearth of young actors, of both sexes, of noteworthy capacity or promise is becoming more and more painfully evident, while the efforts of the native playwright are devoted chiefly either to adaptation — a more polite word than appropriation — or to utter trivialities. Ask one of the typical managers of the day to account for this con-

dition of things, and his reply will be pat. He will tell you that all the talk about elevating the stage is sentimental rubbish; that the people do not want an elevated stage; that they wish to be amused, not instructed; and that all that he and his fellows can do is to follow the general economic law of supply and demand, and cater to the public taste. This, on the face of it, looks plausible, but there never was a more fallacious bit of special pleading. The simple fact is that managerial ignorance, vulgarity, and greed are more largely responsible for current theatrical evils than all other causes put together. It will be understood, of course, that this arraignment does not apply to the four or five managers in the United States (there are no more of them) who live up to a creditable standard of literary and dramatic excellence, but to the illiterate and only partly civilized speculators who, by their commercial enterprise, audacity, and astuteness,—admirable qualities in their way,—have secured control of nearly all the theaters, and conduct them upon the principles which in better days were confined to the music-hall and the circus. These men, with scarcely an exception, do not possess even the rudiments of a liberal education. They know nothing of art, literature, or acting, and care nothing about them. They would be incapable of recognizing the literary or dramatic merit of the finest play that was ever written, if it came to them in manuscript from an unknown author; their one idea of management being to secure plays or players, irrespective of quality, which, for some reason or other, have won notoriety elsewhere. The nature of the entertainment is to them a matter of the most profound indifference. They are ready to deal in theatrical goods of any description, from a Shaksperian revival to the lowest type of melodrama, from the "Passion Play" to the coarsest of French farces or the most idiotic variety-shows, if only somebody has made money out of them somewhere else. The public must accept what is provided or go without, and the public, preferring inferior amusement to none at all, selects the former alternative.

The establishment of this unenlightened theatrical monopoly has worked and is working serious mischief. The organization of theatrical circuits extending all over the country is not only fatal to the competition which is essential to progress, but, by a system of rotation, enables plays of small value to be kept upon the stage for two or three years. This practice not only acts as a bar to new productions, but confines thousands of actors to one part for season after season, depriving them of all opportunities of improvement, confirming them in all sorts of mannerism and slovenliness, and encouraging them to cultivate a special line, instead of seeking to acquire that power of versatility which is the one supreme test of excellence in their profession. Some of the proprietors of these traveling organizations call them stock companies, but they are nothing of the kind, except in the sense of being kept in stock for a particular purpose, to produce one class of plays in one stereotyped manner. A stock company, in the old and generally accepted meaning of the phrase, was a company capable of representing intelligently every kind of dramatic work from high tragedy down, and such companies were the schools in which young actors learned their profession, under the guidance of teachers qualified by a similar experience. The modern manager, with the rare exceptions already referred to, is absolutely ignorant of the subject of acting, and therefore there are not in this country and in England half a dozen companies which, by any stretch of courtesy, can be considered schools of that art. The chief of them, beyond doubt, is the London Lyceum. There an actor still plays many parts; elsewhere, as a rule, he only appears in them.

The stage, moreover, has suffered and is suffering immeasurably from the want of sound and discerning criticism, and of the observance of due proportion by the daily press in dealing with theatrical affairs. There are writers, of course, whose honesty and capacity are both beyond question, but that the great bulk of the so-called theatrical criticism published in the daily journals is feeble and misleading, not to use stronger terms, must be obvious to all who take the trouble to read it. It is full of inaccuracies, of contradictions, and of generalities which do not glitter. Extravagant praise is bestowed upon dull mediocrity, and genius is ascribed to performers of the second or third degree. More ridiculous, and perhaps even more mischievous, is the absurd prominence given to the sayings and doings of minor theatrical folk — a class which includes a large number of the vainest and emptiest of created mortals. Is it strange that the modern actor, without managers, instructors, or critics, and discussed with so much reverence, should degenerate?

The modern playwrights as a class must share responsibility for the condition of the theater, for they have helped to create it by writing for a market instead of for fame. For years they have been growing more audacious in the pursuit of wealth by defiance of the proprieties. But a reaction has set in, and it is probable, therefore, that the remarkable literary and technical skill displayed in the most successful plays of the last few years will be employed hereafter to better purpose. The success of clean and wholesome character plays like "The Old Homestead" and "Pudd'nhead Wilson," which, crude as they are in workmanship, yet possess a certain sociological value, is also an encouraging symptom. In these respects the outlook is not altogether discouraging, but the real reformation of the theater must begin at the top with the managers.

The "Heart Line" in Fiction.

AMID all the discussion which has recently taken place with regard to schools of fiction, as between the realistic and the romantic, there has been perhaps too much absorption in the question of method, and too little attention to that of substance. On the one hand we have the partizans of precision of statement and exactness of fact, and on the other the partizans of idealism as contradistinguished from actuality. Meanwhile a proof of the subordinate importance of this or that method is the fact that great works of art have been written indifferently in either — the greatest perhaps with a combination of both. Art is nothing but the right direction of power to a definite and worthy purpose, and it is equally futile to deny its existence in romances such as "Les Misérables" or "Ivanhoe" and in the baldest realism of Maeterlinck's touching transcripts of life, "L'Intruse" and "Les Aveugles." Between these two extremes lie the great novels which

the world will not willingly let die. A characteristic of the best work, if not its ultimate test, is suggestiveness — the awakening rather than the satisfaction of the mind: more must be meant than meets the ear; and this, it must be admitted, is likelier of achievement in the presentation of the ideal than in the transcription of the actual. For this reason poetry will always remain the first of the arts — the vehicle for the successive perpetuation of what is best worth having out of the common inheritance of the race.

But even in so ideal an art as poetry, to paraphrase the Laureate, Art reveals herself in many ways,

> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

How much less is it worth while to dogmatize as to methods in departments of prose expression? It is not style that makes the man, but the man that makes the style. That the narrative manner of Grant is, let us say, Doric, is not without a significant relation to the character of the man. So, in fiction, power reaches its end through the natural speech of the writer. The law of the conservation of force holds good in all forms of literary expression: as much power as is put into a work can come out of it, no more and no less. And art, indispensable as it is, exists merely to give currency to power. Art for art's sake is as though the dynamo should exist for the battery.

When one comes to consider wherein the power of the great novelists consists, it may be found to be closely related to what, in spite of the psychologists, we have agreed to call the heart. Klopstock was clearly shallow in thinking that the highest test of a work of art is that it should bring tears to the eyes. On the stage and elsewhere the most superficial emotions are thus stirred by the vulgarest expedients. The stronger roots of human nature are planted deeper, and one must go deeper to feed them. The true artist must first realize his scene in his own feeling. Many a reader has wept with Thackeray over the death of Colonel Newcome who has been much more permanently affected by the nobility and pathos of his life. In "Middlemarch" the meeting of Dorothea and Rosamond is an unforgettable glimpse of triumphant womanly sympathy. To name over to one's self the favorite scenes of fiction is to count a rosary of art, with every bead of which one's heart goes out in adoration. Against these treasures how empty is the word-painting of the artificial school! Not the most exquisite technic — though it be that of a Bourget — can compensate for the lack of this broad human feeling. The way to oblivion is paved with the bones of clever authors. The most admired of recent books in America at the present time owes its vogue to the fact that, in spite of serious faults of style and construction, it produces an atmosphere of affection and sympathy to which it is impossible to feel one's self a stranger, and that from first to last the author's touch is free from the degradation of cynicism. "Manner is a great matter," of course, but genius is expansive, and shifts the boundaries of art. And genius is authoritative in fiction exactly in the proportion in which it speaks with the *vox humana*.

OPEN LETTERS.

Remarks on a Recent Hypnotic Experiment.

IN THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for October, 1894, in an article entitled "The Eternal Gullible," Mr. Ernest Hart related certain experiments made in my presence and in that of several other medical men. The crushing to a jelly of a portion of the skin on a young man's arm with a pair of strong pincers was the only one of importance. This lad had performed as a mesmeric subject, and Mr. Hart had bought the confession that he was an impostor. The amount paid I do not know; I heard afterward that he persistently demanded £50, but possibly he received much less. During the experiment he showed neither the ordinary signs of pain, nor, by dilatation of pupil or quickening of pulse, the physiological ones. Mr. Hart ridicules the idea that this was due to post-hypnotic analgesia, and cites natural insensibility to pain — the insensibility of hysterical women and of fakirs — as possible explanations. Before the operation some of the medical men examined the subject, and asserted that sensation was normal and that there were no signs of hysteria. The lad, moreover, was not an Indian fakir, but a somewhat unprepossessing-looking young Hebrew who had previously cut his own throat. His apparent insensibility might possibly have resulted from ordinary, not hypnotic, training; several circumstances, however, render this improbable. He was ignorant of the involuntary signs of pain, yet these were repressed, and those who testified to his normal condition before the operation were of opinion that it was abnormal during it. My objection to the stage performance is that it is sometimes, though rarely, genuine, and is capable of harm; but in this instance all felt that Mr. Hart had failed to prove simulation, and expressed this opinion to him in writing.

At Dr. Hack Tuke's request, I submitted two of my own patients to various test experiments. Mr. Hart asserted that he could hypnotize them, and also awaken them when hypnotized by me. In this he was entirely unsuccessful; the genuine character of the hypnotic phenomena was admitted by all, including Mr. Hart, and in addition Dr. Tuke wrote me as follows: "As you were good enough to comply with my request in undertaking what might have been a thankless task, I write a line to thank you again, and to congratulate you on the result." These facts Mr. Hart passes over in silence.

The committee appointed by the British Medical Association unanimously reported that they had satisfied themselves of the genuine nature of hypnotic phenomena and of the value of hypnotism in medicine. Hypnotism has recently become a recognized method of treatment in many countries, and of those who employ it some occupy high official positions and have distinguished themselves in other departments of medi-

cine. They record operations performed during hypnotic anæsthesia, together with thousands of medical cases relieved or cured by hypnotic suggestion. Their statistics are fair subjects for investigation, but is it logical to conclude from the imperfectly recorded case referred to that they must be contaminated by simulation? The purchased testimony of one who had already avowed falsehood is of little scientific value; but granting the truth of his evidence, it has as little connection with hypnotism as the assertions of the village quack or bone-setter have with modern medicine. Such subjects could be bribed to simulate epilepsy or other convulsive disorders, but this would not justify the conclusion that these diseases, as observed by medical men, are usually fraudulent imitations.

It has been shown that the nervous and ill-balanced are the most difficult, instead of the most easy, to hypnotize, and, as stated by Professor Forel of Zurich, "Every mentally healthy man is naturally hypnotizable." No single case has yet been recorded where mental or physical harm has resulted from the skilled medical use of hypnotism. Suggestion plays an important part in the medicine of to-day. Dr. Tuke, speaking of the late Sir Andrew Clark, said: "Neither drugs nor diet formed the central factors of his treatment, or explained his success. 'Suggestion' lay at the root of it all. In short, Sir Andrew out-Bernheimed Bernheim; he was, in a word, the most successful hypnotist of his day." Recent experiments have shown that the magnets with which Prof. Benedikt claims to obtain astonishing results owe their efficacy entirely to suggestion, and would be equally serviceable if made of wood. Suggestion in these forms, however, owes its virtue to faith on the part of the patient, frequently associated with ignorance in the operator, and increased knowledge is ever liable to rob it of its power. The hypnotist gives no material form to the mental influence, but tries to understand its nature and how to produce the physical condition — by no means dependent on the blind faith of the patient — most favorable for its development.

In medicine evolution is constantly taking place. Fevers and kindred disorders, long treated by bloodletting and starvation, then by feeding without drugs, or in conjunction with them, now seem likely to pass into the hands of the bacteriologist. In like manner, many functional nervous disorders, either treated by drugs or by suggestion in the form of magnets, electropathic belts, or colored waters, seem likely to pass into those of medical men practising hypnotism.

LONDON, ENGLAND. *J. Milne Bramwell.*

The Home-Makers and the Boom-Makers.

THE rapid settlement of the new Northwestern States has developed — or, rather, afforded a field of operation for — two classes of people essentially different in character: earnest, industrious, thrifty builders of homes, and adventurous, speculative builders of booms. Fortunately for the land, the former vastly outnumber the latter. Most unfortunately, however, while the army of the home-building class has devoted its energy and industry to the practical work of developing the vast resources of the soil and mines, to opening farms and digging minerals, the troop of boom-makers has actively given its perennial leisure to extravagant schemes of town-platting, visionary financial enterprises, and to the profitable farming of practical politics. Taking advantage of the absorption of the conservative classes in positive material development, it has cunningly manipulated itself into every representative place, always assuming to voice the demands, the necessities, and the sentiments of the Western pioneers; and the East has manifestly come to receive these adventurers as typical exponents of Western ideas.

The inevitable reaction from the criminal speculations of these boomers has lately been lying oppressively upon the West, paralyzing every legitimate enterprise; but it is awakening the conservative, candid men, who accomplish their reasonable undertakings, to the necessity of securing representation, politically and otherwise, by men who deserve and will secure and retain the confidence of the country.

A sturdy spirit occupied the new
Far Western land. Unflinchingly it met
The elemental odds; paid ground-rent debt
To Providence; with faith-born courage drew
Large drafts against unfailing Hope's account.
The summer's drought, the devastating hail,
The winter's storm, this spirit could not quail.
From Traverse Lake to Harney's lambent mount
The erstwhile desert bloomed, and there homes grew
Where modest culture dwelt. A noisy pack
Of pilfering coyotes — shifts that neither hew
The rock nor dig sweet wells — sent yelping back
A deafening tumult from the Coteau peaks.
The world said, "Hear! The Western spirit speaks."

WATERTOWN, S. DAKOTA. *Doane Robinson.*

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A Stranger to Luck.

WHEN I got off the train at Darbyville, which, as all will remember, is the junction of the L. M. & N. and O. P. & Q. railroads, and found that, owing to an accident, it would be an hour before the train came in on the latter road, I was vexed. Although ordinarily my own thoughts are agreeable companions, yet events of the past week, in which my good judgment had not borne a conspicuous part, made it likely that for the nonce these thoughts of mine would be more or less unpleasant, and so I cast about for some human nature to study.

At one end of the platform three or four farmers were seated upon trunks. They were alert-looking men, and, like me, were waiting for the train. As I neared them, one of their number, a tall, lanky, sharp-boned, knife-featured fellow, imperturbably good-natured-looking, and with an expression of more than ordinary intelligence in his eyes, left them, and sauntered off down the road with long, irregular strides.

It was one of those calm, clear, dry days when sounds carry well, and, although I did not join them, yet I heard every word of the conversation. Indeed, as their glances from time to time showed, they were not averse to having an auditor.

"It 's cur'us," said one of them, a ruddy-faced man with a white beard, "how unlucky a man c'n be an' yit manage to live." His eyes followed the shambling figure that had just left them. "I 'll help myself to some of thet terbacker, Jed. Left mine to hum, an' I have the teethache — awful." This to a short, stout man with a smooth face, who had just taken a liberal mouthful of tobacco from a paper that he drew from his hip pocket.

"He'p 'se'f!" said the one addressed. Then he added, "Meanin' Seth, I s'pose."

"Yes," replied the other; "I b'lieve thet ef Seth was to hev anythin' really fort'nit happen to him, it would throw him off his balance."

"'N' yit ther' never was a feller thet better deserved good luck than Seth. Most obligin' man I ever saw. Ain't no fool nuther," remarked the third and last member of the group, a typical Uncle Sam in appearance, with prominent front teeth, and a habit of laughing drily at everything that he or any one else said.

"He don't suffer fer the actooal needs of life, doos he?" asked the stout man, whom the others called Jed.

"No — oh, no," answered Sam; for it turned out that so the typical Yankee was called. "No; he gits enough to eat and wear, but he never hez a cent to lay by, and never will."

"Don't drink, doos he?" asked Jed, who seemed to belong to a different town from the one wherein the others and Seth abode. His acquaintance with the one under discussion was evidently by no means intimate.

"No; he ain't got no vices 't I know of. Jest onlucky."

"It 's s'prisin' haow tantalizin'ly clus good fortin hez come to him — different times," said the one who had asked for the tobacco, and whom the others called Silas.

"You 're *right*, Silas," assented Sam. "He c'n come nearer to good luck 'thout techin' it 'an any man I ever see."

"Don't seem to worrit him much," said Jed. "He seems cheerful."

"Don't nuthin' worrit *him*," Sam continued. "Most easy-goin' man on the face of the airth. *He* don't ask fer sympathy. He takes great doses of bad luck 's ef 't was good fer his health."

"Never fergit," said Silas, "the time when he bought a fine new milch Jarsey at auction fer five dollars. Why, he hed two offers fer her nex' day, an' I *know* one of 'em was forty dollars — "

"Well, naow I call that purty lucky," interrupted Jed.

"Wait!" continued Silas, seating himself more comfortably on a trunk. "Seth he would n't sell. Said he never did hev his fill of milk, an' he was goin' to keep her. Very nex' day, b' George! she choked on a turnip, an' when he faound her she was cold. Man sympathized with him. 'Too bad, Seth,' says he; 'ye 'r' aout forty dollars.' 'Five 's all I figger it at,' says Seth. 'Did n't *keer* to sell.'

"Closest call 'at fortune ever made him was time his uncle Ralzemon aout West died and left him $5000. Everybody was glad, fer every one likes Seth. I was with him when he got the letter f'om the lawyer, sayin' it was all in gold, an' hed be'n expressed to him, thet bein' one of the terms of the will. Mos' shif'less way of sendin' it, I thought," declared Silas, compressing his lips. "'What ye goin' to do with it, Seth?' says I. 'Put it in the bank?' 'Ain't got it yit,' says he; 'an', what 's more, I never will.' 'Why d' ye think so?' says I. 'On gin'al principles,' says he, a-laaffin'.

"Sure 'nough, a few days later it was printed in the paper thet a train aout in Wisconsin hed be'n held up by robbers. I was in the post-office when I saw it in the paper, an' Seth was there too. 'Bet ye a cooky thet my $5000 was on thet train,' says he. 'Won't take ye,' says I; 'fer I 'll bet ye five dollars 't was, myse'f.' 'I 'll take ye,' says he. B' George! he lost the five and the $5000 too, fer '*t was* on the train, an' they never could git a trace of it. The robbers hed took to the woods, an' they never found 'em."

"Well, I swan!" ejaculated Jed, chewing hard, and regarding with ominous look a knot-hole in the platform.

Silas continued: "I says, 'I'm sorry fer ye, Seth.' Says he: 'I ain't no poorer 'an I was before I heard he 'd left it to me.'"

"He was aout the five dollars he bet, though," said Jed.

"Wa' n't nuther," said Silas, rather shamefacedly. "I told him thet the bet was off."

"Why did n't he sue the comp'ny?" asked Jed.

"'At 's what I advised him doin', but he said 't wa' n't no use."

"I think I heard 'baout his havin' a fortin left him at the time, but I thought it was f'om a cousin down in South America," Jed went on, looking inquiringly at Sam.

"Heh! heh! thet was another time," said Sam, with his dry little laugh. "Good Nation! ef all the luck thet 's threatened to hit him hed *done* it, he 'd be the richest man in this caounty. I tell ye, good luck 's allers a-sniffin' at his heels, but he don't never git bit. This time he got a letter f'om his cousin, tellin' him he 'd allers felt sorry he hed sech poor luck, an' he 'd made him sole heir of his estate, prob'ly wuth a couple o' thousand dollars. He hed some oncurable disease, he wrote, an' the doctors did n't give him over three months to live —"

"S'pose he lived forever," put in Jed, chuckling.

"No, sir; he died in good shape, an' in fac' he bettered his word, for he did n't live two months f'om the time he wrote to Seth; but I 'm blest ef they did n't find there was some claim against the estate thet et it all up. Well, sir, I never saw any one laugh so hard as Seth when he heard the news. It struck him ez a dretful good joke."

"He must hev a purty paowerful sense of the ridikerlus," said Jed, drily.

"Well, he hez," assented Sam, rubbing his knees with his horny hands. "Ain't no better comp'ny 'an Seth. Ain't never daown-hearted."

After a moment's silence Silas smiled, and, closing his eyes, pinched them between thumb and forefinger as if calling up some pleasing recollection. At last he said, "Ye know Seth allers works by the day. He gin'ally has enough to do to keep him busy, an' allers

doos his work up slick, but he never hed stiddy employment, on'y once, an' then it lasted on'y one day. 'Member that, Sam? Time he went to work at the Nutmeg State clock shop?"

"*Yes*, yes," laughed Sam, driving a loose nail into the platform with his heel.

"Stiddy employment fer a day, eh?" said Jed, grinning. "Thet 's 'baout ez stiddy ez my hired man, an' he ain't stiddy at all."

"It was this way," Silas went on. "Seth allers was purty slick at han'lin' tools, an' Zenas Jordan was foreman of the shop, an' he offered Seth a place there at twelve dollars a week, which was purty good pay, an' more 'n Seth could make outside, 'thout it was hayin' time. I met him on his way to work fust mornin'. 'Well, luck 's with you this time, Seth,' says I. ''Sh!' says he. 'Don't say thet, or I 'll lose my job sure. It 's jes' better 'n nuthin', thet 's all. *Don't* call it good luck'; an' he laaffed an' went along a-whistlin'. B' Gosht! ef the blamed ol' shop did n't burn daown thet very night, an', ez ye know, they never rebuilt. Seth he come to me nex' day, an' he says kinder reproachful: 'You 'd orter held yer tongue, Silas. I 'd be'n hopin' thet was a stroke er luck thet hed hit me by mistake, an' I was n't goin' to whisper its name for fear it 'd reckernize me an' leave me, and you hed to go an' yell it aout when ye met me.'" And Silas laughed heartily at recollection of the whimsicality.

"Cur'us, ain't it, what a grudge luck doos hev against some men?" remarked Jed, rubbing his smooth chin meditatively.

Far down the valley I heard the faint whistle of a locomotive.

"Las' story they tell 'baout Seth 's this," Silas said, rising and stretching himself, and then leaning against the wall of the station. "He 's a very good judge o' poultry, an', in fac', he gin'ally judges at the caounty fair every fall. Well, a man daown in Ansony told him he 'd pay him ten dollars apiece for a couple of fine thoroughbred Plymouth Rock roosters. Seth knowed a man daown Smithfield way named Jones thet owned some full-blooded stock, but ez he on'y kep' 'em fer home use he did n't set a fancy price on 'em, an' Seth knowed he could git 'em fer seventy-five cents or a dollar apiece. Well, it happened a day or two later he was engaged to do a day's work fer this man Jones, an' he went daown there. He see two all-fired fine roosters a-struttin' raound the place, an' he cal'lated to buy them, but fer some reason he did n't say nuthin' 'baout it jes then to Jones, but went to work at choppin' or sawin' or whatever it was he was doin'."

"Said nuthin', did he? *Must* ha' sawed wood, then," interrupted Jed, looking over at me, and winking.

"Sure! Well, when it kem time fer dinner he hed got up a good appetite, an' he was glad to set daown to table, fer Jones is a purty good feeder, an' likes to see people hev enough. Hed stewed chicken fer dinner, an' Seth says he never enjoyed any so much in his life. After dinner he says, 'By the way, Jones, what 'll ye take fer those two Plymouth Rock roosters 't I saw this mornin'?' Jones bust aout a-laaffin', an' he says, 'Ye kin take what 's left on 'em home in a basket an' welcome!' Blamed ef Seth hed n't be'n eatin' a dinner that cost him nigh on to twenty dollars."

"Thet *must* hev riled him some," remarked Jed.

"No, sir; he never seemed to realize the sitooation."

Charles Battell Loomis.

A Hot Spell.

WHAT 's the use of diggin'?
The world won't stop
If we take to hammocks
And let work drop.

"Folks as won't labor
Need n't eat," they say.
Like to know who wants to,
On such a day.

Too hot to hoe;
Too hot for fishin'.
Wish you were a pickerel? Pshaw!
I 'm too hot for wishin'.

Agnes M. Cole.

A Ballade of Islands.

I WOULD I had been island-born.
I dearly love things insular:
The coral bed, the quaint bazaar,
The palm and breadfruit never shorn,
The smoking cone that cannot char
The azure of a tropic morn,
The dancing girl in soft simar —
All these such lures, such wonders are —
Oh, why was I not island-born?

In island crossed of Capricorn —
In Otaheite, wild Happar —
Lurk all the powers that make or mar.
The ogress, wrinkled like a Norn,
The parrot-fish, the nenuphar,
The tides that leave in quiet scorn
The moon out of their calendar,
Miranda's cave, Nausicaa's car —
All these are for the island-born.

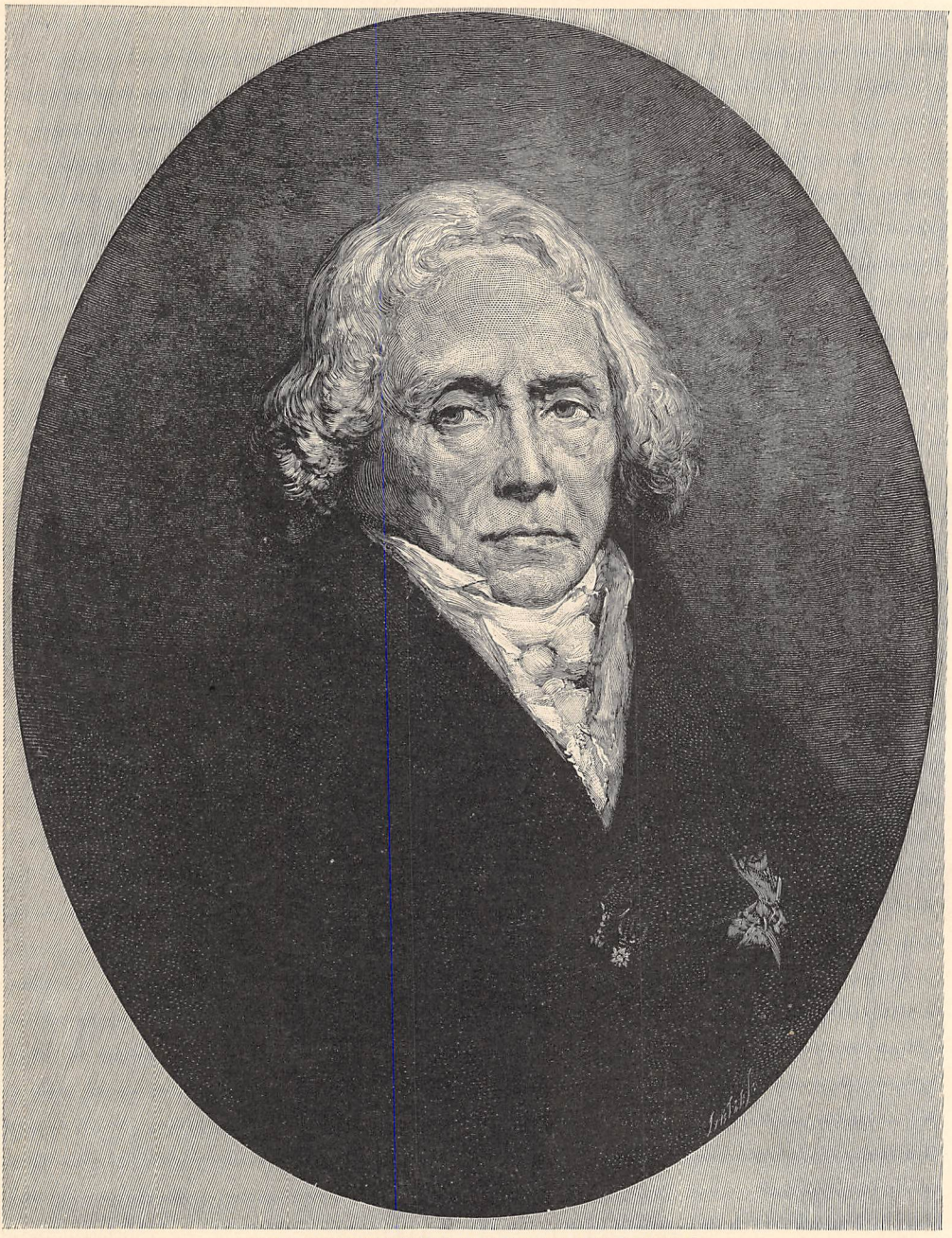
'T was on a far-off isle forlorn
That Haidee wore her golden bar,
Virginia seemed a drifted spar,
Rarahu's loving heart was torn,
Sweet Allan Bane, in peace and war,
Awoke St. Modan's harp outworn,
And Graziella her guitar;
She bore the brimming water-jar,
Not grieving to be island-born.

ENVOI.

Prince, on three islands, sundered far,
Thine were life's flower, its husk, its thorn.
Ripe grew thy wrath on Elba's scar,
In St. Helena sank thy star.
Napoleon, thou wert island-born!

Lucy C. Bull.

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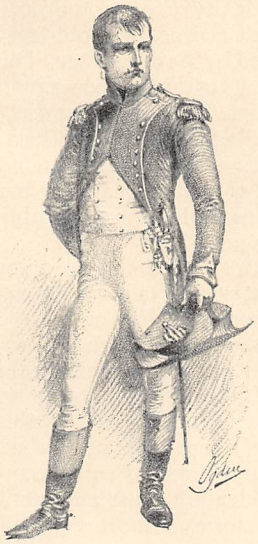
VOL. L. SEPTEMBER, 1895. NO. 5.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON THE SUPPLANTER OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE SOCIETY AND ETIQUETTE OF THE CONSULATE — THE GENERAL PACIFICATION OF EUROPE — THE REORGANIZATION OF FRANCE — THE CODE NAPOLÉON AND THE UNIVERSITY OF FRANCE — STEPS TOWARD MONARCHY — PLOTS, COUNTER-PLOTS, AND THE LIFE CONSULATE — BONAPARTE AT THE THRESHOLD OF MONARCHY.



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

CHASSEUR À CHEVAL UNIFORM WORN BY BONAPARTE DURING THE CONSULATE.

THE SOCIETY AND ETIQUETTE OF THE CONSULATE.

THERE is something in the close of that arbitrary division of time which we call a century that powerfully affects the human imagination, and through it the movements of society. The French were tired of the awful earnestness which had characterized the philosophical and political upheavals of the eighteenth century, and were ever more and more eager for glory and for pleasure. This was true of all classes, all political schools, excepting only the most serious minds, and these found themselves in a helpless minority. The masses loathed royalty. They were living under what was still called a republic, and when an expression was needed for the national life as a whole they and their writers employed the common classical term "empire." The word "citizen," used in both genders as a form of address, recalled the days of rude leveling. It had lasted through the Directory; with the Consulate it disappeared, first from official documents, and then, in spite of resistance by a few radicals, it soon gave place everywhere to the old "monsieur" and "madame."

In like manner the former habits of polite society quietly reasserted themselves with the return to prominence of those who had been trained in them. Liberty could no longer be endangered by admirable usages whose connection with monarchy was forgotten. Such incidents typify in a small way the comprehensive movement which, with the assured stability of the Consulate, brought immediately to its service the men and women who represented, not exactly the greatness, but the capacity of France in that age. Excepting that which was resident in a few royalists and in a

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few radicals, the power of the nation rallied with devotion to the support and the service of the new order. When Daunou, Cabanis, Grégoire, Carnot, and Lafayette were identified with the Consulate, the Jacobinism which had turned the early simplicity and nobility of the Revolution into excess and baseness might well hide its head. For a time, at least, few doubted that the highest aims of the Revolution were to be consolidated under the new government, and the many sought to bury its lower aims in oblivion.

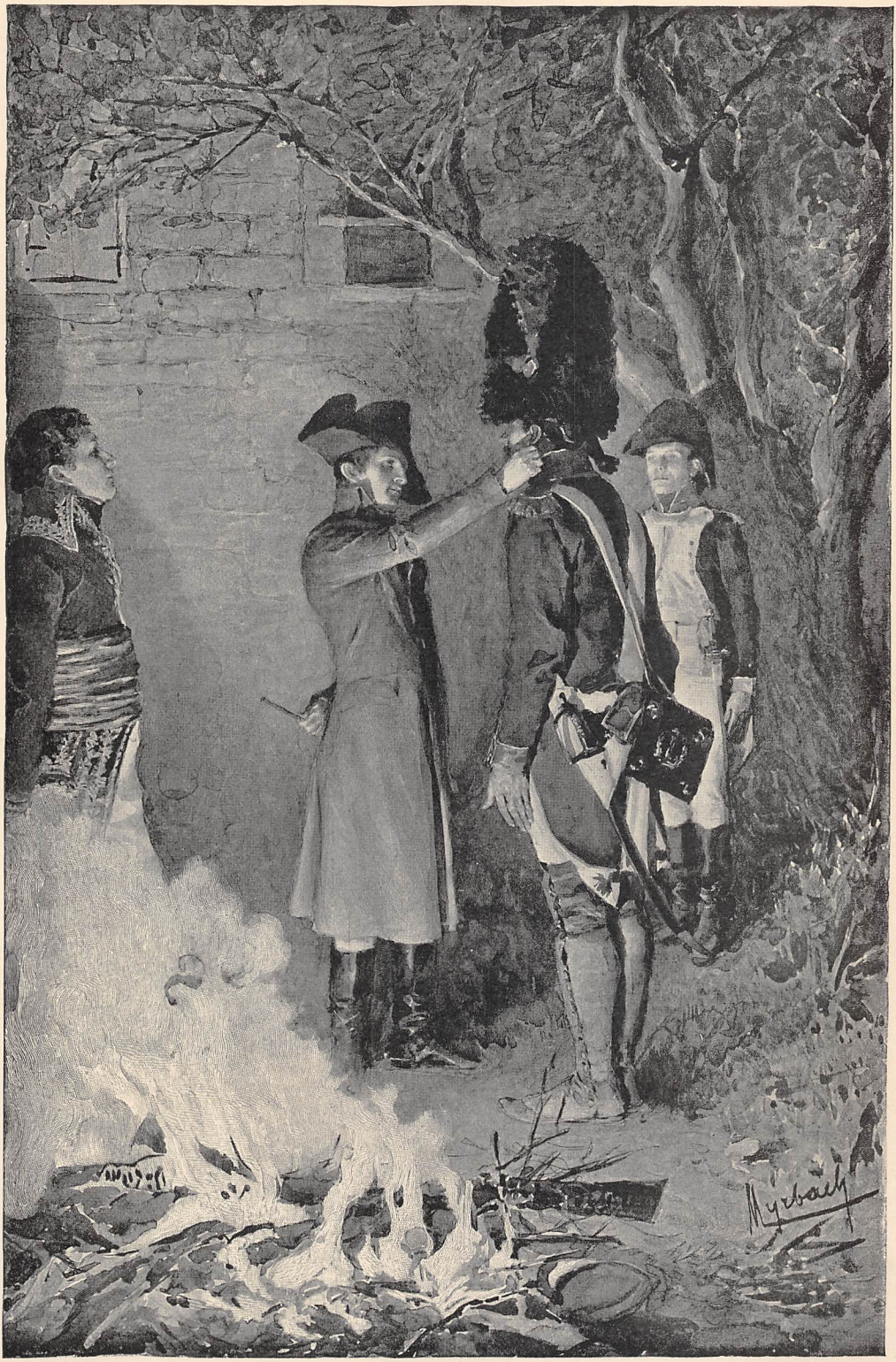
Already, during the three months of the Bonapartes' residence in the Luxembourg (from November, 1799, to February, 1800) there had been a little coterie of regular visitors, with many royalists in its number; but the republican side was never forgotten, and thence the First Consul had married his sister Caroline to the brilliant Murat, who was the son of an innkeeper at Cahors. During that time the sixth anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. had occurred. It was stricken from the list of public festivals, but those of the storming of the Bastille (July 14), and of September 22 (1 Vendémiaire, from which was dated the founding of the republic), remained. After the solemn installation of the family at the Tuileries, in February, 1800, there was little change, except that a clever beginning of stately ceremonial and exclusive etiquette was made, which augured further changes, and the bearers of noble names became more and more prominent in Josephine's parlors. "It is not exactly a court," said the Princess Dolgoruki in one of her letters; "but it is no longer a camp." Toward those who aspired to the familiar address of equality the First Consul grew ever more cool and forbidding; to the common, plain people in civil and military life he was always accessible, and with them he was simple, even confidential, in his manner and tone. "I have your letter, my brave comrade," he wrote to a sergeant. "I know your services: . . . you are one of the brave grenadiers of the army. You are included in the list for one of a hundred presentation swords which I have ordered distributed. Every soldier in your corps thought you deserved it most. I wish much to see you again. The minister of war is sending you an order to come to Paris."

The night after the battle at Montebello,— an affair fought by Lannes five days before Marengo,— when Coignet, a common soldier who could neither read nor write, but had performed several daring deeds in that, his first, engagement, was by Berthier's orders presented at ten in the evening to the Consul, the latter playfully caught his visitor by the ear, and held him thus during a short catechism. At the close the delighted peasant, entranced by such familiarity, saw his services noted in a mysterious book, and was dismissed with the remark that no doubt, eventually, he would merit service in the guard, the members of which must be veterans of four campaigns.[1] The effect of these and similar incidents was to turn the popular admiration into a passion.

No one ever declared that Napoleon Bonaparte was a gentleman animated by a trained self-respect and by consideration for others. Many thought his accesses of feverish sensitiveness were due to a hysterical temperament: in society he often sat in forbidding silence; sometimes he wept tears which the world would consider unmanly, and appeared to be temporarily disordered in his mind. But he had much rude good nature and considerable wholesome sensibility. Bourrienne says that he often sang at his work, but always sang false. He worked regularly from twelve to fifteen hours a day, evolving schemes which paralyzed his secretaries by their magnitude. The hours which such a man of affairs spent in the companionship of women were not marked by that quick appreciation and attention which gratify the great lady, for whom those hours are the end and aim of existence. No one has suffered more at the hands of woman than Bonaparte. Mme. Junot and Mme. de Rémusat forgot nothing which could place his rude passions in glaring contrast with their own chastity, or even with the polished laxity of that notoriously immoral society which scorned the old-fashioned restraints imposed by the decalogue. The long and determined struggle for recognition and attention which that "femme incomprise," the buxom Mme. de Staël, waged with Bonaparte by the use of her personal charms ended in her defeat, and she then turned against her antagonist the weapons of her spite, so ably wielded by her clever pen.

It is certain that with all his genius the great statesman and the great general failed to understand the power of woman. His youth gave him no due share in the society of those mothers, sweethearts, and female friends who in the routine of daily life, by instinct, training, and ability, mold every generation as it rises to its place. The years of nonage were absorbed in political intrigue, and those of early manhood in tasks not laid upon most men until middle life. Amid the storms of the Revolution was formed a general without experience in those social forces of peace which in the end overpower all others. His married life began in passion and ambition; the relation was checked in its normal development by ensuing hurricanes of alternating jealousy and physical attraction. The social power of Josephine was

[1] "Les Cahiers du Capitaine Coignet," p. 98.



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

BONAPARTE AND COIGNET.



FROM THE CRAYON DRAWING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF CHÂLON-SUR-SAÔNE. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

JOACHIM MURAT, KING OF NAPLES.

great but superficial; and while she powerfully supported her husband's ambitions, and often captivated his senses, she failed in subduing his reason, or in creating any companionship with him in noble enterprise. The innate coarseness of a giant was, therefore, never checked, and the society of those who turned pleasing and pleasure into a fine art, who regarded entertainment as the chief concern of life, was generally irksome to a man who looked upon many over-ready women as instruments for gratifying physical passion; to a general who saw in all women the possible mothers of soldiers; to a "scientific" politician who looked on the family and on children as inert factors in a mathematical problem; to a wilful dictator ignorant of the unalterable supremacy of woman in her own sphere. But if we are to believe the letters of Mme. de Rémusat, there were times and places when serious women with earnest notions of duty received at his hands the most gracious and considerate treatment. In the main, Napoleon's nature was so dominated by his gigantic schemes that he was impervious to the feminine fascinations by which men are so often ruled. He would tolerate neither

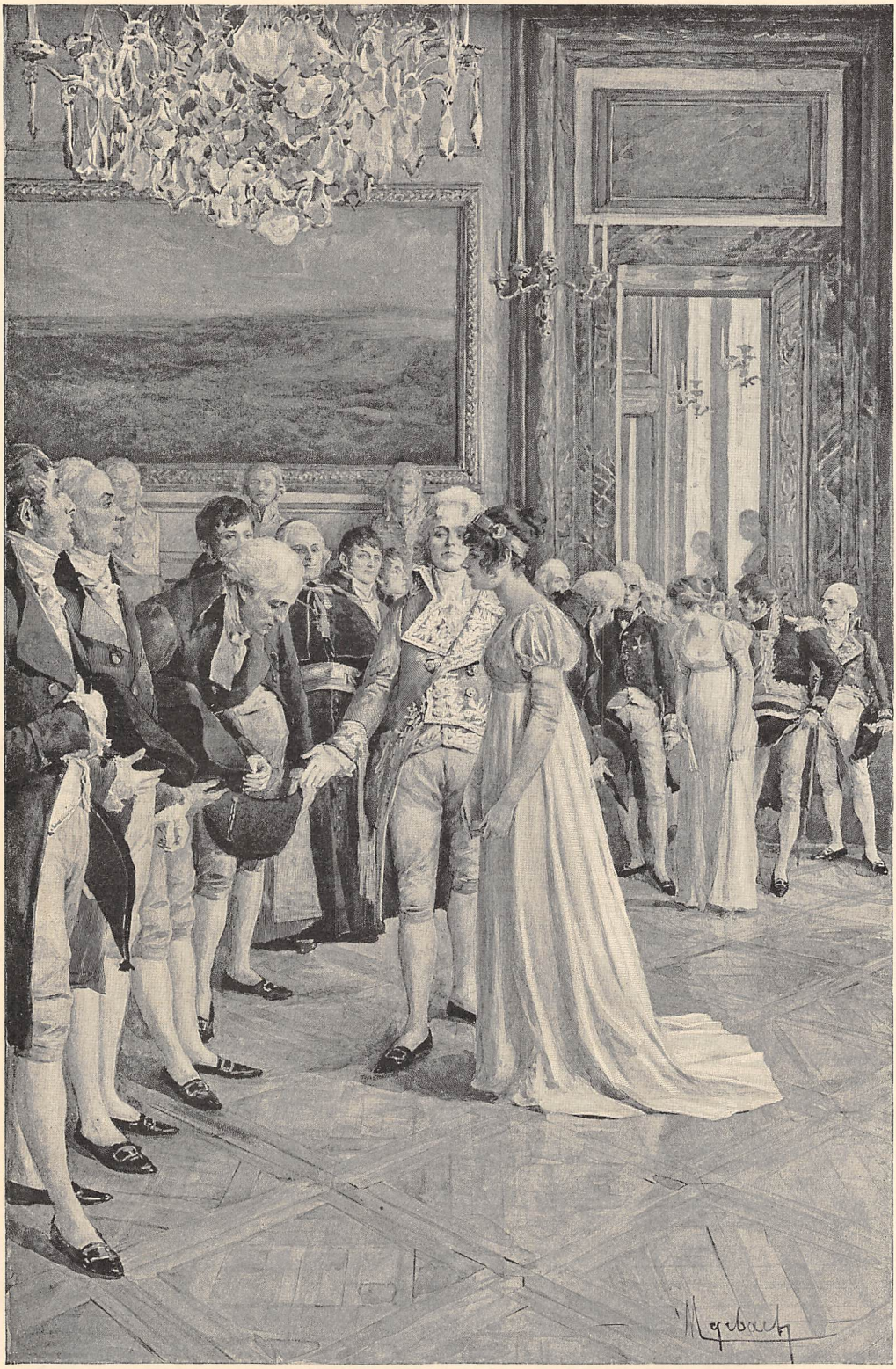
Egerias nor Hypatias, neither Cleopatras nor Messalinas, although the times might easily have furnished him with examples of each type.

The Consulate is the period of Bonaparte's greatest and most enduring renown. In what he did the new France was heartily sympathetic; the old France, with all its vices, spite, and bitterness, though existent, was in abeyance, and remained so for some years to come. The multitudinous private and personal memoirs concerning the time were for the most part written in the days of the Restoration, when the revulsion of feeling, or else the desire to propitiate the new king, unduly magnified those small defects of etiquette, behavior, and dress in the preceding régime which are so dear to the minds of defamatory chroniclers. The scraps of important evidence which float on the surface of the watery mass ought to be carefully examined, and the whole should be viewed from the standpoint of the time and circumstances which produced it. Such a task being well nigh hopeless, the deeds of the First Consul must speak for him rather than the statements about them and him which he himself and others have made. He was not in touch with the polite society of Paris; he certainly did most arbitrarily banish from its precincts Mme. de Staël, the brilliant woman whose writings many praise but few now read, and whose home was the focus for the discontented ability of the time; he never appreciated the spirit of true liberty, and he often misapprehended the gentler spirits who in its name sought his powerful protection and patronage; he was not sensitive to the finer sentiments of the mind, often mocking at the "ideologues"; and while he enjoyed the society of Josephine and her friends, either at her own pretty country-seat of Malmaison, which he enlarged and beautified for her, or in the brilliant rooms of the Tuileries which he opened to her, he repelled the interference of her friends with his plans, and apparently never forgot that her own tender and jealous devotion had grown with his power and reputation. All this must be admitted in characterizing Bonaparte at the height of his greatness; but the vile innuendos, insinuations, and imputations of sordid traits which so abound in the diaries of the time must be for the most part considered in relation to the murky natures which recorded them, and, with allowances for the time and the training of the man, may be consigned to the limbo of malice from which they came.

THE GENERAL PACIFICATION OF EUROPE.

SOME unknown humorist has said that you never go so far as when you do not know where you are going. The genius of Bonaparte was all-embracing, because it made one forward step follow close upon another, and that with no appearance of compulsion; for this reason he went so far. The treaty of Lunéville was the first great achievement in the direction of a general pacification. What was to be done with the rest of Italy, with Spain and with Portugal, in order to secure his preponderance in western Europe? To retain the good will of Russia, which interceded for Naples, nothing was said about restoring the Parthenopean Republic. Instead, Ferdinand IV., though compelled to evacuate the Papal States, and to restore the pictures and other booty that in the manner of the time he had removed to his capital, was left in full possession of his crown. English ships were to be forbidden his ports, and the expenses of a French army corps, which should lie, under Soult, at Tarentum, were to be borne by his treasury. The affairs of Spain had reached a crisis in the feebleness of her administration and in the low intrigues of the court. Marengo destroyed the influence of the anti-French party at Madrid. Godoy, known as "Prince of the Peace" from his having negotiated the treaty of Basel, had shortly afterward been made prime minister of Spain through the influence of Queen Louisa, whom he had infatuated. Though successful at court in being both the queen's lover and the king's intimate friend, he was, nevertheless, an incapable statesman. In 1796 he made Spain further subservient to France by the first treaty of San Ildefonso; and such was the public resentment that he had to resign. Through Bonaparte's influence he was restored to power, and in a second treaty of San Ildefonso Spain became the servile ally of the Consulate. By the terms of this compact, as already partly expressed in the treaty of Lunéville, not only were Parma and Elba left in the hands of France, but Louisiana was ceded to her, the French colonies in South America were enlarged, and a combined force of French and Spanish troops was organized, which compelled Portugal finally to abandon the English alliance and accept Bonaparte's terms. The little but important realm was also to shut her harbors to English ships, and pay 25,000,000 francs to France. In return, Tuscany was to be erected into a kingdom, with the name of Etruria, for Louis, the heir of Ferdinand of Parma. This child was really a Spanish prince, being a great-grandson of Philip V. and a grandson of the reigning queen, the offspring, by a Spanish Bourbon husband, of her daughter, the Duchess of Parma, who was to reign as regent for her infant son. When, shortly after, an actor in Paris recited from the stage, in Bonaparte's presence, the line,

J'ai fait des rois, madame, et n'ai pas voulu l'être,



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

MME. BONAPARTE RECEIVING THE AMBASSADORS AT THE TUILERIES.

Lucchesini (Prussia). Caffarelli. De Lupay.
Sulkowski. Cardinal Caprara. Mme. de Lupay.
Dreyer (Denmark). Talleyrand. Marcolini (Saxony).
Azara (Spain). Cobenzl (Austria).
Schimmelpenninck (Holland).

the house rocked with applause. The infant king was also brought to Paris to be displayed as an attendant in the First Consul's antechamber. A few felt the unworthiness of such a game, but the national vanity was tickled. A bevy of republics already moved at command around the great central French republic. Were kingdoms, too, about to join the round? From whatever point these arrangements as a whole are viewed, however, it will be seen that, in comparison with the radical anti-royalist policy of the Directory three years before, they must be considered moderate. To abandon the Roman and Parthenopean republics, and to constitute a new kingdom for a Bourbon, was in itself an important announcement to the courts of Europe.

But a more pregnant step was the league between the Consulate and the papacy. The most enduring effect of the Revolution had been the fusing of France into a homogeneous nation. Among all the institutions erected by Bonaparte on that foundation, none was more persistent and influential than that which restored the French church to Rome. The "civil constitution" of the Jacobin republic virtually dismissed Roman influence from France altogether, and created a voluntary Gallican church, because all the conforming priesthood — of whom it will be remembered that Madame Mère's half-brother Fesch was one — became dependent on the State as to their highest allegiance. By the laws of 1790 the old diocesan boundaries were wiped out, bishops and priests were chosen by the people, and the celibacy of the clergy was abolished. In consequence, there had at first been bitter resistance and stern persecution. But during the Directory popular feeling disapproved of violence in religion as elsewhere, and both liberty of conscience and freedom of religion reigned undisturbed in France. Napoleon passed through a stage of rampant infidelity in his youth, and wrote a thesis in which he compared the Saviour unfavorably with Apollonius of Tyana. But with advancing years the dimensions and influence of the papacy impressed his imagination, while ripening political wisdom convinced him of its power. As his personal ambitions became dominant he defied the Directory, and in 1797 left standing the framework of the papal edifice, because he already saw that the French people had overwhelmingly returned to papal allegiance. In spite of the course imposed upon him by the anti-Jacobin counter-revolution of Fructidor, he understood that no permanent reunion of all elements in the population was possible except under the favor of Rome.

Shortly after Bonaparte's inauguration as First Consul there began to be circulated a moving tale of how the great man was frequently and visibly affected as he listened to the village chimes from his windows at Malmaison, evidently recalling the hallowed influences of his mother's faith. The act of the Consulate in ordering the performance of funeral obsequies for the Pope who had died in captivity at Valence was a recognition of the popular movement. A new pope, Pius VII., was elected at Venice, under Austrian protection, on March 13, 1800, and he was soon afterward informed by Bonaparte that, excepting the legations, the territories of his predecessors were under certain conditions at his disposal. His secretary, Cardinal Consalvi, set out for Paris, after what Pius considered becoming delay; and before the middle of July, 1801, terms were agreed upon and a treaty was concluded. The story of the negotiation, as told in the cardinal's memoirs, displays Bonaparte as a match at any point for prelatic wiles. Experience in diplomacy had ripened his unsurpassed power of intrigue. The First Consul conceded that the laws of 1790 should be abolished, and that the Pope should be officially recognized by the State as head of the Church. The appointments of archbishops and bishops made by the government were not to be valid until confirmed at Rome. In return the Pope was to end the conflict of State and Church in France, accept the loss of the confiscated ecclesiastical estates in return for a subsidy of 50,000,000 francs, and recognize the clergy as civil officials in the pay of the State. Thus, at a single stroke, the religious liberty which revolutionary atheism had unwittingly established was destroyed, and the French nation relegated to a modified control by Rome; but on the other hand, the strongest support of the Bourbons was struck down, the existing order recognized, and Bonaparte felt assured, as he declared at St. Helena, that in view of France's overwhelming influence in Italy, the Pope, as a petty Italian prince, would become entirely subservient to himself.

But a spectacle even stranger was soon to be offered to the world. Whatever form the struggle between France and England for ascendancy had taken throughout the long centuries it had lasted, it was ever and always bitter and envenomed. The French Revolution had offered the English Tories an opportunity, as they believed, finally and literally to crush France, even to the extent which Lord Chatham had always declared necessary for enduring peace. The younger Pitt inherited his father's idea, and the conquering policy of the republic had enforced his position, so that since the beginning of the present struggle between the two countries the British nation had reposed unbounded confidence in

his leadership and policy. Unfortunately, he used this popular feeling to retain power after his own convictions had changed. But gallant and successful as the war had been, it at last seemed to many as if there were no limits to its duration, and to timid minds the lavish subsidies of the successive coalitions, combined with the expensive mismanagement of the naval establishment, augured bankruptcy. Pitt fell on the question of Catholic emancipation in Ireland, a matter in which he disagreed with George III., the small-minded and feeble king; but the Addington ministry which succeeded was none the less popular because it was understood to be in reality and above all else a peace ministry.

When, in 1799, Paul of Russia, furious at the perfidy of Austria and weary of the tyranny exercised by England over the seas, had instigated a renewal of the armed neutrality, with Denmark as its nominal head, the delicate attentions of Bonaparte, of which mention has already been made, coupled with offers most gratifying to the Czar's ambition,— such, for example, as the grandmastership of Malta,— completely won the heart of the quixotic Paul. Early in 1800 a confidential Russian agent appeared in Paris, whose mission was to urge Bonaparte to declare himself king, and, in addition to the peace already negotiated, arrange terms for an alliance between the two rulers for the purpose of destroying English power in India, according to the plans already arranged by the Czar. An agreement was quickly reached, which resulted in a treaty of friendship. For the attack on India Paul had worked out an elaborate scheme. There were to be two expeditions: one Russian, by way of the Don and across the carry to the Volga, thence through the Ural Mountains to the Indus, and from the Indus to the Ganges; the other Franco-Russian, to proceed by the Danube, the Black Sea, the Don, and the Volga to Astrakhan and Persia, where it was to combine with the former and open hostilities. The latter, in particular, was worked out in the minutest detail, and every item was carefully commentated by Bonaparte.

England's reply to the armed neutrality of the Northern powers was the despatch to the Baltic of a powerful fleet, which reached Copenhagen in March, 1801. Negotiations were opened by Sir Peter Parker, who, because of his diplomatic abilities, had been made first in command, and lasted for some weeks, but failed. On May 2 Nelson, who was second in command, opened fire on the city. The great admiral's success was only partial, and he was only too glad to accept an inconclusive truce. England's object, however, was reached in another way. During the night of March 23–24 Paul was assassinated in his bed, not without suspicion of connivance on the part of his son Alexander, who succeeded him. The new Czar did not inherit his father's policy. On the contrary, he immediately liberated the English ships in his harbors, and, further, waived his father's claim to the headship of the Knights of St. John, and to the island of Malta as their domain. The league of neutrals fell by its own weight, but England was left without a supporting Continental coalition in the face of Marengo and Lunéville.

The death of Paul likewise seriously affected the position of France, which in an instant again became insecure. This disposed the First Consul more than ever to yield to the universal clamor for peace. Addington's overtures had at first been coldly received, for Bonaparte wanted the restoration of all the colonial conquests England had made during the long war. But the death of the Czar and the attitude of his successor changed the situation. Still further came news that since Kléber's death one disaster after another had overtaken Menou in Egypt. He had been compelled to surrender Cairo in June, and the fall of Alexandria was only a question of time. Abdallah Jacob Menou, as the convert to Mohammedanism styled himself, found little grace at the hands of his coreligionists. Negotiations with England were thereupon seriously resumed. Both sides being equally eager for peace, arrangements were completed within a reasonable time, and on October 1, 1801, the resulting preliminaries were ratified. The news was received in London with joyous acclamations.

England bound herself to restore all her colonial conquests except Trinidad and Ceylon, and to withdraw from Malta and the other ports which she had seized in the Mediterranean. France was to restore Egypt to the Porte, to withdraw her troops from Naples, and to guarantee the integrity of Portugal. The First Consul had intended to destroy the autonomy of the last state, and to incorporate the land and people with Spain for his further purposes. Ten days later a secret treaty between France and Russia was signed: the two powers were to settle the affairs of Germany and Italy in concert. The idea of perpetual intervention in the German empire by France originated with Richelieu; no Russian monarch since the time of Peter the Great could feel his dignity secure without the same privilege. Such an agreement was, therefore, a final seal to France's new alliance. With Turkey likewise the old relations of amity were reëstablished by a new treaty. Bavaria was appeased by promises.

There would have been one other war-cloud on the distant horizon had it not wisely been dispelled in time. The United States had suf-

fered much from the pretensions of the Directory to control its commerce in the French interest, on the plea of gratitude. The declaration of neutrality made by Washington in 1793, on the formation of the first coalition, was ill received in Paris; the treaty of commerce concluded with England in the following year was regarded by the French government as a breach of neutrality, and the Directory suspended diplomatic relations. Their insolent agents and sympathizers in the United States had so embroiled the question of the relations of that nation with the two countries respectively that it became a matter of party politics, and threatened a rupture between the two republics, especially when Talleyrand's unblushing effrontery in demanding enormous bribes from the American envoys was made public. Great as their obligations were, the United States had no intention of becoming either openly or secretly tributary to France. The recognition of their neutrality by England had given them the whole colonial trade of France, Holland, and Spain. Their principle was virtually that of the armed neutrality of 1780: that neutral ships made neutral goods (free ships, free goods). For this they were ready to fight. The First Consul was wise enough to recognize the justice of the claim, and lost no time in concluding, on September 30, 1800, a treaty of commerce which for the time removed all sources of friction between his government and that at Washington.

THE REORGANIZATION OF FRANCE.

WITH this general pacification of the globe there was almost universal satisfaction. Addington thought the peace which was soon to be duly ratified at Amiens was no ordinary one, but a true reconciliation of the first two nations of the world. The Continental dynasties believed that the Revolution had at last been put within bounds, and the expansion of liberal France curbed. The French themselves could not restrain their joy at the prospect of a new social and political structure sufficiently commodious for the exercise of their awakened energies, sufficiently strong to command respect from enemies at home and abroad. The builders were already at work before the ground was fairly cleared; the regeneration of French institutions which has indissolubly linked the name of Napoleon with the life of modern Europe was under way before the peace negotiations were concluded.

The chief magistrate found at his disposal for this purpose two most important conditions: a clean tablet so far as the monarchical and revolutionary systems were concerned, and a great body of able and educated men anxious to coöperate with him. Their aim, like his, was to make the nation strong and illustrious. But for them the Revolution, confined in their minds to France, was over, while for him, viewing it as a European movement, it was in full operation. Whether they were royalists like Dufresne, or Girondists like Defermon, or radicals like Fourcroy, or moderates like Regnaud and Roederer, or pardoned anti-Fructidorians like Portalis and Barbé-Marbois, they were all alike animated with zeal for a strong national life as the end and aim of their labors. But Bonaparte and a few of his intimates looked on renovated French nationality as only the means to a further end. In a pamphlet review of the situation, written in 1801, Hauterive declared that the rotten European structure resting on the balance of power had been overthrown by the wars of France, which was now, by her military and financial strength, and by the principles of her government, ready and able to assume the beginning of a peaceful and prosperous federation of nations. This was the revolutionary program in another form: under the new conditions of French organization it eventually developed into a scheme of European empire. With the evacuation of Egypt all dreams of Oriental conquest vanished, and in their place was substituted a vision in which a modernized and glorified reproduction of Charles the Great, a French Charlemagne, was the central form.

Those who had for some years been keen observers of the life and labors of Bonaparte could scarcely believe that human power could accomplish what he had done. His activity as strategist and general, statesman and administrator, had hitherto been fabulous: in the first years of the Consulate it was simply doubled. To the minutest detail, every department of the rising state received his attention, more or less complete as occasion required. During the year 1801 the ablest observers of the country, for the most part members of the Council of State, having been assigned one to each of the military divisions into which the land was divided, were occupied in compiling comprehensive and thorough reports to serve as a basis for legislation. These studies included finance, the army, the administration, public instruction, the alms-houses, the roads and canals, commerce and industry, the public temper — in short, everything which concerned the well-being of the people. These were the material of Bonaparte's studies, and for the most part he mastered them. He often worked fourteen hours a day, never less than ten, and in his secretary Maret he had a minister as indefatigable as himself, able to catch every thought and suggestion, to amplify

and execute every order, to coördinate the activity of his chief with all the subordinate branches of the government. As a consequence, there is not one of the great structures which combine in the logical unity of French life as it exists to-day that did not receive the impress of the First Consul's colossal mind, and which does not still bear its mark.

For example, while it was a Roman church which came again to life, its prelates comprised in equal numbers men who had accepted and those who had refused the "civil constitution" of the republic. To impress the imagination of the people, a service in honor of the Concordat was celebrated at Notre Dame. Augereau and a number of his friends asked to be excused from attendance, but were compelled to be present. The First Consul went, with all the trappings — coaches, harness, lackeys, and the like — which had been used by the Bourbon kings. But, after all, it was a Napoleon Bonaparte and not a Louis Capet who was the personage, and the remark attributed to an old general, whether true or not, is utterly inapt — that everything had been restored except the two million Frenchmen who had died for liberty. The difference is clear in the subsequent treatment of the Church. For instance, by Bonaparte's orders, a priest who had refused the rites of burial to a dancer was removed from office for three months, in order that he might reflect how Jesus Christ "prayed even for his enemies." The Pope was compelled to prohibit those who offended the First Consul from residing at Rome, and when the Pontiff suggested that compensation should be made for the loss of Avignon, and that the legations should be restored,—not, of course, in return for the Concordat, which would savor of simony, but as the proof of a heart magnanimous, wise, and just,— the First Consul gravely forwarded to Rome the mortal remains of Pius VI., which had so far rested in the common cemetery at Valence. Bonaparte is credibly reported to have said ironically that the Concordat was the vaccine of religion: in fifty years there would be no more in France. It was one of his phrases that religion, feudalism, and royalism had successively ruled Europe; the rising epoch he called that of representative government. The army openly expressed its contempt for the arrangement, the Council of State tittered when announcement was made that the Pope's ban was withdrawn from Talleyrand, and for a long time the public ministrations of a clergy which was called "a consecrated constabulary" were not taken seriously by the multitude. A century has failed to restore in France the consideration which even scoffers felt for the hierarchy antecedent to the Concordat; but on the other hand, the former bitterness has never since been equaled, desperate as the struggle between Church and government has been at times.

On February 7, 1800 (18 Pluviôse, year VIII), were promulgated the measures which still control departmental administration in France, the law which, of all others enacted by Bonaparte, has had the most enduring effect on that country, the law which virtually revived the Bourbon system of intendants, imposed on her that rigorous hierarchical-political centralization which no succeeding government — royalist, imperial, or republican — has been willing to dispense with, and which, working in cooperation with the wonderful social system of private life, minimizes the consequences of political revolutions, and preserves the identity of France, whatever form of government is for the time in vogue. The entire system of local administration is the Consulate in miniature. Every department has its prefect, every arrondissement its subprefect, every commune its mayor. These officials are all appointed by the executive, and are subordinate to the minister of the interior. Each has an advising associate appointed from the electoral lists; and the various councils, some likewise appointed, some, however, elected, are in ordinary times only the registers of the decrees sent down from above. Before these measures were put into operation, neither country roads nor city streets were safe, and brigandage was rife to the very gates of Paris. The courts of law were disorganized, the police undisciplined, and local government for the most part was a farce. Within two years the whole machine was working smoothly throughout the length and breadth of the land. Public order was restored, life and property were safe, industry was guaranteed in its rewards, and the productive energy of the people was unhampered by the fear of injustice or by the uncertainty of possession. Remembrance of such facts made the institution still tolerable to the Frenchmen of Napoleon's time, although thoughtful people of all classes understand to-day that it annihilated liberty under the Consulate, and still has undiminished possibilities as an instrument of oppression.

It is significant that the great measure which went hand in hand with this one was a true reform of the most vital nature. On January 18, 1800 (28 Nivôse, year VIII), was founded the Bank of France. The monarchy in its straits had issued bills with no security; the Convention and the Directory also flooded the nation with worthless paper, although they assumed to find an adequate collateral in the domains of the crown and of the emigrants, which were seized and held as national property. But war and internal strife destroyed the value

of these lands, and in 1795 a gold livre was worth 75 in paper, while a year later the price had risen to 340. The Directory had recourse to forced loans and the statutory regulation of values, but to no avail: at the close of their career the public lands, except a small part estimated to be worth 400,000,000 francs, had all passed into private hands at a price about one hundredth of their estimated value. The greediest usury, the most disgraceful speculation, had been rife from beginning to end; and of all those who had owned property in any shape in 1785 there was scarcely one who was not reduced to beggary, while, with numerous exceptions of course, adventurous men of doubtful character were now the great landed proprietors and controlling capitalists. The public creditors had seen their obligations legally scaled to a nominal value of one third the face, payable in paper, and these bonds were almost worthless. Under such conditions it was not remarkable that the collection of taxes even by the use of force had become well nigh impossible. The amount of arrears on 18 Brumaire was 1,100,000,000 francs. The Directory and, for a time, the Consulate subsisted on contributions levied on conquered states.

The avowed object of the Bank of France was the support of trade and industry. To its capital of 30,000,000 francs the government subscribed 5,000,000, which it took from the guarantee bonds given by its employees on their assuming positions of trust. The operations of brokers and money-lenders were then subjected to the strictest control, and the enterprises of agriculture and manufactures were regulated and encouraged by the reorganization of chambers of commerce and by public rewards for excellence. The first year of financial administration by the expert and able Gaudin was like its immediate predecessors, but during that time order was created for the following period. In every department a new and equitable system of tax-collecting was instituted, and the assessments were so fixed for a definite period at moderate rates as to awaken public confidence. In a single year the returns from the public forests were doubled by honest and economical management, and the entire reorganization of the customs produced similar results.

With these arrangements for securing an income went hand in hand the control of expenditures. Barbé-Marbois was appointed state treasurer; Mollien was made director of a special office for the gradual payment of the public debt. To this office was assigned the management of about a quarter of the remaining public lands for the purchase of state securities; and when their value rose, as it soon did, to fifty, new obligations were issued, and quickly subscribed at the same rate. The floating debt was soon wiped out. Of the remaining public funds 120,000,000 francs were assigned for the maintenance of public instruction, and 40,000,000 for the pension list. The victorious army remained quartered abroad, and its charges were borne by those who were supposed to owe their security to its presence. The effect of all these wisely calculated measures was electrical. Taxes were promptly and willingly paid, the public credit was revived, and the moneyed classes became the stanchest supporters of the Consulate.

THE CODE NAPOLÉON AND THE UNIVERSITY OF FRANCE.

THE complement of such radical administrative and economic changes must of necessity be a corresponding renewal and simplification of the laws. The name of Napoleon has been erased from many of his institutions, but it still persists in that splendid system of jurisprudence known as the Code Napoléon, and in the annals of law-making vies in luster with that of Justinian. In this code is preserved a historic continuity with the Revolution. The monarchy, before its fall, had become aware of the inconvenience attaching to the diversity of legal practice in the various French provinces. At one extreme was the old customary law of the northern inhabitants, at the other was the nearly pure Roman law of the south, and between them every variety of peculiar and complicated local practice. One of the meanings of the Revolutionary watchword "Equality" was the reform of this inequality; but in spite of considerable diligence, the turmoil prevalent during the years of the Assembly, the Convention, and the Directory had made it impossible to complete the work. Nevertheless, those years had been full of discussion. Cambacérès had a project in readiness, and so convinced was Bonaparte of the imperative demand for the fulfilment of the repeated promises made in this regard, that on the very night in which he assumed the reins of government the two commissions were charged with the performance of those promises. A statute was finally formulated, and passed on August 12, 1800. In accordance with its provisions, a committee of three great jurists—Tronchet, Bigot de Préameneu, and Portalis, with Maleville as secretary—was appointed to make a draft. This was completed in four months, submitted to the courts of appeal for suggestions, and then in the Council of State, the sessions of which Bonaparte regularly attended, it was speedily revised into its final form. In the following year it was promulgated and became operative.

The famous code owes its solid value to its historical foundation; for it is a compound of the ancient customs, the Roman law, and the experiences of the Revolution, the third element dominating the other two. Cambacérès's project is its basis, the deliberations of the commissions molded its form, its paragraphs were polished in the Council of State according to the opinions of Boulay de la Meurthe, Berlier, Adrial, Cambacérès, and Lebrun, and Bonaparte himself was the author of many radical and influential regulations concerning marriage, divorce, and property. Simplicity, directness, comprehensibility, and appropriateness are the marks of the entire structure, as they are confessedly characteristic of the First Consul's mind. His good sense and his diligence are stamped on every page. On the other hand, in many places it bears also the marks of his unscientific and untrained intellect; and Savigny, the Prussian jurist, went so far as to characterize it as a "political malady."

This remark is true, but only in the sense that, as in the Roman empire, so in Napoleonic France, civil liberty developed in an inverse ratio to political liberty. Austin thought the code was compiled in haste and ignorance, and that its lack of definitions to the terms employed, together with the absence of expositions either of principles or of distinctions, gave it a "fallacious brevity." Nevertheless, this very simplicity and brevity have been its strength, and to this day — with, of course, many substantive modifications, but still in an undisturbed identity — it successfully dominates France, Italy, Holland, Belgium, and many important parts of Germany. Believing it to be the most enduring portion of his labors, Bonaparte to the latest day of his life boasted of its worth, and claimed the credit of its creation, to the unjust exclusion of the other great minds which coöperated in its formation.

A few of the more easily comprehensible changes which it wrought will illustrate its character. There are four divisions — one introductory, the other three treating respectively of the law of persons, the law of things, and the law of property and inheritance. The subject of the civil law, the ego, the object of the civil law, the objective or natural world, the relation between the two, or property — such is, in a word, the method; the equality of all men before the law is its principle; the respect for property and the directness of litigation are its aims. Hereditary nobility and primogeniture were definitely abolished — every child, of either sex, having equal rights of inheritance before the law. The right of testamentary disposition was extended so as to give greater liberty while not interfering with the principle of family solidarity. Jews were given the complete rights of all other citizens, under a series of far-seeing and wise provisions, set forth in special statutes, which destroyed many of their antiquated customs, and all the shifts by which they had hitherto avoided many civil obligations and still evaded the performance of duties which weighed heavily on others. As a consequence, the anti-Semitic agitations in France have never been envenomed, nor more than a shadow of those in neighboring countries. Every religious confession was recognized, and all were alike supported by the state; but the members of all were obliged to submit to official registration, and to consent to the rite of civil marriage. While, on the one hand, the necessity of divorce under certain conditions was recognized and provisions made for it, on the other a series of stringent and even barbarous regulations knitted the family more closely together than ever before, or elsewhere in the world, and made it a social rock against which political storms beat in vain to shake the established order. This is admitted by the most embittered enemies of the great man whose iron will alone realized the notions of regenerating feudal society which philosophers had formed and agitators had failed to establish.

The evils of both absolute royalty and feudalism were thus removed from a vast population in western Europe which had groaned under their burdens long after they had ceased to have any meaning or historical vitality; and besides, the process of assimilation in life and thought was measurably assisted by the adoption of identical laws among millions of men differing in blood and language. The good work was further promoted by a series of complementary codes of criminal procedure and of commerce which are as potent and beneficent to-day as when they were enacted. It is useless in this connection to compare the respective merits of corresponding institutions among the Latin and Teutonic state systems of Europe, or to enter on the long and bitter controversy waged between French and English publicists. The essential thing is a comparison between what Napoleon found and what he left among the same peoples, and this proclaims him one of the great social reformers of the world.

Complete and even abysmal as was the breach which the Revolution sought to make in every respect between the new order and the old, in no respect was its work more complete than in regard to education. Royal France had a pompous list of academies, scientific and special schools, universities, colleges, and common schools. Their arrangements were haphazard, their origin and management for the most part were ecclesiastical, and their patronage was

strictly ordered by social rank. Primary education, being dependent altogether on the parishes, was in the main contemptible. There were many great scholars and teachers, and a few choice institutions; but the dependence of all on either the royal favor or on the Roman hierarchy, or on both, rendered the measure of their efficiency proportionate to the interests of crown and church. There was consequently no general system efficacious either in all its parts or even in all branches of one division.

The passion for national unity which was both a cause and an effect of the Revolution, manifested itself, among other things, in a demand for a system of national education. The great men of the Assembly and of the Convention bent their shoulders to the task. For the first time in the history of the nation it was recognized that after the leveling of classes the only guarantee for social order in the future was to be found in the education of the masses. Accordingly, they outlined a grand scheme of graded instruction. The foundation was popular education by the primary school; then came a system of middle or secondary schools; and then instruction by professional faculties, including a magnificent normal school for the training of teachers, and a polytechnic institution of the first order. The whole was to be crowned by a museum, the College of France, and the Institute. Education was to be gratuitous and obligatory. The essential feature of the entire plan was the character of the primary school, which was not to teach merely the necessary rudiments of reading, writing, and ciphering, but the introductory elements of the complete encyclopedia of instruction. The whole structure was purely secular, and no account was taken of the education of females after the age of eight. It was declared that young girls should be trained by their parents, and entirely at home. Condorcet alone believed in the intellectual equality of the sexes. Lakanal secured a decree for mixed schools, under certain conditions, in which the daughters of the republic should have the same instruction as its sons "as far as their sex would permit"; but they were to be chiefly occupied with spinning, dressmaking, and the domestic arts then considered the chief ones proper to their sex. Some parts of the enormous design were put into operation, but it was found to transcend the abilities of an unsettled people. Talleyrand pared down its dimensions, but at the fall of the Directory the primary schools were few in number, and were deficient in both pupils and teachers; the secondary schools were without examinations, and were confined to scientific or technical instruction. Even the much cherished polytechnic had few students, while the normal school died after six months' uncertain existence. The medical faculty was untouched by any reform. The museum was inchoate, its contents a chaotic jumble. The College of France and the Institute, changed, but not reformed, were running on their own inertia.

It is well known that Bonaparte prepared himself for the rôle of lawgiver by devouring the books lent him by Cambacérès, and by studying the memorials already prepared by the Convention. Even then, however, he was in the main guided by his instinct, combined with his profound knowledge of men. The latter was his sole guide in elaborating his scheme of public instruction. Talleyrand's plan was before him, but the conclusion was his own. He was not at all concerned to make scholars or to increase knowledge. He was stubbornly determined to make citizens, as he understood the word. In a time of utter chaos he was profoundly indifferent to ideals, and was animated by a purely practical spirit, doing nothing but what appeared immediately essential. For this reason, in carrying out his plan, he selected as an agent no expert with wide experience and settled convictions, but an excellent chemist who had been a member of the notorious Committee of Public Safety, and within a narrow horizon had good capacities. To Fourcroy alone was intrusted the formulation of a measure which, as Roederer said in its support, was a political institution intended to unite the present generation with the rising one, to bind the fathers to the government by their children and the children by their fathers — in short, to establish a sort of public paternity.

The religious societies which still retained their hold on such instruction as there was had no connection with the state, and very little with the new society. The new system was ingeniously devised to bind up the youth of the nation with both the political and social life of the new France. There was to be in every commune a primary school with teachers appointed by the mayor, under supervision of the subprefect. Next in order were secondary schools in the chief town of every department, under supervision of the prefect; and coördinate with these were such private schools as would submit to government regulations. The next stage was composed of a limited number of lyceums or colleges with both a classical and a modern side. These were open only to such students as had gained distinction in the grade below, and from them in turn a fifth were promoted to the professional schools. Of these there were nine categories: law; medicine; natural science; mechanical and chemical technology; higher mathematics; geography, history, and political economy; the arts of

design; astronomy; music and the theory of composition. The First Consul would listen to no more comprehensive or enlightened plan until this should first be put into successful execution, as it soon was under his impulse and Fourcroy's guidance.

Thereupon his ultimate object was unveiled. A few years later came into existence the so-called University of France, whereby all instruction was as perfectly centralized as administration had been. There were three articulated degrees, primary, secondary, and superior, controlled by a complete and rigid system of central inspection. All institutions of each degree were divided by vertical lines of territorial division into academies, each of which had its own rector. These were in turn controlled by a superior council and a grand master. The normal school was revived, military uniform and discipline were introduced into the lyceums, and the instruction was carefully directed toward imbuing the mind with notions suited to the new conditions of French life, as Bonaparte meant to mold them. The corporate university, as a whole, was not a portion of the ministry, but while subordinate was distinct. This provision has probably been the cause of a permanence which no political revolution has been able to destroy. The members of the university have been in the main devoted to their work, and, outside of politics, their clear, logical measures have been agreeable to the genius of the people. It is only since the Church, twenty years ago, secured permission for the erection of faculties supported and controlled by itself that there have been signs of any change of organization or any return to academic liberty in the state institutions.

STEPS TOWARD MONARCHY.

WITH the return of 40,000 emigrant families under the amnesty which restored to former owners everything not sold excepting woods and forests; with the reorganization of the judiciary, of administration, of legislation, of public instruction, and of the finances under a new constitution worked by the strong hand which made it, every observer saw that a new epoch in France and Europe had indeed begun. At the same time the trend of affairs toward some form of government in which the power of a single man should be dominant was likewise plainly visible. This produced but little effect in the mass of the nation, which wanted repose under any form whatsoever which would guarantee it; but there were manifestations of discontent in two classes of men at opposite poles of conviction. The royalists believed that their "pear was ripe," and again opened negotiations with Bonaparte. The republicans who had repented the 18 Brumaire even on the morrow of their participation were now thoroughly alarmed, and manifested their discontent where alone they had any means of expression — by their voices in the Tribunate, and by their silent votes in the legislative assembly.

Toward the close of the year VIII — that is, early in 1800 — appeared a pamphlet, evidently inspired, which was entitled "Parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte." It was ostensibly intended to allay the distrust of the latter's ambitions expressed in many quarters, and was gratuitously distributed everywhere throughout France. It declared that Bonaparte was a man superior to either Cromwell or Monk, and comparable only to Cæsar, and suggested that the office of First Consul should be made hereditary in his family. But the people, believing themselves still free, made no sign, and the chief magistrate took no alarming or significant step until the preliminaries of peace had been signed in London. In January, 1802, a congress of Italian delegates was summoned by him to meet at Lyons in order to determine what form should be given to the constitution of the newly reorganized Cisalpine Republic. As a matter of course, it was determined to reproduce the essentials of that which had been made for the consular republic of France. One exception was important: for a consulate of three members was substituted a single chief magistrate under the title of "president."

At once the question arose, Who should this high official be? After much intriguing the choice fell unanimously upon a Milanese nobleman, the Duke of Melzi. Before the result was made known, the First Consul explained by his agents that the safety of the "Italian republic" — the significant name by which it was henceforth to be called, Alfieri's "Italia virtuosa, magnanima, libera, et una" — depended on its being ruled by himself. This fiat was quickly registered, and the servile newspapers of Paris declared that there was no menace in it to the peace of France; their First Consul could not have refused such a call without a lack of courtesy, even of prudence. To make a bridge between his two domains, the Consul-President prepared to incorporate Piedmont with France. The Czar who had taken up arms in behalf of the house of Savoy was dead. General Jourdan informed the Piedmontese that their land was a French military division, comprising six prefectures. Bonaparte said to the Piedmontese deputies that the incorporation of their land with France would be a simple and natural reunion, as it had at one time been a portion of her territory. This was a reminiscence of Charles the Great's empire. As soon as the treaty of Amiens was



FROM THE PAINTING BY KARL ANTON HICKEL, IN THE BRITISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

signed a decree of the Senate informed the world that Piedmont was a French province.

The Swiss canton of Valais could not well be given to Piedmont, on account of Swiss jealousy. It was equally impossible to restore it to Switzerland; for through it lay the now completed military road which France had been building across the Alps — the splendid broad turnpike of the Simplon, with its easy grades and its commodious hospice. Accordingly, the small canton was declared an independent republic. The still existing Directorial constitution of Genoa would be as troublesome to work as those of Cisalpina and Holland. Salicetti, the French envoy, therefore offered to her government a new one prepared in Paris on the consular model, and it was gratefully adopted. When the little King of Etruria died on May 27, 1803, Murat and Clarke were made guardians of his mother, the dowager regent.

With the changes necessary to soothe national pride, a stroke similar to that which had succeeded in Cisalpina was consummated in Holland. Its success was due to the treaty of Amiens, whereby the Batavian Republic was to get back not only a nominal independence, but the major portion of her colonies, including the Cape of Good Hope and her chief



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS KINSON, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

VICTOR-EMMANUEL LECLERC.

East Indian possessions. In return a new constitution was imposed upon her, which was merely that of France under another mask. The chief magistrate was called the "Grand Pensionary," and the place was filled by the notorious Schimmelpenninck, a devoted admirer of Bonaparte. A French army continued to occupy the country at the public charge. In Switzerland also changes were effected, but of a different nature; for the First Consul thoroughly understood the different character of her people. They had been unhappy under the last constitution, and two embittered parties — the unitary and the federalist — were struggling for mastery. Upon the withdrawal of the French troops in compliance with the treaty of Amiens, it soon became clear that there was danger of serious strife. At once Ney was sent to occupy Switzerland with 80,000 men, and the chief Swiss statesmen were summoned to Paris. In February, 1803, they adopted what was called an Act of Mediation prepared by and to be guaranteed by Bonaparte. Its provisions were most wise, but it



FROM THE PAINTING BY PIERRE PRUD'HON, IN THE COLLECTION OF M. MARCILLE. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

PAULINE BONAPARTE, WIFE OF GENERAL LECLERC, AND AFTERWARD OF PRINCE CAMILLO BORGHESE.

brought the new state, then called for the first time Switzerland, into an alliance with himself so close as to make its very existence dependent on him. In token of the new relation the confederation was compelled to furnish a subsidiary army of 16,000 men, and the chief magistrate of France formally adopted the title of Grand Mediator of the Helvetic Republic. There was always a reactionary party chafing under their country's dependency; but the ten years during which the Swiss lived under Bonaparte's protection, in full enjoyment of the neutrality which he guaranteed, were probably the most prosperous in the history of the confederation. On the other hand, their influence, so far as it was exerted, was all on the side of Bonaparte.

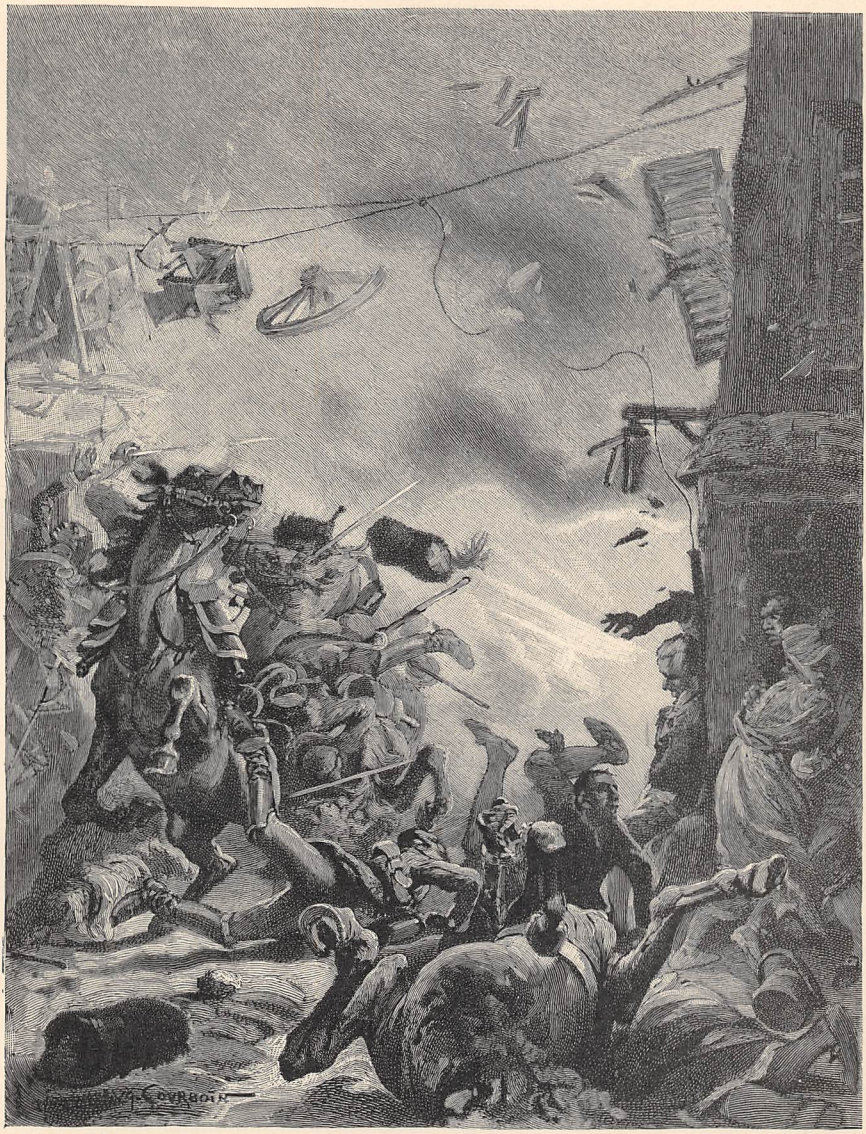
The rigid censorship of the press established by the First Consul at the beginning of his supremacy worked well for him. Out of a total of seventy-three corrupt and quarrelsome journals which were published under the Directory, only thirteen political newspapers had been left in existence, and these quickly became the most subservient mouthpieces of the executive, repeating over and over the sentiments which the public was to learn, giving such news as they were allowed to give, and edited

most skilfully both to entertain and to instruct their readers in all matters foreign to politics. The nation enjoyed its ignorance, as it delighted in its servitude, and rejoiced in the calm produced by the contemplation of indifferent things. "Why did not Tacitus explain how the Roman people put up with the wicked emperors who ruled them?" This was a stock question of Napoleon's. The manifest answer, which no one, of course, was willing to make, was that there must have been a correspondence between the social state of Rome and the character of her rulers which the historian dared not openly explain. The same answer must be given concerning the French nation. They had reveled in Jacobinism until suddenly the thing and the name alike became intolerable; they had been swung to the opposite vicious extreme of an indifference which even courted a paternal hand in the government. No act, however arbitrary or violent, could disturb a people familiar with the Terror, or even with the revolutionary shifts of the Directory. When, three years later, the shameful edict was issued which forbade the printing or sale of books or plays that had not been authorized by a committee of revision, there was scarcely a protest anywhere to be heard.

But there were, nevertheless, from the beginning emphatic protests of more or less importance against the changes which were transforming the vestiges of the republic into shadowy indications of a coming dynasty. There was a single voice — that of Barnabé — lifted up at the very first from the bench to declare that Brumaire was illegal; and many foolish persons indulged to such an extent in loud seditious talk that a charge of conspiracy was with some show of reason brought against Ceracchi and Arena, two Corsicans, who were particularly violent in denouncing their compatriot. The superserviceable police pretended early in the year to discover details, but the alleged complot was a pure figment. The army, in particular that portion which had fought under Moreau, still cherished much of the republican tradition. The soldiers of the Rhine had shown an angry contempt for the Concordat, and their friends sympathized with them in the instinctive feeling that a courtly religious hierarchy, when legally restored, would lean toward a restoration of the monarchy with which it had so long been affiliated.

The First Consul was not unaware that reactions must be checked in their initial stages, and found occupation abroad for the republican soldiers, as he had previously done for republican politicians. Among other measures for the furtherance of commercial prosperity made possible by the peace of Amiens, which secured the long-desired "liberty of the seas," the government had determined to revive the slave-trade, in order to populate the Antilles more densely, and create a larger market. Admiral Bruix, in behalf of the measure, recalled that among the ancients slavery had not been inconsistent with the love of liberty; that the negroes, when left to themselves, preferred manioc to wheat, and sweetened water to wine; and that they must, therefore, be enslaved in order to give them civilized tastes, to make them consume the surplus of the French harvest and vintage. As they were natives of a burning clime, there was no cruelty in carrying them to the West Indies. In pursuance of this barbarous and brutal policy, General Leclerc, husband of Pauline Bonaparte, was commissioned to conquer San Domingo, which had taken advantage of the doctrines and the feebleness of the Revolution to declare itself independent. Bonaparte may not altogether have understood the dangers of such an expedition. If he did, he must have been willing to sacrifice his sister; for Mme. Leclerc was compelled by her brother, in spite of her tears and remonstrances, to accompany her husband. The main body of the troops selected for the expedition was taken from the Army of the Rhine. A great squadron of thirty-four first-rate vessels, twenty frigates, and numerous transports, with upward of twenty thousand soldiers on board, sailed on December, 14, 1801, and safely reached its destination at the end of January, 1802.

But Bonaparte's plans were doomed to encounter an obstacle in the most remarkable man of negro blood known to modern history. Toussaint Louverture was the descendant, as he claimed, of an African chieftain. Highly endowed by nature, he obtained an excellent education, and gradually, though born a slave, asserted his innate power of leadership until all the blacks in San Domingo regarded him with affection and awe. The influence of revolutionary doctrines on his fellow-slaves had led him to assert their liberty. They rose against their masters, and a civil war broke out in the island. It was temporarily checked by British interference; but the unacclimatized white soldiers fell ill and died in such numbers that the English were compelled to leave the fertile colony in full control of the negroes. Louverture thereupon organized a consular government in imitation of Bonaparte, and with consummate wisdom and unparalleled energy inaugurated a civilized rule. When summoned by General Leclerc to surrender, he refused. For a time his resistance was successful, but in the end he was compelled by superior force to withdraw to the mountains. Thence he was enticed by guile, captured, and sent to France. Kept a close prisoner in the castle of Joux in Franche-Comté, the rigors of the climate



DRAWN BY EUGÈNE COURBOIN. ENGRAVED BY G. P. BARTLE.

THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE FIRST CONSUL. (SEE PAGE 662.)

speedily destroyed his health, and he died on April 27, 1803. But the heat and mephitic vapors of his native isle revenged him. As the French soldiers sickened and died of yellow fever, the natives rose in rebellion against the French administration, and the ensuing struggle was marked on both sides by horrible barbarity. In less than two years the task of subjugation became hopeless, and on December 1, 1803, Rochambeau, having succeeded Leclerc, who had retired the year previous to die in the Tortugas, surrendered 8000 men, the remnants of the expedition, to an English fleet. The splendid domain was thereafter left to its unhappy fate, and has relapsed into semi-barbarism. The magnificent French colonial policy, which had its supports in San Domingo and Louisiana, collapsed, leaving no trace. Its mere existence was, however, the strongest proof of its author's confidence in a lasting peace. Bonaparte, whatever his disappointment, was rid of a republican general and a republican army. It was not much in comparison with his hopes, but it was something.

PLOTS, COUNTER-PLOTS, AND THE LIFE CONSULATE.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the first of the events just narrated occurred an attempt on Bonaparte's life which was pregnant with other important results in decimating the republican

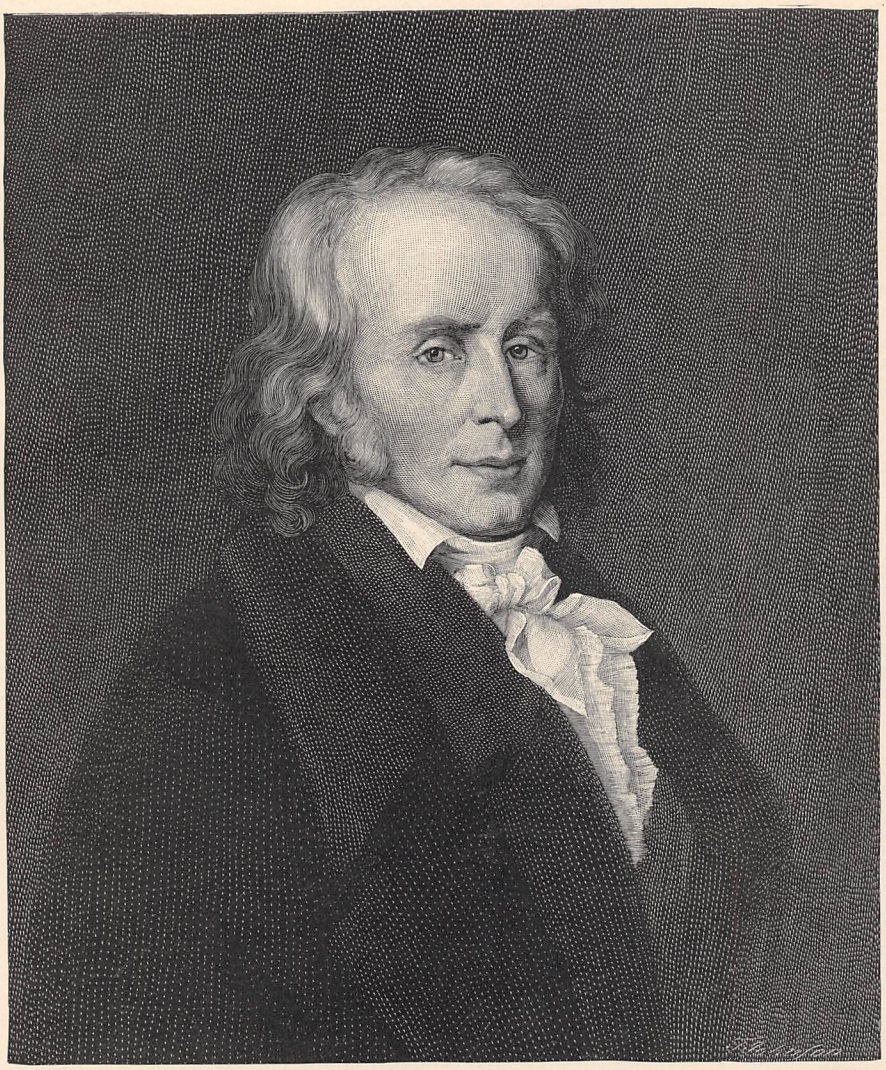
ranks. A remnant of Jacobins, terrorists, and anarchists had formed a conspiracy to assassinate the man whom they so heartily feared. Their doings, however, were all betrayed to the agents of Fouché, who watched them in such a way that their organization, though not broken up, was reduced to impotence. Many persons, Bonaparte among the number, believed at a later day that the wily minister of police was playing a double game, and holding the pack in hand for his own purposes. The royalists had long negotiated with Bonaparte while yet a rising soldier. He had now reached the summit of power, and alone could open or bar the way to the restoration of Louis XVIII. He had from the first toyed with their offers, and it is even claimed that he gave the pretender to understand that his own highest ambition was an Italian principality. Hopes, thus awakened, had strengthened the royalist party; but as its ranks grew in number dissension kept equal pace, until, while one faction, the strongest, standing on the strictest legitimacy, remained true to the so-called king, who was now living in Warsaw, another, under the leadership of the Comte d'Artois, was scheming in England for that prince, and a third, weary of the petulant and quarrelsome feebleness of both the others, favored the young Duc d'Enghien, and grew daily stronger in Paris by desertions from the other two.

The members of the Enghien faction were indefatigable, and at last from among their Vendean supporters was formed a secret junta which, on the evening of December 24, 1800, placed an infernal machine in front of the First Consul's carriage as he drove to the opera through the narrow street of St. Nicaise. His coachman, catching sight of the strange obstacle in time, turned aside, and drove swiftly past, barely saving his passengers from the effects of the terrific explosion which occurred the moment after, killing outright several innocent persons, wounding sixty more, and destroying more than forty houses. The First Consul and his wife drove on, and, pale with excitement, appeared for a few moments in their box before the assembled audience, which had quickly heard the news. They then quietly withdrew. The effect on the public was electrical, and the measures subsequently taken by the government were heartily applauded.

From this circumstance the consular power rapidly reaped a rich harvest. The perfidy of the escaped victim was even greater than that of the plotters themselves. The dastardly deed was first charged on the radicals, and by decree of the Senate a hundred and thirty of them were deported to the slow tortures of places like the Seychelles, tropical islands in the Indian Ocean. Fouché, suspected of lingering Jacobinism, was on a trifling pretext temporarily deprived of his portfolio, and was not restored to favor until 1804. Ceracchi, Arena, and their fiery-tongued companions were condemned and executed. It was soon known that the true culprits were the Vendeans, but Bonaparte declared that the banished radicals would not be allowed to return because their absence was a guarantee of the public safety. Only two of the real criminals were eventually captured and executed. But the most disgraceful consequences of what is known as the Plot of Nivôse — that is, the conspiracy which attempted this assassination — were the fall of Moreau and the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. These pregnant events were involved with other circumstances which did not occur until later, but their remoter causes lie as far back as the First Consul's determination, formed at this time, that he would diminish the chance of such murderous attacks by striking terror to the hearts of all his enemies.

In the rearrangement of powers consequent on the 18 Brumaire and the adoption of the constitution of the year VIII, the able men of the republic and the Directory had been provided for in the Tribunate and the legislature. The greatest were in the former, and their acknowledged leader was Benjamin Constant, the friend of Mme. de Staël. They represented in a measure the courage and the idealism of the Revolution, but they were in a false position, and showed neither wisdom nor prudence. Accordingly, they made a serious tactical blunder, and fixed upon certain doubtful paragraphs introductory to the civil code in order to manifest their discontent with the ever increasing self-assertion of the man they had unwittingly put into the foremost place. They resisted not only the reintroduction of such antiquated barbarisms as the confiscation by the state of the property of those who, as a penalty, were deprived of their civic rights, and of the goods of unnaturalized strangers who died within its limits, but also provisions of the judicial and financial statutes which were wisely conceived and were of manifest utility to the country, and some of which were in part their own work. As they talked their friends in the legislature voted.

By a provision of the constitution both these assemblies, like the Senate of the United States, were continuous, to be renewed by the retirement every year of one fifth of the old members. No provision was made for the method of designating the first class to retire, and of choosing their successors. When the appointed time for this change arrived, the First Consul was so determined to be rid of the troublesome republicans that he even contemplated expel-



FROM THE PAINTING BY LINA VALLIER, IN THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

HENRI-BENJAMIN CONSTANT DE REBECQUE.

ling them by force, or abolishing the body as a whole. "There are twelve or fifteen metaphysicians there," he had said on one occasion, speaking publicly of the Tribunate, "fit only to be drowned. It is a kind of vermin which I have in my clothes, but I shall not allow myself to be attacked like Louis XVI. No, I shall not endure it." However, a less violent method was found by Cambacérès, and adopted. The Senate had been so constituted as to represent the political indifference which made possible Bonaparte's political career. It was from the beginning timid, and therefore a subservient tool. Under the constitution that document and its interpretation were the special charge of this body, which on several occasions — as, for instance, when about to admit Daunou to membership — had been made to feel the terrors of its creator's wrath. They were now ordered as a constitutional measure to select not merely the names of both the tribunes and legislators who should leave, but also those of their successors. Needless to say that all the ardent and outspoken men like Daunou, Constant, and Chénier went out, and were replaced by others with less independence. The only name of importance among the chosen was that of Carnot. Fifteen generals or superior officers and twenty-five officials took seats in the legislature.

It requires no astuteness to see that with the establishment of an obedient Senate as the guardian of the constitution, and superior to its provisions, nothing was thereafter impossible

under the cloak of regular procedure. Any measure which was "conservative of the constitution" could be legalized by them. The time seemed ripe to introduce the hereditary element into the Consulate.

When the treaty of Amiens was to be formally ratified, the opportunity was at last found for a step which had long been desired by Bonaparte with an eagerness but poorly concealed from his friends. This act marked the closing of the temple of Janus, the pacification of the world, the consummation so long and so ardently desired in France. The popularity of him who was the author of the peace could reach no higher limits. To mark the gratitude of the state for his services, to guarantee the perpetuity of his great work, his power must be prolonged. As to what extent, no one could learn his wishes: whatever recompense the great powers of the state chose to bestow he would accept. In vain were all attempts to sound the depths of his desires. The crowning honor must be forced upon him. But his friends were not astute, and even the sympathetic Senate failed to apprehend what would be considered its duty. The program laid down was consequently of petty dimensions. When the treaty was laid before the tribunes their president proposed that some striking mark of national gratitude should be bestowed on General Bonaparte, First Consul. There had been, in private conversation, a question of presenting him with the Castle of St. Cloud, the royal residence nearest to Paris; but he declared that he would accept nothing from the people during his term of office, and the proposition was dropped. The resolution offered to the tribunes meant, however, something of the same sort. It was adopted, and a committee of conference at once carried it to the Senate in order that "the first assembly of the nation should interpret a general sentiment" which the tribunes could only express.

With a dexterity acquired by habit the complaisant Senate made ready to formulate a decree. Both the prolongation for life of the Consulate and making the office hereditary were proposed as fitting testimonials. Pretending to believe that the First Consul's public virtue would repulse anything so radical, the majority rejected these suggestions, and prolonged the term of his office for ten years. When he saw himself thus overreached by his own tools, the reticent chief magistrate was boundless in his rage, and displayed a dangerous passion. But he soon mastered himself, and received the senators with formal thanks. That night there was a council of the family, with many confidential friends, in which either Lucien or the "wise Cambacérès" suggested an appeal to the nation. Next day (19 Floréal) the First Consul appeared before the Senate, and declared that his respect for the sovereignty of the people would not permit him to accept the prolongation of his magistracy without the authorization of the nation, and proposed to ask for a plebiscite on the question, Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be consul for life? Roederer wished to add, "and have the right to name his successor," but the general declared that that would be an encroachment on popular rights, and struck out the words.

Three months elapsed before the returns were complete. In the interval both Tribunate and Senate hastened to vote in favor of both the measure and its object. Congratulations as to the foregone conclusion soon began to reach the Tuileries from all quarters. It was in this interval, moreover, that the two servile bodies finally stamped with their approval the measures which reëstablished the slave-trade, even though nothing decisive had as yet occurred at San Domingo. It is impossible to analyze the motives of men representing a country the most enlightened of the Continent in formally approving such public baseness.

But it is not difficult to understand the popularity of a measure, passed at about the same time, for establishing the now well-known Legion of Honor. It is certainly true that the desire for social inequality — that is, for personal distinction — is the strongest single force in calling out human energy. The passion for pins, badges, ribbons, and personal decorations of every sort is well-nigh universal. It gratifies the sense of achievement among men who are able, and flatters the vanity of those who are not. To this passion, in itself not necessarily ignoble, the First Consul determined to appeal for further support. Every new institution of importance so far created by him might, with no great ingenuity, be turned into a prop of autocratic government. Priests and emigrants were now alike natural allies of Bonaparte, the constitution had been virtually superseded, the troublesome senators, tribunes, and legislators either dismissed or else warned and called to order, while the surrounding nations — one of them a kingdom — were, in relation to France, like the sheaves bowing to Joseph's sheaf.

The foundation of the Legion of Honor was a measure easily manageable in the interest of any government which might control it. Roederer declared in its support that the great deeds of the nation made it essential to revive the sentiment of honor. An article of the constitution guaranteed, in the name of the French people, a recompense to its armies. This simple phrase was the sanction chosen for the erection of a corporation which, like the orders of absolutism, might intermediate between the people



DRAWN BY ALPHONSE LALAUZE. ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

THE FAMILY COUNCIL AS TO THE LIFE CONSULATE.

and their magistrate in order to lend him the same mystery which ever surrounds any monarch who is the "fountain of honor." The republicans saw the trap, and resisted sturdily, even in the Council of State, but to no purpose. The law was passed on May 19, 1802; the ranks were constituted, and the decorative badges determined. Every member swore to resist any attempt to restore feudalism in all its attributes, and consciences were thus quieted. Right and left the men of science, of art, and of literature appeared with their ribbons and rosettes; the nation applauded, and Bonaparte's opinion was justified. "You call these toys! Well, you manage men with toys," he declared while the project was under discussion. He proved to be right. In all monarchical Europe no decoration is more eagerly sought, to this day, than is that of the Legion of Honor in republican France.

August arrived before the result of the popular vote was announced. Among three and a half millions of votes only a few thousand were in the negative. One of them was Lafayette's. His gratitude to Bonaparte for release from his Austrian prison had so far expressed itself in abstaining from open opposition to his liberator's will, although in reality he was the strongest exponent of what little enlightened liberalism was left in France. In a letter to the Consul he now explained that absolute government would be a sorry reward for all that France had suffered; that such a magistracy as was proposed lacked every check, and could not guarantee political liberty. "Surely," he wrote, "you, who are the first in that order of men who lay tribute on all the ages in order to find a compeer and a place, would wish that such a revolution, such conquest and bloodshed, such sufferings and marvelous deeds, should have for you some other end than arbitrary power."

Thus, then, were all the wondrous safeguards established whereby "liberty and equality were put beyond the caprice of chance and the uncertainty of the future." A few finishing touches were given to the work after the announcement of the vote. The lists of notables were abolished, and small cantonal assemblies designated the candidates for lower offices. Electoral colleges of manageable size sent up from the districts the names of candidates for the Tribunate; similar colleges sent up from the departments the names of candidates for the legislature and the Senate; while all the electors of these primary assemblies were appointed for life. The functions of the Tribunate were limited, and it deliberated thenceforward behind closed doors. The Council of State was stripped of its supremacy by the creation of a small privy council which did most of its work. The powers of the Senate were so enlarged as to make it nearly sovereign. It could suspend or interpret the constitution, reverse the decisions of the courts, and dissolve the Tribunate and legislature — always provided the proposition came from the government. And the government — nominally the First Consul — retained only three prerogatives: the pardoning power, the right to designate a successor in the office of chief magistrate, and the right to nominate forty senators. In reality, the clever manipulation of the provisions enumerated made the First Consul a supreme governor.

A few — a very few — wise old men understood how they had been fettered, and one of them proposed in a pamphlet that Bonaparte should be made king if only he would give them back constitutional government. It was easy to dismiss with scornful disdain a proposition so subversive of "liberty." The nation was content. The Revolution had at last culminated through the fulfilment of its ideals in the person of a warrior strong to realize them at home and defend them abroad. The boundaries of France were enlarged, order prevailed within her borders, peace had been made with honor, the "empire" of liberal ideas was established in the "empire" of France, where the existence of beneficent institutions permeated by their spirit was guaranteed by the assured control of a hand which would turn experimental trials into a national habit.

Behind the Consul for life stood a now purged and unified army, recruited by a system which insured its perpetuity and efficiency. The child of the Revolution, the army was a national institution; and neither the nation, which yearly renewed its numbers, nor the armed men themselves understood that the influence of Bonaparte, combined with the conscription laws of the Directory and the Consulate, had gradually but completely changed its character and its spirit; but it had. Fathers no longer gave their sons for a principle; families no longer saw conscripts march forth with the sense that they were making a sacrifice to patriotism. Long experience had made their departure a matter of course; they went out to fight for glory and, alas! too often for booty. Since the first Italian campaign under him who was now chief magistrate for life, the latter motive was always present and often avowed. The leader who could be relied on to gratify the French passion for distinction, and at the same time put money in the purse of his soldiers, might be confident of their devotion.

BONAPARTE AT THE THRESHOLD OF MONARCHY.

BONAPARTE was now thirty-four. Thus far he had been neither the tool of fate nor the architect of his own fortunes: he was both. In



FROM THE PORTRAIT BY ANTOINE-JEAN GROS, IN THE LOUVRE.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

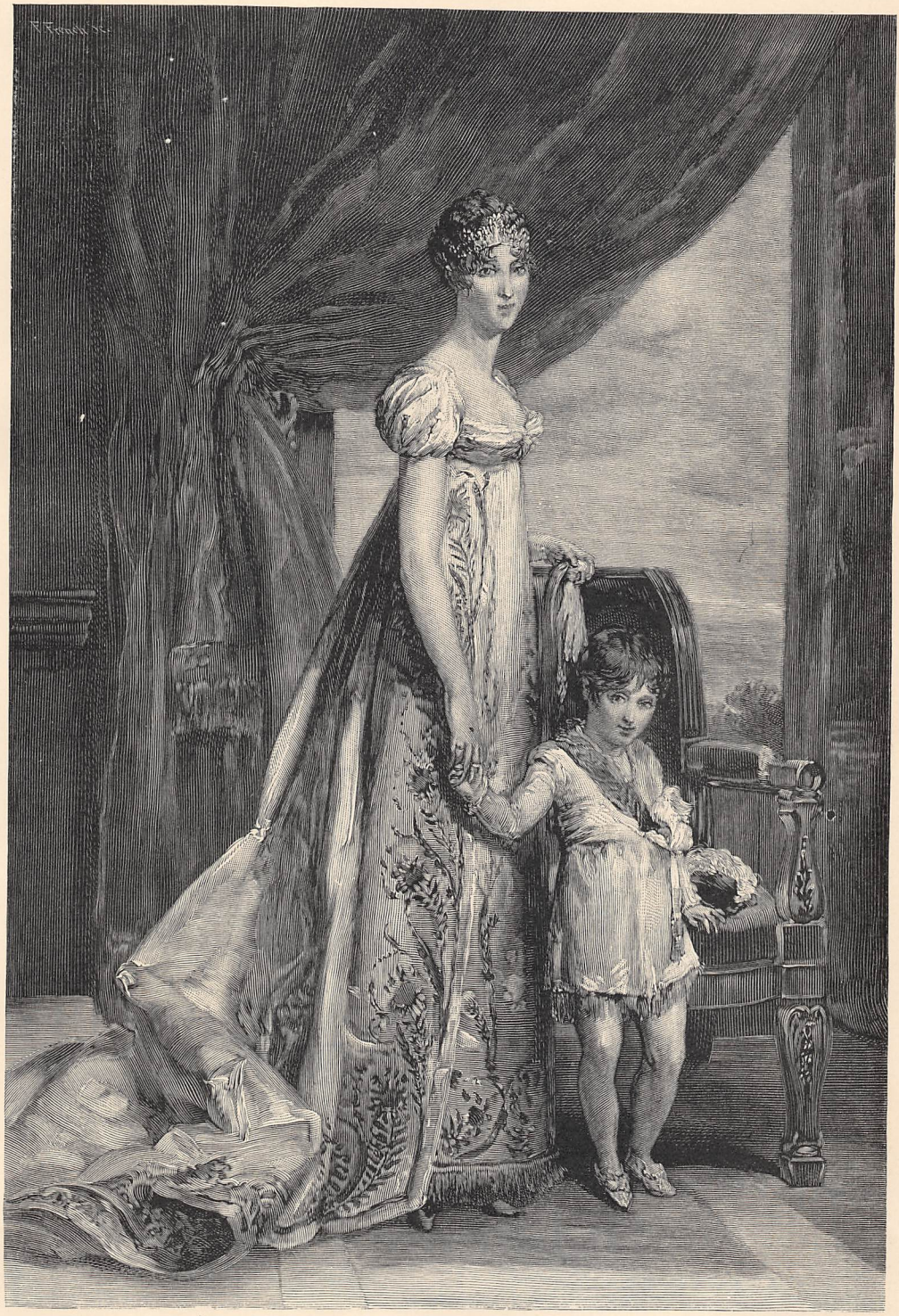
MME. LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

Corsica his immature powers had been thwarted by conditions beyond his control. During the Revolution he had caught at every straw which would spare his life and give him a living. Until his marriage he was a soldier of fortune, and fortune made it difficult, either by professional excellence or political scheming, to grasp any of her favors. Accordingly he went without them, suffering, erring, dreaming, philosophizing, observing, and gathering the experience which made him mature at the age when most men are still boys. The observer can descry no revolution in his character when fortune began to smile and opportunities began to open. There is the same unscrupulous enterprise, the same determination to seize the chances of the hour, the same ability to make the most of circumstances; but the grist is now wheat and the resultant output is flour.

Every success is made introductory to another, and there are no evidences of great scheming, except as similar evidences were observable in the overweening self-confidence of his boyhood at Milleli. Only now his plans unfold, not in the chill blasts of habitual failure, but in the mild breezes of the prospering influences amid which they are formed. It becomes very easy, therefore, to proclaim, as many historians do, the existence of a great life scheme extending forward to the empire and backward to his earliest youth,—to declare that with satanic powers the boy had prearranged every detail of his manhood. Of this there is not the slightest proof. All that is clear is the continued use, by a great mind sharpened in the fires of experience, of ever greater opportunities as they arose. Like all men of commanding ability, he belonged, not to one age, but to all ages. His elemental nature made the time and place and conditions in which he actually lived a means to his end, exactly as another century and another environment would have been. Whatever else he was either before or afterward, he was the personification of France as she was at this time, when he arrived by her desire and connivance at the height of his power. His future, then, is, like his past, the resultant of his own and the national personality interacting one upon the other.

Visionaries might say in vague and beautiful phrase, as they did then and do now, that having harvested his laurels and exhausted the glories of conquest, he should turn to ameliorate the race, to guide a great nation with the easy reins of popular law in the brilliant paths illuminated by the light of the century. The ideal nation referred to did not exist. It was because the despotism of monarchy and the madness of revolution had shown the utter absence of self-control in the nation, because the French as a whole were avid not of virtue but of pleasure, not of self-denial but of luxury, not of stern morality but of glory,—because Bonaparte was a man after their own heart,—that he had some justification in his reply to a demand for liberty of the press: "In a moment," said he, "I would have thirty royalist journals and as many Jacobin ones, and I would have to govern with a minority." Many an earnest, liberty-loving French statesman of to-day has had cause in the bitterness of his heart to recall the language. As the ministries in France topple, and a dozen legislative factions, having each its journal, combine for no other purpose than the sport of overturning the government, it is, alas! too often a minority which neither governs nor rules, but guides the public career by a kind of sufferance. This is possible because the centralization of the prefecture is quite as complete to-day, and the rewards connected with the Legion of Honor and public place are quite as thoroughly controlled by the ministry governing for the moment, as they were when Bonaparte created both institutions in the interest of his autocratic power. To control the government even for a short time means the control of patronage and honor.

There is no doubt that the First Consul realized what he had done and whither he was going. The conspiracies had seriously affected his nerves; more and more he withdrew from the society of all but a few confidants, and surrounded himself with a more rigid etiquette. Mme. Bonaparte continued to play the part of the old aristocrat, and gathered to the Tuileries ever larger numbers of the fortune-hunting nobility, who hoped that Bonaparte's elevation would yet prove a stepping-stone to restore the Bourbons. These elegant persons laughed in their sleeves at what they heard and saw. The dress and state of the monarchy were restored, but neither the chief magistrate himself nor the late republicans who had made good their position at court had the inclinations, the manners, or the morals of those for whom the social institutions of royalty had been developed. The returning nobles thought it very funny that the great man liked seclusion and found what amusement he took in ghost-stories, in the sighing of the wind, in brusque sallies of coarse wit, or in the rude familiarities of bluff intimacy with plain people; they considered it very absurd that his vices were commonplace and perhaps even worse; they thought it laughable that the newcomers slipped on the polished floors, and it seemed most entertaining that the gentlewomen of the old régime who, like Mme. de Rémusat, had accepted permanent positions as ladies of the palace, were often subjected to treatment and put into positions not foreseen in the training they had received from courtly tutors.



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

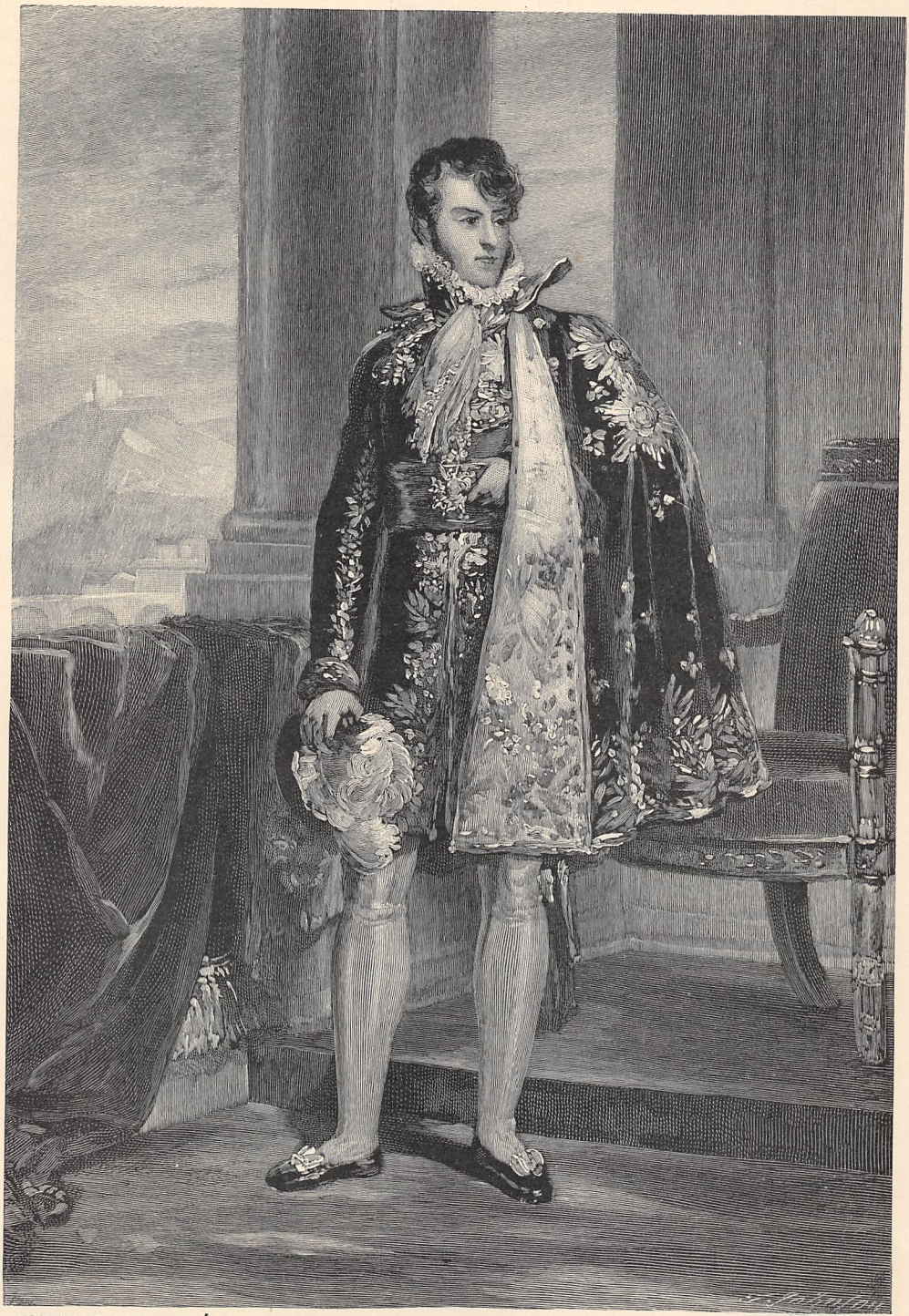
EUGÉNIE-HORTENSE, QUEEN OF HOLLAND, AND HER SON.

But, for all this, it was not merry at the Tuileries. The chief grew timid and dark before his own achievements, and in mastering the accompanying difficulties which rushing ambition does not foresee, but with which it must reckon. No one liked less than Bonaparte to ride abroad surrounded by guards, or to muse in green alleys where, as at Malmaison, every tree was at times the post of a patrol. Yet even he could not alter the necessity, and the system of espionage was extended about him like a cage for his protection. As to friends, they grew fewer and fewer; for one of the First Consul's maxims was the cynical aphorism of Machiavelli that friends must always be treated as if one day they might be enemies. Even the notion of duty, not to speak of its practice, was foreign to him; generosity, honesty, and sincerity were utopian conceptions of which his world and his experience had never known. Even the attractive visions and ideals of virtue which mingled with the speculations of Rousseau or Voltaire had become like the mirage of the desert, empty illusions that heighten the barrenness of self-interest and ambition beneath them. Human greed, passion, vanity — such, Bonaparte declared, are the motive forces by which kings rule; the justice of governors was for him the safe-guarding of comfort, of material prosperity, and of the superstitions which under the name of religion create a moral power necessary to the public order.

In the circle immediately surrounding Bonaparte there was some gaiety, but much quarreling and jealousy. Josephine having been barren since her second marriage, would the succession go to her children or to her husband's relatives? This was becoming a serious question. Cliques were formed on both sides, and marriages of interest became the absorbing theme. Joseph more than any other had kept the new order in touch with the republican idea by his skilful diplomacy both in society and in foreign negotiation. He was disposed to yield to his arbitrary brother in any extremity, and his beautiful wife was a tower of strength to the Bonaparte interest. The vigorous and able Lucien had risen to the height of his chances, and, having acquired a handsome fortune while occupying the post of French minister to Madrid, began to assert his old democratic independence. He plumply refused to marry the dowager queen of Etruria, and espoused instead a handsome wife of his own choosing from among the people, a step which eventually cost him the penalty of exile. Josephine was successful in making a match between her daughter Hortense and her husband's third brother Louis; but although at a later time the emperor contemplated bequeathing his power to their son, for the present the quarrels of the unhappy pair, instead of appeasing, intensified the Bonaparte-Beauharnais feud. It was sometimes said in loud whispers that the only solution of the impending difficulties was the divorce of the First Consul from his wife; but the question was not yet seriously discussed. The consular pair had never been married by ecclesiastical form, and many have since suggested that it was a discontented husband who had spoken in the manifest partiality for easy divorce which Bonaparte displayed in discussing the civil code. Jerome had been among the officers blockaded in the West Indies by the English fleet. Having escaped to the United States, he became desperately enamoured of Elizabeth Patterson, a Baltimore beauty, and in December, 1803, married her. Napoleon was furious, refused to recognize the marriage or the child born of it, and forbade his sister-in-law to enter France. After a few years the unworthy object of his wrath deserted his family, and returned to share the splendors of the empire.

The Bonaparte women were clever intriguers. Madame Mère lived quietly in her own home, where, to her son's exasperation, she continued to speak the Corsican dialect and to save money; it is said that she always distrusted the permanency of her son's elevation. Élise, now Mme. Bacciochi, was a clever woman of the world, and with Lucien's aid formed a literary coterie of which Chateaubriand was the illumination. Pauline returned from San Domingo to marry Prince Borghese, and became notorious for her infidelities. Caroline, the wife of Murat, chafed under her husband's intellectual inferiority, but used her position with skill in behalf of her family. Of all his connections none was more useful to the head of the State than Fesch, who was easily persuaded to reënter the Church, and not long after the Concordat he became archbishop of Lyons and cardinal. The republican calendar still nominally survived, but after the reconciliation of State and Church the celebration of the ten-day festival of Décadi, instituted under the republic, fell into disuse, the Church resumed the observance of Sunday, and among the diligent attendants at mass on that day was the First Consul. His near relationship with an ecclesiastical dignitary did not tend to weaken the bonds which tied his government to the religious sentiment of the common people.

In the great world outside the Tuileries there was for a moment peace. Nothing was left of Jacobinism or revolutionary ferment. Old names were restored to streets and places, just as every one now wore the garments of the ancient régime, except the impoverished aristocrats, who in mild protest continued to wear the trousers of the sansculottes. Even they, however, had



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

PRINCE CAMILLO BORGHESE, SECOND HUSBAND OF PAULINE BONAPARTE.

got back a small portion of their properties, and the newly rich saw in the confirmation of personal government by a consul through a so-called republic the guarantee that restitution of the rest to its former owners would never be required of them. Both alike were therefore satisfied with what was sure. Thus in the same way monarchists and republicans were equally gratified, the latter with a semblance of democratic government, the former with a reality which might end in royalty, the full fruition of their yearnings. In short, public confidence was restored, and showed itself in a respectable, temperate decency of living which had been foreign to Paris under the Directory. Everything appeared as if society were performing its normal functions in commerce, trade, industry, and religion. Even art and literature revived as if upon a solid substructure of permanent organic life. Mme. de Staël had fought gallantly for notoriety and for the attention of the great, so dear to her woman's heart in spite of all its philosophy; but Bonaparte never forgave the insight into his character which she and her friends displayed, and he discovered that the air of Paris disagreed with her. Chateaubriand, a noble of high imaginative power and brilliant literary gifts, after several unsuccessful ventures as a romantic youth had finally published in 1797 an "Essay on Revolutions," which was intended to be a peacemaker in the struggle of ideas, to mediate between the monarchy and the republic. It was imbued with atheism and the philosophy of Rousseau. Very soon after its appearance the author was the subject of a remarkable conversion, and at once began the composition of his treatise on the "Genius of Christianity," that exquisitely literary and pious work which established his fame. In 1801 appeared a charming romance thrown off as an avocation in the intervals of more serious labor. It is entitled "Atala; or, The Loves of Two Savages," and left no doubt of his poetic ability. In 1802 the great apology itself was completed and published. Although the author had been hitherto unknown to Bonaparte, the "Genius of Christianity" was so opportune in its far-reaching influence that men could not rid themselves of the feeling that the writer was sponsor for the Concordat. The book is eloquent and poetic, but arid in opinion and argument. Its life was therefore ephemeral, but its influence while it lasted was supreme. Chateaubriand was a hero, and his literary circle a phenomenon of the first importance. His help was acknowledged by the government in an appointment as diplomatic agent, first to Rome, afterward to the republic of Valais.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.



THE MARENGO MEDAL, OBVERSE AND REVERSE. FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE CARNAVALET MUSEUM.

THE CUP OF TREMBLING.

A MINER of the Cœur d'Alêne was returning alone, on foot, one winter evening, from the town in the gulch to his solitary claim far up on the timbered mountain-side.

His nearest way was by an unfrequented road that led to the Dreadnaught, a lofty and now abandoned mine that had struck the vein three thousand feet above the valley, but, the ore of which being low-grade, could never be made to pay the cost of transportation.

He had cached his snow-shoes, going down, at the Bruce boys' cabin, the only habitation on the Dreadnaught road, which from there was still open to town.

The snows that camp all summer on the highest peaks of the Cœur d'Alêne were steadily working downward, driving the game before them; but traffic had not ceased in the mountains. Supplies were still delivered by pack-train at outlying claims and distant cabins in the standing timber. The miner was therefore traveling light, encumbered with no heavier load than his personal requisition of tobacco and whisky and the latest newspapers, which he circulated in exchange for the wayside hospitalities of that thinly peopled but neighborly region.

His homeward halt at the cabin was well timed. The Bruce boys were just sitting down to supper; and the moon, which would light his lonelier way across the white slopes of the forest, would not be visible for an hour or more. The boys threw wood upon their low cooking-fire of coals, which flamed up gloriously, spreading its immemorial welcome over that poor, chance suggestion of a home. The supper was served upon a board, or literally two boards, nailed shelf-wise across the lighted end of the cabin, beneath a small window where, crossed by the squares of a dusty sash, the austere winter twilight looked in: a sky of stained-glass colors above the clear heights of snow; an atmosphere as cold and pure as the air of a fireless church; a hushed multitude of trees disguised in vestments of snow, a mute recessional after the benediction has been said.

Each man dragged his seat to the table, and placed himself sidewise, that his legs might find room beneath the narrow board. Each dark face was illumined on one side by the fitful fire-glow, on the other by the constant though fading ray from the window; and, as they talked, the boisterous fire applauded, and the twilight, like a pale listener, laid its cold finger on the pane.

They talked of the price of silver, of the mines shutting down, of the bad times East and West, and the signs of a corrupt generation; and this brought them to the latest ill rumor from town — a sensation that had transpired only a few hours before the miner's departure, and which friends of the persons discussed were trying to keep as quiet as possible.

The name of a young woman was mentioned, hitherto a rather disdainful favorite with society in the Cœur d'Alêne — the wife of one of the richest mine-owners in the State.

The "Old Man," as the miners called him, had been absent for three months in London, detained from week to week on the tedious but paramount business of selling his mine. The mine, with its fatalistic millions (which, it was surmised, had spoken for their owner in marriage more eloquently than the man could have spoken for himself), had been closed down pending negotiations for its sale, and left in charge of the engineer, who was also the superintendent. This young man, whose personal qualities were in somewhat formidable contrast to those of his employer, nevertheless, in business ways, enjoyed a high measure of his confidence, and had indeed deserved it. The present outlook was somewhat different. Persons who were fond of Waring were saying in town that "Jack must be off his head," as the most charitable way of accounting for his late eccentricity. The husband was reported to be on ship-board, expected in New York in a week or less; but the wife, without explanation, had suddenly left her home. Her disappearance was generally accounted a flight. On the same night of the young woman's evanishment, Superintendent Waring had relieved himself of his duties and responsibilities, and taken himself off, with the same irrevocable frankness, leaving upon his friends the burden of his excuses, his motives, his whereabouts, and his reputation.

Since news of the double desertion had got abroad, tongues had been busy, and a vigorous search was afoot for evidence of the generally assumed fact of an elopement, but with trifling results.

The fugitives, it was easily learned, had not gone out by the railroad; but Clarkson's best team, without bells, and a bob-sleigh with two seats in it had been driven into the stable-yard before daylight on the morning of the discovery, the horses rough and jaded, and white with

frozen steam; and Clarkson himself had been the driver on this hard night trip. As he was not in the habit of serving his patrons in this capacity, and as he would give none but frivolous, evasive answers to the many questions that were asked him, he was supposed to be accessory to Waring in his crime against the morals of the camp.

While the visitor enlarged upon the evidence furnished by Clarkson's night ride, the condition of his horses, and his own frank lying, the Bruce boys glanced at each other significantly, and each man spat into the fire in silence.

The traveler's halt was over. He slipped his feet into the straps of his snow-shoes, and took his pole in hand; for now the moon had risen to light his path, and faint boreal shadows began to appear on the glistening slopes. He shuffled away, and his shape was soon lost in the white depths of the forest.

The brothers sat and smoked by their sinking fire, before covering its embers for the night; and again the small window, whitening in the growing moonlight, was like the blanched face of a troubled listener.

"That must 'a' been them last night, you recollect. I looked out about two o'clock, and it *was* a bob-sleigh, crawlin' up the grade, and the horses had n't no bells on. The driver was a thick-set man like Clarkson, in a buffaler coat. There was two on the back seat, a man and woman plain enough, all muffled up, with their heads down. It was so still in the woods I could 'a' heard if they 'd been talkin' no louder than I be now; but not a word was spoke all the way up the hill. I says to myself, 'Them folks must be pretty well acquainted, 'less they 're all asleep, goin' along through the woods the prettiest kind of a night, walkin' their horses, and not a word in the whole blasted outfit.'"

"I 'm glad you did n't open your head about it," said the elder brother. "We don't know for certain it was them, and it 's none of our funeral, anyhow. Where, think, could they have been going to, supposin' you was right? Would Jack be likely to harbor up there at the mine?"

"Where else could they get to, with a team, by this road? Where else could they be safer? Jack 's inside of his own lines up there, and come another big snow the road 'll be closed till spring; and who 'd bother about them, anyway, exceptin' it might be the Old Man? And a man that leaves his wife around loose the way he done ain't likely to be huntin' her on snow-shoes up to another man's mine."

"I don't believe Jack 's got the coin to be meanderin' very far just about now," said the practical elder brother. "He 's staked out with a pretty short rope, unless he 's realized on some of his claims. I heard he was tryin' to dig up a trade with a man who 's got a mine over in the Slocan country. That would be convenient over the line among the Canucks. I would n't wonder if he 's hidin' out for a spell till he gathers his senses, and gets a little more room to turn in. He can't fly far with a woman like her, unless his pockets are pretty well lined. Them easy-comers easy-goers ain't the kind that likes to rough it. I 'll bet she don't bile his shirts or cook his dinners, not much."

"It 's a wild old nest up there," said the younger and more imaginative as well as more sympathetic of the brothers—"a wild road to nowhere, only the dropping-off place."

"What gets me is that talk of Jack's last fall, when you was in the Kootenai, about his intentions to 'bach' it up there this winter, if he could coax his brother out from Manitoba to bach with him. I would n't like to think it of Jack, that he 'd lie that way, just to turn folks off the scent. But he did, sure, pack a lot of his books and stuff up to the mine; grub, too, a lot of it; and done some work on the cabin. Think he was fixin' up for a hide-out, in case he should need one? Or wa' n't it anything but a bluff?"

"Naw," the other drawled impatiently. "Jack 's no such a deep schemer as all that comes to. More 'n likely he seen he was workin' the wrong lead, and concluded 't was about time for him to be driftin' in another direction. 'T ain't likely he give in to such foolishness without one fight with himself. And about when he had made up his mind to fire himself out, and quit the whole business, the Old Man puts out for London, stuck on sellin' his mine, and can't leave unless Jack stays with it. And Jack says to himself, 'Well, blast it all, I done what I could! What is to be will be.' That 's about the way I put it up."

"I would n't be surprised," the other assented; "but what 's become of the brother, if there ever was a brother in it at all?"

"Why, Lord! a man can change his mind. But I guess he did n't tell his brother about this young madam he was lookin' after along with the rest of the Old Man's goods. I hain't got nothin' against Jack Waring; he 's always been square with me, and he 's an awful good minin' man. I 'd trust him with my pile, if it was millions, but I would n't trust him, nor any other man, with my wife."

"Sho! she was poor stuff; she was light, I tell ye. Think of some of the women we 've known! Did they need watchin'? No, sir; it ain't the man, it 's the woman, when it 's between a young man and a married woman. It 's her foolishness that gits away with them both. Girls is different. I 'd skin a man alive that set the town talkin' about my sister like *she 's* bein' talked about, now."

The brothers stepped outside, and stood awhile in silence, regarding the night, and breathing the pure, frosty air of the forest. A commiserating thankfulness swelled in their breasts with each deep, clean inspiration. They were poor men, but they were free men—free, compared with Jack. There was no need to bar their door, or watch suspiciously, or skulk away and hide their direction, choosing the defense of winter and the deathlike silence of the snows to the observation of their kind.

They stared with awe up the white, blank road that led to the deserted mine, and they marveled in homely thinking: "Will it pay?" It was "the wrong lead this time, sure."

The brothers watched the road from day to day, and took note that not a fresh track had been seen upon it; not a team, or a traveler on snow-shoes, had gone up or down since the night when the bob-sleigh with its silent passengers had creaked up it in the moonlight. Since that night of the full moon of January not another footprint had broken the smoothness of that hidden track. The snow-tides of midwinter flowed over it. They filled the gulch, and, softly mounting, snow on snow, rose to the eaves of the little cabin by the buried road. The Bruce boys dug out their window; the hooded roof protected their door. They walked about on top of the frozen tide, and entered their house, as if it were a cellar, by steps cut in a seven-foot wall of snow.

One gray day in February a black dog, with a long nose and bloodshot eyes, leaped down into the trench, and pawed upon the cabin door. Opening to the sound, the Bruce boys gave him a boisterous welcome, calling their visitor by name. The dog was Tip, Jack Waring's clever shepherd spaniel, a character as well known in the mountains as his master. Indeed, he was too well known, and too social in his habits, for a safe member of a household cultivating strict seclusion; therefore, when Tip's master went away with his neighbor's wife, Tip had been left behind. His reappearance on this road was regarded by the Bruce boys as highly suggestive.

Tip was a dog that never forgave an injury or forgot a kindness. Many a good bone he had set down to the Bruce boys' credit in the days when his master's mine was supposed to be booming, and his own busy feet were better acquainted with the Dreadnaught road. He would not come in, but stood at the door, wagging his tail inquiringly. The boys were about to haul him into the cabin by the hair of his neck, or shut him out in the cold, when a shout was heard from the direction of the road above. Looking out, they saw a strange young man, on snow-shoes, who hailed them a second time, and stood still, awaiting their response. Tip seemed to be satisfied now; he briskly led the way, the boys following up the frozen steps cut in their moat-wall of snow, and stood close by, assisting, with all the eloquence his honest, ugly phiz was capable of, at the conference that ensued. He showed himself particularly anxious that his old friends should take his word for the stranger whom he had introduced and appeared to have adopted.

Pointing up the mountain, the young man asked, "Is that the way to the Dreadnaught mine?"

"There ain't nobody workin' up there now," Jim Bruce replied indirectly, after a pause in which he had been studying the stranger's appearance. His countenance was exceedingly fresh and pleasing, his age about twenty years. He was buttoned to the chin in a reefing-jacket of iron-gray Irish frieze. His smooth, girlish face was all over one pure, deep blush from exertion in the cold. He wore Canadian snow-shoes strapped upon his feet, instead of the long Norwegian skees on which the men of the Cœur d'Alêne make their winter journeys in the mountains; and this difference alone would have marked him for a stranger from over the line. After he had spoken, he wiped away the icy moisture of his breath that frosted his upper lip, stuck a short pipe between his teeth, drew off one mitten, and fumbled in his clothing for a match. The Bruce boys supplied him with a light, and as the fresh, pungent smoke ascended, he raised his head and smiled his thanks.

"Is this the road to the Waring mine—the Dreadnaught?" he asked again, deliberately, after a pull or two at his pipe.

And again came the evasive answer: "Mine 's shut down. Ain't nobody workin' up there now."

The youngster laughed aloud. "Most uncommunicative population I ever struck," he remarked, in a sort of humorous despair. "That 's the way they answered me in town. I say, is this a hoodoo? If my brother is n't up there, where in the devil is he? All I ask is a straight answer to a straight question."

The Bruce boys grinned their embarrassment. "You 'll have to ask us somethin' easier," they said.

"This is the road to the mine, ain't it?"

"Oh, that 's the road all right enough," the boys admitted; "but you can see yourself how much it 's been traveled lately."

The stranger declined to be put off with such casual evidence as this. "The wind would wipe out any snow-shoe track; and a snow-shoer would as soon take across the woods as keep the road, if he knew the way."

"Wal," said Jim Bruce, conclusively, "most of the boys, when they are humpin' themselves

to town, stops in here for a spell, to limber up their shins by our fire; but Jack Waring hain't fetched his bones this way for two months and better. Looks mighty queer that we hain't seen track nor trace of him if he 's been livin' up there since winter set in. Are you the brother he was talkin' of sending for to come out and bach it with him?"

The boys were aware of their own uneasy looks as the frank eyes of the stranger met theirs at the question.

"I 'm the only brother he 's got. He wrote to me last August that he 'd taken a fit of the sulks, and wanted me to come and help him work it off up here at his mine. I was coming, only a good job took me in tow; and after a month or so the work went back on me, and I wrote to Jack two weeks ago to look out for me; and here I am. And the people in town, where he 's been doing business these six years, acted as if they distantly remembered him. 'Oh, yes,' they say, 'Jack Waring; but he 's gone away, don't you know? Snowed under somewhere; don't know where.' I asked them if he 'd left no address. Apparently not. Asked if he 'd seemed to be clothed in his proper senses when last seen. They thought so. I went to the post-office, expecting to find his mail piled up there. Every scrap had been cleaned up since Friday last; but not the letter I wrote him, so he can't be looking for me. The P. M. squirmed, like everybody else, when I mentioned my brother; but he owned that a man's mail can't leave the box without hands, and that the hands belonged usually to some of the boys at the Mule Deer mine. Now, the Mule Deer is next neighbor to the Dreadnaught, across the divide. It 's a friendly power, I know; and that confirms me that my brother has done just what he said he was going to do. By the tone of his letter I judged that he was feeling a bit seedy. He seemed to have soured on the town for some reason, which might mean that the town has soured on him. I don't ask what it is, and I don't care to know, but something has queered the whole crowd. I asked Clarkson to let me have a man to show me the way to the Dreadnaught. He calmly lied to me a blue streak, and he knew that I knew he was lying. And then Tip, here, looked me in the eye, with his head on one side, and I saw that he was on to the whole business."

"Smartest dog that ever lived!" Jim Bruce ejaculated. "I would n't wonder if he knew you was Jack's brother."

"I won't swear that he could name the connection; but he knows that I 'm looking for his master, and he 's looking for him too; but he 's afraid to trail after him without a good excuse. See? I don't know what Tip 's been up to, that he should be left with a man like Clarkson; but whatever he 's done, he 's a good dog now. Ain't you, Tip?"

"*He* done!" Jim Bruce interrupted sternly. "Tip never done nothing to be punished for. Got more sense of what 's right than most humans, and lives up to it straight along. I 'd quar'l with any man that looked cross at that dog. You old brute, you rascal! What you doin' up here? Ain't you 'shamed, totin' folks 'way up here on a wild-goose chase? What you doin' it fer, eh? Pertendin' you 're so smart! You know Jack ain't up here. Jack ain't up here, I say. Go along with ye, tryin' to fool a stranger!"

Tip was not only unconvinced by these unblushing assertions on the part of a friend whose word he had never doubted: he was terribly abashed and troubled by their manifest disingenuousness. From a dog's point of view it was a poor thing for the Bruce boys to do, to try to pass upon him like this. He blinked apologetically, and licked his chaps, and wagged the end of his tail, which had sunk a trifle from distress and embarrassment at his position.

The three men stood and watched the workings of his mind, expressed in his humble, doggish countenance; and a final admission of the truth that he had been trying to conceal escaped Jim Bruce in a burst of admiration for his favorite's unswerving sagacity.

"Smartest dog that ever lived!" he repeated, triumphant over his own defeat; and the brothers wasted no more lies upon the stranger.

There was something uncanny, thought the young man, in this mystery about his brother that grew upon him, and waxed formidable, and pursued him even into the depths of the snow-buried wilderness. The breath of gossip should have died on so clean an air, unless there had been more than gossip in it.

The Bruce boys ceased to argue with him on the question of his brother's occupancy of the mine. They urged other considerations by way of delaying him. They spoke of the weather; of the look of snow in the sky, the feeling of snow in the air, the yellow stillness of the forest, the creeping cold. They tried to keep him over-night, on the offer of their company up the mountain in the morning, if the weather should prove fit. But he was confident, though graver in manner than at first, that he was going to a supper and a bed at his brother's camp, to say nothing of a brother's welcome.

"I 'm positive he 's up there. I froze on to it from the first," he persisted. "And why should I sleep at the foot of the hill when my brother sleeps at the top?"

The Bruce boys were forced to let him go

on, with the promise, merely allowing for the chance of disappointment, that if he found nobody above he would not attempt to return after nightfall by the Dreadnaught road, which hugs the peak at a height above the valley where there is always a stiff gale blowing, and the combing drifts in midwinter are forty feet high.

"Trust Tip," they said; "he 'll show you the trail across the mountain to the Mule Deer"—a longer but far safer way to shelter for the night.

"Tip is fly; he 'll see me through," said Jack's brother. "I 'd trust him with my life. I 'll be back this way possibly in the morning; but if you don't see me, come up and pay us a visit. We 'll teach the Dreadnaught to be more neighborly. Here 's hoping," he cried, and the three drank in turn out of the young fellow's flask, the Bruce boys almost solemnly as they thought of the forthcoming meeting between the brothers, the sequel to that innocent hope. Unhappy brother, unhappy Jack!

He turned his face to the snows again, and toiled on up the mountain, with Tip's little figure trotting on ahead.

"Think of Jack 's leavin' a dog like that, and takin' up with a woman!" said Jim Bruce, as he squared his shoulders to the fire, yawning and shuddering with the chill he had brought with him from outside. "And such a woman!" he added. "I 'd want the straight thing, or else I 'd manage to get along without. Anything decent would have taken the dog too."

"'T was mortal cute, though, of the youngster to freeze on to Tip, and pay no attention to the talk. He knows a dog, that 's sure. And Tip knowed him. But I wished we could 'a' blocked that little rascal's game. 'T was too bad to let him go on."

"I never see anybody so stuck on goin' to a place," said the elder Bruce. "I calc'late we 'll see him back in the morning; but I 'll bet he don't jaw much about brother Jack."

THE manager's house at the Dreadnaught had been built in the time of the mine's supposititious prosperity, and was the ideal log cabin of the Cœur d'Alêne. A thick-waisted chimney of country rock buttressed the long side-wall of peeled logs chinked with mud. The front room was twenty feet across, and had a stone hearth and a floor of dressed pine. Back of it were a small bedroom and a kitchen into which water was piped from a spring higher up on the mountain. The roof of cedar shakes projected over the gable, shading the low-browed entrance from the sun in summer, and protecting it in winter from the high-piled snows.

Like a swallow's nest it clung in the hollow of the peak, which slopes in vast, grand contours to the valley, as if it were the inside of a bowl, the rim half broken away. The valley is the bottom of the bowl, and the broken rim is the lower range of hills that completes its boundary. Great trees, growing beside its hidden streams far below, to the eye of a dweller in the cabin are dwarfed to the size of junipers, and the call of those unseen waters comes dreamily in a distant, inconstant murmur, except when the wind beats up the peak, which it seldom does, as may be seen by the warp of the pines and tamaracks, and the drifting of the snows in winter.

To secure level space for the passage of teams in front of the house, an embankment had been thrown up, faced with a heavy retaining-wall of stone. This bench, or terrace, was now all one with the mountain-side, heaped up and smoothed over with snow.

Jack, in his winter nest-building, had cleared a little space for air and light in front of each of the side windows, and with unceasing labor he shoveled out the snow which the wind as constantly sifted into these pits, and into the trench beneath the hooded roof that sheltered the gable entrance. The snow walls of this sunken gallery rose to the height of the door-frame, cutting out all view from without or within. A perpetual white twilight, warmed by the glow of their hearth-fire, was all that the fugitives ever saw of the day. Sun or stars were alike to them. One link they had with humanity, however, without which they might have suffered hardship, or even have been forced to succumb to their savage isolation.

The friendly Mule Deer across the mountain was in a state of winter siege, like the Dreadnaught, but had not severed its connections with the world. It was a working-mine, with a force of fifty or more men on its pay-roll, and regular communication on snow-shoes was had with the town. The mine was well stocked as well as garrisoned, and Jack was indebted to the friendship of the manager for many accustomed luxuries which Esmée would have missed in the new life that she had rashly welcomed for his sake. No woman could have been less fitted than she, by previous circumstances and training, to take her share of its hardships, or to contribute to its slender possibilities in the way of comfort. A servant was not to be thought of. No servant but a Chinaman would have been impersonal enough for the situation, and all heathen labor has been ostracized by Christian white labor from the Cœur d'Alêne.

So Jack waited upon his love, and was inside man and outside man, and, as he expressed it, "general dog around the place." He was a clever cook, which goes without saying in one who has known good living, and has lived eight years a bachelor on the fron-

tier; but he cleaned his own kitchen, and washed his own skillets, which does not go without saying, sooner than see Esmée's delicate hands defiled with such grimy tasks. He even swept, as a man sweeps; but what man was ever known to dust? The house, for all his ardent, unremitting toil, did not look particularly tidy.

Its great, dark front room was a man's room, big, undraped and uncurtained, strongly framed,— the framework much exposed in places,— heavy in color, hard in texture, yet a stronghold, and a place of absolute reserve: a very safe place in which to lodge such a secret as Esmée. And there she was, in her exotic beauty, shivering close to a roaring fire, scorching her cheeks that her silk-clad shoulders might be warm. She had never before lived in a house where the fires went out at night, and water froze beside her bed, and the floors were carpetless, and as cold as the world's indifference to her fate. She was absolutely without clothing suited to such a change, nor would she listen to sensible, if somewhat unattractive, suggestions from Jack. Now, least of all times, could she afford to disguise her picturesque beauty for the sake of mere comfort and common sense, or even to spare Jack his worries about her health.

It was noon, and the breakfast-table still stood in front of the fire. Jack, who since eight o'clock had been chopping wood and "packing" it out of the tunneled snow-drift which was the wood-shed into the kitchen, and cooking breakfast, and shoveling snow out of the trenches, sat glowing on his side of the table, farthest from the fire, while Esmée, her chair drawn close to the hearth, was sipping her coffee, and holding a fan spread between her face and the flames.

"Jack, I wish you had a fire-screen — one that would stand of itself, and not have to be held."

"Bless you! I 'd be your fire-screen, only I think I 'm rather hotter than the fire itself. I insist that you take some exercise, Esmée. Come, walk the trench with me ten rounds before I start."

"Why do you start so early?"

"Do you call this early? Besides, it looks like snow."

"Then why do you go at all?"

"You know why I go, dearest. The boys went to town yesterday. I 've had no mail for a week."

"And can't you exist without your mail?"

"Existence is just the hitch with us at present. It 's for your sake I cannot afford to be overlooked. If I fall out of step in my work, it may take years to get into line again. I can't say, like those ballad fellows:

"Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee.

"I wish I had. We 'll put some money in our purse, and then we 'll make ourselves a home where we please. Money is the first thing with us now. You must see that yourself."

"I see it, of course; but it does n't seem the nearest way to a fortune, going twice a week on snow-shoes to play solo at the Mule Deer mine. Confess, Jack dear, you do not come straight away as soon as you get your mail."

"I do not, of course. I must be civil, after a fashion, to Wilfrid Knight, considering all that he is doing for me."

"What is he doing for you?"

"He 's working as hard as he can for me in certain directions. It 's best not to say too much about these things till they 've materialized; but he has as strong a backing as any man in the Cœur d'Aléne. To tell you the truth, I can't afford *not* to be civil to him, if it meant solo every day in the week."

Esmée smiled a little, but remained silent. Jack went around to the chimneypiece, and filled his pipe, and began to stalk about the room, talking in brief sentences as he smoked.

"And by the way, dearest, would you mind if he should drop in on us some day?" Jack laughed at his own phrase, so literally close to the only mode of gaining access to their cellarage in the snow.

Esmée looked up quickly. "What in the world does he want to come here for? Does n't he see enough of you as it is?"

"He wants to see something of you, and it 's howling lonesome at the Mule Deer. Won't you let him come, Esmée?"

"Why, do you want him, Jack?"

"I want him! What should I want him for? But we have to be decent to a man who 's doing everything in the world for us. We could n't have made it here, at all, without the aid and comfort of the Mule Deer."

"I 'd rather have done without his aid and comfort, if it must be paid for at his own price."

"Everything has got to be paid for. Even that inordinate fire, which you won't be parted from, has to be paid for with a burning cheek."

"Not if you had a fire-screen, Jack," Esmée reminded him, sweetly.

"We will have one—an incandescent fire-screen on two legs. Will two be enough? A Mule Deer miner shall pack it in on his back from town. But we shall have to thank Wilfrid Knight for sending him. Well, if you won't have him here, he can't come, of course; but it 's a mistake, I think. We can't afford,

in my opinion, not to see the first hand that is held out to us in a social way — a hand that can help us if it will, but one that is quite as strong to injure us."

"Have him, then, if he 's so dangerous. But is he nice, do you think?"

"He 's nice enough, as men go. We 're not any of us any too nice."

"Some of you are at least considerate, and I think it very inconsiderate of Mr. Wilfrid Knight to wish to intrude himself on me now."

"Dearest, he has been kindness itself, and delicacy, in a way. Twice he has sent a special man to town to hunt up little dainties and comforts for you when my prison fare —"

"Jack, what do you mean? Has Wilfrid Knight been putting his hand in his pocket for things for me to eat and drink?"

"His pocket 's not much hurt. My own has suffered to the same extent quite frequently; but it is something to send a man fifteen miles down the mountain to pack the stuff. You might very properly recognize that, if you chose."

"I recognize nothing of it. Why did you not tell me how it was? I thought that you were sending for those things."

"How can I send Knight's men on my errands, if you please? I don't show up very largely at the mine in person. You don't seem to realize the situation. Did you suppose that the Mule Deer men, when they fetch these things from town, know whom they are for? They may, but they are not supposed to."

"Arrange it as you like, but I will not take presents from the manager of the Mule Deer."

"He has dined at your table, Esmée."

"Not at *my* table," said Esmée, haughtily averting her face.

"But you have been nice to him; he remembers you with distinct pleasure."

"Very likely. It is my rôle to be nice to people. I should be nice to him if he came here now; but I should hate him for coming. If *he* were nice, he would not dream of your asking him or allowing him to come."

"Darling, darling, we can't keep it up like this. We are not lords of fate to that extent. Fellows will pay you attention; they always have and they always will: but you must not, dearest, imply that I am not sensitive on the point of what you may or may not receive in that way. I should make myself a laughing-stock before all men if I should begin by resenting things. I could not insult you so. I will resent nothing that a husband does not resent."

"Jack, don't you understand? I could have taken it lightly once; I always used to. I can't take it lightly now. I cannot have him come here — the first to see us in this *solitude à deux*, the most intimate, the most awful."

"Of course, of course," murmured Jack. "It is awful, I admit it, for you. But it always will be. Ours is a double solitude for life, with the world always eying us askance, scoring us, or secretly envying us, or merely wondering coarsely about us. It takes tremendous courage in a woman; but you will have the courage of your honesty, your surpassing generosity to me."

"Generosity!" Esmée repeated. "We shall see. I give myself just five years of this 'generosity.' After that, the beginning of the end. I shall have to eliminate myself from the problem, to be finally generous. But five years is a good while," she whispered, "to dare to love my love in, if my love loves me."

There could be no doubt of this as yet. Esmée could afford to toy sentimentally with the thought of future despair and final self-elimination.

"Come, come," said Waring; "this will never do; we ought to get some fresh air on this." He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, pocketed it, and marched into an inner room, whence he fetched a warm, loose cloak and a pair of carriage boots.

"Fresh air and exercise!"

Esmée, seeing there was to be no escape from Jack's favorite specific for every earthly ill, put out her foot, in its foolish little slipper, and Jack drew on the fur-lined boots, and laced them around the silken ankles.

He followed her out into the snow-walled foss, and fell into step beside her.

"May I smoke?"

"What affectation! As if you did n't always smoke."

"Well, hardly, when I have a lady with me, in such a public place."

"Oh me, oh me!" Esmée suddenly broke forth, "why did I not meet you when you were in New York the winter before! Well, it would have settled one or two things. And we might be walking like this now, before all the world, and every one would say we were exactly suited to each other. And so we are — fearfully and wonderfully. Why did that fact wait to force itself upon us when to admit it was a crime? And we were so helpless *not* to admit it. What resources had I against it?"

"God knows. Perhaps I ought to have made a better fight, for your sake. But the fight was over for me the moment I saw that you were unhappy. If you had seemed reasonably content with your life, or even resigned, I hope I should have been man enough to have taken myself off and had it out alone."

"I had no life that was not all a pretense and a lie. I began by thinking I could pretend to you. But you know how all that broke down. Oh, Jack, *you* know the man!"

"I would n't go on with that, Esmée."

"But I must. I must explain to you just once, if I can."

"You need not explain, I should hope, to me."

"But this is something that rankles fearfully. I must tell you that I never, never would have given in if I had n't thought there was something in him, really. Even his peculiarities at first seemed rather picturesque; at least they were different from other men's. And we thought him a great original, a force, a man of such power and capacity. His very success was supposed to mean that. It was not his gross money that appealed to me. You could not think that I would have let myself be literally sold. But the money seemed to show what he had done. I thought that at least my husband would be a man among men, and especially in the West. But —"

"Darling, need we go into all this? Say it to yourself, if it must be said. You need not say it to me."

"*I* am saying it, not you. It is not you who have a monstrous, incredible marriage to explain. I must explain it as far as I can. Do you think I can afford to be without your respect and comprehension simply because you love me?"

"But love includes the rest."

"Not after a while. Now let me speak. It was when he brought me out here that I saw him as he is. I measured him by the standards of the life that had made him. I saw that he was just a rough Western man, like hundreds of others; not half so picturesque as a good many who passed the window every day. And all his great success, which I had taken as a proof of ability, meant nothing but a stroke of brutal luck that might happen to the commonest miner any day. I saw how you pretended to respect his judgment while privately you managed in spite of it. I could not help seeing that he was laughed at for his pretensions in the community that knew him best. It was tearing away the last rag of self-respect in which I had been trying to dress up my shameful bargain. I knew what you all thought of him, and I knew what you must think of me. I could not force myself to act my wretched part before you; it seemed a deeper degradation when you were there to see. How could I let you think that *that* was my idea of happiness! But from the first I never could be anything with you but just myself — for better or for worse. It was such a rest, such a perilous rest, to be with you, just because I knew it was no use to pretend. You always seemed to understand everything without a word."

"I understood *you* because I gave my whole mind to the business. You were in my thoughts night and day, from the moment I first saw you."

"Yes," said Esmée, passing over this confession as a thing of course in a young man's relations with his employer's wife. "It was as if we had been dear friends once, before memory began, before anything began; and all the rest came of the miserable accident of our being born — mis-born, since we could not meet until it was too late. Oh, it was cruel! I can never forgive life, fate, society — whatever it was that played us this trick. I had the strangest forebodings when they talked about you, before I saw you — a premonition of a crisis, a danger ahead. There was a fascination in the commonest reports about you. And then your perfectly reckless naturalness, of a man who has nothing to hide and nothing to fear. Who on earth could resist it?"

"I was the one who ought to have resisted it, perhaps. I don't deny that I was 'natural.' We 're neither of us exactly humbugs — not now. If the law that we 've broken is hunting for us, there will be plenty of good people to point us out. All that we shall have to face by and by. I wish I could take your share and mine too; but you will always have it the harder. That, too, is part of the law, I suppose."

"I must not be too proud," said Esmée. "I must remember what I am in the eyes of the world. But, Jack dear, if Wilfrid Knight does come, do not let him come without telling me first. Don't let him 'drop in on us,' as you said."

"He shall not come at all if it bothers you to think of it. I am not such a politic fellow. It 's for your sake, dearest one, that I am cringing to luck in this way. I never pestered myself much about making friends and connections; but *I* must not be too proud, either. It 's a handicap, there 's no doubt about that; it 's wiser to accept the fact, and go softly. My heavens! have n't I got you?"

"I suppose Wilfrid Knight is a man of the world? He 'll know how to spare the situation?"

"Quite so," said Jack, with a faint smile. "You need n't be uneasy about him." Then, more gravely, he added:

"He knows this is no light thing with either of us. He must respect your courage — the courage so rare in a woman — to face a cruel mistake that all the world says she must cover up, and right it at any cost."

"That is nonsense," said Esmée, with the violence of acute sensitiveness. "You need not try to doctor up the truth to me. You know that men do not admire that kind of courage in women — not in their own women. Let us be plain with each other. I don't pretend that

I came here with you for the sake of courage, or even of honesty."

Esmée stopped, and turned herself about, with her shoulders against the wall of snow, crushing the back of her head deep into its soft, cold resistance. In this way she gained a glimpse of the sky.

"Jack, it does look like a storm. It 's all over gray, is it not? and the air is so raw and chilly. I wish you would not go to-day."

"I 'll get off at once, and be back before dark. There shall be no solo this afternoon. But leave those dishes for me. I despise to have you wash dishes."

"I hate it myself. If I do do it, it will be to preserve my self-respect, and partly because you are so slow, Jack dear, and there 's no comfort in life till you get through. What a ridiculous, blissful, squalid time it is! Shall we ever do anything natural and restful again, I wonder?"

"Yes; when we get some money."

"I can't bear to hear you talk so much about money. Have I not had enough of money in my life?"

"Life is more of a problem with us than it is with most people."

"Let us go where nature solves the problem. There was an old song one of my nurses used to sing to me—

"Oh, islands there are, in the midst of the deep,
Where the leaves never fade, and the skies never weep.

"Can't we go, Jack dear? Let us be South Sea Islanders. Let 's be anything where there will be no dishes to wash, or somebody to wash them for us."

"We will go when we get some money," Jack persisted hauntingly.

"Oh, hush about the money! It 's so uncomplimentary of you. I shall begin to think—"

"You must not think. Thinking, after a thing is done, is no use. You must 'sleep, dear, sleep.' I shall be back before dark; but if I am not, don't think it strange. One never knows what may happen."

When he was gone Esmée was seized with a profound fit of dawdling. She sat for an hour in Jack's deep leather chair by the fire, her cloak thrown back, her feet, in the fur boots, extended to the blaze. For the first time that day she felt completely warm. She sat an hour dreaming, in perfect physical content.

Where did those words that Jack had quoted come from, she mused, and repeated them to herself, trying their sound by ear.

Then sleep, dear, sleep!

They gathered meaning from some fragmentary connection in her memory.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love, and all its smart—
Then sleep, dear, sleep!

And not a sorrow—

She could recall no more. The lines had an echo of Keats. She looked across the room toward the low shelves where Jack's books were crammed in dusty banishment. It was not likely that Keats would be in that company; yet Jack, by fits and starts, had been a passionate reader of everybody, even of the poets.

She was too utterly comfortable to be willing to move merely to lay the ghost of a vanished song. And now another verse awoke to haunt her:

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love, and all its smart—
Then die, dear, die!

'T is deeper, sweeter—

Than what? She could not remember. She had read the verses long ago, as a girl of twenty measures time, when the sentiment had had for her the palest meaning. Now she thought it not extravagant, but simply true.

Then die, dear, die!

She repeated, pillowing her head in the silken lining of her cloak. A tear of self-forgiving pity stole down her cheek. Love of her own fair, sensitive self; love of the one who could best express her to herself, and magnify her day by day, on the highest key of modern poetic sympathy and primal passion and medieval romance — this was the whole of life to her. She desired no other revelation concerning the mission of woman. In no other sense would she have held it worth while to be a woman. Yet she, of Beauty's daughters, had been chosen for that most fatal of all the stupid world's experiments in what it calls success — a loveless marriage!

When at length the fire went down, and the air of the drafty room began to change, Esmée languidly bestirred herself. The confusion that Jack had left behind him in his belated departure began to afflict her — the unwashed dishes on the table, the crumbs on the floor, the half-emptied pipe and ashes on the mantel, the dust everywhere. She pitied herself that she had no one at her command to set things right. At length she rose, reluctantly dispensing with her cloak, but keeping the fur boots on her feet, and began to pile up the breakfast dishes, and carry them by separate journeys to the kitchen.

The fire had long been out in the cook-stove; the bare little place was distressingly cold;

neither was it particularly clean, and the nature of its disorder was even more objectionable than that of the sitting-room. Poor Jack! Esmée had profoundly admired and pitied his struggles with the kitchen. What man of Jack's type and breeding had ever stood such a test of devotion? Even young Sir Gareth, who had done the same sort of thing, had done it for knighthood's sake, and had taken pride in the ordeal. With Jack such service counted for nothing except as a preposterous proof of his love for her.

Suppose she should surprise him in housewifely fashion, and treat him to a clean kitchen, a bright fire, and a hot supper on his return? The fancy was a pleasing one; but when she came to reckon up the unavoidable steps to its accomplishment, the details were too hopelessly repellent. She did not know, in fact, where or how to begin. She mused forlornly on their present situation, which, of course, could not last; but what would come next? Surely, without money, plucked of the world's respect and charity, they were a helpless pair. Jack was right: money they must have; and she must learn to keep her scruples out of his way; he was sufficiently handicapped already. She hovered about the scene of his labors for a while, mourning over him, and over herself for being so helpless to help him. By this time the sitting-room fire had gone quite down, and she put on a pair of gloves before raking out the coals, and laying the wood to rebuild it. The room had still a comfortless air, now that she was alone to observe it. She could have wept as she went about moving chairs, lifting heavy bearskins, and finding dirt, ever more dirt, that had accumulated under Jack's superficial housekeeping.

Her timid attempt at sweeping raised a hideous dust. When she tried to open the windows every one was frozen fast, and when she opened the door the cold air cut her like a knife.

She gave up trying to overhaul Jack's back accounts, and contented herself with smoothing things over on the surface. She possessed in perfection the decorative touch that lends an outward grace to the aspect of a room which may be inwardly unclean, and therefore unwholesome, for those who live in it.

It had never been required of her that she should be anything but beautiful and amiable, or do anything but contribute her beauty and amiability to the indulgent world around her. The hard work was for those who had nothing else to bestow. She laid Jack's slippers by the fire, and, with fond coquetry, placed a pair of her own little mouse-colored suèdes, sparkling with silver embroidery, close beside them. Her velvet wrap with its collar of ostrich plumes she disposed effectively over the back of the hardwood settle, where the shimmering silk lining caught a red gleam from the fire. Then she locked the outer door, and prepared to take Jack's advice, and "sleep, dear, sleep."

At the door of her bedroom she turned for a last survey of the empty room — the room that was to live in her memory as the scene of the most fateful chapter of her life. That day, she suddenly remembered, was her younger sister's wedding-day. She would not permit the thoughts to come. All weddings, since her own, were hateful to her. "Hush!" she inwardly breathed, to quell her heart. "The thing is done. All that was left was dishonor, either way. This is my plea, O God! There was no escape from shame! And Jack loved me so!" About five o'clock of that dark winter day Esmée was awakened from her warm sleep by a loud knocking on the outside door. It could not be Jack, for he had carried with him the key of the kitchen door, by which way he always entered on his return. It was understood between them that in his absences no stranger could be admitted to the house. Guests they did not look for; as to friends, they knew not who their friends were, or if, indeed, they had any friends remaining since their flight.

The knocking continued, with pauses during which Esmée could fancy the knocker listening for sounds within the house. Her heart beat hard and fast. She had half risen in her bed; at intervals she drew a deep breath, and shifted her weight on its supporting arm.

Footsteps could be heard passing and repassing the length of the trench in front of the house. They ceased, and presently a man jumped down into the pit outside her bedroom window; the window was curtained, but she was aware that he was there, trying to look in. He laid his hand on the window-frame, and leaped upon the sill, and shook the sash, endeavoring to raise it; but the blessed frost held it fast. The man had a dog with him, which trotted after him, back and forth, and seconded his efforts to gain entrance by leaping against the door, and whining, and scratching at the lock.

The girl was unspeakably alarmed, there was something so imperative in the stranger's demand. It had for her startled ear an awful assurance, as who should say, "I have a right to enter here." Who was it, what was it, knocking at the door of that guilty house?

It seemed to Esmée that this unappeasable presence had haunted the place for an hour or more, trying windows, and going from door to door. At length came silence so prolonged and complete that she thought herself alone at last.

But Jack's brother had not gone. He was

standing close to the window of the outer room, studying its interior in the strong light and shadow of a pitch-pine fire. The room was confiding its history to one who was no stranger to its earlier chapters, and was keen for knowledge of the rest.

This was Jack's house, beyond a doubt, and Jack was its tenant at this present time, its daily intimate inhabitant. In this sense the man and his house were one.

The Dreadnaught had been Jack's first important mining venture. He had sunk in it his share of his father's estate, considerable time and reputation, and the best work he was capable of; and he still maintained, in accordance with his temperament, that the mine was a good mine, only present conditions would not admit of the fact being demonstrated. The impregnable nature of its isolation made it a convenient cache for personal properties that he had no room for in his quarters in town, the beloved impedimenta that every man of fads and enthusiasms accumulates even in a rolling-stone existence. He was all there; it was Jack so frankly depicted in his belongings that his young brother, who adored him, sighed restlessly, and a blush of mingled emotions rose in his snow-chilled cheek.

What is so characteristic a likeness of a man as the shoes he has lately put off his feet? And, by token, there were Jack's old pumps waiting for him by the fire.

But now suspicion laid its finger on that very unnamed dread which had been lurking in the young man's thoughts. Jack, the silent room confessed, was not living here alone. This could hardly be called "baching it," with a pair of frail little feminine slippers moored close beside his own. Where had Jack's feet been straying lately,—on what forbidden ground,—that his own brother must be kept in ignorance of such a step as this? If he had been mad enough to fetch a bride to such an inhuman solitude as this — if this were Jack's honeymoon, why should his bliss be hedged about with an awkward conspiracy of silence on the part of all his friends?

The silent room summoned its witnesses: one by one each mute, inanimate object told its story. The firelight questioned them in scornful flashes; the defensive shadows tried to confuse the evidence, and cover it up.

But there were the conscious slippers reddening by the hearth. The costly Paris wrap displayed itself over the back of Jack's honest hardwood settle. On the rough table, covered with a blanket wrought by the hands of an Indian squaw, glimpsed a gilded fan, half-open, showing court ladies, dressed as shepherdesses, blowing kisses to their ephemeral swains. Faded hot-house roses were hanging their heads — shriveled packets of sweetness — against the brown sides of a pot-bellied tobacco-jar, the lid of which, turned upside down, was doing duty as an ash-receiver. A box of rich confectionery imported from the East had been emptied into a Dresden bowl of a delicate, frigid pattern, reminding one of such pure-bred gentlewomen as Jack's little mother, from whom he had coaxed this bit of the family china on his last home visit.

We do not dress up our brother's obliquity in euphemistic phrases. Jack might call it what he pleased; but not the commonest man that knew him had been willing to state in plain words the manner of his life at present, snowed in at the top of the Dreadnaught road. Behold how that life spoke for itself; how his books were covered with dust; how the fine, manly rigor of the room had been debased by contact with the habits of a luxurious dependent woman!

Here Jack was wasting life in idleness, in self-banishment, in inordinate affection, and in deceits of the flesh. The brother who loved him too well to be lenient to his weakness turned away with a sob of such indignant heart-break as only the young can know. Only the young and the pure in heart can have such faith in anything human as Jack's brother had had in Jack.

Esmée, reassured by the long-continued silence, had ventured out, and now stepped cautiously forward into the broad, low light in the middle of the room. The fireshine touched her upraised chin, her parted lips, and a spark floated in each of her large, dark, startled eyes. Tip had been watching as breathless and as motionless as his companion, but now at sight of Esmée he bounded against the sash, and squealed his impatience to be let in. Esmée shrank back with a cry; her hands went up to her breast and clasped themselves. She had seen the face at the window. Her attitude was the instinctive expression of her convicted presence in that house. And the excluded pair who watched her were her natural judges: Fidelity that she had outraged, and Family Affection that she had wronged.

Tip made further demonstrations at the window, but Esmée had dragged herself away out of sight into her own room.

The steps of the knocker were heard, a few minutes later, wandering irresolutely up and down the trench. For the last time they paused at the door.

"Shall we knock once more, Tip? Shall we give her one more chance? Any honest woman would ask a stranger's business, at least, on such a night, in such a place, as this. She has seen that I am no ruffian; she knows that you are a friend. For the last time, then!"

A terrific peal of knocking shocked the si-

lence. Esmée could have screamed, there was an accent so scornfully accusative in this last ironical summons. No answer was possible. The footsteps turned away from the door, and did not come back.

II.

THE snow that had begun to fall softly and quietly about the middle of the afternoon had steadily increased until now in the thickening dusk it spread a white blindness everywhere. From her bedroom window Esmée looked out, and though she could not see the sky, there were signs enough to tell her what the night must be. Fresh snow lay piled in the trench, and snow was whirling in. There was a blast outside that wailed in the chimney, and shook the house, and sifted snow in beneath the outer door.

Esmée was not surprised that Jack, when he came home, should be as dismal and quiet as she was herself; but it did surprise her that he should not at once perceive that something had happened in his absence.

At first there was supper to cook, and she could not talk to him then. Later, when they were seated together at the table, she tried to speak of that ghostly knocking; but Jack seemed preoccupied and not inclined to talk, and she was glad of an excuse to postpone a subject that had for her a peculiar terror in its suggestions.

It was nine o'clock before all the little house tasks were done, and they drew up to the fire and sought in each other's eyes the assurance that both were in need of, that nothing of their dear-bought treasure of companionship had altered since they had sat that way before. But it was not quite the same Esmée, not the same Jack. They were not thinking exclusively of each other.

"Why don't you read your letters, dear?"

"I can't read them," said Esmée. "They were not written to me — the woman I am now."

These were the home letters, telling of her sister's coming wedding festivities, that Esmée could not read, especially that one from Lilla — her last letter as a girl to the sister who had been a bride herself, and would know what a girl's feelings at such a time must be.

"I have tried to write to mama," said Esmée; "but it 's impossible. Anything I could say by way of defense sounds as if I were trying to lay the blame on some one else; and if I say nothing, but just state the facts, it is harsh, as if I were brazening it out. And she has never seen you, Jack. You are my only real defense. By what you are, by what you will be to me, I am willing to be judged."

"Dearest, you make me ashamed, but I can say the same of you. Still, to a mother, I 'm afraid it will make little difference whether it 's 'Launcelot or another.'"

"It certainly made little difference to her when she made her choice of a husband for me," said Esmée, bitterly. One by one she dropped the sheets of her letters in the fire, and watched them burn to ashes.

"When they know — if they ever write to me after that, I will read those letters. These have no meaning." They had too much meaning, was what Esmée should have said.

After a silence Jack spoke somewhat hoarsely: "It 's a beastly long time since I have written to any of my people. It 's a pity I did n't write and tell them something; it might have saved trouble. But how can a fellow write? I got a letter to-day from my brother Sid. Says he 's thinking of coming out here."

"Heaven save us!" cried Esmée. "Do write at once — anything — say anything you like."

Jack smiled drearily. "I 'm afraid it 's too late. In fact, the letter was written the day before he was to start, and it 's dated January 25. There 's a rumor that some one is in town, now, looking for me. I should n't be surprised if it were Sid."

"What if it were?" asked Esmée. "What could you do?"

"I don't know, indeed," said Jack. "I 'm awfully cut up about it. The worst of it is, I asked him to come."

"You asked him!"

"Some time ago, dearest, when everything was different. I thought I must make the fight for both our sakes, and I sent for Sid, thinking it might help to have him here with me."

"Did you, indeed," said Esmée, coldly. "What a pity he did not come before it was too late; he might have saved us both. How long ago was it, please?"

"Esmée, don't speak to me like that."

"But do you realize what you are saying?"

"You should not mind what I say. Think — what shall we do if it should be Sid? It rests with you, Esmée. Could you bear to meet him?"

"What is he like?" said Esmée, trembling.

"Oh, he 's a lovely fellow. There 's nobody like Sid."

"What does he look like?"

"He 's good-looking, of course, being my brother," said Jack, with a wretched attempt at pleasantry, which met with no response. Esmée was staring at him, a strange terror in her eyes. "But there is more to his looks, somehow, than to most pretty boys. People who are up in such things say he 's like the Saint George, or Saint somebody, by Donatello. He 's blond, you know; he 's as fresh as a girl, but he has an uncommonly set look at times, when

he 's serious or a bit disgusted about something. He has a set in his temper, too. I should not care to have Sid hear our story — not till after he had seen you, Esmée. Perhaps even then he could not understand. He has never loved a woman, except his mother. He does n't know what a man's full-grown passion means. At least, I don't think he knows. He was rather fiercely moral on some points when I talked to him last; a little bit inhuman — what is it, Esmée?"

"There is that dog again!"

Jack looked at her in surprise at her shocked expression. Every trace of color had left her face. Her eyes were fixed upon the door.

"What dog? Why, it 's Tip."

A creature as white as the storm sprang into the room as he opened the door, threw himself upon Jack, and whimpered and groaned and shivered, and seemed to weep with joy. Jack hugged him, laughing, and then threw him off, and dusted the snow from his clothing.

Tip shook himself, and came back excitedly for more recognition from his master. He took no notice at all of Esmée.

"Speak to him, won't you, dear? It 's only manners, even if you don't care for him," Jack prompted gently. But Tip refused to accept Esmée's sad, perfunctory greeting; his countenance changed, he held aloof, glancing at her with an unpleasant gleam in his bloodshot eyes.

He had satisfied the cravings of affection, and now made it plain that his visit was on business that demanded his master's attention outside of the house. Jack knew the creature's intelligent ways so well that speech was hardly needed between them. "What 's the racket, Tip? What 's wrong out there? No, sir; I don't go back to town with you to-night, sir. Not much. Lie down! Be quiet, idiot!"

But Tip stood at the door, and began to whine, fixing his eyes on his master's face. As nothing came of this, he went back and stood in front of him, wagging his tail heavily and slowly; troubled wrinkles stood out over his beseeching eyes.

"What under heaven 's the matter with you, dog? You 're a regular funeral procession." Jack shoved the creature from him, and again he took up his station at the door. Jack rose, and opened it, and playfully tried to push him out. Tip stood his ground, always with his eyes on his master's face, and whimpered under his breath with almost tearful meaning.

"He 's on duty to-night," said Jack. "He 's got something on his mind, and he wants me to help him out with it. I say, old chap, we don't keep a life-saving station up here. Get out with your nonsense."

"There was some one with him when he was here this afternoon," Esmée forced herself to say.

"Has Tip been here before?"

"Yes, Jack. But a man was with him — a young, strange man. It was about four o'clock, perhaps five; it was getting dusk. I had been asleep, and I was so frightened. He knocked and knocked. I thought he would never stop knocking. He came to my window, and tried to get in, but the sash was frozen fast." Esmée paused, and caught her breath. "And I heard a dog scratching and whining."

"Did you not see the man?"

"I did. I saw him," gasped Esmée. "It was all quiet after a while. I thought he had gone. I came out into the room, and there he stood close by that window, staring in; and the dog was with him. It was Tip."

"And you did not open the door to Tip?"

"Jack dear, have you not told me that I was never to open the door when you were away?"

"But did n't you speak to the man? Did n't you ask him who he was or what he wanted?"

"How could I? He did not speak to me. He stared at me as if I were a ghost, and then he went away."

"I would have questioned any man that came here with Tip. Tip does n't take up with toughs and hobos. What was he like?"

Esmée had retreated under this cross-questioning, and stood at some distance from Jack, pale, and trembling with an ague of the nerves.

"What was he like?" Jack repeated.

"He was most awfully beautiful. He had a face like — like a death-angel."

Jack resented this phrase with an impatient gesture. "Was he fair, with blue eyes, and a little shade of a blond mustache?"

"I don't know. The light was not good. He stood close to the window, or I could not have seen him. What have I done? Was it wrong not to open the door?"

"Never mind about that, Esmée. I want you to describe the man."

"I can't describe him. I don't need to. I know — I know it was your brother."

"It must have been; and we have been sitting here — how many hours?"

"I did not know there could be anybody — who — had a right to come in."

"Such a night as this? Get away, Tip!"

Jack had risen, and thrown off his coat. Esmée saw him get down his snow-shoe rig. He pulled on a thick woolen jersey, and buttoned his reefer over that. His foot-gear was drying by the fire: he put on a pair of German stockings, and fastened them below the knee, and over these the India-rubber buskins which a snow-shoer wears.

"Tip had better have something to eat before we start," he suggested. He did not look at Esmée, but his manner to her was very gentle and forbearing; it cut her more than harsh words and unreasonable reproaches would have done.

"He seems to think that I have done it," she said to herself, with the instinct of self-defense which will always come first with timid natures.

Tip would not touch the food she brought him. She followed him about the room meekly, with the plate in her hand; but he shrunk away, lifting his lip, and showing the whites of his blood-rimmed eyes.

Except for this defect, the sequel of distemper or some other of the ills of puppyhood, Tip had been a good-looking dog. But this accident of his appearance had prejudiced Esmée against him at first sight. Later he had made her dislike and fear him by a habit he had of dogging his master to her door, and waiting there, outside, like Jack's discarded conscience. If chidden, or invited to come in, the unaccountable creature would skulk away, only to return and take up his post of dumb witness as before; so that no one who watched the movements of Jack's dog could fail of knowing how Jack bestowed his time. In this manner Esmée had come almost to hate the dog, and Tip returned her feeling in his heart, though he was restrained from showing it. But to-night there was a new accusation in his gruesome eye.

"He will not eat for me," said Esmée, humbly.

"He must eat," said Jack. "Here, down with it!" The dog clapped his jaws on the meat his master held out to him, and stood ready, without a change of countenance, at the door.

"Can't you say that you forgive me?" Esmée pleaded.

"Forgive you? Who am I, to be forgiving people?" Jack answered hoarsely.

"But say it—say it! It was your brother. If it had been mine, I could forgive you."

"Esmée, you don't see it as it is."

"I do see it; but, Jack, you said that I was not to open the door."

"Well, you did n't open it, did you? So it 's all right. But there 's a man out in the snow, somewhere, that I have got to find, if Tip can show me where he is. Come, Tip!"

"Oh, Jack! You will not go without—" Jack turned his back to the door, and held out his arms. Esmée cast herself into them, and he kissed her in bitter silence, and went out.

THESE two were seated together again by the fire in the same room. It was four o'clock in the morning, but as dark as midnight. The floor in spots was wet with melted snow. They spoke seldom, in low, tired voices; it was generally Esmée who spoke. They had not been weeping, but their faces were changed and grown old. Jack shivered, and kept feeding the fire. On the bed in the adjoining room, as cold as the snow in a deserted nest, lay their first guest, whom no house fire would ever warm.

"I cannot believe it. I cannot take it in. Are you sure there is nothing more we could do that a doctor would do if we had one?"

"We have done everything. It was too late when we found him."

"How is it possible? I have heard of persons lost for days — and this was only such a few hours."

"A few hours! Good God, Esmée! Come out with me, and stand five minutes in this storm, if you can. And he had been on snow-shoes all day; he had come all the way up-hill from town. He had had no rest, and nothing to eat. And then to turn about, and take it worse than ever."

"It is an impossible thing," she reiterated. "I am crazy when I think of it."

Tip lifted his head uneasily, rose, and tapped about the room, his long-nailed toes rattling on the uncarpeted floor. He paused, and licked up one of the pools of melted snow. "Stop that!" Jack commanded. There was dead silence. Then Tip began again his restless march about the room, pausing at the bedroom door to whine his questioning distress.

"Can't you make him stay in the kitchen?" Esmée suggested timidly.

"It is cold in the kitchen. Tip has earned his place by my fire as long as I shall have one," said Jack, emphatically.

Down fell some crashing object, and was shivered on the floor. The dog sprang up, and howled; Esmée trembled like a leaf.

"It 's only your little looking-glass," she whispered. There was no mystery in its having fallen in such a wind from the projecting log where Esmée, with more confidence than judgment, had propped it. In silence both recalled the light words that had passed when Jack had taken it down from its high nail, saying that the mirrors in his establishment had not been hung with reference to persons of her size; and Esmée could see the picture they had made, putting their heads together before it, Jack stooping, with his hands on her shoulders, to bring his face in line with hers. Those laughing faces! All smiles, all tremulous mirth, in that house had vanished as the reflections in a shattered mirror.

Jack got up, and fetched a broom, and swept the clinking fragments into the fire. The frame he broke in two, and tossed after them.

"Call me as soon as it is light enough to start," he said to Esmée.

"But not unless it has stopped snowing?"

"Call me as soon as it is light, please," Jack repeated. He stumbled as he walked, like an old man. Esmée followed him into the drear little kitchen, where a single candle on the table was guttering in the draft. The windows were blank with frost, the boards cracked with the cold. Esmée helped prepare him a bed on a rude bunk against the wall, and Jack threw himself down on his pallet, and closed his eyes, without speaking. Esmée stood watching him in silence a moment; then she fell on her knees beside him on the floor.

"Say that you can forgive me! How shall I bear it all alone!"

At first Jack made no answer; he could not speak; his breath came deep and hard. Then he rose on one elbow, and looked at her with great stern eyes.

"Have I accused you? You did not do it. I did not do it. It happened — to show us what we are. We are impossible. We have broken with all the ties of family. We can have no brother or sister — our brothers and sisters are the rebels like ourselves; the easy cynics, the reckless, the morbid, the insane; all who are tainted in reputation or maimed in character. Sooner or later we shall embrace them all. Anything healthy that comes near us must take harm from us. We are contamination to women and destruction to men. Poor Sid had better have come to a den of thieves and cutthroats than to the house of his own brother. He is dead through my sin. Now do you see what this means to me?"

"I see," said Esmée, rising from her knees. She went out of the room, closing the door gently between them.

Jack lay stretching his aching muscles in one position after another, and every way he turned his mind pursued him. The brutality of his speech to Esmée wrought its anguish equally upon him, now that it was too late to get back a single word. Still, she must understand,—she would understand, when she came to think — how broken up he was in mind and body, how insane for want of rest after that horrible night's work. This feeling of irresponsibility to himself satisfied him that she could not hold him responsible for his words at such a time. The strain he was supporting, mentally and physically, must absolve him if she had any consideration for him left.

So at length he slept. Esmée was careful not to disturb him. She had no need of bodily rest, and the beating of her heart and the ceaseless thinking went on and on.

"I am to be left here alone with *it*"—she glanced toward the room where the body lay —"while he goes for help to take it to town. He has not asked me if I can go through with this. If I should say to him, 'Spare me this awful trial,' he would answer,— and of course he would be right,—'There are only us two; one to go and one to stay. Is it so much to ask of you after what has happened?'

"He does not ask it; he expects it. He is not my tender, remorseful lover now, dreading for me, every day, what his happiness must cost me. He is counting what I have cost him in other possessions which he might have had if he had not paid too great a price for one."

So these two had come to judge each other in the common misery that drove them apart. Toward daylight the snow ceased and the wind went down. Jack had forgotten to provide wood for Esmée's fire; the room was growing cold, and the wood supply was in the kitchen, where he slept. She sat still, and suffered mutely, rather than waken him before the time. This was not altogether consideration for him. It was partly wounded pride, and partly that humility of the flesh which comes of a moral scourging either through one's own or another's conscience.

When the late morning slowly dawned, she went to waken him, obedient to orders. She made every effort to arouse him, but in vain. His sleep was like a trance. She had heard of cases of extreme mental and physical strain where a sleep like this, bordering on unconsciousness, had been nature's cure. She let him sleep.

Seeing that her movements did not disturb him, she went cautiously about the room, trying, now in forlorn sincerity, to adapt herself to the necessities of the situation. She did her best to make ready something in the nature of a breakfast for Jack when he should at length awaken. It promised to be a poor substitute, but the effort did her good.

It was after noon before Jack came to himself. He had been awake some little time, and watching her, before she was aware of it. He could see for himself what she had been trying to accomplish, and he was greatly touched.

"Poor child!" he said, and held out his arms.

She remained at a distance, slightly smiling, her eyes on the floor.

He did not press the moment of reconciliation. He got upon his feet, and, in the soldierly fashion of men who live in camps and narrow quarters, began to fold his blankets, and straighten things in his corner of the room.

"If you will go into the sitting-room, I will bring in the breakfast, such as it is," said Esmée. Jack obeyed her meekly. The sitting-room fire had been relighted, and was burning brightly. It was strange to him to sit and see

her wait upon him. Stranger still was her silence. Here was a new distress. He tried to pretend unconsciousness of the change in her.

"It is two o'clock," he said, looking at his watch. "I 'm afraid I shall be late getting back; but you must not worry. The storm is over, and I know every foot of the way."

"Did I do wrong," Esmée questioned nervously, "not to call you? I tried very hard, but you could not wake up. You must have needed to sleep, I think."

"Do you expect me to scold you every time I speak, Esmée? I have said enough, I think. Come here, dear girl. *I* need to be forgiven now. It cuts me to the heart to see you so humble. May God humble me for those words I said!"

"You spoke the truth. Only we had not been telling each other the truth before."

"No. And we must stop it. We shall learn the truth fast enough. We need not make whips of it to lash each other with. Come here."

"I can't," said Esmée in a choking whisper.

"Yes, you can. You shall forgive me."

She shook her head. "That is not the question. You did not do it. I did not do it. God has done it — as you said."

"Did I say that? Did I presume to preach to you?"

"If I have done what you say — if I have cut you off from all human relations, and made your house worse than a den of thieves and murderers, how can anything be too bad for me to hear? What does it matter from whom I hear it?"

"I was beside myself. I was drunk with sorrow and fatigue."

"That is when people speak the truth, they say. I don't blame you, Jack. How should I? But you know it can never be the same, after this, with you or with me."

"Esmée," said Jack, after a long and bitter silence, holding out his shaking hand, "will you come with me in there, and look at him? He knows the truth — the whole truth. If you can see in his face anything like anger or reproach, anything but peace,— peace beyond all conception,— then I will agree that we part this day, forever. Will you come?"

"Oh, Jack, you *are* beside yourself, now. Do you think that I would go in there, in the presence of *that* peace, and call on it for my justification, and begin this thing again? I should expect that peace would come to me — the peace of instant death — for such awful presumption."

"I did n't mean that — not to excuse ourselves; only to bring back the trust that was between us. Does this bitterness cure the past? Have we not hurt each other enough already?"

"I think so. It is sufficient for me. But men, they say, get over such things, and their lives go on, and they take their places as before. I want you to —"

"There is nothing for me — will you believe it? — more than there is for you. Will you not do me that much justice, not to treat this one passion of my life as — what shall I say? It is not possible that you can think such things. We must make up to each other for what we have each cost the other. Come. Let us go and stand beside him — you and I, before the others get here. It will do us good. Then we will follow him out, on his way home, as far as we can; and if there is any one in town who has an account with me, he can settle it there and then. My mother may have both her sons shipped home to her on the same train."

Jack had not miscounted on the effect of these words. They broke down Esmée's purer resolution with their human appeal. Yet he was not altogether selfish.

He held out his hand to her. She took it, and they went together, shrinkingly, into the presence of the dead. When they came out, both were in tears.

Late as it was, it was inevitable that Jack must start. Esmée watched him prepare once more for the journey. When he was ready to set out, she said to him, with an extreme effort:

"If any one should come while you are gone, I am to let him in?"

"Do as you think best, dear; but I am afraid that no one will disturb you. It will be a lonely watch. I wish that I could help you through with it."

"It is my watch," said Esmée. "I must keep it."

She would have been thankful for the company even of Tip, to answer for something living, if not human, in the house; but the dog insisted so savagely on following his master that she was forced to set him free. She closed the door after him, and locked it mechanically, hardly aware of what she did.

THERE is a growth of the spirit which is gradual, progressive, healthful, and therefore permanent. There are other psychical births that are forced, convulsive, agonizing in their suddenness. They may be premature, brought on by the shock of a great sorrow, or a sin perhaps committed without full knowledge of its nature, or realization of its consequences. Such births are perilous and unsure. Of these was the spiritual crisis through which Esmée was now passing.

She had made her choice: human love was satisfied according to the natural law. Now, in the hours of her solitary watch, that irrevocable choice confronted her. It was as a cup

of trembling held to her lips by the mystery of the Invisible, which says: Whoever will drink of this cup of his desire, be it soon, be it late, shall drain it to the dregs, and wring them out. Esmée had come very soon to the dregs of her cup of trembling.

In such anguish and abasement her new life of the spirit began. Will she have strength to sustain it, or must it pass like a shaken light into the keeping of a steadier hand?

She was but dimly aware of outward changes as the ordeal wore on. It had been pale daylight in the cabin, and now it was dusk. It had been as still as death outside after the night of storm, the cold relenting, the frost trickling like tears down the pane; but now there was a rising stir. The soft, wild gale, the chinook of the Northwest, came roaring up the peak — the breath of May, but the voice of March. The forest began to murmur and moan, and strip its white boughs of their burden, and all its fairy frost-work melted like a dream. At intervals in the deep timber a strange sound was heard, the rush and thump of some soft, heavy mass into the snow. Esmée had never heard the sound before; it filled her with a creeping dread. Every separate distinct pounce — they came at intervals, near or far, but with no regularity — was a shock to her overwrought nerves. These sounds had taken sole possession of her ear. It was hence a double shock, at about the same hour of early twilight when her visitor had come the night before, to hear again a man's feet in the trench outside, and again a loud knock upon the door.

Her heart with its panting answered in her breast. There was a pause while the knocker seemed to listen, as he had done before. Then the new-born will of the woman fearfully took command of her cowering senses. Something that was beyond herself forced her to the door. Pale, and weak in every limb, she dragged herself to meet whatever it was that summoned her. This time she opened the door.

There stood a mild-faced man in the dress of a miner, smiling apologetically. Esmée simply stared at him, and held the door wide. The man stepped hesitatingly inside, taking off his hat to the pale girl who looked at him so strangely.

David Bruce modestly attempted to give an accidental character to his visit by inventing an errand in that neighborhood.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said. "I was goin' along over to the Mule Deer, but I thought I 'd just ask if Mr. Waring's brother got through all right yesterday evenin'. It was so ugly outside."

The girl parted her lips to speak, but no sound came. The light shone in her ashy face. Her eyes were losing their expression. Bruce saw that she was fainting, and caught her as she fell.

The interview begun in this unpromising manner proved of the utmost comfort to Esmée. There was nothing in Bruce's manner to herself, nothing in his references to Jack, that implied any curiosity on his part as to the relation between them, or the least surprise at their being together at the Dreadnaught. He had "spared the situation" with an instinct that does not come from knowledge of the world.

He listened to her story of the night's tragedy, which she told with helpless severity, almost with indifference, simply as if it had happened to himself.

He appeared to be greatly moved by it personally; its moral significance he did not seem to see. He sat and helplessly repeated himself, in his efforts to give words to his sorrow for the "kid." His vocabulary being limited, and half composed of words which he could not use before a lady, he was put to great inconvenience to do justice to his feelings.

He blamed himself and his brother for letting the young man go by their cabin on such a threatening day.

"Why, Jim and me we could n't get to sleep for thinkin' about him, 't was blowin' such a blizzard. Seemed like we could hear him a-yellin' to us, 'Is this the way to the Dreadnaught mine?' Wished the Lord we 'd 'a' said it wa'n't. Well, sir, we don't want no more such foolishness. And that 's partly why I come. We never thought but what he *had* got through, for all we was pestered about it, or else me and Jim would 'a' turned out last night. But what we was a-sayin' this mornin' was this: Them folks up there ain't acquainted with this country as we be — not in the winter-time. This here is what we call snow-slide weather. Hain't you been hearing how things is lettin' go? The snow slumpin' off the trees — you must have heard that. It 's lettin' go up above us, too. There 's a million ton of snow up there a-settlin' and a-crawlin' in this chinook, just a-gettin' ready to start to slide. We fellers in the mountains know how 't is. This cabin has stood all right so far, but the woods above was cut last summer. Now, I want you to come along with me right now. I 've got a hand-sleigh here. You can tuck yourself up on it, and we 'll pull out for the Mule Deer, and likely meet with Mr. Waring on the way. And if there 's a snow-slide here before morning, it 'll bury the dead, and not the livin' and the dead."

At these words the blood rushed to Esmée's cheek, and then dropped back to her heart, leaving her as white as snow.

"I don't remember that I have ever seen you before," she said; "but I thank you more than I ever thanked anybody in all my life."

David Bruce thought of course that she was

going with him. But that was not what she meant. God, in his great mercy, had given her one opportunity. Her face shone. The spirit burned clear.

"This is my watch, you know. I cannot leave this house. But I don't think there will be a snow-slide. Things don't happen so simply as that. You don't know what I mean? But think a moment. You know, do you not, who I am? Should you think really that death is a thing that any friend of mine would wish to save me from? Life is what I am afraid of — long life to the end. I don't think there will be a snow-slide, not in time for me. But I thank you so much. You have made me feel so human — so like other people. You don't understand that, either? Well, no matter. I am just as grateful. I shall remember your visit all my life; and even if I live long, I doubt if I shall ever have a kinder visitor — even though I did almost faint when you first came. That was because I had been alone so long, with some dreadful thoughts for company. They are all gone now. I am much better for your coming, though you may think you have come for nothing. Now you must go before it gets too dark. You will go to the Mule Deer, will you not, and carry this same message to — there."

"I 'm goin' to stop right here till Jack Waring gets back."

"Oh, no, you're not. You are going this instant." She rose, and held out her hand. She had that power over him that one so much in earnest as she will always have over one who is amazed and in doubt.

"Won't you shake hands with me?" Her thrilling voice made a sort of music of the common words.

He took her hand, and wagged it clumsily in a dazed way, and she almost pushed him out of the house.

"WELL, I 'll be hanged if that ain't the meanest trick since I was born — to leave a little lone woman watchin' with a dead man in a cabin, with snow-slides startin' all over the mountains! What 's the matter with me, anyhow? Seem to be knocked silly with her blamed queer talk. Heap of sense in it, too. Would n't think one of her kind would see it that way, though. Durned if I know which kind she is. B'lieve I 'll go back now. Why, Lord! I must go back! What 'll I say to Jim?"

David Bruce had gained the top of the road leading away from the mine before he came to himself in a burst of unconscious profanity. He could hear the howling of the wind around the horn of the peak. He looked up and down, and considered a second.

In another second it was too late — too late to add his life to hers, that instant buried beneath the avalanche.

A stroke out of a clear sky; a roar that filled the air; a burst of light snow mounting over the tree-tops like steam condensed above a rushing train; a concussion of wind that felled trees in the valley a hundred yards from the spot where the plunging mass descended — then the chinook eddied back, across the track of the snow-slide, and went storming up the peak.

Mary Hallock Foote.

SEPTEMBER IN THE LAURENTIAN HILLS.

ALREADY Winter in his somber round
Before his time hath touched these hills austere
With lonely flame. Last night, without a sound,
The ghostly Frost walked out by wood and mere;
And now the sumac curls his frond of fire,
The aspen-tree reluctant drops his gold;
And down the gullies the North's wild, vibrant lyre
Rouses the bitter armies of the cold.
O'er this short afternoon the night draws down
With ominous chill across these regions bleak;
Wind-beaten gold, the sunset fades around
The purple loneliness of crag and peak;
Leaving the world an iron house wherein
Nor love nor life nor hope hath ever been.

William Wilfred Campbell.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

CACHES.

HUNTING CUSTOMS OF THE OMAHAS.

PERSONAL STUDIES OF INDIAN LIFE.

IN the life of the American Indian so much has ever depended upon the skill of the hunter that in the hazards of the chase he has sought supernatural aid to supplement his own inadequate powers; thus, in every tribe, we find rites connected with hunting carefully observed, and frequently forming an important part of the tribal ceremonies.

Mention has been made, in my previous papers, of the Indian's custom of retiring into the forest or to the mountain to fast, that there might come to him in a vision some manifestation of the powers of nature. Whatever appears in this vision,—beast or bird, or symbolic form,—the man makes diligent search for its natural counterpart, and secures it as an amulet; or, in some tribes, he makes a model in wood or stone, which he carries always with him, to bring the game near while he recruits his strength in sleep or needed rest. Songs also which come in dreams are believed to be able to beguile by their mysterious power the deer and the elk, and to entice the beaver to enter the trap; but notwithstanding this dependence upon the supernatural for aid, the Indian hunter does not neglect expedients of a very practical sort. He resorts to strategy: he covers himself with the skin of a deer, and, fastening the branching antlers upon his head, creeps among the unsuspecting herd, and sends his keen arrow with fatal precision; he entices the eagle to its prey, beneath which he lies concealed; he brings the elk within his reach by imitating the cries of its young; he spreads honey before the covert where he hides waiting for the bear to be attracted by the fragrant bait; and in regions where the antelope and deer once abounded earth inclosures have been discovered into which it is probable the game was driven to meet a certain death. When hunting the buffalo no mystery-songs were used, as when trapping smaller game; no decoy calls, as for deer and elk. Success in taking the buffalo depended upon the skill and the supernatural favor received through the leader. The power otherwise gained through mystery-songs here came through a regular ceremonial in charge of a gens and an authorized leader, who became for the time being something of a priest.

The physical training of the hunter was a part of the education of every Indian boy, and different tribes had different modes of developing the powers of endurance. Among the Omahas

the youth were taught to run — not so much to run rapidly for a short distance, as to keep up an even pace for many miles; and the habit of careful observation was also inculcated. The runners' services on the tribal hunt were important: it was necessary for them to be able to travel far in search of the buffalo, and to return quickly, so that the tribe could go forward, and the hunters encompass the herd before it could move any great distance. They must also closely note the topography of the country as they ran here and there in search of the game, so as to be able to direct the tribe to the herd over the shortest route, which they might not themselves have traveled. They must also be constantly on the watch for tracks or signs of an enemy, lest they should bring the tribe into danger. It was not uncommon for these young men to run from seventy to one hundred miles within twenty-four hours, taking very little rest and food.

Among the Nez Percé Indians of Idaho a part of the training of the hunters and fishermen was to plunge into the river in midwinter, and struggle with the ice and the rapid current. Many of these Indians believed that meat made a man short-winded, and some of the most noted hunters lived exclusively upon fish and roots. Two methods of strengthening the body were common in all tribes: enforced vomiting and the sweat-lodge bath. A concoction of herbs was taken as an emetic, or the result was reached by thrusting peeled willow twigs down the throat. This practice required considerable resolution, and was associated somewhat with the notion that a plan or purpose strongly conceived at the time of the operation would surely come to pass. Heaps of stones were raised where this ordeal took place, and the willow twigs used were inserted in a split pole firmly set in the center of the pile of stones, to remain as a memorial until the winds and the frosts of years should destroy the witness of the man's endurance. The sweat-lodge was a place of purification and physical refreshment. Water was thrown upon heated stones within the lodge, where the men sat crouching and perspiring in the steam; they afterward plunged into a running stream even in the winter season.

The strength of the hunter was often severely taxed, not only in the chase proper, but in encountering fierce animals by the way. The bear figures largely in hunting-tales told around the camp-fire to a group of interested listeners, among whom sits the boy longing for the time to come when, like some well-remembered hero of the tribe, he shall be able to grapple single-handed with the powerful grizzly bear, and tear its fearful jaws asunder.[1] Men of great strength became famous, as the man who could carry three deer, one on his back and one with each arm; or he who, unaided, could bring an elk in from the forest.

In couples and in small companies the Indians hunted the deer, elk, and antelope; and while danger was always present, tragedies sometimes occurred in which neither wild beasts nor inimical tribes had part, but which arose from feelings and impulses common to human nature.

The following well-authenticated adventure took place in the last century. Two brothers loved the same woman. She favored the younger, but by some means the elder took her to wife. They were married in the fall of the year, and winter passed by, and one day in spring the brothers went forth to hunt together. Walking near the breaks of the Clearwater, the elder stopped to look over the edge of the cañon, where, a thousand feet below, the river glistened in the morning sun. Halfway down the rocky wall, upon a ledge that jutted out from the sheer face of the precipice, he saw a nest of young eagles. He called to his brother, who returned, and looked down upon the nest. "I know what I will do," he said; "I will make a rope." So the two set to work. They stripped the bark from young willows, and plaited it into a rope strong enough to hold a man. This done, they threw one end over the precipice to see if it was long enough to reach the nest; but it fell far short. Then they worked on, lengthening the rope until finally it rested upon the ledge. They agreed that one was to let the other down to secure the eagles. The elder tied the rope about his body, and the younger lowered him carefully until his feet were well on the ledge. As he walked along toward the nest he saw the rope suddenly tossed over the cliff; instinctively he steadied himself, caught the rope, and pulled it in. He was alone, with a precipice above and a precipice below, on a narrow ledge, with no living thing but himself and the half-grown eagles. By and by the old eagles returned, and, seeing the intruder, were inclined to be hostile; but the man was careful not to anger them, and when they went away again he secured a part of the game they had brought to their young. Days wore on, and the man's life was sustained by the food the old eagles brought;

[1] The niece of a noted Nez Percé Indian hunter, now a very old woman, relates that her uncle performed this feat, and her story is well corroborated in the tribe. Attacked suddenly by the huge animal, the man seized it with one hand by an ear, into which he thrust his fingers, while with the other hand, at the expense of a thumb, he tore apart the muscles of the jaws, and left the helpless beast to die on the steep mountain-side.

This is a hoax. Z. T. D.

but his distress from thirst was great, so he cleared out the little hollows in the rock to catch the rain, covering them carefully to prevent evaporation. The young eagles became accustomed to his companionship and the touch of his hand; but by and by the time came when they were ready to fly, and death looked the lonely man in the face. He resolved to make an effort to reach the ground. He had hidden his rope in a crevice in the rock to keep it from drying; he now tied it firmly about his body, fastening each end strongly to an eagle, leaving sufficient length between the birds and himself to give full play for their wings. He reasoned that if the eagles were not able to fly with his weight, they would break his fall by their endeavors to save themselves. At all events, it was death to remain upon the ledge after they had gone. When all was ready, with his bow and quiver fastened upon his back, he pushed the wondering eagles off their nest over the cliff, and they bore their strange burden down, down the cañon, and finally, weary with their enforced flight, alighted upon a tree at the bottom. The man took a feather from each of his preservers, and released them; then he swung himself down through the branches to the ground, and, taking the shortest trail to his home, came upon his brother and his wife sitting together outside the tent. It took but a moment to send an arrow through the unsuspecting man who had so cruelly betrayed him; then, confronting the woman, in intensity of hope he asked, "Are you glad I have come?" She was silent, but her face told him the truth, and a second arrow pierced her heart. Her body fell over the prostrate form of the younger brother before any one in camp realized that he who had long been given up as dead had returned to avenge his grievous wrongs.

The wild animals of the country were to the Indian the symbols of the permeating life of the universe, and as such were objects of his reverent wonder; but they were also actually necessary to his existence, and he slew them. Every bird or beast killed by him served only for food, clothing, or ceremonial. Long centuries of his occupancy of the continent had not lessened the vast herds of buffalo, or driven the bear and cougar to the fastnesses of the mountains; but with the advent of our race came the trader, who looked upon the game as a source of revenue, and the Indian was induced to slay for new motives — motives which have been potent in crushing out his ancient arts and customs.

In the early settlement of the country the men who traded with Indian hunters not only influenced the relations between different tribes, but affected the attitude of the tribes toward the colonies, and toward the government itself. During the Revolution the British trader rallied the Indians under his control to the cause of the king, as in like manner, at an earlier date, the French trader had turned certain tribes against the English. For nearly two centuries Indian traders kept alive on this continent the rivalry of foreign nations, playing Indian against Indian, and Indian against white man. Their influence was potent in the border disputes, both prior to 1812 and during the war of that year, as well as in the later controversies over the Canadian boundary line and on the North Pacific coast, where Indian tribes became involved in wars with us and with each other upon issues foreign to the Indians themselves.

The political importance of making the traders directly responsible to the government was early recognized by the United States. In 1795 Congress appropriated $50,000 for the purchase of goods to be sold to the Indians under the direction of the President; and in the following year Washington suggested the establishment of trading-houses, which Congress afterward authorized. For twenty-five years these "factories" were under the charge of a superintendent of Indian trade, with headquarters at Georgetown, D. C. The government then retired from direct business contact with the Indian hunter, leaving the field to private individuals or companies legally licensed. Treaties made with various tribes bear ample testimony to the extent and importance which the trade in pelts had assumed. A large proportion of the money received by Indians from the sale of their lands passed directly to the trader for "debts." And these "debts" in several instances led to new cessions, and the consequent removal of Indians from their old homes. Thus the Indian hunter has played no small part, directly and indirectly, in bringing about the present conditions of his race.

The customs of tribes living in the country over which the buffalo roamed were largely influenced by the habits of this animal. Its movements in vast numbers necessitated the adoption of elaborate rules to systematize the hunt, so as to prevent a few men, while securing their own supply of food, from scattering the herd beyond the reach of the many, thus leaving the greater part of the tribe to suffer from hunger.

The Omaha hunting-grounds lay between the Platte and the Niobrara rivers, and extended from the Missouri nearly to the present western boundary of the State of Nebraska. Upon the south lay the land of the Pawnees; to the west dwelt the warlike Padoukas; the Dakotas hunted to the north of the Niobrara River, and often trespassed upon the tempting Omaha range, when warlike encounters were sure to take place. Upon their extensive range the Omahas often traveled many hundred miles

from the time they left their village by the bluffs of the Missouri until they returned to it laden with the trophies of their annual chase.

When on the hunt the position of the Omaha tents in the tribal circle, or Hoo-thu-ga, was in the order of their gentes or clans. The Hun-ga gens had charge of two sacred tents, which stood a short distance in front of the lodges of this gens; the one nearest the opening of the Hoo-thu-ga had red spots painted on the tent-cover, representing the buffalo-wallow, and it contained the pole; the other, upon which cornstalks bearing ears were painted, contained the hide of a white buffalo cow, and it was from this tent, in the spring, that kernels from a red ear of corn were distributed to the families of the tribe as a signal that the time for planting had arrived. Later, when the corn was well up, and it had been hoed twice, preparations for the tribal hunt were in order.

The office of leader of the hunt was held in great honor because of its grave responsibilities, which demanded a man of high character and recognized ability. He must be of undoubted valor, a good hunter, a man reverent and just. The entire tribe was placed under his control, the principal chiefs acting as counselors, but complying with his instructions. He directed the march of the people, and selected their camping-places; he chose and despatched the runners in search of the buffalo, and organized and directed the hunt when the game had been found. If the tribe encountered enemies, he was the leader of the warriors, taking his place at the post of greatest danger, and he was held responsible for everything that occurred, from the successful pursuit of the buffalo, and the health and welfare of the people, down to the quarreling of children and dogs.

He who desired to fill the office of leader was required to procure a buffalo-hide from which the hair had been removed, a crow, a golden and a bald-headed eagle, a shell disk, a quantity of sinew for thread, a red-stone pipe with its flat stem ornamented with porcupine-quill embroidery, and a kettle. These he presented to the Hun-ga gens, through the keepers of the two sacred tents, after he had been appointed to the office by the chiefs. If there was no candidate for the position, the chiefs appointed a man from a sub-gens of the In-kae-tha-bae gens.

The leader having been secured, the principal chiefs, with the newly appointed leader, met in council to decide upon the time of moving out, and the direction to be taken upon the annual hunt. Before the sun was up the food to be used at this council, which must be either buffalo-meat or maize, had been cooked. As the sun rose, the sacred pipes were filled, during the chanting of the appropriate ritual by a member of the In-shta-sunda gens.[1] At this council every man wore an entire buffalo-hide, the hair side outward, the head upon the left and the tail upon the right arm, and sat with bowed head and arms crossed over the breast, this attitude bringing the robe upon the head like a hood. No feathers were worn, and no ornament or article pertaining to war was allowed in the tent. When the council was seated, the sacred pipes were smoked, being passed with much ceremony by two bearers from the Thatada gens — one pipe starting from the head chief, and the other from the official herald, who sat directly opposite at the other side of the lodge. The smoking was in silence, with bowed heads, and after the circle had been completed by both pipes they were handed to the keeper of the ritual, who alone had the right to clean them. Much circumspection was used in handling the pipes, for if by any chance they should fall, death would come to the man who caused the accident.[2] The council was opened by the head chief, who mentioned the terms of relationship between himself and each one present; each man, as he was designated, responding by the term of assent or approval, "Hough!"[3] He then discoursed upon the duties and obliga-

[1] The two sacred tribal pipes in charge of the In-kae-tha-bae gens were always used together. Each had a bowl of red catlinite, and upon the bare, flat stem of one were seven woodpecker heads tied on in line; these represented the seven chiefs comprising the oligarchy. The stem of the other pipe, also flat, was ornamented with porcupine embroidery and one woodpecker head with its bill opened and the upper mandible turned back; and falling from the under side of the stem was a tuft of buffalo hair. This single woodpecker's head represented the unit of authority. As indicated in the mythology of the tribe, the woodpecker was associated with the sun. For the unanimity of authority, see THE CENTURY for January, 1893, page 441 *et seq.*

[2] This misfortune happened to the last keeper of the ritual; he died within a fortnight, and the ritual died with him. This man had two sons, to whom the ritual would have been intrusted; but they were hasty of speech and action, and the father hesitated to place within their keeping so sacred a charge. While he hesitated death overtook him, and this ancient ritual, requiring several hours to recite, and containing much of linguistic historical value (as many of its words and phrases have long been obsolete), is now forever lost to the student. It may be interesting to note in this connection that the sub-gens in the In-shta-sunda gens, to which this tribal ritual was confided, survives in only two representatives — a father and son.

[3] Indian custom forbids the mentioning of a person's name in his presence, and no one is ever so addressed. The only exception to this rule among the Omahas is in this particular council to fix the time for the hunt, when the head chief, speaking to the two men from the Thatada gens, calls upon them by name to pass the sacred tribal pipes.

tions of chiefs, and the gravity and importance of the subject they had met to consider, and called upon his associates for their opinions. If, since the last council of this nature, any chief had given way to violence, he did not speak lest he should bring disaster on the people. So long as he remained silent his unchieftainlike conduct would bring trouble only upon himself, whereas any official act might transfer it to the people. After all who desired had spoken, with long intervals of silence, the chosen leader was called upon; his words were generally the consensus of all the others. If there was any difference of opinion, the men must remain in council until unanimity was reached. The official herald then went out and proclaimed the day of departure, while the chiefs remained in their bowed attitudes, and partook of the sacred food served in seven wooden bowls, which passed successively four times around the circle of the company, each man taking a mouthful from a black horn spoon, no one being allowed to touch the food with anything else, not even with his fingers. The sun must go down before this ceremony could be closed and the chiefs could lift their heads (which had remained bowed during the entire council) and go out to their homes. The day for starting out, once fixed, could not be changed, as it would be a lie, and Wakanda would be angry.

Throughout the village the bustle of preparation would set every one stirring, from the old grandfather looking over his odds and ends of possessions, and the busy housewife putting the surplus food and family treasures into rawhide packs and storing them in caches, down to the children and dogs running hither and thither in the way of everybody. The entire tribe was expected to go out, with the exception of the very old and the sick, who remained at home protected by a few warriors left behind for that purpose.

On the appointed day the boys are off by dawn, scouring the hills, and driving in the ponies, and the sun rises on the busy scene of breaking camp. The first to move out is the leader; he advances slowly, carrying no weapons, but only the *wa-sha-bae*, or staff of his office, its feathers fluttering in the morning breeze.[1] He walks apart in reverent supplication for power to guide the people aright, and lead them by a peaceful way to the prosperity of success.

Then the keepers of the two sacred tents start out with their charge, and decorum marks the movements of those bearing the pole and the white buffalo-hide in its pack. Care is taken by the families which follow next in line not to press too closely; for, should anything brush against the consecrated articles, disaster would ensue, unless at the first halt the offending thing should be brought with a gift to the sacred tent containing the thing profaned, and there be sprinkled by the keeper with warm water thrown from a spray of artemisia.

Thus led by those dedicated to religious service, the tribe leaves its village, the people by families dropping into line — men, well mounted, bearing their weapons ready for use; women, in gala dress, riding their decorated ponies, older ones leading the pack-horses; little children in twos and threes upon the backs of steady old nags, or snugly stowed away in the swinging pouch between the tent-poles; and the dogs trotting complacently everywhere. Here and there along the line of the cavalcade is a lad being initiated into individual responsibility. He has been upon the hunt before, as one of the family, but this is the first step toward going independently, uncared for as a child. The father has lassoed a wild horse, saddled and bridled him, and now bids his son mount the animal. The boy hangs back; the colt is a fiery creature, and already restive under restraint. The father tells his son that the horse shall be his own when he has conquered it, but the lad does not move. The lookers-on are smiling, and the cavalcade does not wait. "Get up," says the father. The boy slowly advances, and the colt quickly recedes; but the boy, grasping his mane, swings himself into the saddle. The father lets go, and so does the colt — rears, jumps, wriggles, humps his back like an infuriated cat, stands on his fore legs and kicks at his own tail, paws the air and stamps the earth; but the boy clings to him until with a sudden jerk the saddle-girth is broken, and he is landed over the head of the excited creature, which runs for dear life and liberty. Brought back, protesting by twists and shakes of his head, he is again mounted, and again frees himself. After two or three repetitions of this sort of thing, the boy becomes angry, and the mother grows anxious. She runs to her son as he is scrambling up from the ground, feels him all over, and moves his legs and arms to see if he is hurt. He is impatient at the delay; he is going to master that pony now or die for it. This time he stays on. In vain the animal lashes himself into foam

[1] The wa-sha-bae is a staff, or badge of office, about eight feet in length, shaped like a shepherd's crook. It is cased in buffalo-hide dressed without the hair, and sewed together with threads of sinew. At the end of the crook hangs a bunch of white feathers from the bald-headed eagle, and along the staff are fastened golden-eagle and crow feathers. The materials for the wa-sha-bae are furnished by the leader, but the Hunga gens alone has the right to manufacture it.

and fury; the boy sticks to him like the shirt of Nessus, and the father at last leads the indivisible pair between the tent-poles which trail behind a sophisticated family horse, and there, fenced in, they journey all day, trying to get used to each other. The pony does not see his way out of the poles, and is forced to keep up with the procession. At the first halt strife is renewed. The pony jumps over a nest of children slung between tent-poles, and rouses the ire of the dogs. With them at his heels, and the boy on his back, he is an object of terror as well as of mirth to the camp. He goes where he likes. All the boy can do is to hold on; but hold on he does, until at nightfall he dismounts without the aid of the pony. The animal recognizes this as a defeat, and the struggle is over. An admiring uncle presents the boy with a whip, the handle of which, decorated in porcupine-quill work, is terminated by a tassel of elk teeth; and thenceforth he rides his pony with the pride of a conqueror, while the pony himself prances along as if he too were proud of his own part of the performance.

Many similar scenes occurred along the line of march, when more than a thousand men, women, and children, with many more ponies and colts, stretched out over the prairie. The line was guarded on both sides by warriors appointed by the leader to act as soldiers, whose office was not simply to protect, but to prevent any slipping out on a private adventure of any sort.

At the close of a day's journey, at a point designated by the leader, the tribe halted, the tent-poles dropped from the sides of the ponies, and each woman, according to the gens of her husband, set up her tent in its relative position in the Hoo-thu-ga, which shaped itself with marvelous precision and rapidity. The girls ran to the creek for wood and water, men and boys unpacked the ponies and staked them outside the camp, and in an incredibly short time smoke rose from the numerous tents, and the evening meal was ready for the tired multitude.

If it was decided to continue the journey on the morrow, the smoke curled up from the circle of tents beneath the morning stars, and breakfast was over before the half-opened eye of the sun on the horizon line looked along the prairie upon the pleasant scene. Pack-horses were waiting for their loads; the youngsters were impatiently running here and there, intent upon the performance of their little parts. Tent-pins had been loosened, the fronts unfastened, and outside each tent stood a woman grasping the long poles that held the smoke-flaps. The impatient, fluttering canvas broke the slanting sunlight, and every one watched the tent of the leader. When that fell, down dropped the tent covering of the entire camp, and the naked poles stood stark against the brightening sky, with the busy hives beneath, where all were at work tying up bundles and babies and other items of the family belongings.

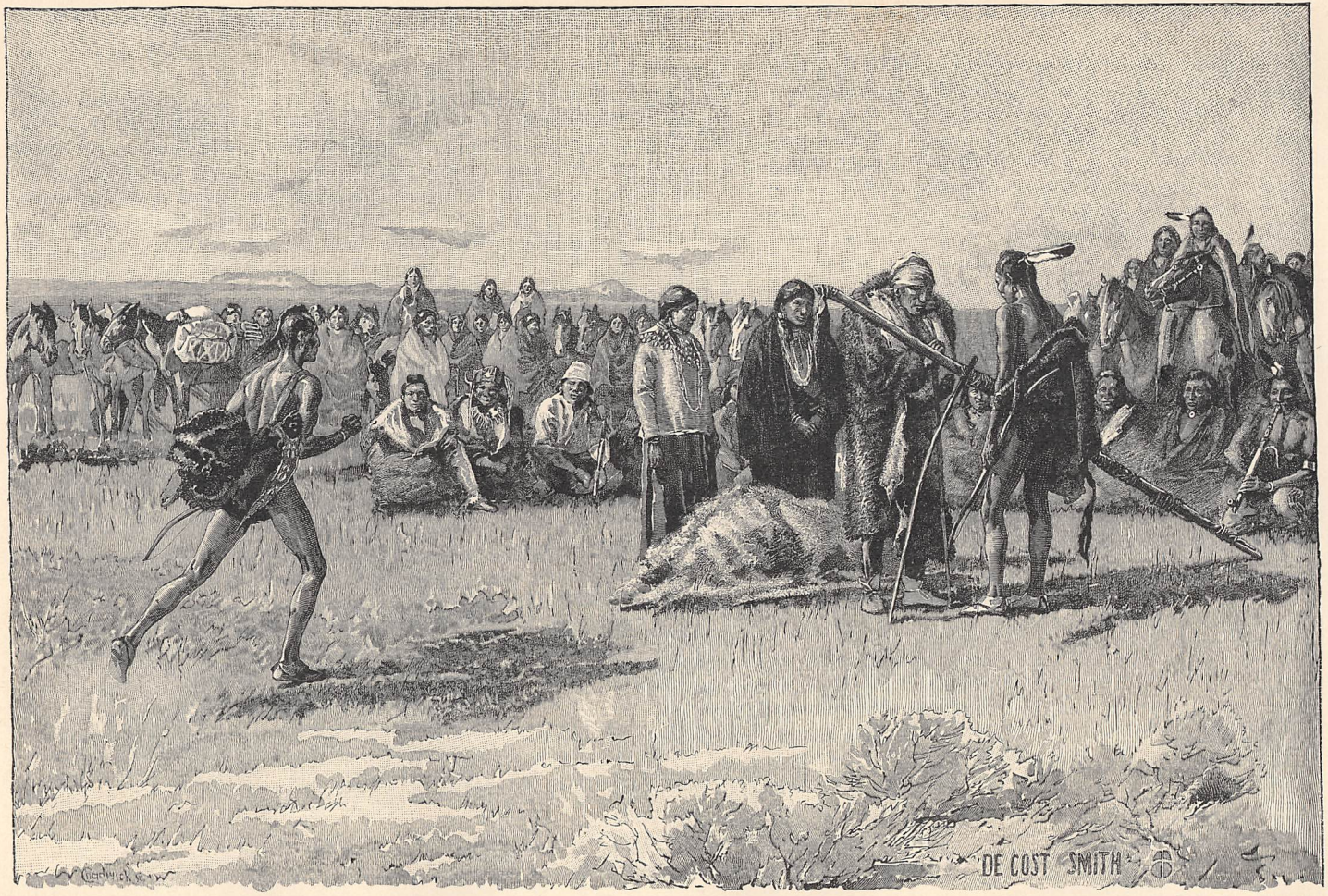
When the leader judged that the buffalo were not far off, he selected a number of young men swift of foot and cautious in action, the sons of noted persons, and sent them out as runners to find the game. The herd found, they hastened back, and, coming in sight of the tribe, signaled the people by peculiar waving movements of their robes. If the tribe chanced to be moving, an immediate halt was ordered, and if the signals indicated a favorable report, the wife of the keeper of the pole, wearing the buffalo-robe ceremonially (with the hair outside), took the pole upon her back, and the wife of the keeper of the white buffalo-hide, similarly clothed, took its pack, and the two together went out to meet the runners, who were coming in one at a time. The official herald, also ceremonially clothed, went with them. Arrived beyond the line of the camp, they halted, and the women set up the pole and the pack on their respective supports, and the herald, stepping in front of the pole, sat down with crossed arms and bowed head. The foremost runner arrived and whispered to the pole, over the shoulder of the herald, then stepped aside to the right. A second runner approached and repeated the tidings. Meanwhile a messenger had sped to the leader, who immediately retired to his tent, and remained there until he heard the herald making his way toward the sacred tent of the white buffalo-hide, shouting as he went:

"It is reported that smoke is rising from the earth as far as eye can reach!"

Then the leader also went to the tent to meet the Hun-ga, who had already gathered there with the seven principal chiefs and the herald. Within the sacred tent the chiefs sat with bowed heads, while the leader gave his commands to the herald. The hunters were to go forth; two men were designated to precede the hunters, one to carry the wa-sha-bae, the other the pipe to which the shell disk had been tied;[1] and the herald left the tent, turned to the left, and circled the camp, calling out as he went, in the name of the leader, the command:

"You are to go upon the chase; bring in your horses.

[1] This pipe and the shell disk were provided by the leader when a candidate for the office; the pipe is smoked with religious ceremonial in the sacred tent by the leader, the Hun-ga, and the principal chiefs. The leader did not go personally to the hunt proper, but sent the wa-sha-bae as the badge of his office, and the pipe to symbolize his dependence upon Wakanda; in a word, the two stood for the temporal and spiritual power of his office.



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE RETURN OF THE RUNNERS.

"Braves of the In-stha-sunda, Hun-ga-chey-nu,[1] pity me who belong to you!

"Soldiers of the In-stha-sunda, Hun-ga-chey-nu, pity me who belong to you!

"Women of the In-stha-sunda, Hun-ga-chey-nu, pity me who belong to you!"

If the buffaloes had been descried at a distance, the women with the pole and the hide stood in their places until the tribe was ready to move, and then they, with the seven principal chiefs, wearing their robes ceremonially, led the advance to the designated camp. If, on the contrary, the runners had detected the herd in the near vicinity, the women returned to their respective sacred tents, and the soldiers rode about the camp enjoining silence and holding the excitement in check, ordering all dogs to be tied up. If the dogs should bark they must be killed, and if the boys should shout they must be whipped by these officers of the law.

In silence the hunters make ready, every one helping to speed their departure. Each man is attended by one or two mounted boys who lead the fast hunting-horses and the steady old ones to bring in the meat. The bearers of the wa-sha-bae and the pipe are the first to leave the camp, going on together until they come within sight of the herd, where they dismount and sit waiting for the hunters to come up. The soldiers are also there to prevent any one from passing beyond. When all have assembled, the hunters divest themselves of their clothing, with the exception of the breech-cloth and moccasins, toss their discarded garments to the attendant boys, mount their fresh, fleet horses, and are ready to follow the wa-sha-bae and pipe bearers, who now advance, running against the wind, diverging from each other, and, one going to the right and the other to the left, passing entirely around the herd. The hunters, in two parties, follow. When the two bearers meet, the wa-sha-bae is thrust into the ground and the pipe tied to it; this is the signal to the soldiers, who give the word "Go!" and the hunters, with shouts and yells, rush upon the bewildered buffaloes from all sides, shooting, and driving the herd toward the camp. Up to this time, if any one had broken from the ranks, the soldiers would have scourged him back by a whip of small cords on his bare body.[2]

Two boys appointed by the leader have been sitting at the spot where the hunters divided, waiting for the signal of attack. As soon as the first buffaloes fall they rush toward them, dodging in and out among the men and animals, and in a peculiar manner cut out the tongues and hearts. When they have secured as many as they can string upon their bows, they start for the camp, running a race to the sacred tent of the buffalo-hide, where they deposit their burden, which is to be cooked and eaten at a ceremony to take place that night. Four times during the annual hunt these boys, on foot, with unstrung bows and no arrows, must perform their hazardous task to provide for this repeated ceremony.[3]

The day's hunt over, mingled emotions excited by its changing scenes still linger, to be revived again and again around the camp-fire. The sunlight and shadow on the rolling prairie where the peaceful herd is grazing; the unsuspected environment of the horsemen; the sudden wild tumult of the onslaught; the trampled grass covered with the dead and dying; here a wounded bull shielding with his huge body the frightened cow from a persistent hunter who has spent his quiverful of arrows upon the faithful guardian, and now waits a chance to send his last shaft into the coveted game; yonder the crying calves, seeking their lost mothers — these scenes, compelled by man's necessity, exercise no small influence upon the mind of the Indian, binding, as they do, life and death together in one inexorable bond, and tincturing his thought with a tinge of fatalism. But the practical work of securing the results of the chase is now all-absorbing.

No man was in haste to claim his game the moment it fell, because his arrows had some peculiarity in their decoration by which they could be identified, and later his bullets were marked. The Omahas were expert hunters, and many a man could boast of having sent an arrow clean through one buffalo to lodge in a second beyond.

The flaying and cutting up of the animal takes place upon the field, and the meat and pelts are packed upon the ponies in charge of the boys. The method of skinning and dividing the buffalo, elk, and deer is according to fixed rules: there are twelve cuts, four specified ones, with the hide, belonging to the slayer of the animal. The first man who comes to assist in the cutting up of the game is entitled to his choice of two of the remaining pieces, with the exception of "the breast," which is always the

1 In-stha-sunda, Hun-ga-chey-nu, are the names of the two sides of the Hoo-thu-ga. This was the manner of addressing the entire tribe. The cry, "Pity me who belong to you," was an appeal to the honor and compassion of the people to avoid all dissensions and imprudences that might bring disaster, since any trouble would fall upon him, the leader, who by virtue of his office represented the people, suffered for them, and was responsible for their welfare even to the sacrifice of his own life.

2 These soldiers were men known to be intrepid and impartial; no leniency was shown to any one breaking the rules of the hunt; any resistance to the soldiers was severely punished, and cases have occurred where a hunter has been so severely whipped as to be paralyzed.

3 If one of these boys is seen running toward a fallen buffalo, the slayer of it may not touch his game until the heart and tongue have been secured, as they are to serve a sacred purpose.



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

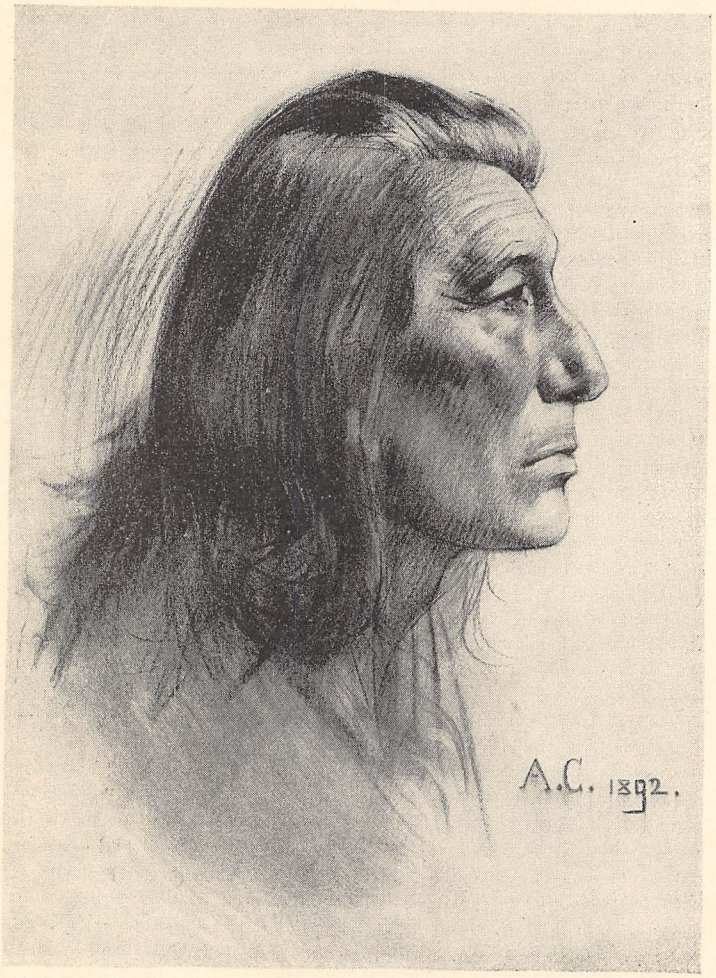
THE HUNTERS DIVIDING INTO TWO PARTIES TO CIRCLE THE HERD OF BUFFALO.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

property of the last to give his services. This disposition of the pieces gives opportunities to the poor and the luckless to obtain provision for themselves and their families. If a hunter has borrowed a horse or a weapon, half of his share must go to the owner.

Women never go upon the hunting-field unless to assist a childless husband in taking care of the game. After the laden ponies have reached the camp, the duties of the women begin in the preservation of the meat. They cut the hind quarters into thin slices, and hang them upon frames to dry; the muscle over the ribs is cut in strips, dried, and braided; and when the meat is well cured pemmican is made. The drying or tanning of the skins then requires attention: the summer pelts are used for moccasins, clothing, and tent-covers; for robes and for bedding only the winter skins are used. For the latter purpose the hide of the bull is preferred because of its weight, and the animal is cut and flayed differently from the others.

The tribe was absent upon its hunting expedition about two months, during which time there were many separate hunts,— always four, if possible,— and they were all conducted in the same ceremonial manner.[1] After each hunt the men whose tribal duty it was to serve the sacred tents went out and brought in the wa-sha-bae and the pipe, and delivered them to the leader. When the final hunt was over the wa-sha-bae was left standing in the ground. Its purpose accomplished, it became meaningless.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

AN OMAHA INDIAN.

The annual hunting expedition was full of vicissitudes; the journeys and the camp gave opportunities to the young folk for sports and friendly intercourse not possible at other times. The invisible line dividing the In-stha-sunda

[1] The Omaha hunted the buffalo in this manner on foot before the introduction of horses.

side of the Hoo-thu-ga from the Hun-ga-chey-nu was very clearly defined in the eye of the small boy; it was dangerous to cross that line—it could not be done without a skirmish. If a lad was sent with a message to the opposite side of the camp, his first duty was to collect a strong body-guard; and even with that he sometimes failed to fight his way through. When these juvenile battles waxed too violent, the timely approach of a soldier would cause a scurry to cover to escape his inexorable whip. Good-natured kicking-matches often occurred, in which no boy could kick below the waist, or use his hands either for offense or defense. When outside the camp circle these belligerent boys would join in an amicable chicken-hunt, roasting their game and having a love-feast in some cozy nook beside an improvised camp-fire.

During the journeys it was interesting to note how many saddles would slip on the horses of the young women, and how instantly young men appeared to adjust them, and how exceedingly slow was the operation; or to observe the frequency with which, in the movements of the multitude, certain couples would happen to be thrown together. The shadow of ever-impending danger seemed never to fall upon the young. War-parties might fall upon the people as they traveled, or the camp be attacked, or the horses stampeded; so it behooved the elder man to be always ready, unencumbered, as he rode, of all but his weapons.

When disasters were frequent, or sickness or dissensions came among the people, and there was much trouble, they appealed to the chiefs, saying: "The way is bloody; give us another leader"; and the man was obliged to retire from the office: the favor of Wakanda was not with him. Sometimes the buffalo was hard to find, and the people suffered for food; this also gave cause to depose the leader.

During a certain hunt a half-century ago, the runners could find no buffaloes, and there was nothing to eat. The crying of the hungry children went to the hearts of the chiefs, and sent them to the sacred tent, where, in their ceremonial robes, with bowed heads, they counseled together to find a new leader. They sent for man after man, but no one would take the responsibility. Finally one of the chiefs, noted as a quiet, reverent man, said without raising his head, "It is very hard, but I accept it." At dawn he ordered the camp to go forward and meet the buffalo, while he remained behind wrapped in the skin of a buffalo calf. No one was there to know what appeals he made, clad in this strange guise, as he wrestled in faith for his people; but the tribe had not gone more than a few miles when they came in sight of a herd. The people made haste to be ready; but the buffaloes came upon them in such numbers that the hunters slew them right and left all that day, until they had more meat than they could cure, and the flies appeared in such swarms that they call the spot to this day "the place where the maggots frightened us."

This leader has been dead forty years. His name and story were told me ten years ago by trusty Indians who knew the man, and shared not only in this experience, but in a similar one when this same man again came to the relief of the tribe. He never served as leader except in such extremities. Occurrences like these threw a glamour about the office of leader, and seemed to give miraculous testimony to the truth of the Indian's belief that whatever happened to a man was in some way the result of his character; consequently, if a man assumed official responsibilities, any good or ill fortune which befell the people was due to the personal relation between their leader and Wakanda. For instance, a man was once leader, and the tribe had nothing but ill fortune under him. After he had been deposed it was discovered that he had committed a murder which had never been atoned for,[1] and this explained to them why no good thing could come to the people through such a man.

The hunts over, the tribe turned homeward; and when within about four days' march of their village the annual ceremony of thanks-giving took place. Sometimes friendly tribes would hunt together, when the invited Indians would fall into the customs, and be present at the public religious ceremonies, of the tribe.

Hunting the deer, elk, or other solitary game, while it developed individual prowess, did not call for associated effort, and consequently had little, if any, influence on the growth of the organization of the tribe; on the other hand, the habits of the buffalo were such as to invite and necessitate the combined action of the people depending upon it for their food. As a result, the tribes living in the buffalo country reached a higher social organization than those outside its limits. The Omaha tribe bore proof within itself that its government had been modified and developed since it came to dwell within the range of the buffalo. From the supremacy of the warrior

[1] Murder was atoned for in two ways: by large and valuable gifts, which were bestowed with certain ceremonies upon the near of kin of the deceased by the offender and his immediate relatives; or else the murderer must suffer exclusion from the tribe for a term of years, living apart, sewed up in hide, and not permitted to speak to any one but his wife, who could share his exile. He could wear nothing that might wave in the wind, since such movements would attract the attention of the spirits, and trouble that of the man he had murdered.



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

AN OMAHA HUNTER.

chief it passed to the rule of an oligarchy, in which the attainment of a place was dependent upon the accumulation of property; and those chiefs who reached this high position ceased to be warriors, and became the conservers of peace. The laws which grew up around the buffalo hunt, bred of the exigencies of the tribe and the habits of the animal, were based upon the recognized fact that the rights of the whole people were greater than those of the individual. These laws bore equally upon all, and the Indian comprehended that the continued existence of the community rested upon the impartial execution of them. It is one of the peculiarities of the American Indian that in grasping the idea of the authority of law, he did not centralize and embody it in a despotic form, but kept it in the ideal, as something to be administered by him only who possessed the requisite ability.

The study of Omaha hunting reinforces the testimony given by other races as to how great a factor the method of obtaining the food-supply has been in the development of social order.

Alice C. Fletcher.



THE MOON-FLOWER.

THE sun has burned his way across the sky,
And sunk in sultry splendor; now the earth
Lies spent and gray, wrapped in the grateful dusk;
Stars tremble into sight, and in the west
The curvèd moon glows faintly. 'T is the hour!
See! Flower on flower the buds unfold, until
The air is filled with odors exquisite
And amorous sighs, and all the verdurous gloom
Is starred with silvery disks.
Oh, Flower of Dreams! —
Of lover's dreams, where bliss and anguish meet;
Dreams of dead joys, and joys that ne'er have been;
Keenest of all, the joys that ne'er shall be!

Julia Schayer.

THE NATIONAL MILITARY PARK.

(EMBRACING THE CHICKAMAUGA AND CHATTANOOGA BATTLE-FIELDS.)

THE Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park, which is to be dedicated with imposing ceremonies on September 19 to 21, is the first project of its kind in any land. Some of its distinguishing features have been followed upon other fields, but as a whole it has no parallel.

The main body of the park embraces the battle-field of Chickamauga. The legal boundaries, as authorized by Congress and ratified by the States of Georgia and Tennessee, contain fifteen square miles, of which eleven have already been acquired. About 5000 acres of the latter, or eight square miles, are forest, and of this 3500 acres have been so cleared of underbrush and the smaller timber that carriages may be driven through every portion of the tract.

Besides the main body of the park, there is now included a tract — Orchard Knob — of about seven acres and a half, which was at first the strongest point of the Confederate lines through the center of the plain about Chattanooga, and, after its capture, Grant's and Thomas's headquarters during the battle of Missionary Ridge. A considerable area about Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge has been purchased, and also a jutting spur, a mile or more farther north, which commands a view of those central slopes of the ridge which the Army of the Cumberland assaulted. The ground of Sherman's assault and of Hardee's defense at the north end of Missionary Ridge has also been purchased. In Lookout Valley, upon Hooker's battle-ground, several sites for monuments have been acquired, and Congress has given authority to buy enough of Lookout Mountain to illustrate fully Hooker's bold assault upon that stronghold and Walthall's brilliant defense.

In addition to the lands here specified, the



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS, U. S. A. ("THE ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA").

Government has acquired by cession the roads along the entire length of Missionary Ridge and over Lookout Mountain, and most of those by which both armies reached and left the Chickamauga field. These are known as approaches, and many miles of them have been improved in the most substantial manner. About forty-five miles of these roads have been completed. The Government has nowhere built roads of such extent equal to these.

The municipal and county authorities at Chattanooga have improved the main avenues from the city to their junctions with the park roads, and by formal action have granted permission for the erection of monuments, markers, and historical tablets at convenient points in and about the city. Many such have already

been set up in the city. The practical result of this liberal action has been virtually to add to the National Park the entire city of Chattanooga and its surroundings, which were all a part of great battle-fields. The central drive of the park, extending along the crest of Missionary Ridge upon Bragg's line of battle from Tunnel Hill to Rossville, and thence through the Chickamauga field to Bragg's left at Glass's Mill, is twenty miles, and eighteen miles of it are completed. From these elementary dimensions the magnitude of the park project will sufficiently appear.

The battle-fields, either within the park or along the approaches, the lines of which will be marked by monuments, historical tablets, and the location of batteries at the fighting positions of artillery, are Chickamauga (three days' operations), Wauhatchie, Orchard Knob, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and Ringgold, one of the approaches of the park extending from the Chickamauga field to the latter town. These battles comprised eight days' operations, in five of which great armies were engaged. The infantry organizations under Rosecrans at Chickamauga numbered only two less than those under McClellan during the Seven Days' Battles, while Bragg's infantry regiments were only three less than those on the Confederate side in the engagements on the Peninsula; and when Sherman's and Hooker's troops arrived at Chattanooga, they added eighty-eight regiments to the Union strength.

Standing upon the point of Lookout Mountain, the eye plainly follows twelve miles of battle-lines from Wauhatchie to Sherman's left beyond the north point of Missionary Ridge. Starting at Glass's Mill (which, as to the infantry, was the Confederate left and Union right in the battle of Chickamauga), it is a drive of twenty-two miles to Sherman's point of crossing the Tennessee for his attack on Missionary Ridge at Tunnel Hill. The cavalry lines extended much farther on the Glass's Mill flank. The entire route is over battle-fields. Four miles of it are through the ground of the heaviest fighting at Chickamauga. Seven miles lie directly along Bragg's final line of battle on Missionary Ridge.

These facts will make clear the extent of the military operations which it is the purpose of the park project to illustrate fully upon the exact ground where they occurred.

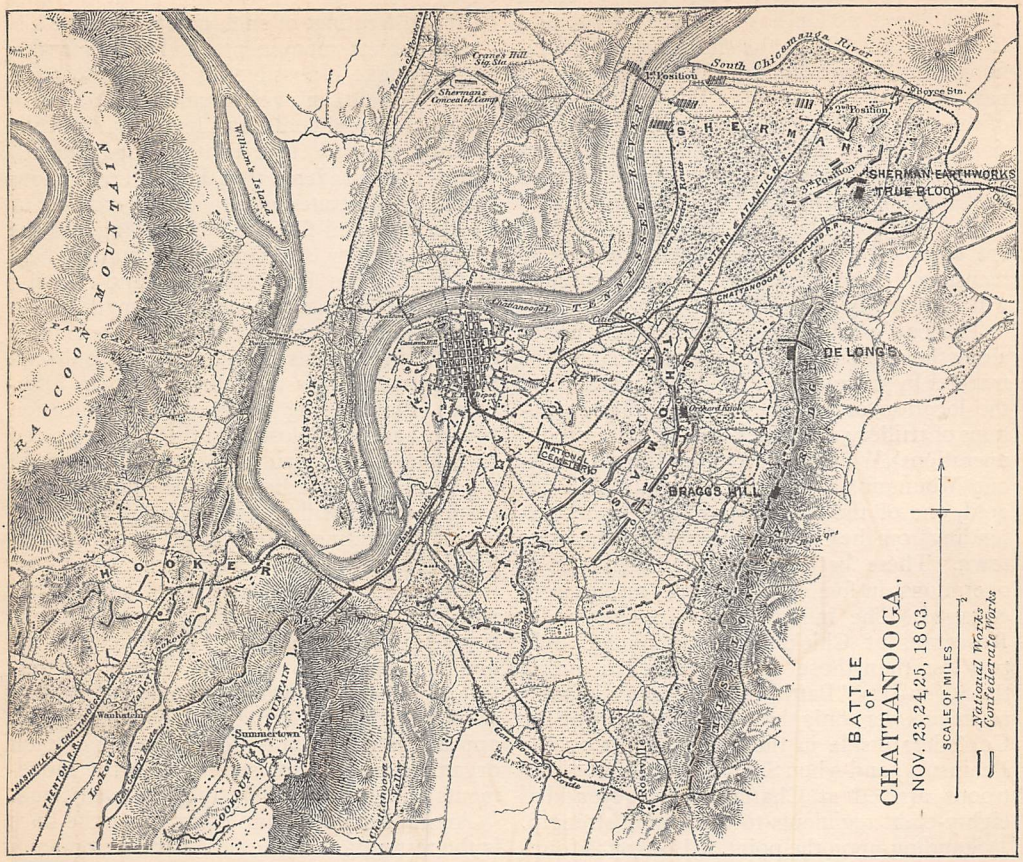
For this extended government work Congress has already appropriated $725,000. The States have added $400,000 for monuments and the expenses of their commissions.

It is not a park in the sense of being an ornamented pleasure-ground. Its objects are simply the restoration of battle-fields, so far as possible, to their condition at the time of the engagements, and the erection along the lines of actual fighting, of such comprehensive historical tablets, monuments, and other markers as shall make it possible for a visitor to trace the movements of every organization down to the units of regiments and batteries, from the opening to the close of the engagements. When it is considered that the great operations thus fully illustrated embraced the crossing of a wide river and three mountain-ranges in the enemy's country, scaling a lofty mountain held by the enemy in force, assaulting and carrying a formidable ridge five miles in length, much fighting in the open field, engagements in force in extensive forests, Longstreet's assaults on Snodgrass Hill (lasting throughout an afternoon), the opening of river communication (which had been closed by the enemy posted on Lookout Mountain), the siege of a city, and the raising of that siege by defeating the investing army, it will be seen that such an object-lesson illustrating actual battle has never before been set up on the world's theater of war.

Union and Confederate lines are marked with equal care. The same exhaustive study is given to the positions and movements of the one as to those of the other. There are historical tablets for armies, wings, corps, divisions, brigades, and batteries. Upon these plates appear the names of the commanders of each organization, and text setting forth the movements at all points where they were engaged.

An impressive feature of marking the lines is the restoration of the field batteries on each side at the several points where each was engaged. The guns are such as were actually used in the war, and those selected for each battery are of the same patterns as the guns which composed it. These are mounted on cast-iron carriages which in design are a reproduction of those used on the field. Including the duplication of batteries which fought at several positions, there will be over four hundred guns thus mounted on the Chickamauga field alone. Siege-pieces will be put up on Lookout Mountain and at several points about Chattanooga.

Imposing markers of large shells are erected on the spots where those exercising the command of a general officer were killed. These are eight in number, four for Union and four for Confederate officers. Three lofty steel observation towers rise above the forests on the Chickamauga field at its most prominent elevations. These are in sight of one another and of Lookout Mountain, and of two similar towers on Missionary Ridge. Thus the relative positions of all points of the great field are seen at a glance, as well as the mountain-ranges and the rivers which reveal the outlines of the grand strategy of each army. From these



MAP OF THE NATIONAL MILITARY PARK NEAR CHATTANOOGA.

NOTE: This map and the Chickamauga map on the opposite page show the positions of the opposing troops in the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. The maps may be compared conveniently by taking Rossville, at the lower margin of the left-hand map and at the upper left-hand corner of the right-hand map, as the key-point.

The reservations at Chattanooga, as indicated by the black rectangles, are: Orchard Knob (Grant's headquarters), 7 4-10 acres; Bragg's Hill (or headquarters), 2 1-2 acres; De Long's, 5 1-4 acres; and Trueblood, 50 acres. The National Cemetery lies between Bragg's Hill and the city.

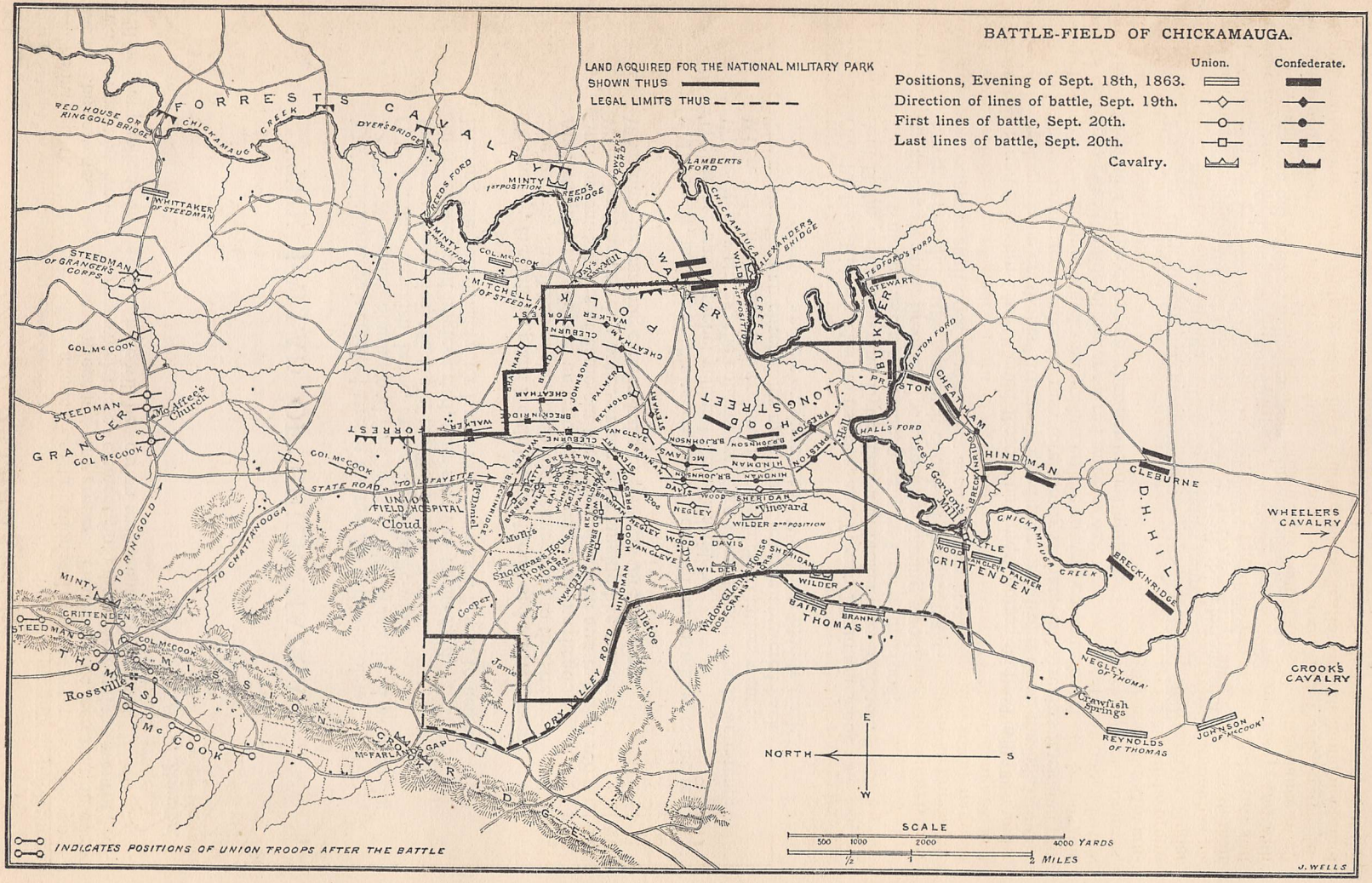
On the field of Chickamauga the heavy continuous line marks the boundaries of the land actually secured for the National Military Park, while the heavy dash line, which on the east follows the banks of Chickamauga Creek, indicates the legal limits within which additional land may be acquired.

towers the tactical movements of the battles can be followed to the smallest details.

Union and Confederate movements and fighting are set forth with absolute impartiality. The controlling idea upon which it was founded, and which has shaped every feature of the project, has been to restore and preserve the accurate history of these famous fields, and by the means employed to illustrate the prowess of the American soldier in battle.

Twenty-five States, including all the Southern States, have commissions at work assisting the National Commission in locating the fighting lines of their troops. Half of them have ascertained these positions, and their States have made liberal appropriations for monuments. Seventy-nine monuments and fifty granite markers are now in place. One hundred and six monuments and one hundred and fifty granite markers are under contract to be finished and set up before the dedication.

As the park itself is something entirely new in military history, and would be an impossible scheme in any other country, so the national dedication, authorized by act of Congress, and to take place during the present month under the direction of the Hon. Daniel S. Lamont, Secretary of War, will be an event without precedent, and one which would not be possible under any other government than ours. To this dedication, by express authority of Congress, the three coördinate branches of the Government have been invited, and each will be prominently and impressively represented. Under the same authority, Secretary Lamont has invited the Governors of all the States with their staffs, the Lieutenant-General of the Army and the Admiral of the navy, and lastly, and with still greater significance, the attendance of all veterans, both Union and Confederate. Including the dedication of State monuments and the reunion of the Society of the Army of the


BATTLE-FIELD OF CHICKAMAUGA.
LAND ACQUIRED FOR THE NATIONAL MILITARY PARK
SHOWN THUS
LEGAL LIMITS THUS
Union.
Confederate.
Positions, Evening of Sept. 18th, 1863.
Direction of lines of battle, Sept. 19th.
First lines of battle, Sept. 20th.
Last lines of battle, Sept. 20th.
Cavalry.
FORREST'S CAVALRY
MINTY
WHITTAKER OF STEEDMAN
STEEDMAN OF GRANGER'S CORPS
COL. McCOOK
McAffee's Church
GRANGER
STEEDMAN
COL. McCOOK
STATE ROAD TO LAFAYETTE
TO RINGGOLD
TO CHATTANOOGA
MINTY
CRITTENDEN
STEEDMAN
COL. McCOOK
THOMAS
Rossville
MISSION
McCOOK
McFARLAND'S GAP
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN
INDICATES POSITIONS OF UNION TROOPS AFTER THE BATTLE
RED HOUSE OR RINGGOLD BRIDGE
CHICKAMAUGA CREEK
DYER'S BRIDGE
REED'S FORD
REED'S BRIDGE
LAMBERTS FORD
WILDER'S 1ST POSITION
ALEXANDERS BRIDGE
TEDFORD'S FORD
STEWART
GORDON'S FORD
BUCKNER
PRESTON
CHEATHAM
HINDMAN
CLEBURNE
D.H. HILL
WHEELERS CAVALRY
CROOK'S CAVALRY
WALKER
LONGSTREET
HOOD
HALLS FORD
Ird & Gordon's Mill
BRECKINRIDGE
CHICKAMAUGA CREEK
CRITTENDEN
WOOD
PALMER
NEGLEY
BAIRD
BRANNAN
THOMAS
WILDER
SHERIDAN
DAVIS
VAN CLEVE
JOHNSON
REYNOLDS
BRECKINRIDGE
CLEBURNE
CHEATHAM
STEWART
PRESTON
HINDMAN
BUCKNER
WALKER
FORREST
GRANGER
Union Field Hospital
Cloud
Mulhs
Snodgrass House
Cooper
Jamie
Vineyard
WILDER 2ND POSITION
Widow Glenn's House
Rosecrans' Hd Qrs
Kelley's
Crayfish Springs
NEGLEY OF THOMAS
REYNOLDS OF THOMAS
JOHNSON OF McCOOK
DRY VALLEY ROAD
NORTH
E
S
W
SCALE
500 1000 2000 4000 YARDS
½ 1 2 MILES
J. WELLS

Cumberland, to which all other army societies will be invited, the ceremonies will continue a week. The park dedication proper will occupy two days and two evenings, during which there will be four public assemblages. These will be addressed by the most prominent public men of the nation and by noted veterans of the opposing armies. Thus it will be seen that, in every element, both the project and the event of dedication are essentially national.

H. V. Boynton.

THE BALLAD OF CHICKAMAUGA.

BY Chickamauga's crooked stream the martial trumpets blew;
The North and South stood face to face, with War's dread work to do.
O lion-strong, unselfish, brave, twin athletes battle-wise,
Brothers yet enemies, the fire of conflict in their eyes,
All banner-led and bugle-stirred, they set them to the fight,
Hearing the god of slaughter laugh from mountain height to height.

The ruddy, fair-haired, giant North breathed loud and strove amain;
The swarthy shoulders of the South did heave them to the strain;
An earthquake shuddered underfoot, a cloud rolled overhead,
And serpent-tongues of flame cut through and lapped and twinkled red,
Where back and forth a bullet-stream went singing like a breeze,
What time the snarling cannon-balls to splinters tore the trees.

"Make way, make way!" a voice boomed out, "I 'm marching to the sea!"
The answer was the rebel yell and Bragg's artillery.
Where Negley struck, the cohorts gray like storm-tossed clouds were rent;
Where Buckner charged, a cyclone fell, the blue to tatters went;
The noble Brannan cheered his men, Pat Cleburne answered back,
And Lytle stormed, and life was naught in Walthall's bloody track.

Old Taylor's Ridge rocked to its base, and Pigeon Mountain shook;
And Helm went down, and Lytle died, and broken was McCook.
Van Cleve moved like a hurricane, a tempest blew with Hood,
Awful the sweep of Breckinridge across the flaming wood.
Never before did battle-roar such chords of thunder make,
Never again shall tides of men over such barriers break.

"Stand fast, stand fast!" cried Rosecrans; and Thomas said, "I will!"
And, crash on crash, his batteries dashed their broadsides down the hill.
Brave Longstreet's splendid rush tore through whatever barred its track,
Till the Rock of Chickamauga hurled the roaring columns back,
And gave the tide of victory a red tinge of defeat,
Adding a noble dignity to that hard word, retreat.

Two days they fought, and evermore those days shall stand apart,
Key-notes of epic chivalry within the nation's heart.
Come, come, and set the carven rocks to mark this glorious spot;
Here let the deeds of heroes live, their hatreds be forgot.
Build, build, but never monument of stone shall last as long
As one old soldier's ballad borne on breath of battle-song.

Maurice Thompson.

LIFE IN THE TUILERIES UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE.

BY AN INMATE OF THE PALACE.

IN December, 1852, Napoleon III. was proclaimed Emperor. A month later, in January, 1853, the announcement of his marriage to Eugénie de Montijo astonished the world, and none more than his most faithful and devoted adherents, among whom were the whole family de Tascher de la Pagerie, his oldest friends and relatives.

The Comte de Tascher de la Pagerie, first cousin to the Empress Josephine, had been called to the court of Napoleon I. when scarcely more than a boy in years, and soon became a great favorite, not only of Josephine, but also of the great Emperor himself, whom he followed in his campaigns, though more especially under the command of his cousin, Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, son of Josephine by her first marriage with the Comte de Beauharnais, who was guillotined in the Revolution.

The affection of both Napoleon and Josephine for the spirited and chivalrous young officer survived their divorce, and at the time of Napoleon's marriage with Marie Louise the young Comte de Tascher de la Pagerie was betrothed, with the Emperor's approval, to the Princess Amélie von der Leyen, daughter of the mediatized[1] Prince von der Leyen. The marriage took place, but under particularly disastrous circumstances.

It may be remembered that the ball given by the Austrian ambassador, Prince Schwarzenberg, in honor of the imperial nuptials, was the scene of a frightful catastrophe. The hangings of the ball-room having caught fire, the flames spread to the whole building, and many victims perished, among whom were the Princess Schwarzenberg herself and the Princess von der Leyen, both in the attempt to save their daughters. The Princess Amélie was dancing with her future husband when the fire broke out. He at once placed her in safety, returning to seek her mother, who, meanwhile, had been taken away from the ball-room, but, like the Princess Schwarzenberg, rushed back into the flames to find her daughter. A burning beam had fallen on her, and when found her condition was absolutely hopeless. She was extricated with the greatest difficulty; the heat around her had been so intense that the silver setting of her diamonds had melted into the burned flesh! Strange to say, a few flowers of a wreath she wore had escaped the flames, and the writer of these pages has often seen them, set in a frame under a portrait of the unfortunate princess, in the bedchamber of her daughter. She lived two or three days in fearful suffering, but insisted on the marriage ceremony taking place at once: and in the presence of the dying mother, who had sacrificed her life for her daughter's safety, was Amélie von der Leyen united to Louis de Tascher de la Pagerie.

The fall of the First Empire destroyed the brilliant prospects of the young pair. Louis XVIII. offered an important post at his court to the Comte de Tascher de la Pagerie; but imbued with the principle expressed in his family motto, "Honori fidelis," he rejected all advances, even from those who, as legitimate possessors, filled the throne of the Emperor to whom he had sworn allegiance, and chose to follow his cousin Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, who, having married a princess of Bavaria, had elected Munich as his residence in exile. The sister of Prince Eugène, Hortense (who was separated from her husband Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland), had accepted the title of Duchesse de Saint-Leu, and wandered from one place of residence to another with her two sons, the younger of whom was afterward known as Napoleon III.

Louis de Tascher remained on terms of the greatest affection and intimacy with the ex-queen, and after the death of her brother Prince Eugène he became her most trusted friend and counselor. His sons and daughters, who were often invited to stay at Arenenberg on the Lake of Constance, where she finally resided most habitually, were the playfellows of her sons in their childhood, and the friends of Louis Napoleon when, by the death of his elder brother, he became the head of the Bonaparte family, and the representative of what they held to be their rights. The light-hearted girls and merry boys of the de Tascher family brought some

[1] The mediatized princes of the Holy Roman Empire had yielded their petty states by the Rhine treaties, but retained the social rank and privileges of independent sovereigns.

life to the too quiet home of Queen Hortense, where the future Emperor, always absorbed in thought, was then, as in after life, a gentle dreamer, scarcely roused to a smile by the vivacious ways and lively jests of his young cousins; who, as they afterward acknowledged, could not help even then feeling inwardly a sort of awe in his presence, as in that of a superior being.

When the end of Queen Hortense drew near, she summoned the Comte de Tascher to her bedside to receive her last instructions and hear her last wishes. He it was who attended to all that was needful after her death, who obtained from the government of Louis Philippe the requisite permission to bring back the remains of the exiled queen to her native land, and who followed them to their last resting-place at Reuil, near Paris. There was, consequently, a strong tie of affection, confidence, and respect between Prince Louis Napoleon and his mother's trusted friend and counselor. When his strangely varied fortunes brought him to that supreme position which he had always anticipated in what seemed idle dreams, he immediately called the Comte de Tascher and his surviving son to his bachelor court at the Elysée, the ladies of the family remaining temporarily at Munich.

The Comte de Tascher had always felt the importance of a suitable marriage for Prince Louis Napoleon, and had greatly exerted himself to negotiate several which he approved, and which had been nearly concluded. One, in the early youth of the prince, with the Princess Mathilde, his cousin, sister of Prince (Jerome) Napoleon, had been settled by family arrangements, but was broken off after the failure of the Strasburg conspiracy. Other negotiations undertaken by the Comte de Tascher personally, in the hope of obtaining the hand of several German princesses, had fallen through in consequence of the ill will of their respective courts.

The Comte de Tascher still hoped, nevertheless, that the rising fortunes of the prince, now President of the French Republic, would finally conquer all difficulties; but the mere idea that, as Emperor (a destiny which all foresaw), he would marry the beautiful Spanish girl with whom, as President, he flirted at Compiègne never seriously dwelt in the mind of the devoted friend of early days. When, immediately after the proclamation of the Empire, the intentions of the new Emperor were communicated to the Comte de Tascher and his son, they were so painfully astonished that they warmly remonstrated as to the complications which would be added to his already difficult position by the act of raising to the throne of France a private gentlewoman, however attractive she might be, without consulting the will of the nation. They even declared that, if he did so, they would leave him and return to Germany.

The Emperor would listen to no expostulations, and made a strong appeal to their feelings of old friendship and personal attachment, to induce them not only to welcome his bride, but to accept the two most important posts in her future court. The General, Comte de Tascher de la Pagerie, was appointed "Grand Master of the Empress's Household," and his son, then called Count Charles, "First Chamberlain."

The Empress was fully aware of their conscientious opposition to her marriage, which, naturally, caused some constraint at first; but her own sincere nature soon appreciated the noble and chivalrous character of the old count, and the honest devotedness of his son, when once they had given their allegiance. The ladies of the family then came to the Tuileries, where apartments were provided for them, and where the Emperor received them on their arrival with the most unaffected kindness, recalling heartily old times and bygone memories.

The Comte Charles de Tascher de la Pagerie had already inherited the title of duke through his German mother, from her uncle the Duke of Dalberg, Prince-Primate of Germany; but his deep respect for his father had prevented him from taking precedence as duke till, at a later period, the count himself insisted on his doing so — when a decree, signed by the Emperor, authorized the Comte Charles de Tascher de la Pagerie to bear henceforward the title of duke.

To prevent confusion I shall at once use the title, although, chronologically, it was not yet adopted. Three years had elapsed since the arrival of the family at the Tuileries, when I was informed that the future Duchesse de Tascher de la Pagerie wished to meet with a lady, accustomed to good society, who would be capable of entirely filling her place by her daughters, and who would constantly be their friend and guide. She would be governess only in the court sense of the function, not as teacher, but as governing their education, superintending their studies, directing their reading, and accompanying them wherever they went. The German lady who had begun their education was about to be married, and the elder daughter being now sixteen, it was thought desirable to make a new choice, with a few modifications as to requirements. Some of my friends had thought of proposing me to fill this exceptional post. The circumstance that members of my family were intimate with cousins of the de Tascher family would, it was considered, facilitate an introduction.

Finally, after much discussion, I was taken to the Tuileries, and presented to the duchess. The sentinels — the servants in imperial liv-

ery — had made me feel sufficiently nervous, but when I entered the private apartments occupied by the family, and, after passing through lugubrious dark passages with lamps in midday, suddenly found myself in broad daylight, and within the rooms which, I was informed, would be mine if matters were favorably settled, my alarm increased to a painful degree. I felt that a new life, quite unknown, was opening before me; and its very brilliancy was startling to one who had always lived in retirement. My future pupils came forward to meet me; the elder, a blooming girl of sixteen, as fresh as a rose, but more womanly in appearance than I had expected, and with the graceful ease of manner which indicates the habit of general society; the younger, a pretty child of eleven, shyer than her sister. The rooms, plainly furnished in bright chintz, looked comfortable and homelike.

After a few minutes of general conversation, the door suddenly opened, and the duchess came in quickly,—a tall, graceful figure, very commanding in appearance,—the court lady from head to foot, very beautiful, and most elegantly dressed. Being very near-sighted, she drew close to me, with half-shut eyes, and peered down very much as if she were trying to find a fly on the carpet; but in the conversation that followed after we had resumed our seats her manner was most courteous, and even a little embarrassed through the evident fear of giving offense by expressing her wishes too plainly. Altogether, she left upon me the full impression of that considerate good-breeding which is generally, but not always, the characteristic of distinguished rank. I remained, however, some days in doubt as to my final acceptance, being told by my friends that, although everything had been found very satisfactory, there was some hesitation on account of my youth, the position being one of absolute trust, which was thought to require the experience of riper years. However, other applicants, although older than I, seemed to present fewer guarantees. I was, therefore, finally engaged; and I hope I may be permitted to add that the decision never caused any regret.

It was late in the afternoon when, on the appointed day, I entered the palace where I was fated to reside for nine years — during the most prosperous time of the Second Empire. As yet all was unknown, therefore necessarily uncertain, and the nervous anxiety that I could not repress, though only natural under the circumstances, was a very disagreeable beginning. Some married daughters of the Comte de Tascher, with their children, were on a visit to their father, and the whole party came to my apartments soon after my arrival, escorted by the duchess, who introduced me. They encouraged me with so much unaffected good-nature and friendliness that I felt somewhat comforted, but fully recognized the truth of their parting remark, as they went off laughingly: "You will feel happier a week hence." As they left me, I was told to dress quickly, as "mon père" had military habits, and was mercilessly punctual; so, giving my keys to the confidential maid sent to assist me, I begged her to select what I ought to wear, hastily changing my attire according to her instructions. A fresh ordeal now awaited me—presentation to the Comtesse de Tascher, Princesse Amélie von der Leyen, the *Durchlaucht*, or Serene Highness, as the German servants always called her. My pupils came to fetch me, leading the way down a dark, narrow, winding staircase, then through a wide passage paved in white and black marble, and through folding-doors, which my elder pupil opened, drawing back courteously, to leave me full precedence. I then entered a large, handsome room, hung with pictures and richly furnished, where stood a group of ladies elegantly dressed; one of whom, the duchess, came forward immediately and led me to a dignified elderly lady, seated in a deep window, whose features at once reminded me vividly of all the historical portraits of German princesses I had seen in picture-galleries. Next I made my obeisance to her husband, the General, Comte de Tascher de la Pagerie, one of the most distinguished men in appearance that I had ever seen, whose eagle eye and aquiline profile recalled the Duke of Wellington. There was no time for conversation, the folding-doors being thrown open and dinner announced.

The large, handsome dining-room where the numerous members of the family took their seats, the servants in and out of livery, the display of plate, and all the ceremony of a formal dinner-party, although no strangers were present, made me feel more than ever like a poor little sparrow which had strayed alone into an aviary of tropical birds. Conversation was general and very animated; I was seated next to the (Princesse) Comtesse de Tascher, who from time to time spoke to me kindly, and urged me to partake of the dishes handed about. When the dinner was concluded, all rose and moved to the door, where they stood in two lines while the Durchlaucht passed out first, the others following her in couples, my pupils coming last. I was then allowed to retire, for this first evening, and was thankful to do so after taking leave of the visitors, who were returning to Germany by the night train.

The next morning, of course, I found the family much reduced in number, when I went down to the *déjeuner*, or luncheon, and al-

though the same stateliness was observed in the arrangements, everything looked less formidable. The countess asked me kindly, "Are you less afraid of us now?" and the count, with smiling benevolence, inquired if my first night at the Tuileries had brought pleasant dreams. The duke was *de sèrvice*, or "in waiting," so I scarcely saw him, but he too welcomed me cordially, telling me "not to spoil his girls."

After luncheon my two pupils and their brother, then a schoolboy of fifteen,[1] led me through the various rooms, pointing out the historical portraits of the Bonapartes and the Beauharnais: those of the princes and princesses allied to their family; the portrait of their great-grandmother the unfortunate Princess von der Leyen, and the flowers which she had worn at the fatal ball; also the portrait of the Prince-Primate of Germany, Duke von Dalberg, from whom their father inherited his title, and proudly explained the privilege of the Dalbergs to be knighted at the coronation of the Emperors of Germany, where the herald called three times, "Ist kein Dalberg da?"[2]

Then they showed me many treasures kept in handsome cabinets. One interested me particularly — a large, plain gold ring containing the hair of Marie Antoinette, a thick lock of lovely golden hair, braided into a close plait, not the rich auburn hue of the Empress Eugénie's, but a sweeter, paler color, usually seen only in childhood.

We then returned to our apartments, where the day was spent in putting all that I had brought with me in due order, and the evening at the opera, where I accompanied the Comtesse Stéphanie, an unmarried sister of the duke, who lived at the Tuileries. We went in one of the Emperor's carriages, with coachman and groom in imperial livery, for which the police made room when needful. "Livrée de l'Empereur!"— this sufficed to cut through all files of carriages, and to pass everywhere, when proclaimed by the coachman in sonorous tones. We were conducted to the box called *de service*, devoted to the household, passing before bowing officials, and much stared at by spectators.

The next day was Sunday, with mass in the imperial chapel; but on Monday I began fully the duties of my position, which I soon found was no sinecure, though made as pleasant as possible by the friendly kindness and courtesy of all about me. But from the moment when I was awakened in the morning till a late hour at night there was not an interval of time to spare. The two girls being of totally different ages, the professors, classes, lectures, etc., were also totally different; so my days were spent in rushing out with one, and then rushing back to take the other somewhere else. I was on foot in all kinds of weather, which the duchess considered necessary for the health of my pupils; but as I had two journeys to make the fatigue was doubled. During these lectures, etc., I had to take notes incessantly, and to prepare the work of the girls. Often I was obliged to dress in ten minutes for a dinner-party, because some professor had unduly prolonged his lesson. The constant mental strain, added to the physical fatigue, was almost more than I could endure, and my health suffered so severely that I greatly feared the impossibility of continuing such an arduous task. In the evening there were dancing-lessons three times a week; one at the English Embassy, from which we returned at a late hour, and two others at the Tuileries in the apartments of the Duchesse de Bassano, our next neighbor. On the remaining evenings I frequently accompanied the (Princess) Countess or the Comtesse Stéphanie to theaters or operas, which, though very agreeable, added considerably to the overwhelming fatigue of the day. As to my own private correspondence, I was obliged to write necessary letters often very late at night, to the great indignation of the duchess, who rightly declared that I was wearing myself out; but I had no other resource. But as time went on matters happily became easier; and after the marriage of my elder pupil to Prince Maximilian von Thurn und Taxis, my task was considerably diminished. The work of the first year, however, was absolutely crushing.

I had seen the Empress Eugénie pass by in her carriage more than once before I entered the Tuileries, and although I could not but think her beautiful, still, like most of those who saw her only under such circumstances, I had no idea of her real attractions. A few days after my arrival at the palace, as I was crossing the large courtyard with the future Princess von Thurn und Taxis, I suddenly saw her stop short and perform the court courtesy,—a downward plunge instead of the usual bend,—while the sentinel presented arms as she hastily whispered; "L'Impératrice!"

There was the Empress, standing before us at a large window on the ground floor, a vision robed in pale blue silk; the sun, forming a sort of halo around her, rested on her hair, which seemed all molten gold. I was absolutely startled, and my impression was that I had never before seen such a beautiful creature. I fully understood at that moment the enthusiasm which I had supposed to be exaggerated. Her face was beaming with smiles as she recognized

[1] Now Duc de Tascher de la Pagerie, and head of the family.

[2] "Is there no Dalberg here?"



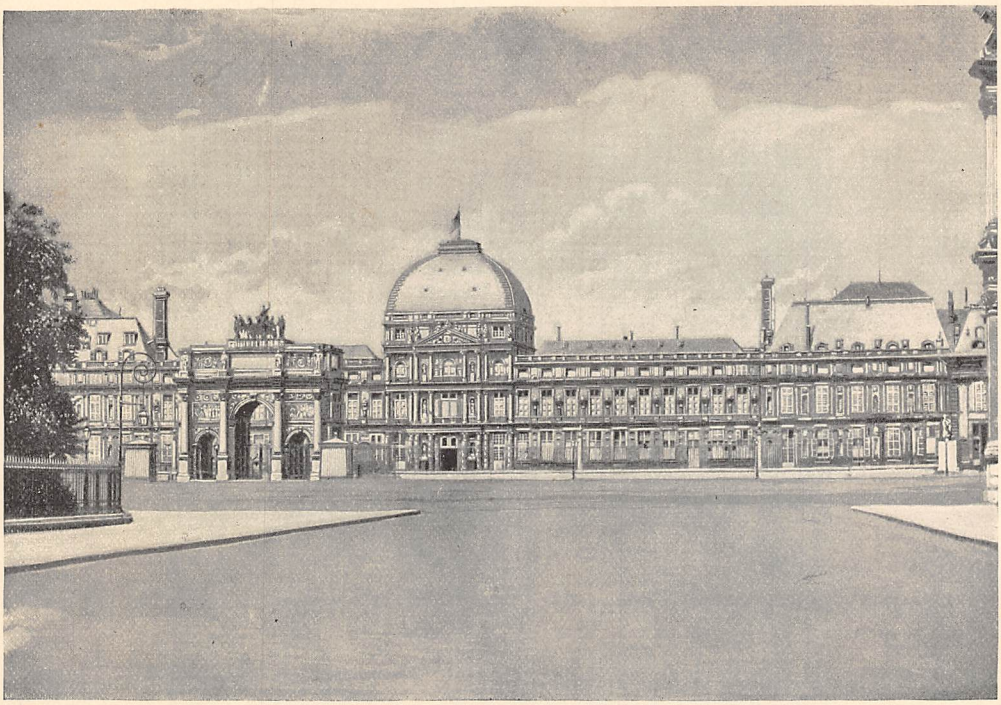
ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO.

EMPRESS EUGÉNIE IN SPANISH MANTILLA.

my pupil, to whom she nodded with the most unpretending good-nature. I remarked, after we had passed on, that I had supposed her hair to be of a darker hue, whereupon I was told not to judge till I had seen her in the shade instead of the sun.

I soon had an opportunity of seeing her in the chapel, as she passed before me on her way to the imperial gallery, bareheaded, as was her custom when not in the lower part of the building, where she condescended to wear a bonnet; and now her hair looked a dark, rich chestnut color, instead of the golden shade, like ripe wheat, which I had seen before. The habit which the Empress had adopted of wearing no covering on her head during the Sunday high mass was a sore grievance to the clergy, who in vain quoted the instructions of St. Paul addressed to women. But she listened to no remonstrance; as, indeed, was usually the case when anything suited her fancy or her convenience.

The opportunities of seeing the Empress were of almost daily occurrence when she was at the Tuileries; for although we inhabited another part of the palace, she passed before our windows in her carriage when she went out for her usual drives, and in the lower part of the chapel we were placed very near to her seat. The unfortunate Archbishop of



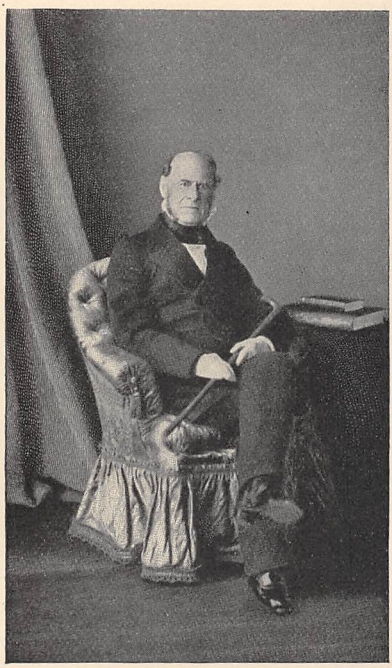
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE TUILERIES FROM THE PLACE DU CARROUSEL.

Paris, who was shot during the Commune, usually attended the imperial mass, and was so near to me that the golden tassels of his vestment rested upon the desk of the pew where I knelt with my pupils and Mesdemoiselles de Bassano. The Empress, who was just before us with the Emperor (and at a later period with the Prince Imperial), never forgot, as she rose from her knees to go down the aisle, to turn toward our group with a gracious smile and bend; the deep courtesy in reply was not easy to perform in the narrow space allotted to us.

The first time that I was able to see the Empress in private life was at St. Cloud, where the de Tascher family occupied a villa adjoining the palace, with an entrance to the private grounds, of which we had a key.

One evening I had taken a drive with the duchess, and on our return she had gone into the garden with her elder daughter to enjoy the fresh air, requesting me to order the lamps for the drawing-room. I had just laid my hand on the bell when I heard a voice asking for the duchess, and, the door suddenly opening, I saw a lady standing in the entrance. Supposing her to be a visitor from Paris, I immediately went toward her, begging her to come in while I called the duchess, who was in the garden; but I saw some hesitation, and although the room was nearly dark a ray of moonlight resting on her face revealed the Empress Eugénie. I was startled, and hardly knew what I ought to do, so paused for a moment; whereupon she hastily took flight, closing the door. I ran to the duchess, saying: "Madame! The Empress is here!" She hastily came forward, when the door opened again, and the Empress, accompanied by the Duc de Tascher and a numerous suite, came in quickly, with extended hands, which the duchess kissed. She had previously run on alone, leaving the others behind her, and in the anteroom had asked the servant on duty if the duchess was at home, wishing to surprise her. The man, who was half asleep, sprang to his feet with evident trepidation; on seeing which she exclaimed, "Do you know me?" "Certainly. I have the honor of knowing Your Majesty." "Oh! how tiresome!" she cried ("*Comme c'est ennuyeux!*"); "everybody knows me!" She then hastily opened the door before her, and saw that I too recognized her, on which she flew to the duke, saying: "Tascher! Tascher! I cannot go in — there is a strange lady!" He answered, laughing, that he thought he knew who that strange lady must be, and that Her Majesty need not be alarmed; on which she consented to return. As the duchess welcomed her warmly, she said that she had felt quite shy (*intimidée*) when she saw "madame," with a smiling bend toward me, on which I was presented in due form to her very gracious Majesty. The whole party then went on the



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEVITSKY.

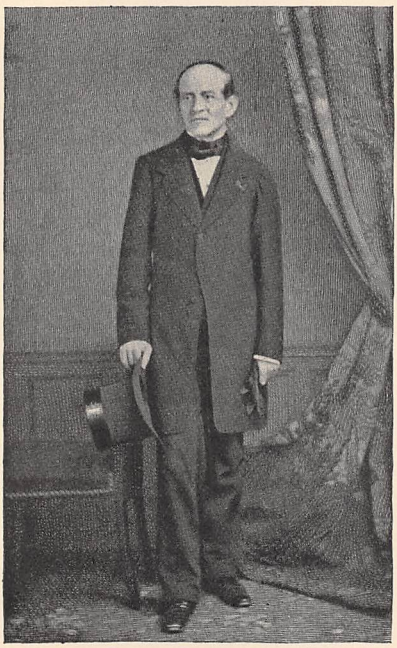
COMTE DE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEVITSKY.

PRINCESS AMÉLIE VON DER LEVEN, COMTESSE DE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE.

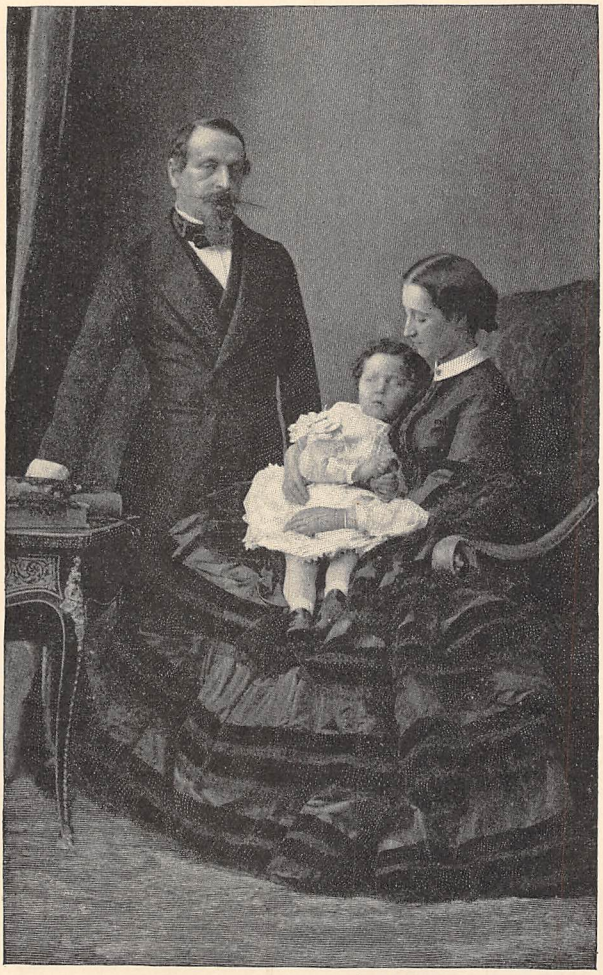
terrace before the house, and after assisting in providing seats I withdrew, fearing to intrude on their privacy. But in a few minutes one of my pupils came running in; the Empress had asked why I had retired, and had expressed a particular wish that I should join them. It was rather an ordeal to go through, when I found myself standing at the top of a flight of steps, which I had to descend in full view of the large court circle before me; the more so as there was bright moonlight, and I knew that I must remain standing till permission was given to sit down. But the Empress saw me immediately, and with her usual grace of manner desired me to be seated, using her usual polite circumlocution — "Will you not sit down?" I obeyed, with the requisite low courtesy, and a most pleasant evening followed, the Empress chatting gaily and familiarly, as she energetically dug up the gravel at her feet with a tall walking-stick that she held in her hand, repeatedly addressing me personally, with marked courtesy. When an opportunity occurred, she called me to her side, and gave me a chair with her own hand. In short, it was impossible to show more kindness and consideration than I noticed toward every one present and experienced personally. She spoke French with a marked Spanish accent, and, to my surprise, her voice had the harsh guttural sounds so frequent among Castilians, but which seemed strangely foreign to that sweet face, so delicate in its loveliness.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO.

DUC DE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE.

My feminine readers will perhaps wish to know how she was dressed on this occasion, and I can only answer, as simply as possible. She wore a dress of a soft gray summer stuff over a striped blue and white silk underskirt; a loose mantle of the same pale gray was thrown over all. She held a tall walking-stick in her hand, and wore a straw



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERI.

NAPOLEON III., EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, AND PRINCE IMPERIAL.

hat of the Tyrolese shape, with a Tyrolese plume of black and white feathers.

The duchess offered tea, which was accepted, and the whole party adjourned to the villa, where it was immediately served. The Empress was in high spirits, laughing and talking merrily, and seeming thoroughly to enjoy her escape from her usual trammels, when, to the consternation of her hostess, and her own very evident annoyance, the door opened, and a lady inhabiting a neighboring villa sailed in, followed by her daughter, both in full toilet. She held a high post at court, but nothing on this occasion called for her presence, which was flagrantly intrusive. She explained that she had heard the voices in the garden, and begged "to be allowed a share in the good fortune of her neighbors." A chill had fallen on the whole party; the Empress, suddenly silent and cold, played with her teaspoon, looking grave and displeased, while the intruder talked of her "beautiful dahlias," which she wished so much to show to Her Majesty (at nearly eleven o'clock at night!). It was *so* near; would not Her Majesty stop on her way back to the palace and see the dahlias?

The Empress evidently wished particularly to be let alone, but at last she rose with an air of weary resignation, saying, "Well, let us go and see the dahlias!"

The pleasant evening was over, and the momentary freedom which had made it so agreeable was cut short merely because one court lady was determined to enjoy the same mark of favor that had been bestowed on another court lady. It is said that in the early years of her reign Queen Victoria exclaimed, "What is the use of being a queen if one cannot do as one likes?" She soon was obliged to learn that of all women queens are those who least do as they like. The Empress Eugénie had wished to enjoy royal honors, and she too had to learn that restraint for which she was ill prepared by a life of absolute liberty was necessary in her high position. Etiquette, though much modernized, and therefore made less irksome than it was in the days of poor Marie Antoinette, still stood in her way on every side. She could not risk giving offense, and she must court popularity. The bird which had always flown freely wherever the wish of the hour guided its flight was now in a gilded cage, tied down by silken threads as difficult to break as iron chains.

She would have wished to walk about freely without state or ceremony, except on official occasions, when she did not dislike playing the part of Empress; but she could not leave the palace without a numerous suite, in a carriage and four with outriders; nor get rid of the necessity of incessantly bowing to the spectators, which she performed both graciously and gracefully, but with unavoidable weariness. She had twelve ladies-in-waiting, some of whom were her personal friends; others had been chosen for political reasons, and she did not particularly care for them; but she could show no preference. Two ladies at a time were in waiting: in Paris for a week, at the country residences for a month. Each lady in turn was *de grand service*, as it was called, or in full waiting; that is, she had a right to go with

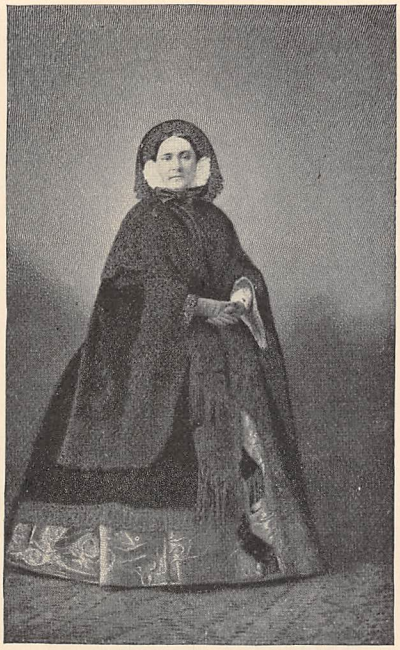
the Empress in her carriage and take precedence on all occasions, while the other followed in the second carriage, with the chamberlain-in-waiting. The next day matters were reversed, and the other lady was de grand service, whether or not the Empress liked the change. The ladies did not sleep at the Tuileries when the court was in Paris, but were fetched in a carriage devoted to their use for their hours of duty, which began at two o'clock in the afternoon. They awaited Her Majesty's pleasure in a salon where the *service d'honneur* assembled, and where the ladies kept their books, writing materials, and needlework. After their usual drive with the Empress they were taken to their homes for their evening toilette, and returned to the palace in full dress for their dinner, which was served at half-past seven. The déjeuner was at half-past eleven; in Paris the Emperor and Empress partook of it alone till the Prince Imperial was old enough to join them; but at the country residences the service d'honneur were admitted to both meals, as were also the guests staying there on a visit. After the déjeuner the Emperor usually followed the Empress to her private room, where the little prince was brought, and where they enjoyed family life like ordinary mortals for a short respite. The Empress then admitted her private secretary, and examined with him the innumerable petitions received daily. Both the Emperor and Empress were generous in their charities, the Emperor even to excess. It has been stated that his various gifts and grants amounted to a daily sum of 10,000 francs.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERI.

PRINCESS CLOTILDE AND PRINCE NAPOLEON.

When the time came for dinner, after the usual drive, the service d'honneur assembled in the Salon d'Apollon (where the evenings were habitually spent), to await the Emperor and Empress, who came in together, and took their seats side by side at the center of the dinner-table, when the silent bend of an official had announced that all was ready. The Emperor gave his arm to the Empress, and both walked out first, the others following according to rank and etiquette. The gentlemen wore either their uniforms or the court-dress, which differed but little from the ordinary evening coat, but with a lining of white moiré silk. The ladies wore low-made evening dress, but there was greater indulgence on the part of the kind imperial hosts than is usually found in courts; if really needful, in consequence of indisposition, a pelerine of white quilted satin, and sleeves of the same, were tolerated as a protection for the shoulders and arms. The Empress usually wore velvet of rich, dark colors, which were particularly becoming to her exquisitely fair complexion. The Emperor liked to see her richly dressed, and often objected to the extreme simplicity of her morning attire, which, it must be acknowledged, was often too fanciful to be appropriate to her high position. Everything she wore was well made and perfectly neat; her hair was beautifully dressed: but she liked the comfort of loose garibaldi bodices of red flannel with a plain black silk skirt over a red flannel underskirt, all of which was concealed when she went out by



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERI.

PRINCESS MATHILDE.

a handsome cloak and the fur coverings of the open carriage. I have seen her wear, within the palace, a tight jacket of knitted black wool, with a gray border, over the silk and crape dress which she wore as second mourning for her sister, the Duchess of Alva. It was a sort of wrap which one would expect to see on the shoulders of some old crone bending over her fire rather than on the graceful figure of the beautiful Empress of the French. I might quote other instances: such as a loose jacket of a small black and white check bordered with red flannel, etc.

After dinner the court adjourned to the splendid room called Salon d'Apollon, where coffee was handed about; the Emperor took his cup standing, with cigarettes, which it was his habit to smoke incessantly. The ladies present remained standing till they were requested to sit down, but the Emperor's courtesy did not allow them to wait long before receiving the requisite authorization. The gentlemen, however, stood upright during the whole evening, and many found this a trial. In general the evenings were very heavy, a fact which those admitted to them did not attempt to conceal.

In the time of Louis Philippe, Queen Marie Amélie and the princesses, her daughters-in-law, sat round a table with needlework, which at least provided occupation; but during the Empire conversation was the principal resource, and this often flagged. The Emperor was benevolent, but silent; the Empress tried to talk incessantly, with real or feigned vivacity; sometimes in the young days of the Empire she proposed dancing, and one of the gentlemen present turned the handle of a mechanical piano, which played dance music. I remember that one evening, shortly after my arrival at the palace, we were all seated quietly in the salon of the duke's mother Comtesse de Tascher, after dinner, when suddenly the chamberlain-in-waiting appeared. The Empress wished to dance the lancers, in vogue that winter, and nobody present knew the figures. It had been suggested that Mlle. de Tascher, who habitually attended the dancing-lessons at the British Embassy, was probably initiated in the mysteries of the new dance, and she must come immediately to teach everybody. The duchess, who was going to a private ball, protested vehemently that her daughter was a mere schoolgirl, not yet introduced into society; she was not dressed appropriately for such an unexpected honor; she could not go without her mother, etc. The chamberlain, with languid good-breeding and perfect indifference, coolly answered: "All I know is that she is to come immediately, and must not stop to dress. I suppose you may come, too, if you like, but you must not keep Her Majesty waiting." So the duchess and her daughter followed the chamberlain — Mlle. de Tascher considerably vexed at having no time to change her dark green silk dress for more becoming attire; but



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERI.

PRINCE JEROME.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERI.

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

there was no help for it, and she had to obey. She was warmly received by the Empress (dressed in crimson velvet and diamonds), gave the required lesson in the lancers, danced with the Emperor, who broke her fan, and apologized, while she, though a schoolgirl, replied, in courtier-like phrase, that she was "too happy to have such a remembrance of His Majesty," who, unfortunately, forgot all about it the next day, and thus omitted to send her a more pleasant remembrance. At ten o'clock, according to the usual custom, a tea-table was brought in, with a tray of cool drinks for those who preferred them. The Empress, in high spirits, made the tea herself, instead of leaving the matter to her ladies, and my schoolgirl greatly enjoyed the whole adventure.

The Empress would have liked to spend the evening sometimes with the de Tascher family, whose cheerfulness, as she said once in my presence, "would cure the jaundice"; but the question of petty court jealousies again stood in her way. She visited them at long intervals, but only when some apparent reason justified the exception. Usually, after taking tea, the Emperor retired, "to transact business with his private secretary," as was stated; what that business was, on too frequent occasions, had better not be too closely examined. The Empress usually remained till about half-past eleven, when she disappeared, and as the last fold of her train left the doorway, all the men present, who had been standing the whole evening, uttered a sigh of relief, as they threw themselves on the sofas with undisguised satisfaction.

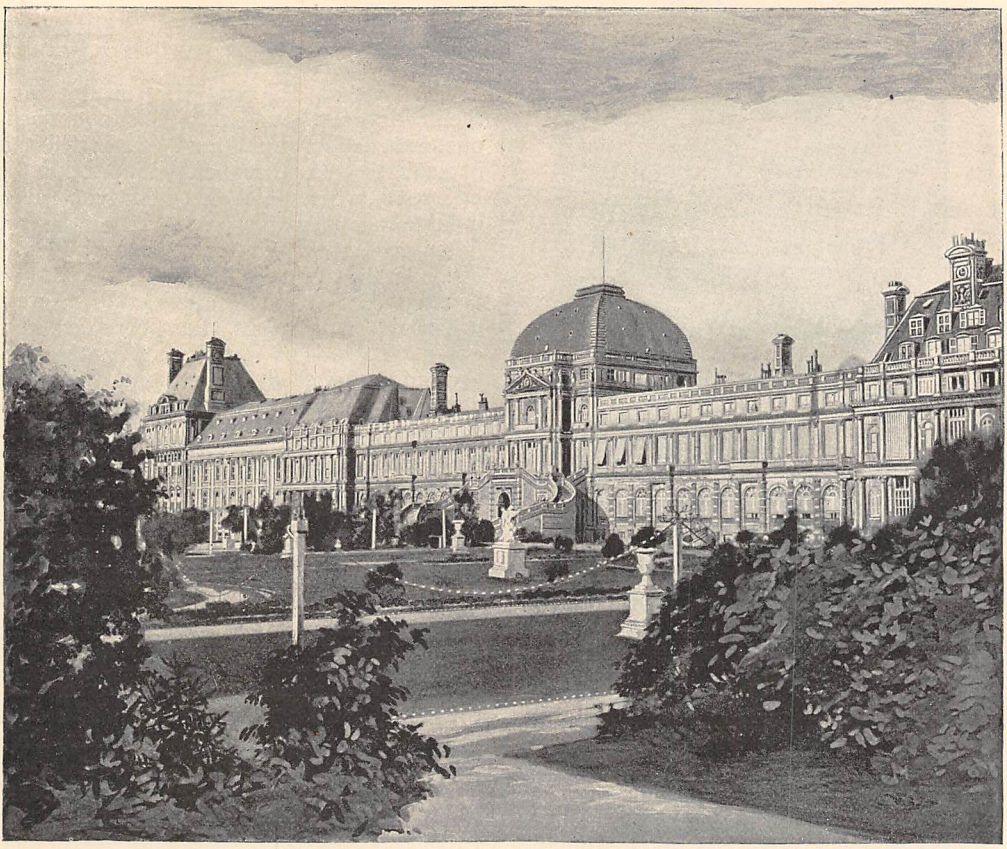
The Duc de Tascher, who suffered from rheumatic gout, found this obligation of etiquette particularly trying, and, being privileged in many respects, he frequently slipped into the next room, where he could sit down and even indulge in a momentary doze with impunity. Often, on returning from some theater with one of the ladies of the family, I would meet him coming wearily from the imperial quarters, and, as he said "Good night," he would add with a groan, "There is no way of inducing the Empress to go to bed!" Her personal attendants could say much more on the subject, for even after retiring to her private apartments she often lingered till the small hours of the night.

One evening, as the duke afterward told me, he had escaped to the neighboring room, where he habitually took refuge, and was seated, writing a letter, when the Emperor suddenly came in. Of course the duke sprang to his feet, but the Emperor good-humoredly desired him not to disturb himself, but to go on with his letter. On such occasions the rule is to obey without any objection, the sovereign's will being considered paramount. The duke consequently sat down and quietly continued his letter, though much discomfited by the presence of the Emperor, who paced the room to and fro, smoking his cigarette and humming a tune. The duke, however, leisurely finished



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERI.

MARSHAL CANROBERT.



GARDEN FRONT OF THE TUILERIES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

and folded his letter, sealing it deliberately with the large official seal in red wax, and carefully adding the stamp of the household. The Emperor then drew near:

"Have you finished, Tascher?"

"Yes, Sire."

"*Quite* finished?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Then—I may take the inkstand?"

The good-natured simplicity of the act was extremely characteristic. There never was a more amiable man in private life than the Emperor Napoleon III., or one more absolutely unpretending. His constant gentleness, his unvarying, patient kindness, were only too much preyed upon by many of those about him; but he was certainly deeply loved by all who were in habitual personal contact with him—more loved than was the Empress Eugénie, notwithstanding her personal charms. She was extremely good-natured, thoroughly natural, and devoid of haughtiness (a great merit in such a position), but impulsive and hot-tempered, too sincere and straightforward to conceal her varying impressions, and withal fanciful and tenacious in her fancies, which often irritated those who had to yield to her wishes despite difficulties and inconvenience. "One of the Empress's whims!" was often the comment of her attendants down to the domestic servants of the palace. The Emperor, always quiet and even apathetic, disturbed no one; but if an appeal was made to his feelings he could not resist. There was a sort of tender-hearted, sentimental softness in his nature which recalled the "sensibility" of bygone days, probably inherited from his mother, Queen Hortense. This often led him astray, and is the real explanation of many errors. He was far from being deliberately false, as has so often been asserted; but unfortunately he was more a man of feeling than a man of principle. This led to weakness and vacillation, though, like many others whose natures are too yielding, when he had finally taken a decision he was firm even to obstinacy. Any one more unlike the bloodthirsty tyrant depicted by Victor Hugo and other political adversaries could scarcely be imagined. The sight of the battle-field of Solferino had left on his mind such an impression of horror as to destroy all dreams of military glory, and it

was with the greatest unwillingness that he was drawn into the wars that followed, principally, alas! through the pertinacious influence of the Empress Eugénie, who had not seen a battle-field, and who knew only the conventional pictures of glory and heroism, without their fearful cost.

The Empress was extremely agreeable and good-natured, but there was no softness in her character. Even with regard to those dearest to her,— the Emperor and her son,— she was influenced more by a chivalrous, romantic ideal than by any natural tenderness. Her aim was to show herself a Roman wife and mother, and this led her on many occasions to a sort of apparent harshness which caused her to be misjudged.

The little prince was spoiled to excess by his father; his mother naturally wished to counterbalance the latter's over-indulgence, but she was not always judicious in her energetic interference. One instance may be quoted among many. The very first time that the little prince, a mere baby between three and four years old, was seated on a pony, the equerry, M. Bâchon, was carefully holding him and leading the pony step by step, when suddenly the Empress came up, indignantly declaring that she would not have such absurd petting, and concluding by giving a cut of her whip to the pony, which started off. Bâchon, terrified, uttered an energetic expletive, succeeded in stopping the pony, and brought back the child unhurt; but he was too angry to remember official decorum, and expressed his feelings with an amount of vigor very unusual in courts, while the English nurse indulged in more respectful lamentations: "Oh, Your Majesty! You should n't, Your Majesty! You 've only *one*, you know!"

It is evident that the Empress in no way intended to risk the life of her child; but she was herself fearless to excess, and often thoughtless in the presence of danger. She was determined that her son should not be a milksop, and she did not stop to examine the "fitness of things."

The Emperor, on the other hand, shrank from giving him pain to an almost absurd degree. The child was once playing with a small mandarin orange, which he tried to get into his mouth. The Emperor, alarmed, cried: "Take it from him! He will choke himself!" The Duc de Tascher took the orange forcibly from the child, not without resistance on his part, and laughingly rallied the Emperor on his not having done so himself. "I *could* not," the Emperor exclaimed; "he would not love me!"

When the time came for putting him under the care of a tutor, one of the ladies de Tascher said to the child, "Ah, Monseigneur, now you will have to be obedient, and to work hard at your lessons."

He gravely answered: "That is not so sure. Mama always says no, but then papa always says yes, and I have my own will besides — that makes three."

The tutor had no very easy task before him, and the Empress exclaimed in despair, "It is impossible to bring up that child properly!" Happily for the little prince, the policy which required that his education should have a military stamp caused him at a later period to be placed under the supreme command of General Frossard, who was appointed "Governor of the Prince Imperial," and who treated him according to military discipline, without allowing any one to interfere.

The Emperor was wise enough to feel the necessity of this firmness, and was not sorry to hand over to another the control which might make his son "love him" less. His over-tender feelings were, however, often tried severely. The young prince was heard to say on some festive occasion: "I should *so* like to stay! *He* won't let me!" The Emperor, with his usual indulgence, answered: "Give me your cap; I will put it in my pocket. You can't go without it, and that will cause some delay." The prince then said ruefully: "It is of no use. I have tried that before. He has got another ready." And the terrible *he* — General Frossard — marched off his imperial charge under the care of his tutor.

The Prince Imperial was, however, a very amiable and interesting child, showing a good deal of his mother's spirit, with the affectionate nature and feeling heart of his father, whom he almost worshiped and always preferred to his mother, who from first to last was too sternly a disciplinarian. To the end of his short life there was never a perfect understanding between the mother and son; the painful situation which resulted from this had certainly a great influence over his fatal determination to seek distant adventures.

But all this belongs to a much later period. As years went by the duties of my situation at the palace, though still arduous, became gradually lighter, while the kindness always shown to me from the beginning of my residence there ripened into intimacy and confidential friendship. My elder pupil, being fully introduced into society, took up less and less of my time as she shared more completely her mother's occupations and social duties, while the routine of my daily life was as agreeably diversified as possible. On innumerable occasions I shared the privileges of the household — private views of various sights or exhibitions, reserved seats at the Emperor's reviews, the

Emperor's boxes at the various operas or theaters, where I accompanied the ladies of the family once or twice every week, with all the advantages of the imperial carriage, and comfortable seats in boxes like small boudoirs. Occasionally, when some other engagement had prior claims, the entrance-ticket was handed over to me, and the private family carriage placed at my disposal, so that I could take friends with me and go independently.

When the Emperor returned from Italy, I accompanied the duchess and her elder daughter to see the great review of the victorious troops in the Place Vendôme — a splendid sight, which left a lasting impression on my mind and memory. We had seats in the space reserved for the household, next to the crimson velvet awning prepared for the Empress and her suite, opposite to the spot where the Emperor was stationed on horseback, beneath the column and the statue of the first Emperor. The whole of the Place Vendôme was filled with tiers of seats, rising one above another to the first floors of the houses, and formed a complete arena where the troops, arriving by the Rue de la Paix, turned round the column and passed before the Emperor and Empress. Scarcely had we taken our seats when the Duc de Tascher came to us, sent by the Empress to fetch his wife and daughter, whom she wished to have with her. I remained therefore under the care of the duke's son, Comte Robert de Tascher. The heat was so intense that I felt inclined to envy the shade of the awning which protected the imperial party. The Emperor was before us, however, motionless on his horse in the glaring sun, of which we had as little as possible, though still too much.

The whole scene was rather theatrical, but stirring and impressive in the greatest degree. As the regiments passed us, amid the shouts of the spectators, the vacant places were left in the lines, showing the losses sustained — a sad sight. But the excitement was so great that everything was forgotten in the enthusiasm of the present hour, as each regiment was greeted by name with loud cries and applause. As the flags passed, burned and pierced by the shots received, every one felt electrified.

Suddenly a shout arose: "Canrobert! Canrobert!" and the marshal appeared on a prancing horse, waving his sword with his usual rather theatrical air, while the cries of "Vive Canrobert!" rose louder and louder as he passed before the Emperor, and a profusion of flowers fell around him.

"MacMahon! MacMahon!" The hero of Magenta rode quietly forward, a perfect gentleman and a perfect horseman, shown even by the manner in which he held his bridle, the hand seemed so sure, so firm, and steady. He was evidently vexed and disconcerted by the commotion which his appearance caused, and persistently looked down without seeming to accept the popular enthusiasm as addressed to himself personally. A wreath was thrown, which fell over his head down to his shoulders. He seemed to feel that he was being made ridiculous, and tore it off, hastily putting it over his horse's neck before him. MacMahon was by nature shy and unpretending; on this occasion he was evidently very anxious to get over the ordeal of the honors showered upon him.

"Les Zouaves! Les Zouaves!" There was a thundering shout, and the Zouaves, who had scaled the seemingly inaccessible heights of Solferino, thereby deciding the fate of the battle, came proudly forward, bearing high their flag, a mere remnant clinging to the staff, proving through what a struggle the glorious emblem had been carried on to victory. The whole regiment having deserved the reward of the Legion of Honor, the flag bore the red ribbon and cross. But, alas! how few followed it to share the hard-won glory! Nevertheless, the sight was not to be forgotten, and no one could help feeling the general enthusiasm.

The old Comte de Tascher, however, who had seen the victories of the first Napoleon, looked grave and anxious. The countess, in answer to my warm congratulations, said:

"The Emperor is wonderfully fortunate in all he undertakes — too fortunate. A day must come when all this will be reversed."

Happily neither saw that fatal day when it came, as they predicted.

The apartments of the palace were connected by long passages with doors of communication, so that it was possible to go all round the Tuileries and the Louvre without leaving the buildings, which led to much pleasant intercourse with our next neighbors on each side — the Archbishop of Bourges and the family of the Duc and Duchesse de Bassano, whose daughters were the intimate friends and constant companions of my younger pupil, who was of about the same age. The Archbishop held an ecclesiastical post of honor in the household, which called for his presence during a portion of the winter season; he was an intimate friend of the de Tascher family and an almost daily visitor. He was passionately fond of the game of chess, and delighted in playing with me or with one of my pupils, to whom I had taught the game; but he was so unhappy when checkmated that, according to the laughing suggestion of the old count, I habitually allowed him to get the best of the game, which, however, nothing could induce my young pupil to do. So the good Archbishop used to say ruefully, but in good faith,

that he could beat "Albion," but could not manage "little Hortense!"

Every winter fancy costume balls (particularly liked by the Emperor and Empress) were given by the Duchesse de Tascher and the Duchesse de Bassano, or by the ministers at their various official residences. I always attended these balls, accompanying the Comtesse de Tascher, wearing myself the convenient disguise of the domino. At the court official balls of the same kind I was admitted (by a special and very exceptional permission of the Empress) to the gallery surrounding the splendid "Salle des Maréchaux," where the imperial family were seated in state. I was generally there alone, or with my younger pupil, and greatly enjoyed the magnificent sight. From this gallery I also witnessed the state banquet on the marriage of the Princess Clotilde, daughter of the king of Italy, to Prince Napoleon, and the fancy costume ball which soon followed, where the young princess was dressed in a costume taken from a historical portrait in the Louvre gallery, more artistic than suitable to her girlish figure and youthful appearance. She wore such a farthingale that her ladies were obliged to spread the crimson velvet robe over three chairs. The Emperor tried to dance with her, but it was noticed by the superstitious, as an unfavorable omen with regard to the Italian alliance, that he was repeatedly obliged to stop, because the velvet folds wound round him so as to paralyze his movements, until at last he was obliged to give up the attempt in despair, and take her back to her seat with a bow and a smile. The princess was too much like her father to possess beauty, but her royal bearing and graceful figure were greatly admired. Unfortunately, the latter did not long retain the elegance of its lines.

The Palais Royal, where always resided the younger branch of the reigning family, had at all times been a focus of opposition, and although the princes who lived there during the Empire owed everything to Napoleon III., the old traditions were in this respect thoroughly revived. The poor Emperor, always kind, always gentle, always generous, was overpowered by the unpleasant relatives coming to him from his great predecessor; so that he might well answer, as he did on one occasion, when reproached by the aged Prince Jerome,[1] with having "nothing" of his brother the great Emperor, "I have his family!" Not one of that uncomfortable family but caused him trouble in some way, while all clung to him, with the cry of the leech, "Give! give!" And he gave, never refusing, even when he knew that he was favoring his enemies. Prince Jerome himself, and his son, Prince Napoleon, were never satisfied; then came Pierre Bonaparte,[2] whose low tastes and low habits were a constant source of annoyance; always in difficulties of some kind, requiring the Emperor's help. He married a woman of very inferior position, and was never received at the court. His adventure with Victor Noir is well-known: here he seems to have really acted in self-defense, but unfortunately it was not the first affair of the kind. Then came Letitia Bonaparte,[3] always in debt, and always applying to the Emperor to pay her liabilities — with threats of coming out as an actress if he refused to do so. Her daughter married, first, a Hebrew banker named Solms; thenceforward she entitled herself the "Princess Solms"; then she married the Italian demagogue, Ratazzi, always engaged in conspiracies against the Emperor; finally, M. de Rute.

Prince Jerome, though far from cordial or even grateful, was, however, too insignificant to be dangerous. I remember him only as a courteous old man, very like his illustrious brother, with old-fashioned manners; holding ladies at arm's length by the tips of their fingers, and always most careful to address the Comtesse de Tascher as "Your Serene Highness." He had been king of Westphalia under the first Empire, and some people still spoke to him as "Sire" and "Your Majesty"; but he was usually addressed as "Monseigneur" and "Your Imperial Highness."

His son, Prince Napoleon, was a more formidable opponent, although heartily disliked and despised by all classes and all political opinions outside a small circle of private friends. He possessed, however, brilliant talents, which, had he chosen to develop them, might have recalled something of the Napoleonic genius; whereas, in fact, he only caricatured the worst points of the Corsican adventurer, without showing any of the grand redeeming gifts of the great Emperor.

The physical likeness was wonderful, but the expression was totally different. In the good portraits of Napoleon I. the clear eyes have a singularly piercing glance, at once conveying the idea of a commanding genius. With the same cast of features, there was something peculiarly low and thoroughly bad in the face of Prince Napoleon, which recalled, in a striking manner the stamp of the worst Cæsars. His will was despotic, his temper violent and brutal, his tastes were cynically gross, and his language was coarse beyond what could

1 The youngest brother of the great Napoleon, father of the prince known by that name, and of the Princess Mathilde.

2 A son of Lucien.

3 A daughter of Napoleon's brother Lucien.

be imagined. While affecting tendencies of the most revolutionary and radical type, he was essentially a tyrant, and could brook no opposition to his will, always brutally expressed. He was jealous of the Emperor's preëminent position, as of something stolen from himself; but though in a state of chronic rebellion, he never hesitated to accept all the worldly advantages which the title of "cousin" could obtain for him.

The Emperor felt a sort of indulgent affection for Prince Napoleon, and had the latter chosen to make use of his undeniable talents, in accordance with the duties of the position which he had accepted, he might, during the Empire, have played an important political part, and have gathered the Emperor's inheritance at the death of the Prince Imperial.

But never were natural gifts so misapplied or so wasted. He could bear no restraint, no interruption in his life of sensual pleasures, and he never persevered in anything that he undertook when any personal sacrifice was required to carry it out. Everything that he attempted bore the stamp of sudden impulse, never followed up. He seemed to delight in outraging public opinion, and so constantly played the proverbial part of "the bull in the china shop" that the Emperor was kept in a state of constant anxiety as to what "Napoléon" would choose to do next.

His refusal to drink to the health of the Empress — in her presence — on her birthday[1] is one of the many instances of his utter disregard of the manners and habits of a gentleman, while his real feeling toward the Emperor was betrayed on more than one occasion. After the Pianori attempt on the Emperor's life, when Prince Napoleon came to present his official congratulations, his face was so eloquent of what lay below that the Empress, turning to one of her ladies, whispered (in English), "Look at the Prince Napoleon!"

After his famous revolutionary speech in the Senate, which brought down upon him the withering response of the Duc d'Aumale ("Letter on the History of France"), the Emperor sent for him, roused to such a pitch of indignation that his voice, usually so peculiarly soft and low, was heard, raised in anger, even in the distant waiting-room of the attendants; for he well knew what the effect would be on the Conservative Imperialists. There was a violent scene, and when Prince Napoleon returned to the Palais Royal he vented his fury on a magnificent vase of Sèvres porcelain, which he dashed to pieces. Yet I remember hearing the Duc de Tascher (who had said to me that he "had rather serve the King of Dahomey than such a man") still acknowledge, with unwilling admiration: "But what an orator! He looked as handsome as Lucifer himself."

The opinion of his own personal friends as to what his future rule was likely to be may be gathered from the answer of one belonging to his most intimate circle,[2] to whom (after the fall of the Empire) Prince Napoleon said, "If ever I am emperor, you shall have an important post." "Monseigneur," was the comment, in the laughing tone needful for the acceptance of a bold remark, "if ever you should be at the head of public affairs I would take to my heels the very next day, for you would not be easy to deal with."

He was not offended at the blunt frankness of the speaker; for he was acute enough to despise sycophants, and to appreciate independence, even in those who made him understand that they would not endure his unmannerly ways. On such occasions he has been known to say by way of apology: "Oh, my dear ——, excuse me; I am ill bred" ("*Je suis mal élevé*").

With his democratic opinions and plebeian tastes, he was, in strange contrast, extremely proud — the pride of birth, inherited from his German mother, the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg. He had royal blood in his veins, and was as determined to carry out equal-birth requirements as any prince of the German confederation.

He looked down loftily on the Emperor as the son of a private gentlewoman[3] and the husband of another, chosen voluntarily. "I am of too great lineage for that," was a saying of his; and his ambition was finally gratified by obtaining the hand of a king's daughter, the descendant of an ancient royal line.

Prince Napoleon's sister, the Princess Mathilde, was not likely to be a congenial friend to the young and innocent bride. With the same striking Bonaparte cast of features as her brother, she was, like him, "ill bred." In fact, the Corsican semi-barbarian, such as the great Emperor himself, has been revealed to us by contemporary memoirs. She had possessed great beauty, and in her youth was betrothed to Prince Louis Napoleon, afterward Napoleon III. She hated the Empress Eugénie, of whom she spoke in coarsely offensive terms. As years went by, though still retaining the classical lines of her characteristic features, she had become as coarse in her personal appearance as in her language and manners. She was clever,

1 The Emperor had desired him to propose the health of the Empress; he persistently "begged to be excused," notwithstanding the indignant expostulations of the Emperor. (See Mérimée's "Letters to Panizzi.")

2 The late Maxime du Camps, of the Académie Française, a personal friend of the writer.

3 Hortense de Beauharnais, daughter of Josephine by her first husband, married to Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland.

artistically gifted, principally surrounded by men belonging to literary and artistic sets. She was very good-natured to all about her, and a kind, sympathizing friend in need.

I had an opportunity of particularly remarking the strange contrast between the two sisters-in-law at a ball which was an event in the fashionable world about a year after the marriage of Prince Napoleon.

The Empress had built a very beautiful residence for the use of her sister, the Duchess of Alva, on her visits to Paris. This villa, or hôtel as it is called in French, with its garden had been decorated and adorned with unsparing expense, under the superintendence of the Duc de Tascher, whose artistic taste gave a character to the whole far superior to the mere upholstery prettiness which the Empress favored in her usual arrangements.

When all was ready, the Empress, by way of inauguration, chose to give a fancy ball outside of the court, "as a private individual," where only those whom she was pleased to have, would be invited. She made out the lists herself, but notwithstanding all her restrictions, the unavoidable number admitted was so considerable that it became necessary to build out into the garden a temporary room for the supper-tables. This beautiful banqueting hall was arranged by the Duc de Tascher in imitation of the great picture by Paul Veronese, "The Marriage at Cana" (in the Louvre Gallery), with most effective results. A curtain concealed the entrance till it was drawn at a given signal, when the orchestra played the march from Meyerbeer's "Prophète," while the guests descended the steps of a magnificent staircase, on which medieval pages, dressed in the Guzman-Montijo colors, as motionless as statues, stood holding gilt candelabra.

An amusing incident occurred while the pages were rehearsing the part they had to play in these festivities. They were chosen from among the diminutive grooms in the Emperor's stables, and when the costume was ready, a pretty boy, who seemed about twelve years of age, was brought to the Empress for her examination and approval. The dress pleased her, and she turned the boy round to inspect him fully, setting his velvet cap jauntily on his curls, which she arranged to her satisfaction, adjusting his ruff, etc. Then, kindly patting his cheek, she inquired:

"How old are you, my little friend?"

"*Twenty*, madame!"

The scream of dismay which followed, and the amusement of the bystanders, may be imagined.

With her usual kindness, and happily in this instance with less compromising results, the Empress sent me, by the Duc de Tascher, but from her own hand, a card of invitation to this ball, with a message that it would be worth seeing, and that she particularly wished me to be present. The (Princesse) Comtesse de Tascher immediately said that I should go with her, and that she would be glad to have my arm, while of course I was equally pleased to have her protection and chaperonage.

Accordingly, when the great day came, we went together early in the imperial carriage, for which every one made way; and wearing masks and dominoes, we took our seats near the entrance,— where the Duc and Duchesse de Tascher, representing the Empress, received the guests,— so as to watch all the arrivals. After some time we heard peals of laughter coming from the opposite end of the gallery where we were seated, and, turning to look, we saw a woman of bold appearance and manners.

"That woman must have had a card given her by some one," remarked the Comtesse de Tascher, adding, "I hope she will be turned out — her style is dreadful."

Presently the noisy group came toward us. The countess started.

"Oh, my dear! Look! It is the Princess Mathilde!"

She came close to us, and there she was undoubtedly; but not immediately recognizable, because her skin was dyed brown. She wore the costume of an Egyptian fellah woman; very artistic, certainly, but more suitable for an artist's model than for a civilized member of society. As she stood with her circle of men around her, talking and laughing noisily,—while the dominoes, ever privileged for impertinence, pursued her unfortunate lady-in-waiting, pertinaciously inquiring, "Did *you* paint your princess?" — the Comtesse de Tascher touched my arm. I turned, and there, opposite to her sister-in-law, near an open doorway, stood the Princess Clotilde, with an expression of dismayed amazement on her grave young face. She was very simply dressed in pink and white silk as a conventional shepherdess, the only remarkable detail of her costume being a wreath of pink roses, separated by large diamonds, worn as a necklace close round her throat. No contrast could be more striking than was there presented between the gipsy woman and the fair young creature, all innocence and purity in her simple girlish attire, yet so unmistakably royal in her bearing and demeanor. She stood motionless and silent as if petrified, without any attempt at recognition from the strange group before her, and after a pause turned and walked away gravely. But the Princess Clotilde never again went to a fancy ball, and quietly expressed her determination, which was irrevocable. "No; I will go to ordinary balls, but not to costume balls." "But why, Mad-

ame?" "I will not go." This was all, and she vouchsafed no explanation. But what I had seen gave me the key to a resolution which caused general surprise.

The Empress had intended to appear as a conventional Louis Quinze Diana, with powdered hair and a profusion of diamonds; but there had been much discussion as to whether she ought to wear this dress. There was no impropriety in the arrangement of the costume itself, which I saw on another occasion worn by the young and very pretty Princess Anna Murat,[1] to whom the Empress had given it after being reluctantly persuaded that it was unsuitable to the dignity of her position. It was not easy to make the Empress understand that she could not do what other people did, and that many things must be abstained from, though unobjectionable for others. On this occasion the dress was prepared and laid out in the room reserved for her use; and while still undecided as to whether or not she would appear as Diana, she examined what was in readiness for a fancy quadrille, in which some of the dancers were to figure with the pasteboard horses seen in a circus, where the apparent rider moves inside the trappings. This took her fancy, and she immediately made the trial of one herself; but once inside, she could not get out again, and none of her ladies knew how to extricate her. Finally Comte Robert de Tascher was called to the rescue, and succeeded in removing the inconvenient appendage, while the Empress was much amused by the adventure. He came to tell us of it in the ball-room, adding the information that she had decided not to wear the Diana dress, and would be present concealed in a domino.

[1] A descendant of the marshal, who was for some time king of Naples, and of his wife, Caroline Bonaparte, one of the first Emperor's sisters.

(Conclusion next month.)

Anna L. Bicknell.



AQUATIC GARDENING.

WATER-PLANT CULTURE FOR THE ESTATE, THE GARDEN, AND THE HOUSE.

A NOVEL and charming feature of some of the most elaborate dinner entertainments at Newport during recent summers has been the employment of night-blooming water-lilies for table decoration. Their exquisite beauty, varied and delightful fragrance, and great diversity in size, form, and color, were virtually a new revelation to many admiring guests; indeed, it was a surprise to learn that so many of the Nymphæa belonged in the night-blooming class. If these beautiful flowers could be supplied in winter at any price they would no doubt be fashion's favorites in New York. Now, one might as well seek roc's eggs in our markets as water-lilies in any but the summer months. In two or three years, however, it is not at all improbable that they may grace our Christmas tables, though necessarily at such cost as will always prevent their becoming common. For their cultivation specially constructed hot-houses would be requisite, with tanks instead of benches, taking up many times as much space as the growth of an equal number of roses would require; and the adequate heating of such establishments would be a serious matter. It might also be found necessary, during cloudy weather and the dark days of December and January, to supply electric illumination to take the place of sunlight; and that would be by no means inexpensive. Beyond mere considerations of cost there would probably be no more difficulty in forcing water-lilies than any other flowers.

Aquatic gardening in general is very much better understood in this country now than it was a few years ago. For a long time it was here a neglected branch of horticulture, practised only by a few, and in such ways as evoked more curious surprise than emulation among the many. As early as 1839, Mr. R. Buist of Philadelphia grew nelumbiums (both *speciosum* and *album*); and in 1851, only two years after its discovery, that grandest of all water-lilies, the *Victoria regia*, was flowered by another Philadelphian — Mr. Caleb Cope. But ignorance of the culture of aquatic plants inspired the pop-

ular delusion that it presented great difficulties, and this error was much encouraged by the wholly unnecessary trouble lavished on those grown by professional gardeners. It was then supposed impossible to flower the Victoria regia except in a hothouse where a high temperature was constantly maintained, and in water not only warm, but also kept in motion by the incessant gentle turning of a small paddle-wheel, simulating the current of a tropical river. As for the lotus, which was first brought here from Calcutta, nobody doubted that a breath of cold air would be instantly fatal to it. But it has been found that the queen of water-lilies will bloom very well — better, indeed — in open-air basins of still water, warmed only by the summer sun. Mr. E. D. Sturtevant has demonstrated that the lotus is perfectly hardy at least as far north as Massachusetts, living under the ice through our hardest winters, and flourishing so rankly that if not kept in check it will speedily take entire possession of any pond in which it is introduced. These facts being established, people began to suspect that perhaps aquatic gardening might be easier than they had supposed, and that many water and bog plants already known to be very charming in their natural homes could possibly be grown without much difficulty. The numbers of those who essayed such experiments increased from year to year, but slowly. It was not until 1883 that aquatic gardening gained any considerable prominence even in Philadelphia, where it had first been introduced; not until 1886 that it was made a conspicuous feature in the parks and public squares of New York; and when, in 1888, Mr. L. W. Goodell of Dwight, Massachusetts, exhibited a tank of aquatic plants before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, they excited actual enthusiasm as much by their novelty as by their beauty. Since then, in all the public gardens of the principal cities, basins have been established wherein, during summer, varieties of the Nymphæa and other aquatic plants have been grown, and have proved a potent attraction for popular interest. Owners of rural estates, too, have done much to encourage development of popular taste in this direction, by transforming into water-gardens previously neglected and unsightly swamps and ponds. Generally the improvements have been limited to the extirpation of valueless weeds, and the substitution in their stead of hardy water-lilies and lotuses, which have then been left to take care of themselves; but even that much has often effected wonders.

The only aquatic garden worthy of the name near New York is at Clifton, New Jersey, which, although only a little over four acres in extent, is probably the largest, costliest, most complete and comprehensive in this country. Six years ago it was an ugly and treacherous bog, containing several ill-defined ponds connected by spring-fed streams, the whole filled with a rank growth of deleterious weeds, and infested by musk-rats, snakes, and mosquitos. Mr. S. C. Nash, the owner of the property, determined upon its reclamation. Deep drainage, well-planned piping for control of the subterranean springs, heavy embankments and long lines of sheet-piling, thorough uprooting of the indigenous growths and deep layering of sand to smother them beyond resurrection, made the undertaking long and costly. The first season after the completion of his ponds, Mr. Nash planted them with the Egyptian lotus (*Nelumbium speciosum*) and the most charming varieties of the hardy Nymphæa — *N. odorata rosea* (the famous pink water-lily of Cape Cod), *N. odorata gigantea*, *N. tuberosa*, and others. In the low margins he established irises, wild rice, sedges, and the noble grasses. The higher ground, sloping up into the bordering forest, he filled in with hardy shrubs and perennial plants (mostly native) possessing special charms of foliage or bloom in season, dotting them about in such a natural way that nothing artificial was apparent in their arrangement. The next year he increased by at least a dozen the varieties of his water-lilies, and added a number of other water and bog plants. He also made further important improvements, building brick and cement basins to shield tropical lilies from the exceedingly cold spring water, and constructing a semi-subterranean boiler-house beside the largest basin, to supply sufficient heat there for carrying Victoria regia plants through the perilous season of spring. The first season after these preparations he flowered the Victoria regia in the open air, and he has continued to do so with unqualified success every summer since, at the same time making additions to and extensions of his garden in other directions, until the attainment of its present magnificent condition. What that condition is may be realized partly from the illustrations accompanying this article, all of which are from views taken in his garden by Mr. S. C. Nash himself, he being an exceptionally skilful amateur photographer as well as horticulturist.

A year ago Mr. William Tricker, who at Dongan Hills, Staten Island, had already made a reputation as a grower of aquatic plants, joined Mr. Nash, and a range of propagating-houses was constructed — adjoining Mr. Nash's extensive rose-houses — for the growing of all varieties of water and bog plants known in this country or procurable from abroad. Short as the time has been since then, surprising progress has been made toward the realization of that ambitious purpose. There

are at least sixty varieties of water-lilies, and their numbers are being increased every year by hybridization, so it would hardly be reasonable to expect them all in a single garden, even such an extensive one as this. But it is safe to say that perfectly grown and blooming specimens of all the choicest and most desirable kinds are to be found in these basins and ponds throughout the summer months; and young plants of nearly all the others are kept in the propagating-houses.

Externally these houses are of the general style of florists' hothouses; but their internal arrangement is different. Down the center of each runs a long line of wide, shallow, copper-bottomed tanks, each containing several inches of water. The space below them is inclosed by tightly fitted boards, and contains shelves for the support of very large kerosene lamps, which supply the most steady and accurately controllable bottom heat that can be given to the tanks. Along the sides — sometimes in two tiers — are placed rows of half-barrels, as many as can be accommodated, for the growth of plants that do not, either by nature or owing to their stage of growth, require bottom heat. All are nearly filled with water, which is in some cases clear, enabling one to see the earth-filled pots at the bottom, or the young plants pushing their way up to the surface, or the plants that flourish only when wholly submerged. In other cases the water is covered by a velvety carpet of minute floating plants, such as *Azolla Caroliniana*, *Salvinia natans*, or *Wolffia Columbiana*.

In the process of propagation, the thing to be started into growth, whether seed, bulb, tuber, slip, or portion of a root-crown, is buried in a pot of rich soil, which is then plunged to the bottom of a tub or tank of clear water at the proper temperature for its development; the exceptions to this treatment being the floating plants, which possess such vitality that it is only necessary to throw a spray, or even a leaf, from an old plant upon the surface of the water.

From the small pots in which the young plants make their first roots they are advanced, as their development requires, to larger ones, and at the same time the depth of water over them is proportionately increased, to give room for their lengthening leaf-stems and expanding leaves. It all seems very simple, and really is so; the main requisite to success in it being maintenance of temperature in the water exactly suited to the several kinds of plants. That is the service for which the big lamps beneath the tanks come in play. The atmospheric temperature required is about the same for all,— seventy degrees Fahrenheit,— excepting the hardy Nymphæa and nelumbiums, which are grown in cooler houses after being started in the hot ones.

As days grow longer and warmer in spring, the heat of the humid atmosphere of the houses, and of the water where the young plants are by this time flourishing luxuriantly, is gradually diminished. When the sun shines brightly the roof ventilators are opened a little more each day, that the plants may be by degrees sufficiently hardened for outdoor exposure. By the middle of May the hardy Nymphæa and nelumbiums — which, although started only in January and February, already threaten to outgrow their tankage space — may be planted in the ponds ready to receive them. Early in June all the tropical water-lilies, excepting the Victoria regia and *Victoria Randi*, may safely be put out and trusted to take care of themselves; and a great variety of smaller species of aquatic and bog plants adapted to outdoor cultivation may also now be assigned to their permanent locations.

But the tubs contain many exquisitely beautiful and singular plants much too dainty and delicate to be exposed in even the best-protected open-air basins, and others which, even if they survived such exposure, would be, the season through, as much lost to sight as if they had ceased to exist, their habit being to live only in total submergence. The most noteworthy of these is, no doubt, that rare and exceedingly curious plant, the *Ouvirandra fenestralis* of Madagascar, otherwise known as the "lace-leaf" or "lattice-leaf" plant. Not only does it hide itself deep in whatever water it may be placed, but it must be shielded from sunlight by shades or a mask of floating plants above it. Only in the blooming season does it shyly peep out from its seclusion. Then it timidly raises its insignificant white flowers above the surface of the water for a few hours, and again retires to its congenial obscurity. To get sight of it one must sweep aside the floating screen masking the water, and take care to stand between it and the sun. But it is worth more trouble than that to see so strange a plant. Its dark olive-green leaves are simply square meshed networks of vascular tissue, as if they had been "skeletonized," spread out horizontally, growing with symmetry, but with exceeding slowness. The smallest specimens are worth five dollars each, while old plants, with leaves eighteen inches long and six inches wide, will command almost any price. A very little chill is liable to prove fatal to it.

Mention of this strange plant suggests remembrance of another, in some respects even more odd — one so freakish and mysterious in its ways as to seem almost uncanny. Gray christens it *Wolffia Columbiana*, and says it is to be found pretty much all through our Mid-

dle States. Nevertheless, few persons have ever found it, which is not strange, in view of its habits. When it chooses to be visible, *Wolffia* appears as a sheet of bright green globules, each a little smaller than a BB grain of shot, floating on the water. Examined in the sunlight under a magnifying glass, each tiny globule is surprisingly beautiful, a semi-translucent sphere of emerald, refracting vivid green light from stellar points in its interior, as if it were crystalline. One can scarcely accept the assurance that it is a plant, not a gem. Crushed, it

There is a largely prevalent but erroneous impression that tropical water-lilies are very delicate and need much coddling. That a high temperature is desirable for the germination of their seed, and that the young plants should not be exposed to the raw winds and chilling storms of early spring, are quite true; but by the first week in June the weather is sufficiently settled and warm in this latitude to suit even those the natural habitat of which may be Mexico, India, Egypt, or Zanzibar, with the exceptions of the great rival queens of the



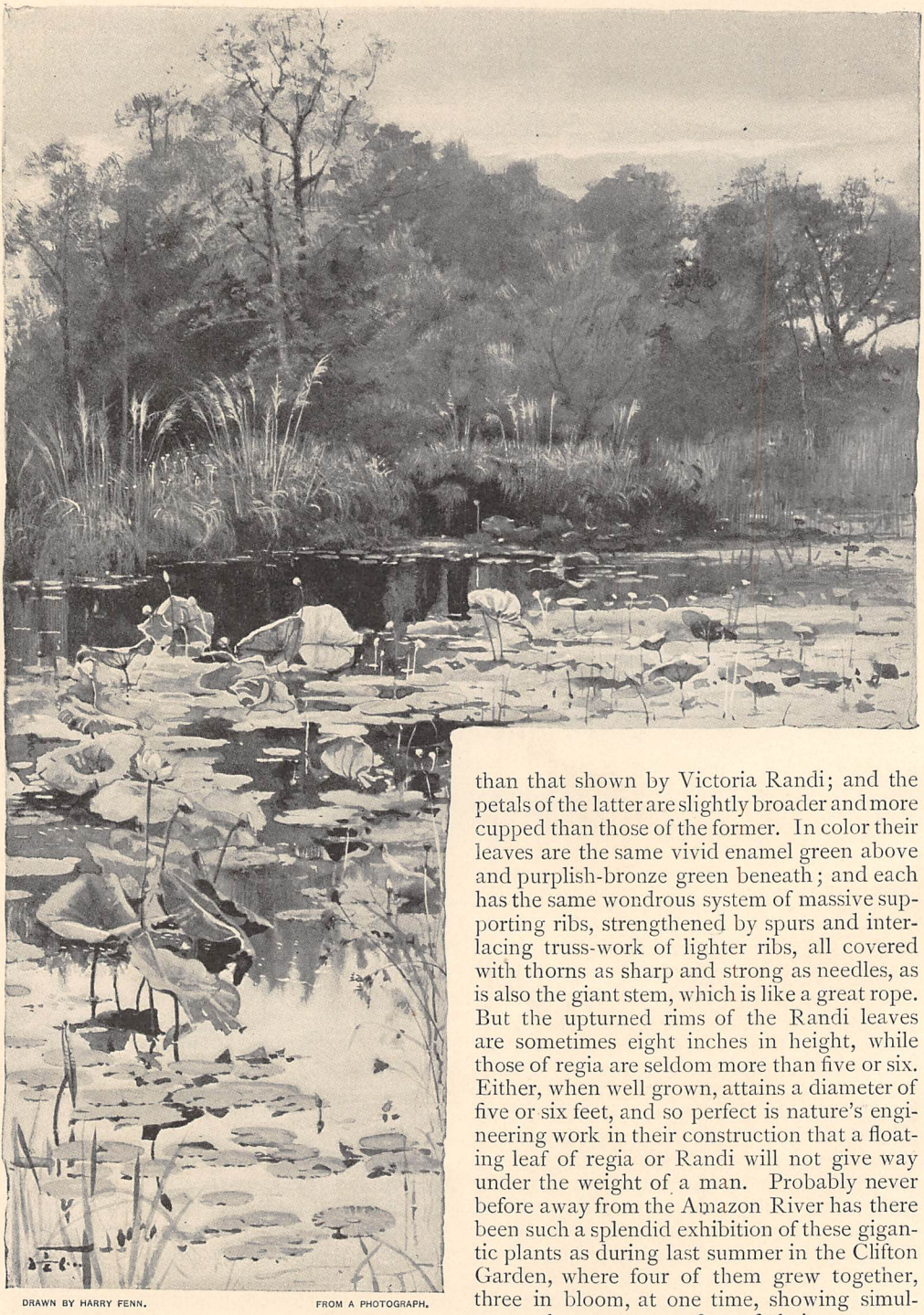
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE POND, BEFORE TREATMENT.

resolves itself into almost microscopic globules, each apparently as perfect as an uncrushed one, each with a minute bright star of green light in its center. One day *Wolffia* suddenly appeared at the Clifton Garden in a tub of water that had not been changed in months. Whence it came no one could imagine; but there were thousands of its globules that seemed to have arrived all at once. It became an interesting feature of the garden, always exciting the curiosity and admiration of visitors, and was under observation daily, until one morning when it was looked for and not found. Every globule had disappeared. Fine-meshed strainers were passed through the water, the bottom and sides of the tub were scraped, but without result. Its going was as mysterious as its coming had been. Two or three days later it reappeared in the same tub more abundantly than before; and ever since it has vanished and reappeared in the same inexplicable way.

Amazon. Moreover, planting them is a much less painstaking operation than setting out young cabbages. Each one is dumped out of the pot in which it has been grown, with the ball of earth about its roots, and is dropped into the pond, to settle down on the muddy bottom and look out for itself.

But for the flowering of Victoria regia and Victoria Randi the program is different. A calm, sunny day in May, before they have grown too large for convenient handling, is availed of for their transference from the hothouse tanks to the outdoor basin, the water of which must first be well warmed by steam-heating pipes in the bottom. When the young plants are in place, a tight roof of glass is fitted over them, to be opened only on sunny days, a little at a time, as the season advances. Not before July is it deemed safe to give them full exposure day and night. The flowers of both are enormous, the largest of all water-lilies, and, when



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE MAIN POND — LOTUS AND GRASSES.

they first open, they are snow-white; but on the second day those of Victoria regia are suffused with a pinkish flush less deep in tint than that shown by Victoria Randi; and the petals of the latter are slightly broader and more cupped than those of the former. In color their leaves are the same vivid enamel green above and purplish-bronze green beneath; and each has the same wondrous system of massive supporting ribs, strengthened by spurs and interlacing truss-work of lighter ribs, all covered with thorns as sharp and strong as needles, as is also the giant stem, which is like a great rope. But the upturned rims of the Randi leaves are sometimes eight inches in height, while those of regia are seldom more than five or six. Either, when well grown, attains a diameter of five or six feet, and so perfect is nature's engineering work in their construction that a floating leaf of regia or Randi will not give way under the weight of a man. Probably never before away from the Amazon River has there been such a splendid exhibition of these gigantic plants as during last summer in the Clifton Garden, where four of them grew together, three in bloom, at one time, showing simultaneously as many as five of their enormous flowers, and twice as many buds in various stages of development. Professor Morong, the curator of the botanical collection in Columbia College, who had seen thousands of these

lilies growing wild in the Amazon, affirmed that their leaves when so grown were smaller than those of cultivated plants, and that their flowers possessed no fragrance. But both regia and Randi when blooming at Clifton load the air for a hundred feet about the basin with an exceedingly delightful odor somewhat resembling the scent of pineapples. It was Professor Morong's opinion that this quality had been developed in them by cultivation.

Ten years ago nine persons out of ten in this country, if asked the color of a water-lily, would have confidently responded, "White, of course." But since then knowledge of the beautiful pink lily of Cape Cod has spread; the intense blue lily of Zanzibar has been brought to popular cognizance; and some acquaintance has been formed with the charming golden-yellow lily of Mexico. Even yet, however, it is not commonly known that among this class of flowers are pearly, snow, and creamy white; many gradations of rose-pink, red, and carmine; a great variety of shades of blue and violet; various tints of yellow and orange; and that the mysterious art of the hybridizer is constantly evoking new varieties, with novel and exquisite gradations and combinations of those colors. In the quality of perfume water-lilies differ quite as widely as the scented blossoms of our land gardens. Rose, jasmine, heliotrope, and wallflower have odors not less alike than those of certain sorts of the Nymphæa. Some are cup-shaped and others star-like; some are eleven inches across, others hardly larger than a silver quarter-dollar; some spread their loveliness proudly in the sunlight, others bloom only at night. Happily, in all this wealth of choice one cannot go far astray, for none are undeserving of our loving care and admiration.

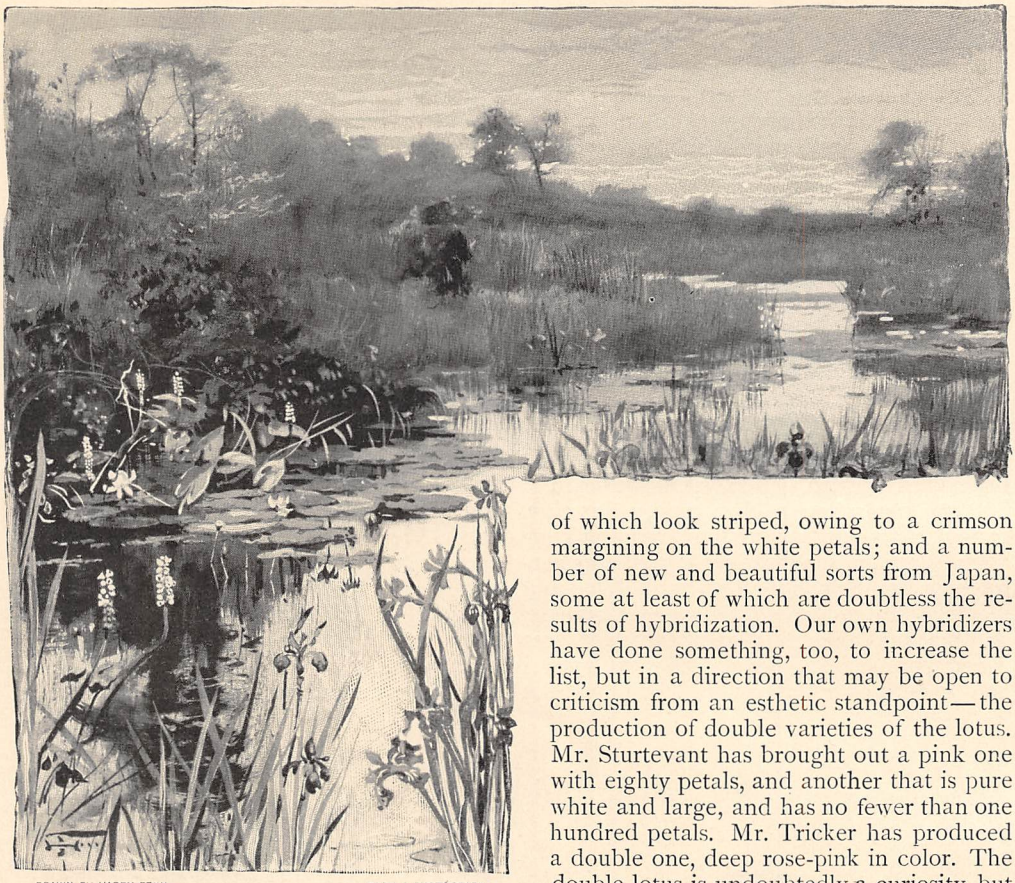
Of the hardy varieties for permanent establishment in Northern ponds, none better can be found than those already mentioned as leading Mr. Nash's original selections; but if sufficient space is at command, the list may be judiciously enlarged by the addition of *N. alba* and *N. alba candidissima* (English white water-lilies), *N. candida* (Bohemian, white), *N. Marliacea chromatella* (yellow, with orange stamens; one of M. Marliac's hybrids), and *N. pygmæa* (Chinese, white and fragrant, the smallest water-lily yet known).

In planting nelumbiums — which will, of course, be desired among the first settlers in



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A LOTUS CLUMP IN THE VICTORIA POND.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE EDGE OF THE POND — FLAGS AND ARROWHEADS.

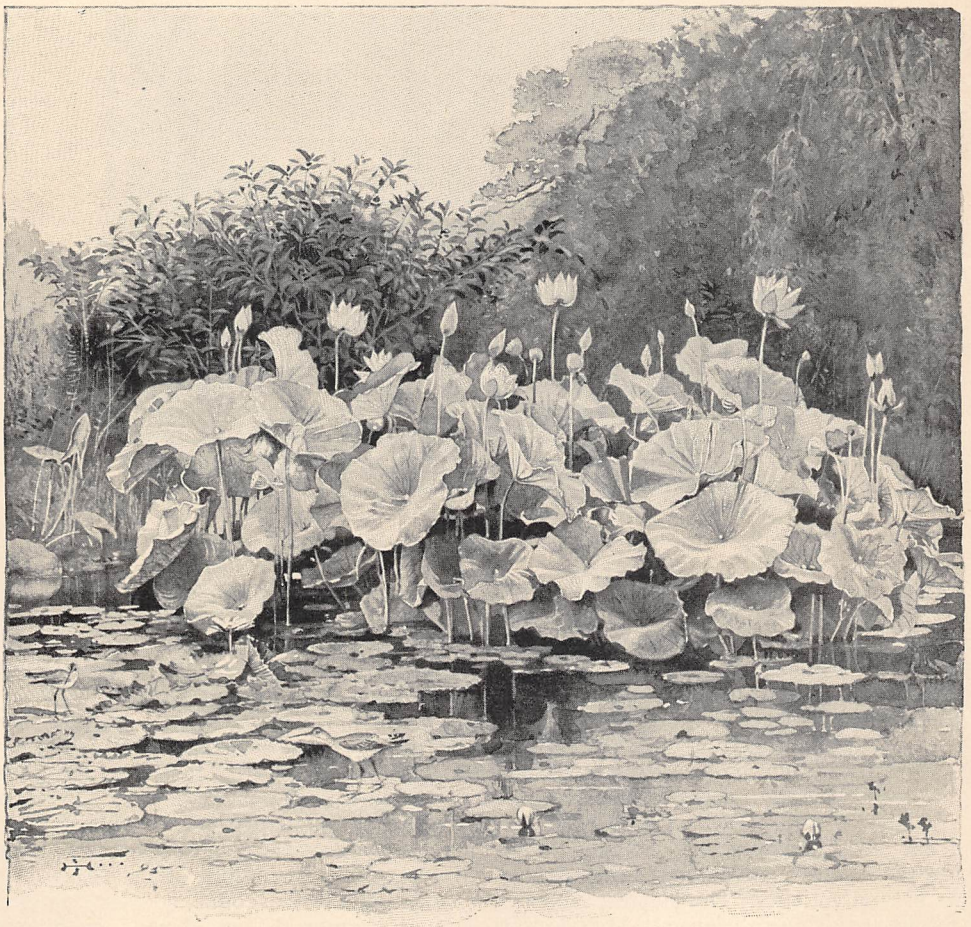
this new garden — the cultivator will do well to see that a stout brick wall incloses the space allotted to them. If he neglects this precaution, they will invade every part of the pond, and in a surprisingly short time take entire possession of it. No room is left for anything else to grow among lotuses. They send off stolons in all directions, often to a distance of several yards, each of which, at its extremity, forms a tuber deep down in the mud, beyond the reach of frost. The next spring each tuber becomes a plant, sending off stolons on its own account, provided there are no muskrats within reach of them during winter. Until five or six years ago hardly anybody in this country, except botanists and a few professional gardeners, knew more than two varieties of nelumbiums — *speciosum* (the Egyptian lotus) and *luteum* (the American yellow lotus). Now, however, we have *N. album grandiflorum*, which bears exceedingly large white flowers; *N. roseum*, the blooms of which are of a deep rosy pink; *N. Kermesinum*, which shows a more delicate shade of pink; *N. striatum*, the buds of which look striped, owing to a crimson margining on the white petals; and a number of new and beautiful sorts from Japan, some at least of which are doubtless the results of hybridization. Our own hybridizers have done something, too, to increase the list, but in a direction that may be open to criticism from an esthetic standpoint — the production of double varieties of the lotus. Mr. Sturtevant has brought out a pink one with eighty petals, and another that is pure white and large, and has no fewer than one hundred petals. Mr. Tricker has produced a double one, deep rose-pink in color. The double lotus is undoubtedly a curiosity, but it lacks the ethereal grace of the single varieties.

Among land or water plants there is none more magnificent than the lotus. Even if it never bloomed it would still be worthy of admiration, for in grace of form and beauty of color its foliage is unrivaled. The superior surface of its leaves is of a soft glaucous green in which light and shade play with constantly changing effect, as they sway and undulate responsive to every gentle zephyr. It repels water, and drops of rain or dew falling upon it appear like globules of quicksilver, quivering, dancing, and rolling until they gather in the depressed center, where they seem a pool of molten silver. And the leaves presenting these effects are great ones,— generally as much as three feet in diameter,— supported by stems five or six feet long, and borne in such profusion that at a little distance it is not easy to individualize one from what seems a billow of foliage. High above rise the great flowers, each curving petal of which is four or five inches in length by half as much in width, rich in perfume, so sweet, voluptuous, fascinating, that no other floral fragrance can compare with it.

The aquatic garden containing only the Nymphæa already mentioned and lotuses would be an ample delight to most persons, but an enthusiast in this department of horticulture would scarcely be content so long as it lacked at least a fair representation of the tropical water-lilies. These tropical Nymphæa, it is of course understood, are to be treated as annuals, and, excepting the requirement of heat for starting the germination of their seeds, involve no greater difficulties than any other annuals common in our gardens. For the needed warmth all that will be required for stocking any ordinary private garden may be started in vessels of moist earth over a steam-radiator in a dwelling-room, or on the back of a kitchen range.

All the night-blooming water-lilies are in the tropical or tender section. The best white one among them is *N. dentata*, a native of Sierra Leone, which has large, star-shaped, fragrant flowers and elegant buds, long and pointed. *N. lotus*, a native of Egypt, also has white flowers, cup-shaped, with red-margined sepals. *N. rubra*, an East Indian variety, bears slightly cup-shaped flowers of bright but tender rosy tint. *N. Devoniensis*, an English hybrid, but so tender as to require treatment as a tropical, has very large flowers of deeper and more brilliant rosy color than those of *N. rubra*.

Among the day-blooming tropical water-lilies the most effective is no doubt *N. Zanzibarensis*. The distinctive character of its flowers, which are star-shaped and of an intense blue color, with sepals dark green outside and purple within, commanded notice and interest wherever they were exhibited; and as the plant was introduced several years ago in the public gardens of nearly all our principal cities, this variety has been made familiar to the public generally more than any other of the tropical Nymphæa. Consequently it has been an exceptional favorite for experimental private cultivation; and as it has been proved one of the easi-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

LOTUS AND POND-LILIES.

est to grow, flourishing and blooming even in a tub, it will, no doubt, before long become as common as any of our native water-lilies. It is well to remark, however, that all its seeds do not produce like flowers. The deep, dark blue distinctive of the type is often greatly modified, and some of the modifications give rise to permanent strains essentially different from the original. *N. Zanzibarensis azurea*, for instance, which bears beautiful flowers of bright azure blue, is a seedling which seems to have attained a fixed habit, and the same may be said of *N. Zanzibarensis rosea*, which produces flowers of deep rose-color. The finest yellow water-lily is *N. Mexicana*, from New Mexico, the petals of which seem of burnished gold. It is not one of the large sorts, seldom exceeding five inches in diameter, but the plant flowers very freely all season, until checked by frost. *N. cærulea*, an African water-lily, is star-shaped, of clear, light-blue color; and another handsome blue is *N. scutifolia*, from the Cape of Good Hope.

Some of the handsomest water-lilies are hybrids, the results of skilfully crossing two distinct natural varieties. The greatest successes in this line have been achieved by M. B. Latour Marliac of France; and in America by Mr. Tricker and Mr. Sturtevant. Probably the most charming among them is *N. Laydekeri rosea*. Its flowers, upon opening, are of a delicate pink tint, with rich golden center; but on the second day the stamens deepen from gold to orange, while the petals are snow-white internally and a deeper pink externally, and on the third day all the petals are suffused with a deep rosy flush. As they are borne profusely, and consequently are shown at the same time in the different stages of development, the plant seems to produce dissimilar flowers. Mr. Sturtevant's best hybrid is one named after him — *N. Sturtevantii*, a bright, rosy-red flower, cup-shaped, and of very large size. Mr. Tricker has produced five exceptionally fine hybrids: *N. Columbiana*, the deepest carmine water-lily yet known; *N. Smithiana*, cup-shaped, white, slightly suffused with pink; *N. Deaniana*, pink; *N. delicatissima*, an extremely light pink; and a new one, not yet named, of great size and of an exquisite shade of blue. All these hybrids save *N. Laydekeri rosea* are tender, but present no great difficulty in cultivation.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A WATER BABY—VICTORIA REGIA, MUSA, PALM, ETC.

Anybody who can command a little patch of ground whereon the sun shines — even a city back yard, where earth-grown plants speedily

shudder themselves out of a poisoned existence—may cultivate, in tubs or half-barrels a superb variety of aquatic plants. Even lotuses and water-lilies can be grown in this way, and with less trouble, special knowledge, or dependence upon surrounding conditions than are involved in any other sort of gardening. When the tubs have been filled with good, rich earth, covered by an inch layer of sand or fine gravel and a proper proportion of water, and the chosen plants have been placed in them, the trouble is ended.

A very charming miniature aquatic garden may be maintained in aquariums, even in bowls, placed before sunny windows. Wherever other plants could be grown in pots, aquatic ones will flourish in anything that will hold water.

The water-lilies best adapted for cultivation in tubs are *N. Zanzibarensis*, *N. Laydekeri rosea*, *N. pygmæa alba*, *N. pygmæa helviola* (sulphur-yellow), and *N. elegans* (white, tinged with purplish blue). It must not be expected that lotuses grown in this way will attain such magnificent proportions as those in open ponds, or that bringing them into shelter will keep them growing in winter, which is their season of rest; and to have them do well, all the space possible should be given to them. A half-hogshead would be better than a half-barrel. For them and for the water-lilies the water need be only five inches in depth, and the soil about ten, with an inch, or a little less, of sand to keep the lighter particles of fertilizing material from floating. The water should always be clear.

Decorative effect, either in open-air or indoor aquatic gardens of these minor classes, is best attained by combinations of plants made with due regard to their several habits of growth: with limited exception to this rule, of course, in the case of such as are cultivated for their flowers, and to which it is therefore desirable to accord all disposable space. Here are suggestions, illustrative of both the rule and the exception, for the planting of five tubs, any of which will give charming results.

First. In the center, *Cyperus alternifolius* (a very ornamental aquatic grass, from eighteen to twenty-four inches high), three plants of water-hyacinth and three of water-lettuce (*Pistia stratiodes*) alternated, with *Azolla Caroliniana* (a lovely little floating moss) sprinkled between. Parrot's-feather (*Myriophyllum proserpinacoides*) may be put around the edge, and trained to throw its delicate whorls of greenery over the sides of the tub, which it will soon cover completely; but care must be taken to prevent its spreading to the interior also. Four inches of water and eight of soil will suffice for these plants.

Second. In the center, one to four plants, according to their strength, of *Cyperus papyrus* (the "Egyptian paper-plant"), which grows four or five feet tall; four of *Peltandra Virginica* (sometimes called "water-arum") disposed about it, with parrot's-feather allowed to fill the spaces between. The water-arum has calla-like leaves, growing twelve to fifteen inches out of the water, and bears greenish flowers of the calla type. Three inches of water over the soil will be enough in this tub, as these plants require much earth.

Third. This may be given up entirely to *Aponogeton distachyon* (Cape pondweed), a charming plant, not yet as well known as it should be, which grows luxuriantly, and produces, winter and summer, curious white flowers which have a delightful hawthorn fragrance. If desired, *Azolla Caroliniana* or *Salvinia natans* (another beautiful little floating plant) may be scattered among the *Aponogeton*, to mask the water until the latter covers it, as they flourish anywhere, accommodate themselves to circumstances, and are always admirable. Equal proportions of soil and water will be best for this tub.

Fourth. This should have ten or a dozen plants of *Limnanthemum Indicum* (water-snowflake) surrounding a central mass of the grand *Thalia dealbata*. The flowers of *Limnanthemum* are the daintiest, most exquisite little white stars imaginable, seemingly covered with frostwork or snow crystals, and the leaves are like those of a water-lily, though only four or five inches wide; while the *Thalia* is an imposing plant, three or four feet high, with big leaves on long petioles. Four or five inches of water and eight or nine of soil are sufficient.

Fifth. This may be like the preceding, except that for the water-snowflake should be substituted the water-poppy (*Limnocharis Humboldtii*), and, instead of *Thalia*, the giant arrowhead (*Sagittaria Montevidiensis*), which carries huge leaves on tapering stalks four or five feet high, and bears large white flowers. The bloom of the water-poppy is yellow, with black stamens.

As a sort of appendix to this incomplete list, I may mention *Hydrocharis Morsus-ranæ* (frogbit), a British aquatic plant which has beautiful foliage of a very pleasing shade of green, and bears pretty white heart-shaped flowers. It is a floating plant, requiring no soil to root in, and may therefore be used with excellent effect in aquaria containing submerged plants.

Fish should always be kept with plants in an aquarium, not simply because their colors and motion add a pleasing effect, but for their service in devouring insects; and in open-air ponds they are quite indispensable.

J. H. Connelly.



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

"'I COULD BUY HIM AN' SELL HIM TWICE OVER,' HE MUTTERED ANGRILY, AS LOUD AS HE DARED."

ALL MY SAD CAPTAINS.

WITH PICTURES BY ERIC PAPE.



"Captain Crowe went grumbling away down the street."

I.

MRS. PETER LUNN was a plump little woman who bobbed her head like a pigeon when she walked. Her best dress was a handsome, if not new, black silk which Captain Lunn, her lamented husband, had bought for her many years before in the port of Bristol. The decline of shipping interests had cost this worthy shipmaster not only the better part of his small fortune, but also his health and spirits; and he had died a poor man at last, after a long and trying illness. Such a lingering disorder, with its hopes and despairs, rarely affords the same poor compensations to a man that it does to a woman; the claims upon public interest and consideration, the dignity of being assailed by any ailment out of the common course — all these things are to a man but the details of his general ignominy and impatience.

Captain Peter Lunn may have indulged in no sense of his own consequence and uniqueness as a patient; but his wife bore herself as a woman should who was the heroine in so sad a drama, and she went and came across the provincial stage, knowing that her audience was made up of nearly the whole population of that little seaside town. When the curtain had fallen at last, and the old friends — seafaring men and others and their wives — had come home from Captain Lunn's funeral, and had spoken their friendly thoughts, and reviewed his symptoms for what seemed to them to be the last time, everybody was conscious of a real anxiety. The future of the captain's widow was sadly uncertain, for every one was aware that Mrs. Lunn could now depend upon only a scant provision. She was much younger than her husband, having been a second wife, and she was thrifty and ingenious; but her outlook was acknowledged to be anything but cheerful. In truth, the honest grief that she displayed in the early days of her loss was sure to be better understood with the ancient proverb in mind, that a lean sorrow is worse to bear.

To everybody's surprise, however, this able woman succeeded in keeping the old Lunn house painted to the proper perfection of whiteness; there never were any loose bricks to be seen on the tops of her chimneys. The relics of the days of her prosperity kept an air of comfortable continuance in the days of her adversity. The best black silk held its own nobly, and the shining roundness of its handsome folds aided her in looking prosperous and fit for all social occasions. She lived alone, and was a busy and unprocrastinating housekeeper. She may have made less raspberry jam than in her earlier days, but it was always pound for pound; while her sponge-cake was never degraded in its ingredients from the royal standard of twelve eggs. The honest English and French stuffs that had been used in the furnishing of the captain's house so many years before faded a little as the years passed by, but they never wore out. Yet one cannot keep the same money in one's purse, if one is never so thrifty, and so it came at last to Mrs. Lunn's feeling heavy at heart and deeply troubled. To use the common phrase of her neighbors, it was high time for her to make a change. She had now been living alone for four years, and it must be confessed that all those friends who had admired her self-respect and self-dependence began to take a keener interest than ever in her plans and behavior.

The first indication of Mrs. Lunn's new purpose in life was her mournful allusion to those responsibilities which so severely taxed the incompetence of a lone woman. She felt obliged to ask advice of a friend; in fact, she asked the advice of three friends, and each responded with a cordiality delightful to describe. It happened that there were no less than three retired shipmasters in the old seaport town of Longport who felt the justice of our heroine's claims upon society. She was not only an extremely pleasing person, but she had the wisdom to conceal from Captain Asa Shaw that she had taken any one for an intimate counselor but himself; and the same secrecy was observed out of deference to the feelings and pride of Captain Crowe and Captain Witherspoon. The deplored necessity of re-shingling her roof was the great project in which she threw herself upon their advice and assistance.

Now, if it had been the new planking of a deck, or the selection and stepping of a mast, the counsel of two of these captains would have been more likely to avail a helpless lady. They were elderly men, and had spent so much of their lives at sea that they were not very well informed about shingling their own houses, having left this to their wives, or agents, or

some other land-fast persons. They recognized the truth that it would not do to let the project be publicly known, for fear of undue advantage being taken over an unprotected woman; but each found his opportunity to acquire information, and to impart it in secret to Mrs. Lunn. It sometimes occurred to the good woman that she had been unwise in setting all her captains upon the same course, especially as she really thought that the old cedar shingles might last, with judicious patching, for two or three years more. But, in spite of this weakness of tactics, she was equal to her small campaign.

It now becomes necessary that the reader should have some closer acquaintance with the captains themselves; and to that end confession must be made of the author's belief in a theory of psychological misfits, or the occasional occupation of large-sized material bodies by small-sized spiritual tenants, and the opposite of this, by which small shapes of clay are sometimes animated in the noblest way by lofty souls. This was the case with Captain Witherspoon, who, not being much above five feet in height, bore himself like a giant, and carried a cane that was far too long for him. Not so Captain Crowe, who, being considerably over six feet high, was small-voiced and easily embarrassed, besides being so unconscious of the strength and size of his great body that he usually bore the mark of a blow on his forehead, to show that he had lately attempted to go through a door that was too low for him. He accounted for himself only as far as his eyes, and in groping between decks, or under garret or storehouse eaves, the poor man was constantly exposing the superfluous portion of his frame to severe usage. His hats were always more or less damaged. He was altogether unaware of the natural dignity of his appearance, and bore himself with great honesty and simplicity, as became a small and timid person. But little Captain Witherspoon had a heart of fire. He spoke in a loud and hearty voice. He was called "The Captain" by his townsfolk, while other shipmasters, active or retired, were given their full and distinctive names of Captain Crowe, Captain Eli Proudfit, or Captain Tom Shaw, as the case might be.

Captain Asa Shaw, the brother of the last-named seaman (who was still in command of a vessel, and rarely seen in Longport)—Captain Asa Shaw was another aspirant for the hand of Mrs. Maria Lunn. He had a great deal more money than his rivals, and was the owner of two tug-boats, which brought a good addition to his income, since Longport was at the mouth of a river on which there was still considerable traffic. He lacked the dignity and elegance of leisure which belonged to Captains Crowe and Witherspoon, but the fact was patent that he was a younger man than they by half a dozen years. He was not a member of one of the old Longport families, and belonged to a less eminent social level. His straightforwardness of behavior and excellent business position were his chief claims, besides the fact that he was not only rich, but growing richer every day. His drawbacks were the carping relatives of his late wife, and his four unruly children. Captain Crowe felt himself assured of success in his suit, because he was by no means a poor man, and because he owned the best house in town, over which any woman might be proud to reign as mistress; but he had the defect of owing a home to two maiden sisters who were envious and uneasy at the very suggestion of his marrying again. They constantly deplored the loss of their sister-in-law, and paid assiduous and open respect to her memory in every possible way. It seemed certain that as long as they could continue the captain's habit of visiting her grave, in their company, on pleasant Sundays, he was in little danger of providing a successor to reign over them. They had been very critical and hard-hearted to the meek little woman while she was alive, and their later conduct may possibly have been moved by repentance. As for the third admirer of Mrs. Lunn, Captain Witherspoon, he was an unencumbered bachelor; he had always dreamed of marrying, but had never wished to marry any one in particular until Maria Lunn had engaged his late-blossoming affections. He had only a slender estate, but was sure that if they had been able to get along apart, they could get on all the better together. His lonely habitation was with a deaf, widowed cousin; his hopes were great that he was near to having that happy home of his own of which he had dreamed on land and sea ever since he was a boy. He was young at heart, and an ardent lover, this red-faced little old captain, who walked in the Longport streets as if he were another Lord Nelson, afraid of nobody, and equal to his fortunes.

To him, who had long admired her in secret, Maria Lunn's confidence in regard to the renewing of her cedar shingles had been a golden joy. He could hardly help singing as he walked, at this proof of her confidence and esteem, and the mellowing effect of an eleven o'clock glass of refreshment put his willing tongue in daily danger of telling his hopes to a mixed but assuredly interested company. As he walked by the Lunn house, on his way to and from the harbor side, he looked at it with a feeling of relationship and love; he admired the clean white curtains at the windows, he envied the plump tortoise-shell cat on the side door-step; if he saw the composed and pleasant face of Maria glancing up from her sewing, he swept his hat through the air with as gallant a bow as Longport had ever seen,

and blushed with joy and pride. Maria Lunn owned to herself that she liked him best, as far as he himself was concerned; while she invariably settled it with her judicious affections that she must never think of encouraging the captain, who, like herself, was too poor already. Put to the shingle test, he was also found wanting; he was no man of business, and had lost both his own patrimony and early savings in disastrous shipping enterprises, and still liked to throw down his money to any one who was willing to pick it up. But sometimes, when she saw him pass with a little troop of children at his heels, on their happy way to the candy-shop at the corner, she could not forbear a sigh, or to say to herself, with a smile, that the little man was good-hearted, or that there was nobody who made himself better company; perhaps he would stop in for a minute as he came up the street again at noon. Her sewing was not making, but mending, in these days; and the more she had to mend, the more she sat by one of her front windows, where the light was good.

II.

ONE evening toward the end of summer there came a loud rap at the knocker of Mrs. Lunn's front door. It was the summons of Captain Asa Shaw, who sought a quiet haven from the discomforts of the society of his sisters-in-law and his notoriously ill-bred children. Captain Shaw was prosperous, if not happy; he had been figuring up his accounts that rainy afternoon, and found himself in good case. He looked burly and commonplace and insistent as he stood on the front door-step, and thought Mrs. Lunn was long in coming. At the same moment when she had just made her appearance with a set smile, and a little extra color in her cheeks, from having hastily taken off her apron and tossed it into the sitting-room closet, and smoothed her satin-like black hair on the way, there was another loud rap on the smaller side-door knocker.

"There must be somebody wanting to speak with me on an errand," she prettily apologized, as she offered Captain Shaw the best rocking-chair. The side door opened into a tiny entry-way at the other end of the room, and she unfastened the bolt impatiently. "Oh, walk right in, Cap'n Crowe!" she was presently heard to exclaim; but there was a note of embarrassment in her tone, and a look of provocation on her face, as the big shipmaster lumbered after her into the sitting-room. Captain Shaw had taken the large chair, and the newcomer was but poorly accommodated on a smaller one with a cane seat. The walls of the old Lunn house were low, and his head seemed in danger of knocking itself; he was clumsier and bigger than ever in this moment of dismay. His sisters had worn his patience past endurance, and he had it in mind to come to a distinct understanding with Mrs. Lunn that very night.

Captain Shaw was in his every-day clothes, which lost him a point in Mrs. Lunn's observant eyes; but Captain Crowe had paid her the honor of putting on his best coat for this evening visit. She thought at first that he had even changed his shirt, but upon reflection remembered that this could not be taken as a special recognition of her charms, it being Wednesday night. On the wharves, or in a down-town office, the two men were by way of being good friends, but at this moment great Captain Crowe openly despised his social inferior, and after a formal recognition of his unwelcome presence ignored him with unusual bravery, and addressed Mrs. Lunn with grave politeness. He was dimly conscious of the younger and lesser man's being for some unexplainable reason a formidable rival, and tried blunderingly to show the degree of intimacy which existed between himself and the lady.

"I just looked in to report about our little matter of business. I 've got the estimates with me, but 't will do just as well another time," said the big mariner in his disapproving, soft voice.

Captain Shaw instinctively scuffed his feet at the sound, and even felt for his account-book in an inside pocket to reassure himself of his financial standing. "I could buy him an' sell him twice over," he muttered angrily, as loud as he dared.

Mrs. Lunn rose to a command of the occasion at once; there was no sense in men of their age behaving like schoolboys. "Oh, my, yes!" she hastened to say, as she rose with a simpering smile. "'T ain't as if 't was any kind o' consequence, you know; not but what I 'm just as much obliged."

Captain Crowe scowled now; this was still the affair of the shingles, and it had been of enough consequence two days before to protract a conversation through two long hours. He had wished ever since that he had thought then to tell Mrs. Lunn that if she would just say the word, she never need think of those shingles again, nor of the cost of them. It would have been a pretty way to convey the state of his feelings toward her; but he had lost the opportunity, it might be forever. To use his own expression, he now put about and steered a new course.

"I come by your house just now," he said to Captain Shaw, who still glowered from the rocking-chair. "Your young folks seemed to be havin' a great time. Well, I like to see young folks happy. They generally be," he chuckled maliciously; "'t is we old ones have the worst

of it, soon as they begin to want to have everything their way."

"I don't allow no trouble for'ard when I 'm on deck," said Shipmaster Shaw, more cheerfully; he hardly recognized the covert allusion to his drawbacks as a suitor. "I like to give 'em their liberty, though. To-night they were bound on some sort of a racket — they got some other young folks in; but gen'ally they do pretty well. I 'm goin' to take my oldest boy right into the office, first o' January — put him right to business. I need more help; I 've got too much now for me an' Decket to handle, though Decket 's a good accountant."

"Well, I 'm glad I 'm out of it," said Captain Crowe. "I don't want the bother o' business. I don't need to slave."

"No; you should n't have too much to carry at your time o' life," rejoined his friend, in a tone that was anything but soothing; and at this moment Maria Lunn returned with her best lamp in full brilliancy. She had listened eagerly to their exchange of compliments, and thought it would be wise to change the subject.

"What 's been goin' on down street to-day?" she asked. "I have n't had occasion to go out, and I don't have anybody to bring me the news, as I used to."

"Here 's Cap'n Shaw makin' me out to be old enough to be his grandfather," insisted Captain Crowe, laughing gently, as if he had taken it as a joke. "Now, everybody knows I ain't but five years the oldest. Shaw, you must n't be settin' up for a young dandy. I 've had a good deal more sea service than you. I believe you never went out on a long voyage round the Cape or the like o' that; those long voyages count a man two years to one, if they 're hard passages."

"No; I only made some half a dozen long trips; the rest you might call coastin'," said Captain Shaw, handsomely. The two men felt more at ease and reasonable with this familiar subject of experience and discussion. "I come to the conclusion I 'd better stop ashore. If I could ever have found me a smart, dependable crew, I might have followed the sea longer than I did."

It was in the big captain's heart to say, "Poor master, poor crew"; but he refrained. It had been well known that in spite of Shaw's ability as a money-maker on shore, he was no seaman, and never had been. Mrs. Lunn was sure to have heard his defects commented on, but she sat by the table, smiling, and gave no sign, though Captain Crowe looked at her eagerly for a glance of understanding and contempt.

There was a moment of silence, and nobody seemed to know what to say next. Mrs. Maria Lunn was not a great talker in company, although so delightful in confidence and consultation. She wished now, from the bottom of her heart, that one of her admirers would go away; but at this instant there was a loud tapping at a back door in the farther end of the house.

"I thought I heard somebody knocking a few minutes ago." Captain Crowe rose ponderously against the ceiling. "Here, now, I 'm goin' to the door for you, Mis' Lunn; there may be a tramp or somethin'."

"Oh, no," said the little woman, anxiously bustling past him, and lifting the hand-lamp as she went. "I guess it 's only somebody to speak about the washing. Mrs. Dimmett 's been sick —" The last words were nearly lost in the distance, and in the draft a door closed after her, and the two captains were left alone. Some minutes went by before there was suddenly heard the sound of a familiar voice.

"I don't know but what I will, after all, step in an' set down for just a minute," said the hearty voice of little Captain Witherspoon. "I 'll just wash my hands here at the sink, if you 'll let me, same 's I did the other day. I should n't have bothered you so late about a mere fish, but they was such prime mackerel, an' I thought like 's not one of 'em would make you a breakfast."

"You 're always very considerate," answered Mrs. Lunn, in spite of what she felt to be a real emergency. She was very fond of mackerel, and these were the first of the season. "Walk right in, Cap'n Witherspoon, when you get ready. You 'll find some o' your friends. 'T is 'The Cap'n,' gentlemen," she added, in a pleased tone, as she rejoined her earlier guests.

If Captain Witherspoon had also indulged a hope of finding his love alone, he made no sign; it would be beneath so valiant and gallant a man to show defeat at what was, at worst, but a time of delay. He shook hands with both his friends as if he had not seen them for a fortnight, and then drew one of the Windsor chairs forward, forcing the two companions into something like a social circle.

"What 's the news?" he demanded. "Anything heard from the new minister yet, Crowe? I suppose, though, the ladies are likely to hear of those matters first."

Mrs. Lunn was grateful to this promoter of friendly intercourse. "Yes, sir," she answered quickly; "I was told, just before tea, that he had written to Deacon Torby that he felt moved to accept the call."

Her eyes shone with pleasure at having this piece of news. She had been thinking a great deal about it just before the two captains came in, but their mutual dismay had been such an infliction that for once she had been in danger of forgetting her best resources. Now, with the interest of these parishioners in their new minister, the propriety, not to say the enjoy-

ment, of the rest of the evening was secure. Captain Witherspoon went away earliest, as cheerfully as he had come; and Captain Shaw rose and followed him for the sake of having company along the street. Captain Crowe lingered a few moments, so obtrusively that he seemed to fill the whole sitting-room, while he talked about unimportant matters; and at last Mrs. Lunn knocked a large flat book off the end of the sofa for no other reason than to tell him that it was one of Captain Witherspoon's old log-books, which she had taken great pleasure in reading. She did not explain that it was asked for because of other records: her late husband had also been in command, one voyage, of the ship *Mary Susan*.

Captain Crowe went grumbling away down the street. "I 've seen his plaguy logs; and what she can find, I don't see. There ain't nothin' to a page but his figures, and what men were sick, and how the seas run, an' 'So ends the day.'" It was a terrible indication of rivalry that the captain felt at liberty to bring his confounded fish to any door he chose; and his very willingness to depart early and leave the field might prove him to possess a happy certainty. Captain Crowe was so jealous that he almost forgot to play his rôle of lover.

As for Mrs. Lunn herself, she blew out the best lamp at once, so that it would burn another night, and sat and pondered over her future. "'T was real awkward to have 'em all call together; but I guess I passed it off pretty well," she consoled herself, casting an absent-minded glance at her little blurred mirror with the gilded wheat-sheaf at the top.

"Everybody 's after her; I 've got to look sharp," said Captain Asa Shaw to himself that night. "I guess I 'd better give her to understand what I 'm worth."

"Both o' them old sea-dogs is steerin' for the same port as I be. I 'll cut 'em out, if only for the name of it — see if I don't!" Captain Crowe muttered, as he smoked his evening pipe, puffing away with a great draft that made the tobacco glow and almost flare.

"I care a world more about poor Maria than anybody else does," said warm-hearted little Captain Witherspoon, making himself as tall as he could as he walked his bedroom deck to and fro.

III.

THE three lovers fancied themselves unsuspected by their nearest friends, and they consequently were not made to feel too conspicuous, or at least had some shelter from observation in the fact that a new minister was about to be settled in the First Parish, and that public interest really centered in him. Besides this, all the friends of the late lamented Captain Peter Lunn had formed a habit of visiting him often during his long illness, and, as Captain Crowe consoled himself, after a moment of coyness, when he had encountered one of his sharp-eyed sisters coming in at Mrs. Lunn's front door as he was going out, people would have thought it strange if he had not gone now and then to see the widow of his old friend and companion. It was late one afternoon when he and his sister met, and he had an uneasy feeling about going home to supper: there was sure to be some unpleasant comment.

Captain Crowe dragged his great watch out of his waistcoat pocket, to see the dreaded lateness of the hour. He had only spoken incidentally of the shingles that day, but Mrs. Lunn had referred to the last time they were put on, while Captain Lunn was at home just before he sailed on his last voyage; and this had led to a long and pleasant conversation about the past, during which the entire afternoon might have slipped away. However, it was only a quarter to five o'clock, and Captain Crowe bent his steps toward the warehouses and the wharves. He had found it warm for a person of his great size in Mrs. Lunn's keeping-room.

DOWN behind the old Witherspoon warehouse, built by the captain's father when the shipping interests of Longport were at their height of prosperity, there was a pleasant spot where one might sometimes sit in the cool of the afternoon. There were some decaying sticks of huge oak timber, stout and short, which served well for benches; the gray, rain-gnawed wall of the old warehouse, with its overhanging second story, was at the back; and in front was the wharf, still well graveled except where tenacious, wiry weeds and thin grass had sprouted, and been sunburned into sparse hay. There were some places, alas! where the planking had rotted away, and one could look down through and see the clear, green water underneath, and the black, sea-worn piles with their fringes of barnacles and seaweed. Captain Crowe gave a deep sigh as he sat heavily down on a stick of timber; then he heard a noise above, and looked up, to see at first only the rusty windlass under the high gable, with its end of frayed rope flying loose; then one of the wooden shutters was suddenly flung open, and swung to again, and fastened. Captain Crowe was sure now that he should soon gain a companion. Captain Witherspoon was in the habit of airing the empty warehouse once a week — Wednesdays, if pleasant; it was nearly all the active business he had left; and this was Thursday, but Wednesday had been rainy.

Presently the captain appeared at the basement doorway, just behind where his friend was sitting. The door was seldom opened, but

the owner of the property professed himself forgetful about letting in as much fresh air there as he did above, and announced that he should leave it open for half an hour. The two men moved a little way along the oak stick to be out of the cool draft which poured out of the cellar-like place, empty save for the storage of some old fragments of shipping or warehouse gear. There was a musty odor of the innumerable drops of molasses which must have leaked into the hard earth there for half a century; there was still a fragrance of damp Liverpool salt, a reminder of even the dye-stuffs and pepper and rich spices that had been stowed away. The two elderly men were carried back to the past by these familiar, ancient odors; they turned and sniffed once or twice with satisfaction, but neither spoke. Before them the great, empty harbor spread its lovely, shining levels in the low afternoon light. There were a few ephemeral pleasure-boats, but no merchantmen riding at anchor, no lines of masts along the wharves, with great wrappings of furled sails on the yards; there were no sounds of mallets on the ships' sides, or of the voices of men busy with unlading, or moving the landed cargoes. The old warehouses were all shuttered and padlocked, as far as the two men could see.

"Looks lonesomer than ever, don't it?" said Captain Crowe, pensively. "I vow it 's a shame to see such a harbor as this, an' think o' all the back country, an' how things were goin' on here in our young days."

"'T is sad, sir, sad," growled brave little Captain Witherspoon. "They 've taken the wrong course for the country's good — some o' those folks in Washington. When the worst of 'em have stuffed their own pockets as full as they can get, p'r'aps they 'll see what else can be done, and all catch hold together and shore up the shipping int'rists. I see every night, when I go after my paper, the whole sidewalk full o' louts that ought to be pushed off to sea with a good smart master; they 're going to the devil ashore, sir. Every way you can look at it, shippin' 's a loss to us."

At this moment the shrill whistle of a locomotive sounded back of the town, but the captains took no notice of it. Two idle boys suddenly came scrambling up the broken landing-steps from the water, one of them clutching a distressed puppy. Then another, who had stopped to fasten the invisible boat underneath, joined them in haste, and all three fled round the corner. The elderly seamen had watched them severely.

"It used to cost but a ninepence to get a bar'l from Boston by sea," said Captain Crowe, in a melancholy tone; "and now it costs twenty-five cents, sir."

In reply Captain Witherspoon shook his head gloomily.

"You an' I never expected to see Longport harbor look like this," resumed Captain Crowe, giving the barren waters a long gaze, and then leaning forward and pushing the pebbles about with his cane. "I don't know 's I ever saw things look so poor along these wharves as they do to-day. I 've seen six or seven large vessels at a time waitin' out in the stream there until they could get up to the wharves. You could stand ashore an' hear their masters rippin' an' swearin' aboard, an' fur 's you could see from here, either way, the masts and riggin' looked like the woods in winter-time. There used to be somethin' doin' in this place when we was young men, Cap'n Witherspoon."

"I feel it as much as anybody," acknowledged the captain. "Looks to me very much as if there was a vessel comin' up, down there over Dimmett's P'int; she may only be runnin' in closer 'n usual on this light sou'easterly breeze; yes, I s'pose that 's all. What do you make her out to be, sir?"

The old shipmasters bent their keen, far-sighted gaze seaward for a moment. "She ain't comin' in; she 's only one o' them great schooners runnin' west'ard. I 'd as soon put to sea under a Monday's clothes-line, for my part," said Captain Crowe.

"Yes; give me a brig, sir, a good able brig," said Witherspoon, eagerly. "I don't care if she 's a little chunky, either. I 'll make more money out of her than out o' any o' these gre't new-fangled things. I 'd as soon try to sail a whole lumber-yard to good advantage. Gi' me an old-fashioned house an' an old-style vessel; there was some plan an' reason to 'em. Now that new house of Asa Shaw's he 's put so much money in; looks as if a nor'west wind took an' hove it together. Shaw 's just the man to call for one o' them schooners we just spoke of."

The mention of this rival's name caused deep feelings in their manly breasts. The captains felt an instant resentment of Asa Shaw's wealth and pretensions. Neither noticed that the subject was abruptly changed without apparent reason when Captain Crowe asked if there was any truth in the story that the new minister was going to take board with the Widow Lunn.

"No, sir," exclaimed Captain Witherspoon, growing red in the face, and speaking angrily; "I don't put any confidence in the story at all."

"It might be of mutual advantage," his companion urged a little maliciously. Captain Crowe had fancied that Mrs. Lunn had shown him special favor that afternoon, and ventured to think himself secure.

"The new minister 's a dozen years younger than she; must be all o' that," said "The Cap-

tain," collecting himself. "I called him quite a young-lookin' man when he preached for us as a candidate. Sing'lar he should n't be a married man. Generally they be."

"You ain't the right one to make reflections," joked Captain Crowe, mindful that Maria Lunn had gone so far that very day as to compliment him upon owning the handsomest place in the town. "I used to think you was a great beau among the ladies, Witherspoon."

"I never expected to die a single man," said his companion, with dignity.

"You 're gettin' along in years," urged Captain Crowe. "You 're gettin' to where it 's dangerous; a good-hearted elderly man 's liable to be snapped up by somebody he don't want. They say an old man ought to be married, but he should n't get married. I don't know but it 's so."

"I 've put away my thoughts o' youth long since," said the little captain, nobly. "Though I ain't so old, sir, but what I 've got some years before me yet, unless I meet with accident; an' I 'm so situated that I never yet had to take anybody that I did n't want. But I do often feel that there 's somethin' to be said for the affections, an' I get to feelin' lonesome, thinkin' that age is before me, an' if I should get hove on to a sick an' dyin' bed — "

The captain's hearty voice failed for once; then the pleasant face and sprightly figure of the lady of his choice seemed to interpose, and to comfort him. "Come, come!" he said, "ain't we gettin' into the doldrums, Crowe? I 'll just step in an' close up the warehouse; it must be time to make for supper."

Captain Crowe walked slowly round by the warehouse lane into the street, waiting at the door while his friend went through the old building, carefully putting up the bars and with a ponderous key locking the street door upon its emptiness; then the two captains walked away together, the tall one and the short one, clicking their canes on the flagstones. They turned up Barbadoes street, where Mrs. Lunn lived, and bowed to her finely as they passed.

IV.

One Sunday morning in September the second bell was just beginning to toll, and Mrs. Lunn locked her front door, tried the great brass latch, put the heavy key into her best silk dress pocket, and stepped forth discreetly on her way to church. She had been away from Longport for several weeks, having been sent for to companion the last days of a cousin much older than herself; and her reappearance was now greeted with much friendliness. The siege of her heart had necessarily been in abeyance. She walked to her seat in the broad aisle with great dignity. It was a season of considerable interest in Longport, for the new minister had that week been installed, and that day he was to preach his first sermon. All the red East Indian scarfs and best raiment of every sort suitable for early autumn wear had been brought out of the camphor-chests, and there was an air of solemn festival.

Mrs. Lunn's gravity of expression was hardly borne out by her gaiety of apparel, yet there was something cheerful about her look, in spite of her recent bereavement. The cousin who had just died had in times past visited Longport, so that Mrs. Lunn's friends were the more ready to express their regret. When one has passed the borders of middle life, such losses are sadly met; for they break the long trusted bonds of old association, and remove a part of one's own life and belongings. Old friends grow dearer as they grow fewer; those who remember us as long as we remember ourselves become a part of ourselves at last, and leave us so much the poorer when they are taken away. Everybody felt sorry for Mrs. Lunn, especially as it was known that this cousin had always been as generous as her income would allow; but she was chiefly dependent upon an annuity, and was thought to have but little to leave behind her.

Mrs. Lunn had reached home only the evening before, and, the day of her return having been uncertain, she was welcomed by no one, and had slipped in at her own door unnoticed in the dusk. There was a little stir in the congregation as she passed to her pew, but, being in affliction, she took no notice of friendly glances, and responded with great gravity only to her neighbor in the next pew, with whom she usually exchanged confidential whispers as late as the second sentence of the opening prayer.

The new minister was better known to her than to any other member of the parish; for he had been the pastor of the church to which her lately deceased cousin belonged, and Mrs. Lunn had seen him oftener and more intimately than ever in this last sad visit. He was a fine-looking man, no longer young,— in fact, he looked quite as old as our heroine,— and though at first the three captains alone may have regarded him with suspicion, by the time church was over and the Rev. Mr. Farley had passed quickly by some prominent parishioners who stood expectant at the doors of their pews, in order to speak to Mrs. Lunn, and lingered a few moments holding her affectionately by the hand — by this time gossip was fairly kindled. Moreover, the minister had declined Deacon Torby's invitation to dinner, and it was supposed, though wrongly, that he had accepted Mrs. Lunn's, as they walked away together.

Now Mrs. Lunn was a great favorite in the

social circles of Longport—none greater; but there were other single ladies in the First Parish, and it was something to be deeply considered whether she had the right, with so little delay, to appropriate the only marriageable minister who had been settled over that church and society during a hundred and eighteen years. There was a loud buzzing of talk that Sunday afternoon. It was impossible to gainsay the fact that if there was a prospective engagement, Mrs. Lunn had shown her usual discretion. The new minister had a proper income, but no house and home; while she had a good house and home, but no income. She was called hard names, which would have deeply wounded her, by many of her intimate friends; but there were others who more generously took her part, though they vigorously stated their belief that a young married man with a growing family had his advantages. The worst thing seemed to be that the Rev. Mr. Farley was beginning his pastorate under a cloud.

While all this tempest blew, and all eyes were turned her way, friends and foes alike behaved as if not only themselves but the world were concerned with Mrs. Maria Lunn's behavior, and as if the fate of empires hung upon her choice of a consort. She was maligned by Captain Crowe's two sisters for having extended encouragement to their brother, while the near relatives of Captain Shaw told tales of her open efforts to secure his kind attention; but in spite of all these things, and the antagonism that was in the very air, Mrs. Lunn went serenely on her way. She even, after a few days' seclusion, arrayed herself in her best, and set forth to make some calls with a pleasant, unmindful manner which puzzled her neighbors a good deal. She had, or professed to have, some excuse for visiting each house: of one friend she asked instructions about her duties as newly elected officer of the sewing society, the first meeting of which had been held in her absence; and another neighbor was kindly requested to give the latest news from an invalid son at a distance. Mrs. Lunn did not make such a breach of good manners as to go out making calls with no reason so soon after her cousin's death. She appeared rather in her most friendly and neighborly character; and furthermore gave much interesting information in regard to the new minister, telling many pleasant things about him and his relations to, and degree of success in, his late charge. There may or may not have been an air of proprietorship in her manner; she was frank and free of speech, at any rate; and so the flame of interest was fanned ever to a brighter blaze.

The reader can hardly be expected to sympathize with the great excitement in Longport society when it was known that the new minister had engaged board with Mrs. Lunn for an indefinite time. There was something very puzzling in this new development. If there was an understanding between them, then the minister and Mrs. Lunn were certainly somewhat indiscreet. Nobody could discredit the belief that they had a warm interest in each other; yet those persons who felt themselves most nearly concerned in the lady's behavior began to indulge themselves in seeing a ray of hope.

V.

Captain Asa Shaw had been absent for some time in New York on business, and Captain Crowe was confined to his handsome house with a lame ankle; but it happened that they both reappeared on the chief business street of Longport the very same day. One might have fancied that each wore an expression of anxiety; the truth was, they had made vows to themselves that another twenty-four hours should not pass over their heads before they made a bold push for the coveted prize. They were more afraid of the minister's rivalry than they knew; but not the least of each other's. There were angry lines down the middle of Captain Asa Shaw's forehead as he assured himself that he would soon put an end to the minister business, and Captain Crowe thumped his cane emphatically as he walked along the street. Captain John Witherspoon looked thin and eager, but a hopeful light shone in his eyes: his choice was not from his judgment, but from his heart.

It was strange that it should be so difficult—nay, impossible—for anybody to find an opportunity to speak with Mrs. Lunn upon this most private and sacred of personal affairs, and that day after day went by while the poor captains fretted and grew more and more impatient. They had it in mind to speak at once when the time came; neither Captain Crowe nor Captain Shaw felt that he could do himself or his feelings any justice in a letter.

On a rainy afternoon, the day before Christmas, Mrs. Lunn sat down by her front window, and drew her wicker work-basket into her lap from the end of the narrow table before her. She was tired, and glad to rest. She had been busy all the morning, "putting to rights" the rooms that were to be set apart for the minister's sleeping-room and study. Her thoughts were evidently pleasant as she looked out into the street for a few minutes, and then crossed her plump hands over the work-basket. Presently, as a large, familiar green umbrella passed her window, she caught up a bit of sewing, and seemed to be busy with it, as some one



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

MRS. LUNN AND CAPTAIN WITHERSPOON.

opened her front door and came into the little square entry without knocking.

"May I take the liberty? I saw you settin' by the window this wet day," said Captain Shaw.

"Walk right in, sir; do!" Mrs. Lunn fluttered a little on her perch at the sight of him, and then settled herself quietly, as trig and demure as ever.

"I 'm glad, ma'am, to find you alone. I have long had it in mind to speak with you on a matter of interest to us both." The captain felt more embarrassed than he had expected, but Mrs. Lunn remained tranquil, and glanced up at him inquiringly.

"It relates to the future," explained Captain Asa Shaw. "I make no doubt you have seen what my feelin's have been this good while. I can offer you a good home, and I shall want you to have your liberty."

"I enjoy a good home and my liberty now," said Mrs. Lunn, stiffly, looking straight before her.

"I meant liberty to use my means, and to have plenty to do with, so as to make you feel comfortable," explained the captain, reddening. "Mis' Lunn, I 'm a straightforward business man, and I intend business now. I don't know any of your flowery ways of sayin' things, but there ain't anybody in Longport I 'd like better to put at the head of my house. You and I ain't young, but we —"

"Don't say a word, sir," protested Mrs. Lunn. "You can get you just as good housekeepers as I am. I don't feel to change my situation just at present, sir."

"Is that final?" said Captain Shaw, looking crestfallen. "Come now, Maria! I 'm a good-hearted man, I 'm worth over forty thousand dollars, and I 'll make you a good husband, I promise. Here 's the minister on your hands, I know. I did feel all ashore when I found you 'd promised to take him in. I tried to get a chance to speak with you before you went off, but when I come home from New York 't was the first news I heard. I don't deem it best for you; you can't make nothin' out o' one boarder, anyway. I tried it once myself."

"Excuse me, Mr. Shaw," said Mrs. Lunn, coldly; "I know my own business best. You have had my answer, sir." She added in a more amiable tone, "Not but what I feel obliged to you for payin' me the compliment."

There was a sudden loud knocking at the side door, which startled our friends extremely. They looked at each other with apprehension; then Mrs. Lunn slowly rose and answered the summons.

The gentle voice of the giant was heard without. "Oh, Mis' Lunn," said Captain Crowe, excitedly, "I saw some elegant mackerel brought ashore, blown up from the south'ard, I expect, though so late in the season; and I recalled that you once found some acceptable. I thought 't would help you out."

"I 'm obliged to you, Captain Crowe," said the mistress of the house; "and to think of your bringin' 'em yourself this drenchin' day! I take it very neighborly, sir." Her tone was entirely different from that in which she had conducted so decisive a conversation with the guest in the sitting-room. They heard the front door bang just as Captain Crowe entered with his fish.

"Was that the wind sprung up so quick?" he inquired, alert to any change of weather.

"I expect it was Captain Shaw just leavin'," said Mrs. Lunn, angrily. "He 's always full o' business, ain't he? No wonder those children of his are without manners." There was no favor in her tone, and the spirits of Captain Crowe were for once equal to his height.

The daylight was fading fast. The mackerel were deposited in their proper place, and the donor was kindly bidden to come in and sit down. Mrs. Lunn's old-fashioned sitting-room was warm and pleasant, and the big captain felt that his moment had come; the very atmosphere was encouraging. He was sitting in the rocking-chair, and she had taken her place by the window. There was a pause; the captain remembered how he had felt once in the China Seas just before a typhoon struck the ship.

"Maria," he said huskily, his voice sounding as if it came from the next room — "Maria, I s'pose you know what I 'm thinkin' of?"

"I don't," said Mrs. Lunn, with cheerful firmness. "Cap'n Crowe, I know it ain't polite to talk about your goin' when you 've just come in; but when you do go, I 've got something I want to send over to your sister Eliza."

The captain gasped; there was something in her tone that he could not fathom. He began to speak, but his voice failed him altogether. There she sat, perfectly self-possessed, just as she looked every day.

"What are you payin' now for potatoes, sir?" continued Mrs. Lunn.

"Sixty cents a bushel for the last, ma'am," faltered the captain. "I wish you 'd hear to me, Maria," he burst out. "I wish —"

"Now don't, cap'n," urged the pleasant little woman. "I 've made other arrangements. At any rate," she added, with her voice growing more business-like than ever; "at any rate, I deem it best to wait until the late potatoes come into market; they seem to keep better."

The typhoon had gone past, but the captain waited a moment, still apprehensive. Then he took his hat, and slowly and sadly departed without any words of farewell. In spite of his lame foot he walked some distance beyond his own house, in a fit of absent-mindedness that was born of deep regret. It was impossible to help



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

CAPTAIN CROWE AND CAPTAIN WITHERSPOON.

respecting Mrs. Lunn's character and ability more than ever. "Oh! them ministers, them ministers!" he groaned, turning in at his high white gate between the tall posts with their funeral urns.

Mrs. Lunn heard the door close behind Captain Crowe; then she smoothed down her nice white apron abstractedly, and glanced out of the window to see if he were out of sight, but could not catch a glimpse of the captain's broad, expressive back, to judge his feelings or the manner in which he was taking his rebuff. She felt unexpectedly sorry for him; it was lonely in his handsome, large house, where his two sisters made so poor a home for him and such a good one for themselves.

It was almost dark now, and the shut windows of the room made the afternoon seem more gloomy; the days were fast growing shorter. After her successful conduct of the affair with her two lovers, she felt a little lonely and uncertain. Although she had learned to dislike Captain Shaw, and had dismissed him with no small pleasure, with Captain Crowe it was different;

he was a good, kind-hearted man, and she had made a great effort to save his feelings.

Just then her quick ears caught the sound of a footstep in the street, and the click of a third determined cane. She listened intently for a minute, and then stood close to the window, looking out. The rain was falling steadily; it streaked the square panes in long lines, so that Mrs. Lunn's heart recognized the approach of a friend more easily than her eyes. But the expected umbrella tipped away on the wind as it passed, so that she could see the large ivory handle. She lifted the sash in an instant. "I wish you 'd step in just one minute, sir, if it 's perfectly convenient," she said appealingly, and then felt herself grow very red in the face as she crossed the room and opened the door.

"I 'm 'most too wet to come into a lady's parlor," apologized Captain Witherspoon, gallantly. "Command me, Mrs. Lunn, if there 's any way I can serve you. I expect to go down street again this evening."

"Do you think you 'd better, sir?" gently inquired Mrs. Lunn. There was something beautiful about the captain's rosy cheeks and his curly gray hair. His kind blue eyes beamed at her like a boy's.

"I have had some business fall to me, you see, Cap'n," she continued, blushing still more; "and I feel as if I 'd better ask your advice. My late cousin, Mrs. Hicks, has left me all her property. The amount is very unexpected; I never looked for more than a small remembrance. There will have to be steps taken."

"Command me, madam," said the captain again, to whom it never for one moment occurred that Mrs. Lunn was as well skilled in business matters as himself. He instantly assumed the place of protector, which she so unaffectedly offered. For a minute he stood like an admiral ready to do the honors of his ship; then he put out his honest hand.

"Maria," he faltered, and the walls about him seemed to flicker and grow unsteady—"Maria, I dare say it 's no time to say the word just now, but if you could feel toward me—"

He never finished the sentence; he never needed to finish it. Maria Lunn said no word in answer, but they each took a step forward. They may not have been young, but they knew all the better how to value happiness.

About half an hour afterward, the captain appeared again in the dark street, in all the rain, without his umbrella. As he paraded toward his lodgings, he chanced to meet the Rev. Mr. Farley, whom he saluted proudly. He had demurred a little at the minister's making a third in their household; but in the brief, delightful space of their engagement, Mrs. Lunn had laid before him her sensible plans, and persuaded Captain Witherspoon that the minister—dear, good man!—was one who always had his head in a book when he was in the house, and would never give a bit of trouble; and that they might as well have the price of his board and the pleasure of his company as anybody.

Mrs. Lunn sat down to her belated and solitary supper, and made an excellent meal. "'T will be pleasant for me to have company again," she murmured. "I think 't is better for a person." She had a way, as many lonely women have, of talking to herself, just for the sake of hearing the sound of a voice. "I guess Mr. Farley's situation is goin' to please him, too," she added; "I feel as if I 'd done it all for the best." Mrs. Lunn rose, and crossed the room with a youthful step, and stood before the little looking-glass, holding her head this way and that, like a girl; then she turned, still blushing a little, and put away the tea-things. "'T is about time now for the cap'n to go down town after his newspaper," she whispered; and at that moment the captain opened the door.

ONE day, the next spring, Captain Crowe, who had always honored the heroine of this tale for saving his self-respect, and allowing him to affirm with solemn asseverations that though she was a prize for any man, he never had really offered himself to Mrs. Lunn—Captain Crowe and Captain Witherspoon were sitting at the head of Long Wharf together in the sunshine.

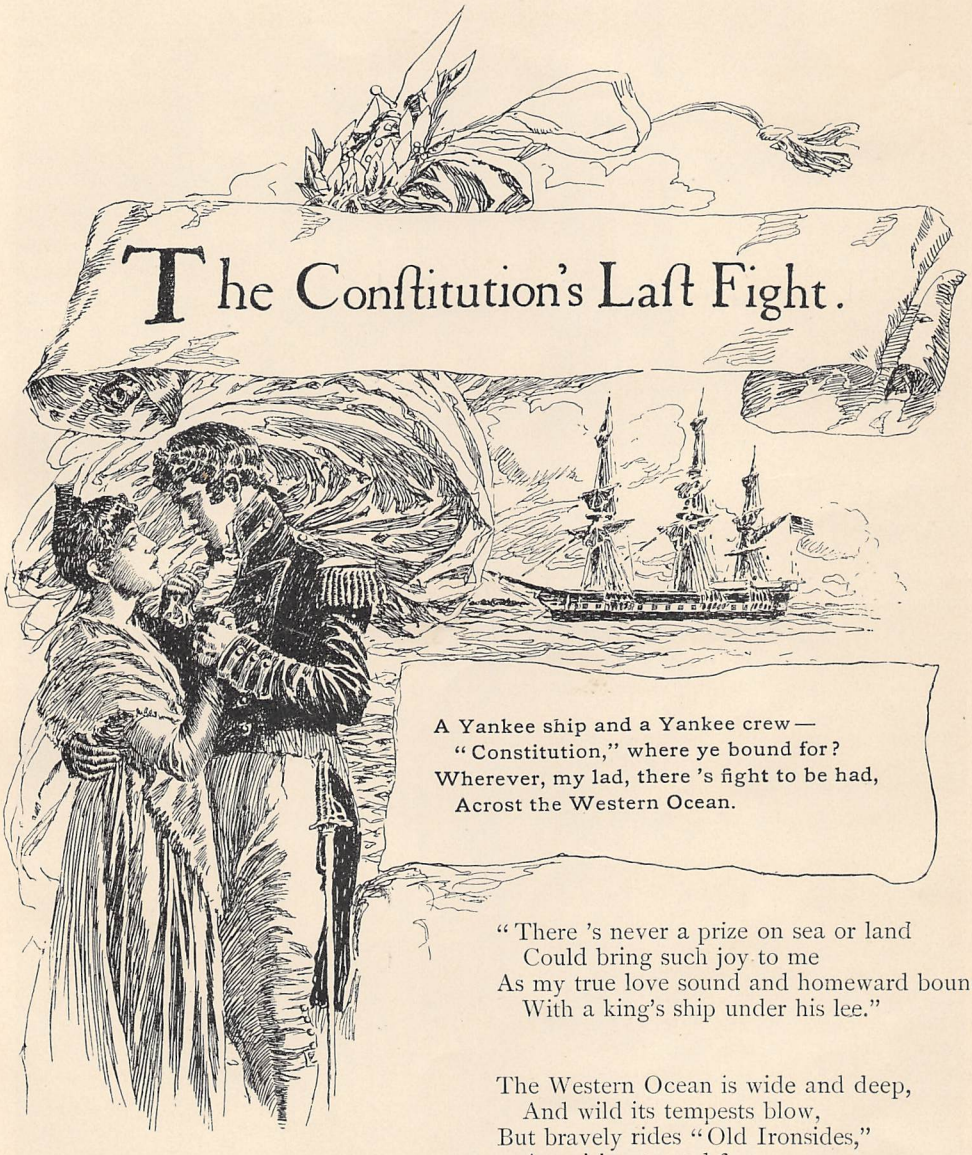
"I 've been a very fortunate man, sir," said the little captain, boldly. "My own property has looked up a good deal since I was married, what with that piece of land I sold for the new hotel, and other things that have come to bear—this wharf property, for instance. I shall have to lay out considerable for new plank, but I 'm able to do it."

"Yes, sir; things have started up in Longport a good deal this spring; but it never is goin' to be what it was once," answered Captain Crowe, who had grown as much older as his friend had grown younger since the autumn, though he always looked best out of doors. "Don't you think, Captain Witherspoon," he said, changing his tone, "that you ought to consider the matter of re-shinglin' your house? You 'll have to engage men, any way, to do your plankin'. I know of some extra cedar shingles that were landed yesterday from somewheres up river. Or was Mis' Witherspoon a little over-anxious last season?"

"I think, with proper attention, sir," said the captain, sedately, "that the present shingles may last us a number of years yet."

Sarah Orne Jewett.

The Constitution's Last Fight.



A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew—
"Constitution," where ye bound for?
Wherever, my lad, there 's fight to be had,
Acrost the Western Ocean.

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

OUR captain was married in Boston town,
And sailed next day to sea;
For all must go when the State says so;
Blow high, blow low, sailed we.

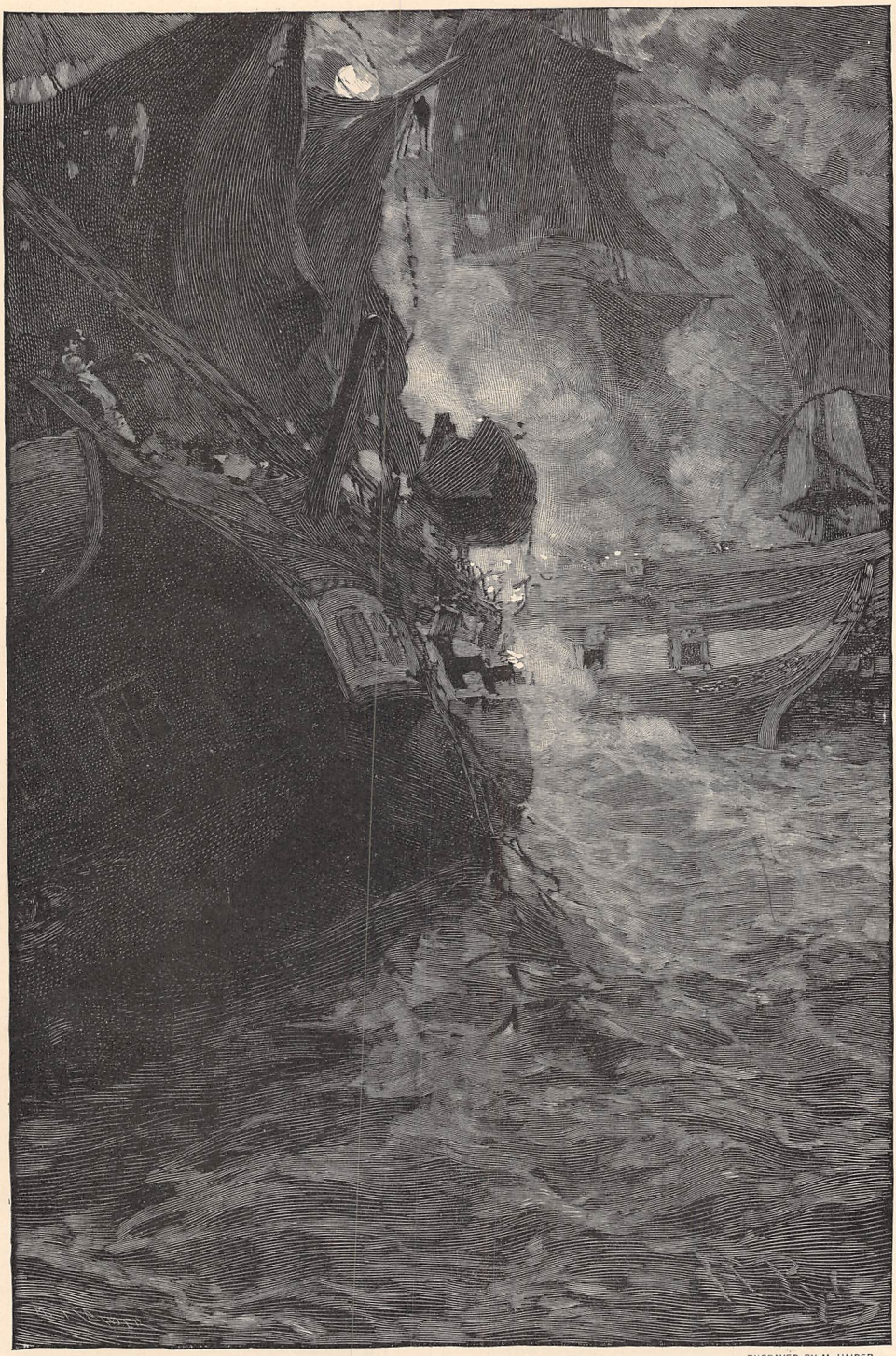
"Now what shall I bring for a bridal gift
When my home-bound pennant flies?
The rarest that be on land or sea
It shall be my lady's prize."

"There 's never a prize on sea or land
Could bring such joy to me
As my true love sound and homeward bound
With a king's ship under his lee."

The Western Ocean is wide and deep,
And wild its tempests blow,
But bravely rides "Old Ironsides,"
A-cruising to and fro.

We cruised to the east and we cruised to the north,
And southing far went we,
And at last off Cape de Verd we raised
Two frigates sailing free.

Oh, God made man, and man made ships,
But God makes very few
Like him who sailed our ship that day,
And fought her, one to two.



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

He gained the weather-gage of both,
He held them both a-lee;
And gun for gun, till set of sun,
He spoke them fair and free;

Till the night-fog fell on spar and sail,
And ship and sea and shore,
And our only aim was the bursting flame,
And the hidden cannon's roar.

Then a lifting rift in the mist showed up
The stout *Cyane* close-hauled
To swing in our wake and our quarter rake,
And a boasting Briton bawled:

"Starboard and larboard we 've got him fast
Where his heels won't take him through;
Let him luff or wear, he 'll find us there—
Ho, Yankee, which will you do?"

We did not luff and we did not wear,
But braced our topsails back,
Till the sternway drew us fair and true
Broadsides athwart her track.

Athwart her track and across her bows
We raked her fore and aft,
And out of the fight and into the night
Drifted the beaten craft.

The slow *Levant* came up too late;
No need had we to stir.
Her decks we swept with fire, and kept
The flies from troubling her.

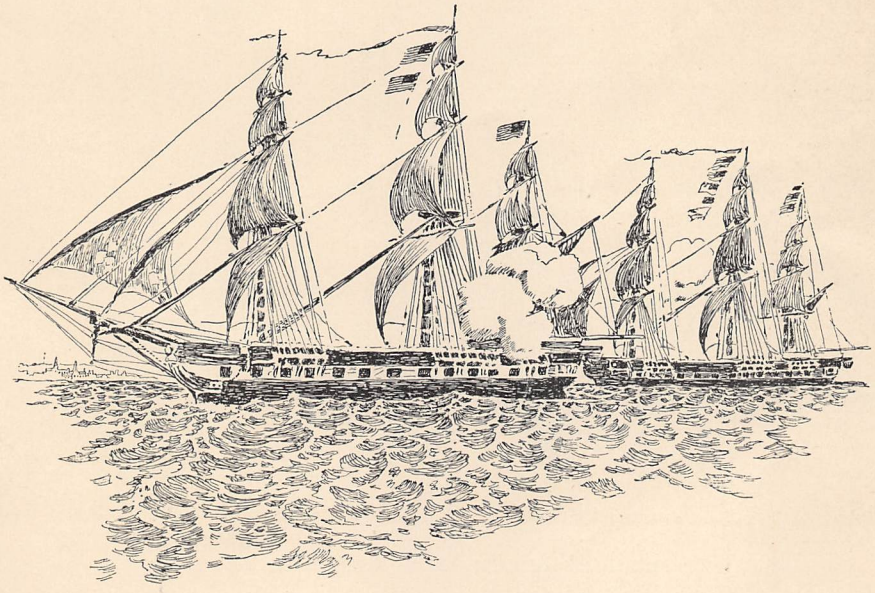
We raked her again, and her flag came down,
The haughtiest flag that floats,
And the lime-juice dogs lay there like logs,
With never a bark in their throats.

With never a bark and never a bite,
But only an oath, to break,
As we squared away for Praya Bay
With our prizes in our wake.

Parole they gave and parole they broke,
What matters the cowardly cheat,
If the captain's bride was satisfied
With the one prize laid at her feet?

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew—
"Constitution," where ye bound for?
Wherever the British prizes be,
Though it 's one to two, or one to three—
"Old Ironsides" means victory,
Across the Western Ocean!

James Jeffrey Roche.



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

"THE LAST GREAT, TRUE NOTE DIED AWAY."

(SEE "CASA BRACCIO," THE "CENTURY" FOR AUGUST, PAGE 618.)

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

XLI.

NOT long after this Dalrymple returned to Rome, after an absence of several years. Family affairs had kept him in England and Scotland during his daughter's married life with Reanda; and after she had left the latter, it was natural that he should not wish to be in the same city with her, considering the view he took of her actions. Then, after he had learned from Griggs's brief note that she was dead, he felt that he could not return at once, hard and unforgiving as he was. But at last the power that attracted him was too strong to be resisted any longer, and he yielded to it, and came back.

He took up his abode in a hotel in the Piazza di Spagna, not far from his old lodgings. Long as he had lived in Rome, he was a foreigner there, and liked the foreigners' quarter of the city. He intended once more to get a lodging and a servant, and to live in his morose solitude as of old; but on his first arrival he naturally went to the hotel. He did not know whether Griggs was in Rome. Reanda was alive, and living at the Palazzetto Borgia; for the two had exchanged letters twice a year, written in the constrained tone of mutual civility which suited the circumstances in which they were placed toward each other.

In Dalrymple's opinion, Reanda had been to blame to a certain extent, in having maintained his intimacy with Francesca when he was aware that it displeased his wife. At the same time, the burden of the fault was undoubtedly the woman's, and her father felt in a measure responsible for it. Whether he felt much more than that it would be hard to say. His gloomy nature had spent itself in secret sorrow for his wife, with a faithfulness of grief which might well atone for many shortcomings. It is certain that he was not in any way outwardly affected by the news of Gloria's death. He had never loved her, she had disgraced him, and now she was dead. There was nothing more to be said about it.

He was not altogether indifferent to the inheritance of title and fortune which had fallen to him in his advanced middle age. But if either influenced his character, the result was rather an increased tendency to live his own life in scorn and defiance of society; for it made him conscious that he should find even less opposition to his eccentricities than in former days, when he had been relatively a poor man without any special claim to consideration.

Two or three days after he had arrived in Rome he went to the Palazzetto Borgia and sent in his card, asking to see Francesca Campodonico. In order that she might know who he was, he wrote his name in pencil, as she would probably not have recognized him as Lord Redin. In this he was mistaken, for Reanda, who had heard the news, had told her of it. She received him in the drawing-room. She looked very ill, he thought, and was much thinner than in former times, but her manner was not changed. They talked upon indifferent subjects, and there was a constraint between them. Dalrymple broke through it roughly at last.

"Did you ever see my daughter after she left her husband?" he asked, as though he were inquiring about a mere acquaintance.

Francesca started a little.

"No," she answered. "It would not have been easy."

She remembered her interview with Griggs, but resolved not to speak of it. She would have changed the subject abruptly if he had given her time.

"It certainly was not to be expected that you should," said Lord Redin, thoughtfully. "When a woman chooses to break with society, she knows perfectly well what she is doing, and one may as well leave her to herself."

Francesca was shocked by the cynicism of the speech. The color rose faintly in her cheeks.

"She was your daughter," she said reproachfully. "Since she is dead, you should speak less cruelly of her."

"I did not speak cruelly. I merely stated a fact. She disgraced herself and me, and her husband. The circumstance that she is dead does not change the case so far as I can see."

"Do you know how she died?" asked Francesca, moved to righteous anger, and willing to pain him if she could.

He looked up suddenly, and bent his shaggy brows.

"No," he answered. "That man Griggs wrote me that she had died suddenly. That was all I heard."

"She did not die a natural death."

"Indeed?"

"She poisoned herself. She could not bear the life. It was very dreadful." Francesca's voice sank to a low tone.

Lord Redin was silent for a few moments, and his bony face had a grim look. Perhaps something in the dead woman's last act appealed to him as nothing in her life had done.

"Tell me, please. I should like to know. After all, she was my daughter."

"Yes," said Francesca, gravely; "she was your daughter. She was very unhappy with Paul Griggs, and she found out very soon that she had made a dreadful mistake. She loved her husband, after all."

"Like a woman!" interjected Lord Redin, half unconsciously.

Francesca paid no attention to the remark, except, perhaps, that she raised her eyebrows a little.

"They went out to spend the summer at Subiaco —"

"At Subiaco?" Dalrymple's steely-blue eyes fixed themselves in a look of extreme attention.

"Yes; during the heat. They lodged in the house of a man called Stefanone — a wine-seller — a very respectable place."

Lord Redin had started nervously at the name, but he recovered himself.

"Very respectable," he said in an odd tone.

"You know the house?" asked Francesca, in surprise.

"Very well indeed. I was there nearly five and twenty years ago. I supposed that Stefanone was dead by this time."

"No. He and his wife are alive, and take lodgers."

"Excuse me, but how do you know all this?" asked Lord Redin, with sudden curiosity.

"I have been there," answered Francesca. "I have often been to the convent. You know that one of our family is generally abbess. A Cardinal Braccio was archbishop, too, a good many years ago. Casa Braccio owns a good deal of property there."

"Yes. I know that you are of the family."

"My name was Francesca Braccio," said Francesca, quietly. "Of course I have always known Subiaco, and every one there knows Stefanone, and the story of his daughter who ran away with an Englishman many years ago, and never was heard of again."

Lord Redin grew a trifle paler.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Does every one know that story?"

There was something so constrained in his tone that Francesca looked at him curiously.

"Yes — in Subiaco," she answered. "But Gloria —" she lingered a little sadly on the name — "Gloria wrote letters to her husband from there, and begged him to go and see her."

"He could hardly be expected to do that," said Lord Redin, his hard tone returning. "Did you advise him to go?"

"He consulted me," answered Francesca, rather coldly. "I told him to follow his own impulse. He did not go. He did not believe that she was sincere."

"I do not blame him. When a woman has done that sort of thing, there is no reason for believing her."

"He should have gone. I should have influenced him, I think; and I did wrong. She wrote him one more letter, and then killed herself. She suffered horribly, and died two days afterward. Shall I tell you more?"

"If there is more to tell," said Lord Redin, less hardly.

"There is not much. I went out there last year. They had refused her Christian burial. Paul Griggs bought a piece of land among the rocks, on the other side of the torrent, and buried her there. It is surrounded by a wall, and there is a plain slab without a name. There are flowers. He pays Stefanone to have it cared for. They told me all they knew — it is too terrible! She died singing — she was out of her mind. It must have been dreadful. Old Nanna, Stefanone's wife, was in the room, and fainted with terror. It seems that poor Gloria, oddly enough, had an extraordinary resemblance to that unfortunate nun of our family who was burned to death in the convent, and whom Nanna had often seen. She sang like her, too — at the last minute Nanna thought she saw poor sister Maria Addolorata standing up dead and singing. It was rather strange."

Lord Redin said nothing. He had bowed his head so that Francesca could not see his face, but she saw that his hands were trembling violently. She thought that she had misjudged the man, and that he was really very deeply moved by the story of his daughter's death. Doubtless, his emotion had made him wish to control himself, and he had overshot the mark and spoken cruelly only in order to seem calm. No one had ever spoken to him of his wife, and even now he could hardly bear to hear her name. It was long before he looked up. Then he rose almost immediately.

"Will you allow me to come and see you occasionally?" he asked, with a gentleness not at all like his usual manner.

Francesca was touched at last, misunderstanding the cause of the change. She told him to come as often as he pleased. As he was going, he remembered that he had not asked after his son-in-law. Reanda had always seemed to belong to Francesca, and it was natural enough that he should inquire of her.

"Where is Reanda to be found?" he asked.

"He is very ill," said Francesca in a low voice. "I am afraid you cannot see him."

"Where does he live? I will at least inquire. I am sorry to hear that he is ill."

"He lives here," she answered, with a little hesitation. "He is in his old rooms upstairs."

"Oh! Yes — thank you." Their eyes met for a moment. Lord Redin's glittered, but Francesca's were clear and true. "I am sure you take good care of him," he added. "Good-by."

He left her alone, and when he was gone she sat down wearily, and laid her head back against a cushion, with half-closed eyes. Her lips were almost colorless, and her mouth had grown ten years older.

Reanda was dying, and she knew it, and with him the light was going out of her life, as it had gone out long ago from Dalrymple's, as it had gone out of the life of Paul Griggs. The idea crossed her mind that these two men, with herself, were linked and bound together by some strange fatality which she could not understand, but from which there was no escape, and which was bringing them slowly and surely to the blank horror of lonely old age.

The same thought occurred to Lord Redin as he slowly threaded the streets, going back to his hotel, to his lonely dinner, his lonely evening, his lonely, sleepless night. He alone of the three now knew all that there was to know, and in the chronicle of his far memories all led back to that day at Subiaco, long ago, when he had first knocked at the convent gate — beyond that, to the evening when poor Annetta had told him of the beautiful nun with the angel's voice. Many lives had been wrecked since that first day, and every one of them owed its ruin to him. He felt strangely drawn to Francesca Campodonico. There was something in her face that very faintly reminded him of his dead wife, her kinswoman, and of his dead daughter, another of her race. His gloomy Northern nature felt the fatality of it all. He never could repent of what he had done. The golden light of his one short happiness shone through the shrouding veil of fatal time. In his own eyes, with his beliefs, he had not even sinned in taking what he had loved so well. But all the sorrow he saw came from that deed. Francesca Campodonico's eyes were as clear and true as her heart; but he knew that Reanda's life was everything on earth to her, and he guessed that she was to lose that, too, before long. He would willingly have parted with his own, but through all his being there was a rough, manly courage that forbade the last act of fear, and there was a stern old Scottish belief that it was wrong — plainly wrong.

He did not wish to see Paul Griggs any more than he had wished to see his daughter after she had left her husband; but no thought of vengeance crossed his mind. It seemed to him fruitless to think of avenging himself upon fate; for, after all, it was fate that had done the dire mischief. Possibly, he thought, as he walked slowly toward his hotel, fate had brought him back to Rome now, to deal with him as she had dealt with his. He should be glad of it, for he found little in life that was not gloomy and lonely beyond any words. He did not know why he had come. He had acted upon an impulse in going to see Francesca that day.

When he reached the Corso, instead of going to his hotel he walked down the street in the direction of the Piazza del Popolo. He wished to see the house in which Gloria had lived with Griggs, and he remembered the street and the number from her having written to him when she wanted money. He reached the corner of the Via della Frezza, and turned down, looking up at the numbers as he went along. He glanced at the little wine-shop on the left, with its bush, its red-glass lantern, and its rush-bottomed stools set out by the door. In the shadow within he saw the gleam of silver buttons on a dark-blue jacket. There was nothing uncommon in the sight.

He found the house, paused, looked up at the windows, and looked twice at the number.

"Do you seek some one?" inquired the one-eyed cobbler, resting his black hands on his knees.

"Did Mr. Paul Griggs ever live here?" asked Lord Redin.

"Many years," answered the cobbler, laconically.

"Where does he live now?"

"Always here, except when he is not here. Third floor, on the left. You can ring the bell. Who knows? Perhaps he will open. I do not wish to tell lies."

The old man grunted, bent down over the shoe, and ran his awl through the sole. He was profoundly attached to Paul Griggs, who had always been kind to him, and since Gloria's death he defended him from visitors with more determination than ever.

Lord Redin stood still and said nothing. In

ten seconds the cobbler looked up with a surly frown.

"If you wish to go up, go up," he growled; "if not, favor me by getting out of my light."

The Scotchman looked at him.

"You do not remember me," he observed. "I used to come here with the Signore."

"Well? I have told you. If you want him, there is the staircase."

"No; I do not want him," said Lord Redin, and he turned away abruptly.

"As you please," growled the cobbler, without looking up again.

XLII.

PAUL GRIGGS had gone back to the house in the Via della Frezza after his return from America, and lived alone in the little apartment in which the happy days of his life had been spent. He was a man able to live two lives — the one in the past, the other in the active present. It was his instinct to be alone in his sorrow, and alone in the struggle which lay before him for himself and his child. But he would have with him all that could make the memory of Gloria real. The reality of such things softened with their contrast the hardness of life.

He had taken the same rooms again. Out of boxes and trunks stored in a garret of the house he had taken many things which had belonged to Gloria. Alone, he had arranged the rooms as they used to be. His writing-table stood in the same place, and near it was Gloria's chair; beside it, the little stand with her needlework, her silks, her scissors, and her thimble, all as it used to be. A novel she had once read when sitting there lay upon the chair. Many little objects which had belonged to her were in their accustomed places. On the mantelpiece the cheap American clock ticked loudly as in the old days.

Day after day, as of old, he sat in his place at work. He had made the room so alive with her that sometimes, looking up from a long spell of writing, he forgot, and stared an instant at the bedroom door, and listened for her footstep. Those were his happiest moments, though each was killed in turn by the vision of a lonely grave among rocks.

With intensest longing he called her back to him. In his sleep the last words he had spoken to her were spoken again by his unconscious lips in the still, dark night. Everything in him called her, his living soul and his strong bodily self. There were times when he knew that if he opened his eyes, shut to see her, he should see her really, there in her chair. He looked, trembling, and there was nothing. In dreams he sought her and could not find her, though he wandered in dark places, across endless wastes of broken clods of earth and broken stone. It was as though her grave covered the whole world round, and his path lay on the shadowed arms of an infinite great cross. And again the gray dawn awoke him from the search, to feel that, for pity's sake, she must be alive and near him. But he was always alone.

Silent, iron-browed, iron-handed, he faced the world alone, doing all that was required of him, and more also. As he had said to Gloria in that very room, he was building up a superiority for himself, since genius was not his. He had in the rough ore of his strength the metal which some few men receive as a birth-gift from nature, ready smelted and refined, ready for them to coin at a single stroke, and throw broadcast to the applauding world. He had not much, perhaps, but he had something of the true ore, and in the furnace of his untiring energy he would burn out the dross and find the precious gold at last. It could not be for her now. It was not for himself, but it was to be for the little child, growing up in a far country with a clean name — to be his father's friend, and nothing more, but to be happy, for the dead woman's sake who bore him.

As in all that made a part of Paul Griggs, there was in his memory of Gloria and in his sorrow for her that element of endurance which was the foundation of his nature. That portion of his life was finished, and there could never be anything like it again; but it was to be always present with him so long as he lived. He was sure of that. It would always be in his power to close his eyes, and believe that she was near him. If it were possible, he loved her more dead than he had loved her living.

And she had loved him to the last, and had given her life in the mad thought of lightening his burden. Her last words to him had told him so. Her last wish had been to see the child. And the greatest sacrifice he could now make to her was to separate himself from the child, and let him grow up to look upon the man who provided for him as his friend, but as nothing more. It was an exaggerated idea, perhaps, though it was by far the wisest course. Yet in doing what he did, Griggs deprived himself for months at a time of something that was of her, and he did it for her sake. He knew that in her heart there had been the unspoken shame of her ruined life. Shame should never come near little Walter Crowdie. The secret could be kept, and Paul Griggs meant to keep it, as he kept many things from the world.

All his lonely life grew in the perfect memory, cut short though it was by fate's cruel scythe-stroke. Even that one fearful day held no

shadow of unfaithfulness. She had been mad, but she had loved him. She had done a deed of horror upon herself, but she had loved him, and madly had done it for his sake. She had laid down her life for him. All that he could do would be nothing compared with that. All that he could tear from the world and lay tenderly as an offering at her feet would be but a handful of dust in comparison with what she had done in the madness of love.

His heart-strings wound themselves about their treasure, closer and closer, stronger and stronger. The two natures that strove together in him, the natures of body and soul, were at one with her, and drew life from her, though she was gone. It seemed impossible that they could ever again part, and smite each other for the mastery, as of old; for one sorrow had overwhelmed them both, and together they knew the depths of one grief.

Again, as of old, he defied fate. Death could take the child from him, but could not separate the three in death or life. So long as the child lived, to do or die for him was the question, while life should last. But Paul Griggs defied fate, for fate's grim hand could not uproot his heart from the strong place of his great dead love, to buffet it and tear it again. He was alone, bodily, but he was safe forever.

Out of the dimness of twilight shadows the pale face came to him, and the sweet lips kissed his; in a light not earthly the dark eyes lightened, and the red auburn hair gleamed and fell about him. In the darkness a tender hand stole softly upon his, and words yet more tender stirred the stillness. He knew that she was near him, close to him, with him. The truth of what had been made the half-dream all true. Only in his sleep he could not find her, and was wandering ever over a dreary grave that covered the whole world.

So his life went on with little change, inwardly or outwardly, from day to day, in the absolute security from danger which the dead give us of themselves. The faith that had gone beyond her death could go beyond his own life, too. He defied fate.

Then fate, silent, relentless, awful, knocked at his door.

He was at work as usual. It was a bright winter's day, and the high sun of the late morning streamed across one corner of his writing-table. He was thinking of nothing but his writing, and upon that his thoughts were closely intent in that everlasting struggle to do better which had nearly driven poor Gloria mad.

The little jingling bell rang and thumped against the outer door to which it was fastened. He paid no attention to it till it rang again, an instant later. Then he looked up and waited, listening. Again, again, and again he heard it, at equal intervals, five times in all. That was the old cobbler's signal, and the only one to which Griggs ever responded. He laid down his pen and went to the door. The one-eyed man, his shoemaker's apron twisted round his waist, stood on the landing, and gave him a small, thick package, tied with a black string, under which was thrust a note. Griggs took it without a word, and the bandy-legged old cobbler swung away from the door with a satisfied grunt.

Griggs took the parcel back to his workroom, and stood by the window looking at the address on the note. He recognized Francesca Campodonico's handwriting, though he had rarely seen it, and he broke the seal with considerable curiosity, for he could not imagine why Donna Francesca should write to him. He even wondered at her knowing that he was in Rome. He had never spoken with her since that day, long ago, when she had sent for him and begged him to take Gloria back to her father. He read the note slowly. It was in Italian, and the language was rather formal.

SIGNORE: My old and dear friend Signor Angelo Reanda died the day before yesterday, after a long illness. During the last hours of his life he asked me to do him a service, and I gave him the solemn promise which I fulfil in sending you the accompanying package. You will see that it was sealed by him, and addressed to you by himself, probably before he was taken ill; and he saw it before he died, and said that it was the one he meant me to send. That was all he told me regarding it, and I am wholly ignorant of the contents. I have ascertained that you are in Rome, and are living, as formerly, in the Via della Frezza, and to that address I send the parcel. Pray inform me that you have received it.

Believe me, Signore, with perfect esteem,
FRANCESCA CAMPODONICO.

Griggs read the note twice through to the end, and laid it upon the table. Then he thrust his hands into his pockets, and turned thoughtfully to the window, without touching the parcel, of which he had not even untied the black string.

So Reanda was dead at last. It was nothing to him now, though it might have meant much if the man had died two years earlier. Living people were very little to Paul Griggs. They might as well be dead, he thought. Nevertheless, the bald fact that Reanda was gone made him thoughtful. Another figure had disappeared out of his life, though it had not meant very much. He believed, and had always believed, that Reanda had loved Francesca in secret, though she had treated him as a mere

friend, as a protectress should treat one who needs her protection.

Griggs turned, and took up the note to look at it keenly, for he believed himself a judge of handwriting, and he thought that he might detect in hers the indications of any great suffering. The lines ran down a little at the end, but otherwise the large, careful hand was the same as ever, learned in a convent, and little changed since, even as the woman herself had changed little. She was the same always, simple, honest, strangely maidenlike, thoroughly good.

He turned to the window again. So Reanda was dead. He would not find Gloria, to whatsoever place he was gone. The shadow of a smile wreathed itself about the mouth of the lonely man — the last that was there for a long time after that day. Gloria was dead, but Gloria was his, and he hers, for ever and ever. Neither heaven nor hell could tear up his heart, nor loosen the strong hold of all of him that clung to her, and had grown about her and through her, till he and she were quite one.

Then, all at once, he wondered what it could be that Reanda had wished to send him from beyond the grave. He turned, took the parcel, and snapped the black string with his fingers, and took off the paper. Within was the parcel, wrapped in a second paper and firmly tied with broad tape. A few words were written on the outside:

To be given to Paul Griggs when I am dead.
A. R.

The superscription told nothing, but he looked at it curiously, as one does at such things when the sender is beyond answer. He cut the white tape, for it was tied so tightly that he could not slip a finger under it to break it. There was something of hard determination in the way it was tied.

It contained letters in their envelops, as they had reached Reanda through the post, all of the same size, laid neatly one upon the other — a score or more of them.

Griggs felt his hands shake, for he recognized Gloria's writing. His first impulse was to burn the whole package as it was, reverently, as something which had belonged to Gloria, in which he had no part or share or right. He laid his hand upon the pile of letters, and looked at the small fire to see whether it was burning well. Under his hand he felt something hard inside the uppermost envelop. His fate was upon him — the fate he had so often defied to do its worst, since all that he had was dead and was his forever.

Without another thought he took from the envelop the letter it contained, and the hard thing which was inside the letter. He held it a moment in his hand, and it flamed in the beam of sunlight that fell across the end of the table, and dazzled him. Then he realized what it was. It was Gloria's wedding-ring, and twisted round and round it, and in and out of it, was a lock of her red auburn hair, serpent-like, flaming in the sunshine, with a hundred little tongues that waved and moved softly under his breath.

An icy chill smote him in the neck, and his strong limbs shook to his feet as he laid the thing down upon the corner of the table. There was a fearful fascination in it. The red gold hairs stirred and moved in the sunlight still, even when he no longer breathed upon them. It was her hair, and it seemed alive.

In his other hand he still held the letter. Fate had him now, and would not let him go while he could feel. Again and again the cruel chill smote him in the back. He opened the doubled sheet, and saw the date and the name of the place,— Subiaco,— and the first words, "Heart of my heart, this is my last cry to you" — and it was to Angelo Reanda!

Rigid, and feeling as though great icy hands were drawing him up by the neck from the ground, he stood still and read every word, with all the message of loathing and abject fear and horror of his touch which every word brought him from the dead through the other dead.

Slowly, regularly, without wavering, moved by a power not his own, his hands took the other letters and opened them, and his eyes read all the words, from the last to the first. One by one the sheets fell upon the table, and all alone in the midst the lock of red auburn hair sent up its little lambent flame in the sunshine.

Paul Griggs stood upright, stark with the stress of rending soul and breaking heart.

As he stood there, he was aware of a man in black beside him, like himself, ghastly to see, with shadows and fires for eyes, and thin, parted lips that showed wolfish teeth, strong, stern, with iron hands.

"You are dead," said his own voice out of the other's mouth. "You are dead, and I am Paul Griggs."

Then the strong teeth were set and the lips closed, and the gladiator's unmatched arms wound themselves upon the other's strength, with grip and clutch and strain not of earthly men.

Silent and terrible they wrestled in fight, arm to arm, bone to bone, breath to breath. Hour after hour they strove in the still room. The sun went westering away, the shadows deepened. The night came stealing black and lonely through the window. Foot to foot, breast to breast, in the dark, they bowed themselves

one upon the other, dumb in the agony of their reeling strife.

Late in the night, in the cold room, Paul Griggs felt the carpet under his hands as he lay upon his back.

His heart was broken.

XLIII.

LORD REDIN had barely glanced at the man in the blue jacket with silver buttons, whom he had seen in the deep shadow of the little wine-shop as he strolled down the Via della Frezza. But Stefanone had seen him, and had gone to the door as he passed, watching him when he stood talking to the one-eyed cobbler, and keeping his keen eyes on him as he passed again on his homeward way. And all the way to the hotel in the Piazza di Spagna Stefanone had followed him at a distance, watching the great loose-jointed frame and the slightly stooping head till the Scotchman disappeared under the archway, past the porter, who stood aside, his gold-laced cap in his hand, bowing low to the "English lord."

Stefanone waited a few moments, and then accosted the porter civilly.

"Do you know if the proprietor wishes to buy some good wine of last year at a cheap rate?" he asked. "You understand. I am of the country. I cannot go in and look for the proprietor. But you are doubtless the director, and you manage these things for him. That is why I ask you."

The porter smiled at the flattery, but said that he believed wine had been bought for the whole year.

"The hotel is doubtless full of rich foreigners," observed Stefanone. "It is indeed beautiful. I should prefer it to the Palazzo Borghese. Is it not full?"

"Quite full," answered the porter, proud of the establishment.

"For instance," said Stefanone, "I saw a great signore going in, just before I took the liberty of speaking with you. I am sure that he is a great English signore — not perhaps a milord, but a great signore, having much money."

"What makes you think that?" inquired the porter, with a superior smile.

"Eh! the reasons are two. First, you bowed to him, as though he were some personage, and you of course know who he is. Secondly, he lifted his hat to you. He is therefore a real signore — as good perhaps as a Roman prince. We say a proverb in the country — 'To salute is courtesy, to answer is duty.' Therefore, when any one salutes a real signore, he answers, and lifts his hat. These are the reasons why I say this one must be a great one."

"For that matter, you are right," laughed the porter. "That signore is an English lord. What a combination! You have guessed it. His name is Lord Redin."

Stefanone's sharp eyes fixed themselves vacantly, for he did not wish to betray his surprise at not hearing the name he had expected.

"Eh!" he exclaimed. "Names? What are they, when one is a prince? Prince of this, duke of that. Our Romans are full of names. I dare say this signore has four or five."

But the porter knew of no other, and presently Stefanone departed, wondering whether he had made a mistake, after all, and recalling the features of the man he had followed to compare them with those younger ones he remembered so distinctly. He went back to the Via della Frezza, and drank a glass of wine. Then he filled the glass again, and carried it carefully across the street to his friend the cobbler.

"Drink," he said. "It will do you good. A drop of wine at sunset gives force to the stomach."

The one-eyed man looked up, and smiled at his friend, a phenomenon rarely observed on his wrinkled and bearded face. He shrugged one round shoulder by way of assent, held his head a little on one side, and stretched out his black hand, with the glass in it, to the light. He tasted it, smelled it, and looked up at Stefanone before he drank in earnest.

"Black soul!" he exclaimed, by way of an approving asseveration. "This is indeed wine!"

"He took it for vinegar!" observed Stefanone, speaking to the air.

"It is wine," answered the cobbler when he had drained the glass. "It is a consolation."

Then they began to talk together, and Stefanone questioned him about his interview with the tall gentleman an hour earlier. The cobbler really knew nothing about him, though he remembered having seen him several times, years ago, before Gloria had come.

"You know nothing," said Stefanone. "That signore is the father of Sor Paolo's signora, who died in my house."

"You are joking," returned the cobbler, gravely. "He would have come to see his daughter while she lived — requiescat!"

"And I say that I am not joking. Do you wish to hear the truth? Well. You have much confidence with Sor Paolo. Tell him that the father of the poor Signora Gloria came to the door and asked questions. You shall hear what he will say. He will say that it is possible. Then he will ask you about him. You will tell him so and so — a very tall signore, all made of pieces that swing loosely when he walks, with a beard like the Moses of the fountain, and hard blue eyes that strike you like two

balls from a gun, and hair that is neither red nor white, and a bony face like an old horse."

"It is true," said the cobbler, reflectively. "It is he. It is his picture."

"You will also say that he is now an English lord, but that formerly they called him Sor Angoscia. You, who are friends with Sor Paolo — you should tell him this. It may be that Sor Angoscia wishes him evil. Who knows? In this world the combinations are so many!"

It was long before the cobbler got an opportunity of speaking with Griggs; and when he had the chance he forgot all about it, though Stefanone reminded him of it from time to time. But when he at last spoke of the matter he was surprised to find that Stefanone had been quite right, as Griggs admitted without the least hesitation. He told Stefanone so, and the peasant was satisfied, though he had long been positive that he had found his man at last, and recognized him in spite of his beard and his age.

After that Stefanone haunted the Piazza di Spagna in the morning, talking a little with the models who used to stand there, in their mountain costumes, to be hired by painters in the days when pictures of them were the fashion. Many of them came from the neighborhood of Subiaco, and knew Stefanone by sight. When Lord Redin came out of the hotel, as he generally did between eleven and twelve if the day were fine, Stefanone put his pipe out, stuck it into his breeches' pocket with his brass-handled clasp-knife, and strolled away a hundred yards behind his enemy.

If Lord Redin noticed him once or twice, it was merely to observe that men still came to Rome wearing the old-fashioned dress of the respectable peasants. Being naturally fearless, and at present wholly unsuspicious, it never struck him that any one could be dogging his footsteps whenever he went out of his hotel. In the evening he went out very little, and then generally in a carriage. Two or three times, on a Sunday, he walked over to St. Peter's, and listened to the music at vespers, as many foreigners used to do. Stefanone followed him into the church, and watched him from a distance. Once the peasant saw Donna Francesca, whom he knew by sight as a member of the Braccio family, sitting within the great gate of the Chapel of the Choir, where the service was held. Lord Redin always followed the frequented streets, which led in an almost direct line from the Piazza di Spagna, by the Via Condotti, to the bridge of St. Angelo. It was the nearest way. He never went back to the Via della Frezza; for he had no desire to see Paul Griggs, and his curiosity had been satisfied by once looking at the house in which his daughter had lived. He spent his evenings alone in his rooms, with a bottle of wine and a book. Luxury had become a habit with him, and he now preferred a draught of Château Lafitte to the rough Roman wine barely a year old; while three or four glasses of a certain brandy, twenty years in bottle, which he had discovered in the hotel, were a necessary condition of his comfort. He had the intention of going out one evening, in cloak and soft hat, as of old, to dine in his old corner at the Falcone; but he put it off from day to day, feeling no taste for the coarser fare and the rougher drink when the hour came.

He often went to see Francesca Campodonico in the middle of the day, at which hour the Roman ladies used to be at home to their more intimate friends. An odd sort of sympathy had grown up between the two, though they scarcely ever alluded to past events, and then only by an accident which both regretted. Francesca exercised a refining influence upon the gloomy Scotchman, and as he knew her better he even took the trouble to be less rough and cynical when he was with her. In character she was utterly different from his dead wife; but there was something of family resemblance between the two which called up memories very dear to him.

Her influence softened him. In his wandering life he had more than once formed acquaintances with men of tastes more or less similar to his own, which might have ripened into friendships for a man of less morose character. But in that he and Paul Griggs were very much alike. They found an element in every acquaintance which roused their distrust, and as man to man they were equally incapable of making a confidence. Dalrymple's life had not brought him into close relations with any woman except his wife. For her sake he had kept all others at a distance, in a strange jealousy of his own heart which had made her, for him, the only woman in the world. Then, too, he had hated, for her, the curiosity of those who had evidently wished to know her story. That had been always a secret. He had told it to his father, and his father had died with it. No once else had ever known whence Maria had come, nor what her name had been. If Captain Crowdie had ever guessed the truth, which was doubtful, he had held his tongue.

But Angus Dalrymple was no longer the man he had been in those days. He had changed very much in the last two or three years; for, though he had almost outlived the excesses into which he had fallen in his first sorrow, his hardy constitution had been shaken, if not weakened, by them. Physically his nerves were almost as good as ever, but morally he was not the same man. He felt the need of sym-

pathy and confidence, which with such natures is the first sign of breaking down, and of the degeneration of pride.

That was probably the secret of what he felt when he was with Francesca. She had that rarest quality in women, too, which commands men without inspiring love. It is very hard to explain what that quality is, but most men who have lived much and seen much have met with it at least once in their lives.

There is a sort of manifested goodness for which the average man of the world has a profound and unreasonable contempt. And there is another sort which most wholly commands the respect of that man who has lived hardest. From a religious point of view, they may be equally real and conducive to salvation. The cynic, the worn-out man of the world, the man whose heart is broken, all look upon the one as a weakness, and the other as a strength. Perhaps there is more humanity in the one than in the other. A hundred women may rebuke a man for something he has done, and he will smile at the reproach, though he may smile sadly. Another will say to him the same words, and he will be gravely silent, and will feel that she is right, and will like her the better for it ever afterward. And she is not, as a rule, the woman whom such men would love.

"I have never before met a woman whom I should wish to have for my friend," said Lord Redin, one day when he was alone with Francesca. "I dare say I am not at all the kind of man you would select for purposes of friendship," he added, with a short laugh.

Francesca smiled a little at the frankness of the words, and shook her head.

"Perhaps not," she said. "Who knows? Life brings strange changes when one thinks that one knows it best."

"It has brought strange things to me," answered Lord Redin.

Then he was silent for a time. He felt the strong desire to speak out, for no good reason or purpose, and to tell her the story of his life. She would be horror-struck at first. He fancied he could see the expression which would come to her face. But he held his peace, for she had not met him half-way, and he was ashamed of the weakness that was upon him.

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, after a little pause; "you must have had a strange life, and a very unhappy one. You speak of friendship as men speak who are in earnest, because there is no other hope for them. I know something of that."

She ceased, and her clear eyes turned sadly away from him.

"I know you do," he answered softly.

She looked at him again, and she liked him better than ever before, and pitied him sincerely. She had discovered that with all his faults he was not a bad man, as men go, for she did not know of that one deed of his youth which to her would have seemed a monstrous crime of sacrilege, beyond all forgiveness on earth or in heaven.

Then she began to speak of other things, for her own words, and his, had gone too near her heart, and presently he left her, and strolled homeward through the sunny streets. He walked slowly and thoughtfully, unaware of the man in a blue jacket with silver buttons who followed him, and watched him with keen, unwinking eyes set under heavy brows.

But Stefanone was growing impatient, and his knife was every day a little sharper as he whetted it thoughtfully upon a bit of smooth oilstone which he carried in his pocket. Would the Englishman ever turn down into some quiet street or lane where no one would be looking? And Stefanone's square face grew thinner and his aquiline features more and more eagle-like, till the one-eyed cobbler noticed the change, and spoke of it.

"You are consuming yourself for some female," he said. "You have white hair. This is a shameful thing."

But Stefanone laughed, instead of resenting the speech — a curiously nervous laugh.

"What would you have?" he replied. "We are men, and the devil is everywhere."

As he sat on the door-step by the cobbler's bench, which was pushed far forward to get the afternoon light, he took up the short, sharp shoemaker's knife, looked at it, held it in his hands, and pared his coarse nails with it, whistling a little tune.

"That is a good knife," he observed carelessly.

The cobbler looked up, and saw what he was doing.

"Black soul!" he cried out angrily. "That is my welt-knife, like a razor, and he pares his hoofs with it!"

But Stefanone dropped it into the little box of tools on the front of the bench, and whistled softly.

"You seem to me a silly boy!" said the cobbler, still wrathful.

"Apoplexy, how you talk!" answered Stefanone. "But I seem so to myself, sometimes."

XLIV.

THE life of Paul Griggs was not less lonely than it had been before the day on which he had received and read Gloria's letters to Reanda, but it was changed. Everything which had belonged to the dead woman was gone from the room in which he sat and worked

as usual. Even the position of the furniture was changed. But he worked on as steadily as before.

Outwardly he was very much the same man as ever. Any one who knew him well — if such a person had existed — would have seen that there was a little difference in the expression of his impassive face. The jaw was, if possible, more firmly set than ever; but there was a line in the forehead which had not been there formerly, and which softened the iron front, as it were, with something more human. It had come suddenly, and had remained. That was all.

But within, the difference was great and deep. He felt that the man who sat all day long at the writing-table, doing his work, was not himself any longer, but another being, his double and shadow, and in all respects his slave, except in one.

That other man sometimes paused in his work, fingering the pen unconsciously, as men do who hold it all day long, and thinking of Gloria with an expression of horror and suffering in his eyes. But he, the real Paul Griggs, never thought of her. The link was broken; the thread that had carried the message of dead love between him and the lonely grave beyond Subiaco was definitely broken. Stefanone came to receive the small sum which Griggs paid him monthly for his care of the place, and Griggs paid him as he would have paid his tailor, mechanically, and made a note of the payment in his pocket-book. When the man was gone, Griggs felt that his double was staring at the wall as a man stares at the dark surface of the pool in which the thing he loves has sunk for the last time.

It was always the other self that felt at such moments. He could abstract himself from it, and feel that he was watching it; he could direct it, and make it do what he pleased: but he could neither control its thoughts nor feel any sympathy for them. Until the fatal day the world had all been black to him; only by closing his eyes could he bring into it the light that hovered about a dead woman's face.

But now the black was changed to a flat and toneless white, in which there was never the least variation. Life was to him a vast blank, in which, without interest or sensation, he moved in any direction he pleased, and he pleased that it should be always the same direction, from the remembrance of a previous intention and abiding principle. But it might as well have been any other, backward, or to right or left. It was all precisely the same, and it was perfectly inconceivable to him that he should ever care whether in the endless journey he ever came upon a spot or point in the blank waste which should prove to him that he had moved at all. Nothing could make any difference. He was beyond that state in which any difference was apprehensible between one thing and another.

His double had material wants, and was ruled by material circumstances. His double was a broken-hearted creature, toiling to make money for a little child to which it felt itself bound by every responsibility which can bind father to son; acknowledging the indebtedness in every act of its laborious life, denying itself every luxury, and almost every comfort, that there might be a little more for the child, now and in time to come; weary beyond earthly weariness, but untiring in the mechanical performance of its set task; fatally strong, and destined, perhaps, to live on through sixty or seventy years of the same unceasing toil; fatally weak in its one deep wound, and horribly sensitive within itself, but outwardly expressionless, strong, merely a little more pale and haggard than Paul Griggs had been.

This was the being whom Paul Griggs employed, as it were, to work for him, which he thoroughly understood and could control in every part except in its thoughts, and they were its own. But he himself existed in another sphere, in which there were neither interests nor responsibilities, nor landmarks, nor touches of human feeling, neither memories for the dead nor hopes for the living; in which everything was the same, because there was nothing but a sort of universal impersonal consciousness, no more attached to himself than to the beings he saw about him, or to that particular being which was his former self; in which he chose to reside merely because he required a bodily evidence of some sort in order to be alive — and there was no particular reason why he should not be alive. He therefore did not cease to live, but a straw might have turned the balance to the side of death.

It was certainly true that, so far as it could be said that there was any link between him and humanity, it lay in the existence of the little boy beyond the water. But it would have been precisely the same if little Walter Crowdie had died. He did not wish to see the child, for he had no wishes at all. Life being what it was, it would be very much better if the child were to die at once. Since it happened to be alive, he forced his double to work for it. It was no longer any particular child so far as he himself was concerned. It belonged to his double, which seemed to be attached to it in an unaccountable way, and did not complain at being driven to labor for it.

At certain moments, when he seemed to have got rid of his double altogether for a time, a question presented itself to his real self. The question was the great and old one —

What was it for? And to what was it tending? Then the people he saw in the streets appeared to him to be very small, like ants running hither and thither upon the ant-hill and about it, moved by something which they could not understand, but which made them do certain things with an appearance of logical sequence, just as he forced his double to work for little Walter Crowdie from morning till night. So the people ran about anxiously, or strolled lazily through the hours, careful or careless, as the case might be, but quite unaware that they were of no consequence and of no use, and that it was quite immaterial whether they were alive or dead. Most of them thought that they cared a good deal for life on the whole, and that it held a multitude of pleasant and interesting things to be liked and sought, and an equal number of unpleasant and dangerous things to be avoided; all of which things had no real existence whatever, as the impersonal consciousness of Paul Griggs was well aware. He watched the people curiously, as though they merely existed to perform tricks for his benefit. But they did not amuse him, for nothing could amuse him nor interest him when he had momentarily got rid of his double, as sometimes happened when he was out of doors.

One day, the month having passed again, Stefanone came for his money. It was very little, and the old peasant would willingly have undertaken that the work should be done for nothing; but he was interested in Paul Griggs, and he was growing very impatient because he could not get an opportunity of falling upon Lord Redin in a quiet place. He had formed a new plan of almost childlike simplicity. When Griggs had paid him the money, he lingered a moment and looked about the room.

"Signore, you have changed the furniture," he observed. "That chair was formerly here. This table used to be there. There are a thousand changes."

"Yes," said Griggs, taking up his pen to go on with his work. "You have good eyes," he added good-naturedly.

"Two," assented Stefanone; "each better than the other. For instance, I will tell you. When that chair was by the window, there was a little table beside it. On the table was the work-basket of your poor signora, whom may the Lord preserve in glory! Is it truth?"

"Yes," answered Griggs, with perfect indifference. "It is quite true."

The reference did not pain him, the man who was talking with Stefanone. It would perhaps hurt the other man when he thought of it later.

"Signore," said Stefanone, who evidently had something in his mind, "I was thinking in the night, and this thought came to me. The dead are dead. Requiescant! It is better for the living to live in holy peace. You never see the father of the signora. There is bad blood between you. This was my thought — let them be reconciled, and spend an evening together. They will speak of the dead one. They will shed tears. They will embrace. Let the enmity be finished. In this way they will enjoy life more."

"You are crazy, Stefanone," answered Griggs, impatiently. "But how do you know who is the father of the signora?"

"Every one knows it, Signore," replied the peasant, with well-feigned sincerity. "Every one knows that it is the great English lord who lives at the hotel in the Piazza di Spagna this year. Signore, I have said a word. You must not take it ill. Enmity is bad. Friendship is a good thing. And then it is simple. With macaroni one makes acquaintance again. There is the Falcone, but it would be better here. We will cook the macaroni in the kitchen; you will eat on this table. What are all these papers for? Study, study! A dish of good paste is better, with cheese. I will bring a certain wine — two flasks. Then you will be friends, for you will drink together. And if the English lord drinks too much, I will go home with him to the hotel in the Piazza di Spagna. But you will only have to go to bed. Once in a year, what is it to be a little gay with good wine? At least you will be good friends. Then things will end well."

Griggs looked at Stefanone curiously while the old peasant was speaking, for he knew the people well, and he suspected something, though he did not know what to think.

"Perhaps some day we may take your advice," he said coldly. "Good morning, Stefanone. I have much to write."

"I remove the inconvenience," answered Stefanone, in the stock Italian phrase for taking leave.

"No inconvenience," replied Griggs, civilly, as is the custom. "But I have to work."

"Study, study!" grumbled Stefanone, going toward the door. "What does it all conclude, this great study? Headache. For a flask of wine you have the same thing, and the pleasure besides. It is enough. Signore," he added, reluctantly turning the handle, "I go. Think of what I have said to you. Sometimes an old man says a wise word."

He went away very much discontented with the result of the conversation. His mind was a medley of cunning and simplicity backed by an absolutely unforgiving temper and great caution. His plan had seemed exceedingly good. Lord Redin and Griggs would have supped together, and the former would very naturally have gone home alone. Stefanone

was oddly surprised that Griggs should not have acceded to the proposition at once, though in reality there was not the slightest of small reasons for his doing so.

It was long since anything had happened to rouse Griggs into thinking about any individual human being as anything more than a bit of the world's furniture, to be worn out and thrown away in the course of time, out of sight. But something in the absolutely gratuitous nature of Stefanone's advice moved his suspicions. He saw, with his intimate knowledge of the Roman peasant's character, the whole process of the old wine-seller's mind, if only, in the first place, the fellow had the desire to harass Dalrymple. That being granted, the rest was plain enough. Dalrymple, if he really came to supper with Griggs, would stay late into the night, and finish all the wine there might be. On his way home through the deserted streets Stefanone could kill him at his leisure and convenience, and nobody would be the wiser. The only difficulty lay in establishing some sufficient reason why Stefanone should wish to kill him at all; and in this Griggs signally failed, which was not surprising.

All at once, as generally happened now, he lost all interest in the matter, and returned to his work — or, rather, to speak as he might have spoken, he set his mechanical self to work for him, while his own being disappeared in blank indifference and unconsciousness. But on the following day, which chanced to be a Sunday, he went out in the morning for a walk. He rarely worked on Sundays, having long ago convinced himself that a day of rest was necessary in the long run.

As he was coming home he saw Lord Redin walking far in front of him down the Corso, easily recognizable by his height and his loose, swinging gait. Griggs had not proceeded many steps farther when Stefanone passed him, walking at a swinging stride. The peasant had probably seen him, but chose to take no notice of him. Griggs allowed him to get a fair start, and then quickened his own pace, so as to keep him in view. Lord Redin swung along steadily, and turned up the Via Condotti. Stefanone almost ran till he too had turned the corner of the street. Griggs, without running, nearly overtook him as he took the same turn a moment later.

It was perfectly clear that Stefanone was dogging the Scotchman's steps. The latter crossed the Piazza di Spagna, and entered the deep archway of his hotel. The peasant slackened his speed at once, and lounged across the square toward the foot of the great stairway which leads up to the Trinità de' Monti. Griggs followed, and came up with him just as he sat down upon a step beside one of the big stone posts to take breath and light his pipe. The man looked up, touched his hat, smiled, and struck a sulphur match, which he applied to the tobacco in the red-clay bowl before the sulphur was half burned out, after the manner of his kind.

"You have taken a walk, Signore," he observed, puffing away at the willow stem and watching the match.

"You walk fast, Stefanone," answered Griggs. "You can walk as fast as Lord Redin."

Stefanone did not show the least surprise. He pressed down the burning tobacco with one horny finger, and carefully laid the last glowing bit of the burned-out wooden match upon it.

"For this we are people of the mountains," he answered slowly. "We can walk."

"Why do you wish to kill that signore?" inquired Griggs, calmly.

Stefanone looked up, and the pale lids of his keen eyes were contracted as he stared hard and long at the other's face.

"What are you saying?" he asked, with a short, harsh laugh. "What is passing through your head? What have I to do with the Englishman? Nothing. These are follies!"

And still he gazed keenly at Griggs, awaiting the latter's reply. Griggs answered him contemptuously in the dialect.

"You take me for a foreigner! You might know better."

"I do not know what you mean," answered Stefanone, doggedly. "It is Sunday. I am at leisure. I walk to take a little air. It is my affair. Besides, at this hour, who would follow a man to kill him? It is about to ring midday. There are a thousand people in the street. Those who kill wait at the corners of streets when it is night. You say that I take you for a foreigner. You have taken me for an assassin. At your pleasure. So much the worse for me. An assassin! Only this was wanting. It is better that I go back to Subiaco. At least they know me there. Here in Rome — not even dogs would stay here. Beautiful town, where one is called assassin for breakfast, without counting one or two!"

By this time Griggs was convinced that he was right. He knew the man well, and all his kind. The long speech of complaint, with its peculiar tone, half insolent, half of injured innocence, was to cover the fellow's embarrassment. Griggs answered him in his own strain.

"A man is not an assassin who kills his enemy for a good reason, Stefanone," he observed. "How do I know what he may have done to you?"

"To me? Nothing." The peasant shrugged his sturdy shoulders.

"Then I have made a mistake," said Griggs.

"You have made a mistake," assented Stefanone. "Let us not talk about it any more."

"Very well."

Griggs turned away and walked slowly toward the hotel, well aware that Stefanone was watching him and would think that he was going to warn Lord Redin of his danger. That, indeed, was Griggs's first impulse, and it was probably his wisest course, whatever might come of the meeting. But the Scotchman had made up his mind that he would not see Griggs under any circumstances, and though the latter had seen him enter the hotel less than ten minutes earlier, the servant returned almost immediately and said that Lord Redin was not at home. Griggs understood, and turned away thoughtfully.

Before he went down the Via Condotti again, he looked over his shoulder toward the steps, and he saw that Stefanone was gone. As he walked along the street, the whole incident began to fade away in his mind, as real matters so often did nowadays. All at once he stopped short, and roused himself by an effort — directing his double, as he would have said, perhaps. There was no denying the fact that a man's life was hanging in the balance of a chance, and to the man, if not to Griggs, that life was worth something. If it had been any other man in the world, even that fact would have left him indifferent enough. Why should he care who lived or died? But Dalrymple was a man he had injured, and he was under an obligation of honor to save him if he could.

There was only one person in Rome who could help him — Francesca Campodonico. She knew much of what had happened; she might perhaps understand the present case. At all events, even if she had not seen Lord Redin of late, she could not be supposed to have broken relations with him; she could send for him and warn him. The case was urgent, as Griggs knew. After what he had said to Stefanone, the latter, if he meant to kill his man, would not lose a day.

(Conclusion in October.)

F. Marion Crawford.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY CLAY.[1]

IT was said of Mr. Clay by one who, though a political enemy, was yet a lifelong friend, that "his private life was as complete and as perfect as his public life was glorious."

The number of those who knew him personally has been rapidly diminishing in recent years, but there are left in Kentucky enough to testify to the beauty of his intercourse with his friends, his family, and his neighbors, and to the never-failing love which he bore the "warm-hearted and whole-souled people" of his State, and which they returned with a feeling very nearly akin to adoration. From the day when, a youth of twenty-one, he addressed the people of Lexington from an old cart drawn up on the public square of Cheapside, to the day when from the steps of Ashland, after the defeat of 1844, he thanked the electors of Kentucky for their allegiance, and when, as an eye-witness relates, there was "not a man, nor a youth, nor a boy" in the assemblage "who did not shed tears"— from the day when he first came among them to the day when he went away not to return, he never lost his hold upon the affections of the people of his own State.

To tell of these things there is left the old man who in his youth presided as judge over many of the cases in which Mr. Clay appeared as counsel, and who, much as he admires Mr. Lincoln, still believes that, had Henry Clay been spared his country a little longer, there would have been no place for a Lincoln in our history.

There is left the boy whose father named him for Henry Clay,— when the father was one of the two Clay men in Botetourt County, Virginia,— and who remembers how, in order to hear Mr. Clay deliver his famous speech in the Polly Bullitt case, he spent the whole of one long summer day curled up on the window-sill of a court-room in Louisville, not even going home for his dinner, lest he should lose his point of vantage.

There is left the little girl — now no longer a little girl — the proudest recollection of whose life is of the kisses Mr. Clay used to give her, and for which, with commendable business exactness, he always paid her with a silver ten-cent piece deposited in her sunbonnet. She now confesses that when she saw the statesman approaching she learned to lay this bonnet upon the table of her father's shop, that it might be well in evidence, and the impressive ceremony of the dime and the salutation might not be omitted before the Whig leader, her father, and several other old cronies settled down for their regular afternoon discussion of

[1] See "A Few Words about Henry Clay" (with portrait) in THE CENTURY for July, 1885.

national affairs — for all Kentuckians are politicians. Henry Clay at that time, the "little girl" relates, walked the streets of Lexington with the same majestic air which his contemporaries love to describe in the lofty English of their day, and always carried with him a gold-headed cane — most likely a present from some distant admirer — and a cigar. And it was the stumps of these very cigars, smoked in the silversmith's shop on Main street, that the vagabond "King Solomon" of Kentucky, whose name is now happily preserved to fame, afterward enjoyed — he who proudly boasted that he had smoked more of the stumps of Henry Clay's cigars than any other man in the United States!

Four of Mr. Clay's six daughters died in childhood, one at the age of twenty, and the last when she was scarcely older, so that there was a pathetic suggestion in his tenderness toward all little girls. His devotion to an invalid grandchild is particularly remembered by the members of his family. He used to reserve for her the figs of a certain tree in the conservatory at Ashland, and would cut them every morning with his own hands, and take them to her with a rose from a favorite bush. "There was never a child who did not love him," says the mother of this little granddaughter.

That he did not always confine his attentions to little girls, but often availed himself of a privilege which was never disputed, is attested by the memories we meet with, from New England to New Orleans, of kisses still fresh in the minds of old ladies who were young girls in the days of those national campaigns when Mr. Clay went abroad through the land, convincing the voters by his arguments, and winning, without argument, the solid strength of feminine influence.

He has himself many times borne witness to his love for Kentucky, and for his own home, with its winding walks, where ash-trees and evergreens meet overhead and periwinkle banks the edges, where dogwood and redbud flower, and in the dusk of spring days the mocking-bird answers the plaintive note of the whippoorwill. Here the statesman loved to walk, and think out in peace the problems that were vexing him.

The longing for his home and his family grew with advancing years and failing health. A friend who traveled out with him from Washington in 1850, the last time he made that trip, tells of his reluctance to be thrown in with strangers, and of the constant expression of his desire to be at home. The party went by stage from Washington to Wheeling, and care had to be taken at every step to keep back the crowds. From Wheeling they went down the Ohio by boat to Maysville, and there took stage again for Lexington, a drive of sixty-four miles. The trip was not an easy one, though, thanks to "internal improvements," not so hard as it had been when Mr. Clay first made his way from Ashland to the nation's capital in 1806.

The old limestone road from Maysville to Lexington, over which Mr. Clay drove, was begun in 1829, and was the first macadamized turnpike in Kentucky. Its constructors conceived a great highway running from Ohio to New Orleans, binding the North to the South. A rusty iron mile-post a little way out from Lexington, on which can still be read the legend, "Zanesville [Ohio], Maysville, Lexington, Nashville [Tennessee], Florence [Alabama]," takes one back to the days when one really traveled, stopping at taverns to change horses, and dallying along the way in delightful fashion. The road was completed only from Lexington to the Ohio, and a bill granting it the aid of the Federal Government was vetoed by President Jackson. Yet the old general was in the habit of driving with his coach and four gray thoroughbreds through Kentucky, on his way from the Hermitage to Washington, and must sometimes have enjoyed this road, for it is on record that he did not avoid Lexington on his route. It was at a toll-gate on this road, perhaps, that a certain historic reply was made to one of General Jackson's mounted escort who had ridden on ahead to announce the presidential coach, and to inquire what the toll would be. "The same as for any other citizen of the United States," answered the old woman who kept the toll-gate, and who was most likely a Clay Whig beneath her outward show of Jacksonian Democracy.

For Mr. Clay, on his homeward journey in 1850, even after he was in sight of Lexington, there was an unlooked-for delay. On the outskirts of the town, at the end of what is now Limestone street, eager hands were laid upon the vehicle that bore him, the horses were unharnessed, and in the midst of a shouting throng of people the coach was drawn by the hands of men with bared heads to the Phœnix Hotel — formerly Postlethwaite's Tavern — in the center of the town. The crowd demanded a speech, and the traveler was forced to come out upon the balcony and comply with their request. The address was a short one, however, and after expressing to the people who filled the streets below him his appreciation and affection, he ended, "And now I must ask you to excuse me, for, strange as it may seem, there is an old lady at Ashland whom I had rather see than all of you."

A few days later there was a public gather-

ing in Mr. Clay's honor at the fair grounds, and it was understood that he would address his constituents. In spite of a sudden and heavy fall of rain, the people stood waiting on the grounds "as thick as the pegs on a shoemaker's board." When the orator appeared a great cheer went up. He began his address, Governor Metcalfe of Kentucky holding an umbrella over him. The old governor—known as "Stone-hammer Metcalfe," because as a mason in his youth he had built the foundations of the executive mansion at Frankfort, which he afterward occupied—stood with head uncovered, his long white hair floating in the wind. After speaking for about fifteen minutes Mr. Clay said, "Fellow-citizens, I cannot tax your patience further"; but there were cries of "Go on! Go on!" from the audience, and after a few moments of hesitation he resumed: "I thank you. My friends, if you can stand it," —for the rain was still coming down,— "God knows that I can." He spoke in all for about an hour, but long before he had ended, the summer storm had passed, and the barbecue went on without further interruption. This scene is described by one who stood in the rain and listened on that day—a college student of seventeen, who had driven thirty-five miles the night before to see and hear once more the great American.

Of the relations that existed between Mr. Clay and those with whom he mingled in daily life there is one living who loves to tell—Mrs. James Clay, the wife of one of his sons. "I never knew a man," she says, "more loved—adored in his own family than Henry Clay, and no one was ever more deserving of such love. In nearly ten years which I spent in Mr. Clay's family I never heard him speak an unkind nor even a hasty word to any member of his household." His unfailing courtesy toward all who approached him, the peculiar adaptability of his manners, was characteristic. A member of the religious community settled at Shakertown on the Kentucky River, in recalling a few years ago a visit of Mr. Clay's to their town, the interest he displayed, and his kindliness, concluded, "He was just as common as any of us." His sympathies were as wide as human nature, and his manner was but the easy and natural expression of this sympathy. He recognized a certain dignity in every human soul which exacted his respect and consideration. Having seen the littleness that may dwell in the great, he was all the more keenly alive to the greatness that is so often inherent in the little people of the world.

There is no doubt that on occasion Mr. Clay could be severe. At a dinner given at Ashland to Captain Marryat, the foreign abuse of the custom of feeing servants was spoken of, and Mr. Clay related as an instance in point an experience he had had in London. Unfamiliar with the usage in such matters, after an interview with Lord Castlereagh he had failed to pay to his lordship's chief lackey the usual perquisite. Some days later the servant waited upon him at his hotel, and called his attention to the oversight. Mr. Clay repaired the omission, but was too much impressed to fail to seek afterward some explanation. Captain Marryat denied warmly and somewhat brusquely that such a custom existed in England. To pass off the unpleasantness, Mr. Clay proposed a toast, asking the guest of honor to drink with him. "No," answered Captain Marryat, shortly; "I have drunk enough." "Then," said Mr. Clay, looking toward a friend, a young man who sat at the end of the table, "will you drink with me to this toast, Dick? It seems that you have not yet drunk too much."

Mr. Clay's exactness in business affairs was a notable trait, and there is an incident that illustrates the delicacy which made him avoid in his private relations even the appearance of an interested motive. A friend—Colonel Morrison of Lexington—for whom he had named his youngest son, desired, when making his will, to leave this namesake a sum of money. Mr. Clay, who was writing the will, would not consent to this, and persuaded Colonel Morrison to make the bequest instead to the Transylvania University. This institution was the first college west of the Alleghanies, and among the original contributors to its founding were:

George Washington, President of the United States	$100.00
John Adams, Vice-President .	100.00
Aaron Burr	50.00

Colonel Morrison's legacy was expended on the present Morrison chapel and on the campus which surrounds the university buildings.

Of Mr. Clay's grace and dignity of manner there is but one report; of his appearance the reports are various. A friend who says that he was not an ugly man adds, "No portrait ever did him justice." Healy had great difficulty in getting the color of his eyes, and failed absolutely to get the expression or fire. The artist Oliver Frazer, to whom he sat many times, and who records that he was "the worst sitter in the world," waxed enthusiastic over his model. Though not much given to politics, he made it a point always to be present when Mr. Clay spoke, to hear the ring of his voice, and to watch the changes of his expression.

The engraving accompanying this sketch is made from a portrait of Mr. Clay by Matthew Jouett, father of the admiral. Jouett painted one other portrait, and the histories of the two have a touch of local color. The first was

painted for a hemp manufacturer who had come in from the country to hear Mr. Clay speak at the old court-house in Lexington. The man and his views — the subject of the speech was possibly a protective tariff — so pleased him that before leaving the court-room he engaged Jouett to make for him a portrait of the statesman. Somewhat later the manufacturer came into collision with his former idol in a lawsuit, and thereupon sold the painting for a race-horse.

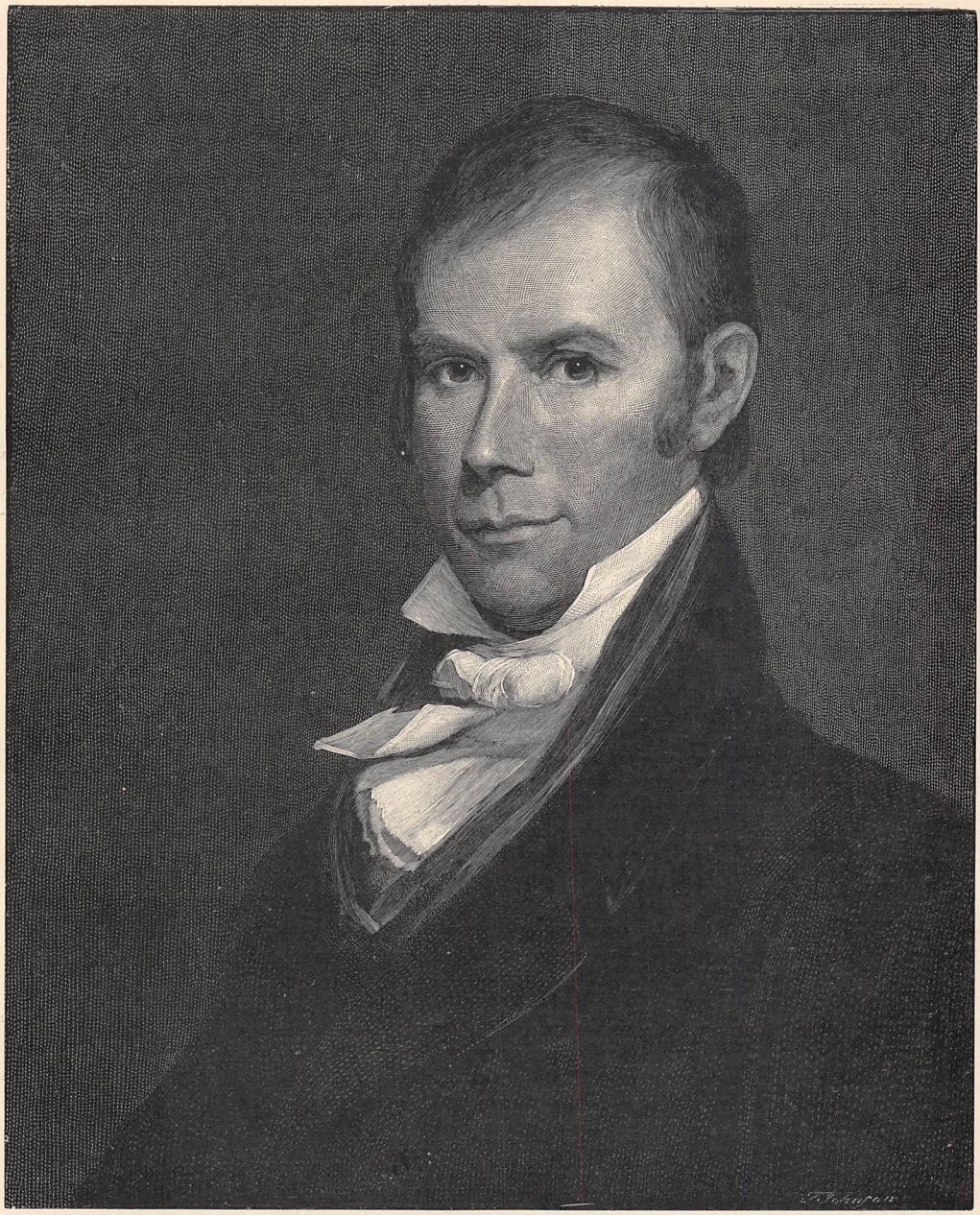
The second Jouett portrait, the one here reproduced, hung for many years in the home, near Lexington, of another of Mr. Clay's admirers. But in Kentucky, where the possession of the blue-grass land is a fruitful source of litigation, and of bitter and enduring enmities as well, even political sympathies were not always able to prevail against the strain. The inevitable lawsuit occurred, and the portrait was banished to the garret. Afterward it was given to a friend who, on inquiring about it, was told that it should never again darken the walls where it had hung. This gentleman, before the humor of the owner should be changed, put the picture into his buggy, and drove with it to his home in a neighboring county.

This portrait is one of the few which represent Mr. Clay in earlier life. The face which we see in it is not the familiar face of the man of matured powers, of ripened judgment, and of wise beneficence, the framer of compromises, the great pacificator. It is Henry Clay the war-maker, "young Harry of the West," not yet grown old; the leader of the young Americans in the House of Representatives; the man who, with all the ardent patriotism of a child of the decade which heard the Declaration of Independence, defied the peace party, and drove the administration into the war of 1812; the man to whom President Madison seriously contemplated offering the command of the armies of the United States in that war. It is the Henry Clay in whom was added to the patriotism which he had brought from Virginia, and the enthusiasm which was his birthright, not a little of the reckless daring of the backwoodsman of Kentucky.

This impetuosity, this emotional quality, in Mr. Clay was one great cause of his success as a leader, and of the devotion of his followers. His political sympathizers not only admired, but loved him. The distress of the Whigs in Kentucky, in the South, and in fact all over the Union, after his defeat in 1844 was of those who grieved as for a personal bereavement. In Kentucky the disappointment was felt by all ages and classes. Colonel Throgmorton of Louisville, having heard a man shouting "Hurrah for Polk!" as he went through the corridors of the hotel, knocked him down, and thereupon ended the argument. At a girls' school in the same place the pupils groaned in chorus every time the report of a cannon fired in celebration of the Democratic victory was heard, and the schoolmaster, when he learned the cause of the manifestation, silently allowed it to proceed.

A bride of the night of November 7, 1844, at whose wedding the President-elect, as they believed, was present, tells of the consternation when the returns from the polls came in. She and her husband, on their way to Washington for their wedding journey, waited in Louisville for definite information, and, when it came, abandoned their Eastern tour, and took boat for New Orleans instead. Their boat carried the news down the Mississippi, and at every landing the shore was black with people. As they proceeded, they left distress and blank dismay behind them, and at New Orleans the expression of grief was appalling. The husband of the lady who describes this trip fell ill on the way, and at New Orleans a physician was summoned to attend him. He inquired of his patient if he had recently suffered any great shock. The patient having mentioned Mr. Clay's defeat, the physician, who was also a Clay man, embraced him, and they wept together. Mrs. James Clay, who was living at Ashland in 1844, and was with Mr. Clay when the election returns came in, tells of the calmness with which he received the news. In his family, she says, there was disappointment, but no words either of anger or complaint.

There are many traditions of Mr. Clay's eloquence: one of a speech, no copy of which is preserved, delivered, against the advice of his friends, in the court-house square in Lexington, from a platform of dry-goods boxes. His purpose was to reply to some calumnies industriously circulated against him — some imputations of party infidelity. "Fellow-citizens," he began, "I am now an old man — *quite* an old man. Yet it will be found I am not too old to vindicate my principles, to stand by my friends, or to defend myself." He ended amid the dead silence of the audience, many of whom had listened with tears in their eyes; for the speech was not only a defiance to his enemies, but an appeal to those who in forty years had never wavered in their loyalty. It was expected by those present that a reply would be made by Tom Marshall, a favorite with Kentuckians, and far-famed for his wit and repartee. Marshall had formerly been a Whig, but had "gone off with Tyler." A few moments after Mr. Clay's speech was ended there were loud cries for Marshall from the Democrats, but Marshall was not forthcoming, and to Mr. Wycliffe, the editor of the Whig organ of Lexington, who asked him a few days later why he had not



PAINTED BY MATTHEW HARRIS JOUETT. OWNED BY H. C. McDOWELL. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

HENRY CLAY AT THE AGE OF FORTY-THREE.

H. Clay

taken up the gauntlet as was expected, he only replied, "Mike Wycliffe, did you think I was fool enough to answer that speech?" And again, when he was jokingly taunted with cowardice, "No; I was n't afraid," he said, having, perhaps, gained confidence in the mean time; "I could have answered that speech; but, my God! the rebound!"

Those who try to tell of the wonderful power of Henry Clay's oratory, of his expression, of his gestures, of the tones of his voice, and of the effect produced upon his listeners and the feelings inspired in themselves, break down in the attempt. The glory of an orator perishes with the generation which heard his voice. It cannot be preserved nor described. It must be taken on faith by those who come after. In talking to an old man who in his youth had many times sat under the spell of that voice, whose sightless eyes had once followed lovingly the rapid and impassioned movements of the "Western Patriot," and trying to elicit from him some expression which might convey the vividness of the emotions experienced, I first realized the hopelessness of the task undertaken. He tried to convey to me, in phrases which he felt were impotent, an impression of the magic of Mr. Clay's power, and finally broke off: "You cannot do justice to him, child. No one can. It is impossible."

Madeleine McDowell.

SONNETS FOR THE TIMES.

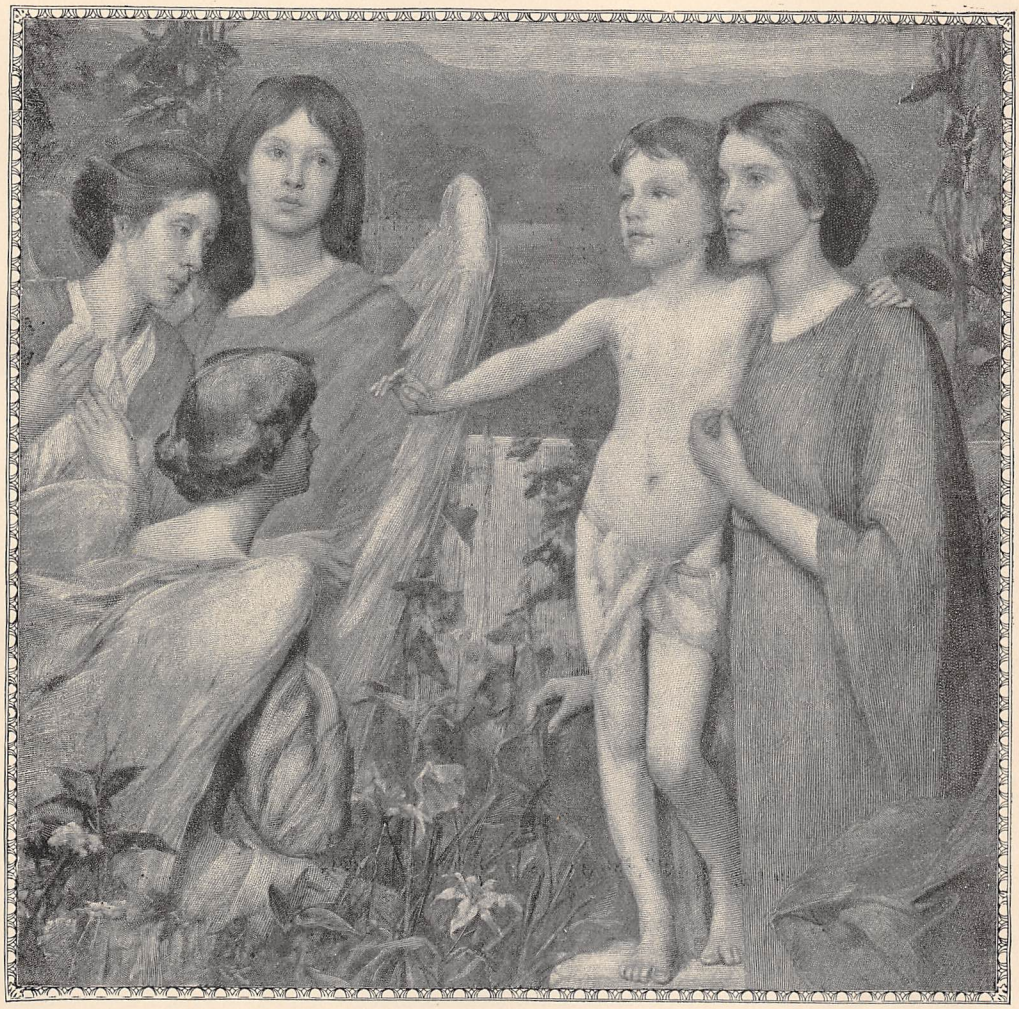
I.

TOO cheap we rate the boon of sire to son,
Our birthright-freedom. Covetous of gold,
To sit in high state councils we have sold,
To frame our laws; and plutocrats have won
By dint of crafty coin to loll upon
Our judgment benches. Countrymen, behold!
This is the land men died to rear of old;
We are their heirs who fought at Marathon.
Lo, now, the freedom ye so light esteem
With patriot blood, and blight of prison-bars,
And rack and wheel and scourge, six thousand years
Have bought. This is that Liberty, the dream
Of captives and the prophecy of seers,
Won from her home among the wizard stars.

II.

Upon the stubborn path the nations tread,
With weary feet ascending the steep slope
Above whose summit gleams Man's deathless hope,
We long were foremost — the ascent we led.
And must we lose that garland from our head?
With our own power powerless to cope,
Shall we at heels of states we chided mope,
Lacking the ardent air on which we fed?
A few there yet must be whose cheeks would flame
To see thee laggard, clanking chains of gold
'Mid little realms, Columbia — that great name,
Hailed oft with mighty shouting in the van —
Reckoned with dotard empires, phantoms old,
The lost lights, the delusive hopes of Man.

William Prescott Foster.



A MORNING VISION

BY

H. O. WALKER

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

OWNED BY W. T. EVANS.

DAVID TENIERS, THE YOUNGER (1610–1690).

FLEMISH OLD MASTERS.

TENIERS the younger was the greatest of the Flemish genre-painters, and stands, after Rubens and Van Dyck, the third great master of the Netherlands. Success attended him from the beginning, and continued with him throughout his long career, which lasted fourscore years. He was born at Antwerp in 1610, and as early as 1632, when only twenty-two years old, was admitted to the Gild of Antwerp. His father, David Teniers the elder, a painter of repute, was his instructor, and he enjoyed the society of Rubens, as well as the friendship of other distinguished artists. In 1637, when twenty-seven years old, he married a daughter of Jan, or "Velvet," Brueghel, at which ceremony Rubens was one of the witnesses, and he soon came into the favor and patronage of the nobility. He became Dean of the Gild of St. Luke when thirty-five years old, and later was instrumental in the erection of the academy of fine arts, in connection with the gild. Upon the registers of the gild his name is written without the final *s*. His wife dying, he married in 1656 a daughter of the secretary of state for Brabant. By means of his talents and pleasing personal qualities he attained a higher position in society than had before, or has since, been occupied by any genre-painter of the school. The stadtholder of the Spanish Netherlands — Archduke Leopold William — appointed Teniers court-painter, and also groom of the chambers, including the charge of the picture-gallery, and he was confirmed in both these offices by the successor of the archduke, Don Juan of Austria. Philip IV. of Spain, Christina of Sweden, and the Elector of the Palatinate overwhelmed him with commissions. Teniers became prosperous and popular, and lived in grand style at his château of "Three Towers" at Perck, between Vilvorde and Mechlin, entertaining noblemen, literary and scientific personages, and art patrons, who made a point of visiting the painter.

His extraordinary technical facility of hand, and his untiring industry, enabled Teniers to execute a prodigious number of works. He declared it would need a gallery two leagues in length to contain all his pictures. It is said that he began and finished many of his canvases at a single sitting. His versatility, and his power of imitating the manner of the most various masters, as well as the great range of his subjects, caused him to be styled "the Proteus of painting," for although the animated delineation of the peasant world, under the most varying forms, is his favorite sphere, he frequently gives us scenes from the realms of fancy. The guard-house, with its old armor, drums, and flags, he often painted; and also cattle-pieces and landscapes, wherein his delicate feeling for nature is evident. His sacred pictures are disappointing, being lacking in elevation of feeling. For the Archduke Leopold William, Teniers painted a great number of small copies of pictures in that prince's gallery, which were engraved in Teniers's "Theatrum Pictorium," a work that became widely celebrated. The best works of Teniers belong to his middle or "silver period" — a period beginning about 1645, when he had reached the age of thirty-five, and continuing for about fifteen years. Later his works again assume that golden and often brownish tone which characterizes the pictures of his early period. Bürger says, "Teniers is like one of the fishes he painted so well: excellent between the head and tail."

The works of Teniers are widely scattered throughout Europe. The gallery of Madrid alone has 53, St. Petersburg 40, the Louvre 36, Dresden 30, Vienna 18, the National Gallery of London 16. The little town of Cassel has 10, and I counted 9 in the Antwerp Gallery, from which I selected the engraved example. The original is but little larger than the engraving, measuring 6¼ x 8½ inches. Its title is "L'Après-dîner" (Afternoon). It is an example of his best period. The "silver" manner of Teniers is a greater approach to the cool gray air of nature, and with this improvement in his style there came also a more precise and careful treatment, though there was no diminution of that light and sparkling touch wherein the separate strokes of the brush are left unbroken — a power in which he stands unequaled by any other genre-painter.

T. Cole.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE. IN THE ANTWERP MUSEUM.

"AFTERNOON," BY DAVID TENIERS, THE YOUNGER.

[*BEGUN IN THE MAY NUMBER.*]

THE PRINCESS SONIA.

BY JULIA MAGRUDER,

Author of "Across the Chasm," "The Child Amy," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

XVI.

HAROLD'S condition of mind and feeling on that morning of the first of May was so complicated and perplexed that he felt for the first time in his life utterly unable to see his way. He was accustomed to having things, no matter how difficult, look definite to him. He had not hesitated in deciding on his sudden marriage with Sophia Rutledge, nor had he felt the least hesitation as to his course a month later, when she demanded a divorce from him. His way had been clear and open before him, and he had taken it unflinchingly. He felt the same ability to do and the same courage to endure now, if he could only see his way. He knew himself too well to suppose that, after having been married to this woman, he could ever love another, and he had quite decided to accept his life and to put the thought of happiness out of it. In making this decision he had had the strongest possible conviction of the truth of his wife's declaration that she did not love him, and it was this which had made submission to her decision the only possible course for him. She was such a strong and resolute woman that he had imagined her, after the stern ordeal of the first few months of separation, going resolutely on, with her life adjusted to its new conditions; and although he was certain that her marriage, separation, and the coming divorce would make too deep marks in her womanly consciousness for her ever to think of marrying again, he quite believed that she was the calm and self-poised woman for which he knew nature had intended her.

It was therefore a great surprise to him, on meeting her again, to see such marked indications of indecision, nervousness, and lack of control. He felt that she often said and did what she had meant not to say and do, and he was aware that she was a prey to variableness, fluctuation, and caprice. What did it mean? This was the question which he set himself to consider with all the concentration of his mind. He did not know — what was the truth — that these new qualities in her existed only with regard to himself, and that to her aunt, her acquaintances, her servants, and all who came in contact with her, she was more than ever decided, self-collected, and even self-willed. If he could have known that, it would have let in light upon a subject and situation which seemed to him impenetrably dark. Every time that he had seen her she had left upon his mind a different impression. Sometimes he wondered if she could be ill, to account for such a change; and sometimes he told himself that it was an unpardonable demand upon her nervous endurance for him to come into her presence. Still, when he reflected, he had never thrust himself upon her, and on the only occasion when their meeting had not been accidental, it had been her deliberate doing. What must he conclude from this?

It would be conceit only which could make him think, after that, that she either feared or disliked to meet him. He certainly had no right to suppose that she sought or wished it. He must, therefore, conclude that she was quite indifferent to him, and wished him to accept that view of the case.

He tried hard to do this, but there was something in her manner and in his own consciousness which positively prevented his holding to this idea. It was not that she appeared to him to be unhappy, but she did seem disturbed, restless, and fitful. After his interview with her in the atelier, he felt that she had so definitely conveyed to him her wishes in the case that now he had only to follow them and to keep out of her way, so far as it rested with him to do so.

On this course he fully resolved; but her beauty, her voice, her movements, haunted him by day and night. He knew that he was as absolutely under her spell as he had ever been. He knew that a point might come when his self-control would be powerfully threatened, and then there would be nothing for it but to flee. He was not afraid of the consequences to himself which might lie in this betrayal of his

past. He was thinking of her, and of the increased trouble which it would bring into her life if she should come to realize how he still loved her. This was a quite unnecessary trial for her, and one which he was resolved she should not have.

He had not known of any plan of Martha's for having her friend spend the night of his absence with her, so it took him completely by surprise when he returned at an earlier hour than he had expected, and, inquiring of the man servant if all was well, was told that the Princess Mannernorff had dined and spent the night with his sister. He ascertained what room she was occupying, and when the servant, who carried his bag, went into his own room ahead of him, he reproved the man rather severely for opening the window with such a noise. Then immediately he sent the servant away.

He had seen, from below, the beginning of the little procession going into the Madeleine; and as he stood half unconsciously watching it, possessed by the thought that the woman who had once been his adored and adoring wife was asleep in the next room to him, he heard the window of that room open, and he knew that she was awake, and standing very near. He heard her draw the curtains back by the cords and rings above. He even heard the little effort in her breathing caused by the strong pull. Each of them, he knew, was looking at the same sight — the beautiful, moving panorama, seen through the flecks of sun-washed, young green leaves; but while she was thinking of those trustful and unconscious children, his thoughts were wholly of her. His heart was filled with longings so intense and masterful as to crowd out everything else. Then, in a flash, his humor changed; for there came to him her stifled sobs, and her calls on God to pity them — those sweet, unknowing little ones, born to be suffering women! With his old swift comprehension of her, he knew why this sight had touched her so, and he realized what he had only dimly felt before, that she was a miserable woman, wearily walking a *via dolorosa*.

He did not ask to know what it might be. He longed only to help and comfort her. He could not speak, but at least he could let her know that he was near; and then it was that he had made the sound which Sonia had heard.

That sound was followed by silence. Was she perhaps indignant, he asked himself, that he should dare to make this demand upon her attention? She would have a right to be; for he could make no pretense that he had not deliberately intended to do this. Yet she was alone there, sad and troubled, and he was close at hand, with a heart that ached to comfort her. He could not have rested, feeling that she was unaware of his knowledge of her presence, and no matter what consequences to himself the act might carry, he deliberately said to her in that sound: "I am here, and I know that you are there."

If she had made a sign in answer, he would have thanked God on his knees; but she had withdrawn from the window in silence, and he felt only that she was gone.

An hour later, when the servant brought his coffee and the morning papers, he brought also the information that the princess had gone off alone some time before in a cab.

Harold felt, at hearing this, a perfect fury of anger and indignation. With the possibility of a riot in view, and the knowledge that ladies had been warned not to venture unprotected on the streets, it made his blood boil to think that she — the delicate woman, in spirit and body, that he knew so well — should have gone forth alone from under the very roof with him; and that even if he had known of it, he would have had no right to interfere. The legal right, of course, he had; but that fact only made it the more impossible for him to assert upon her any claim. Not all the laws that were ever made could have bound or loosed him so indomitably as did her wish and will. The fact that it was still within his power to assert a legal claim upon her constituted in itself the strongest possible demand upon a man of his nature to leave her as free as air from any bondage or emancipation which could exist by any right but that of love. If she had loved him, he would have asserted his power and right to control and influence her. As she did not love him, there was no creature living who was so free from him as she — this woman whom once he had held in as binding fetters as ever love had forged.

XVII.

On reaching home, Sonia went immediately to her room, and sent word to her aunt that she was feeling ill, and desired not to be disturbed. Her maid brought her a message of condolence in reply, and she knew that she was now safe in her solitude for the remainder of the day.

She undressed quickly, threw on a loose dressing-gown, unfastened the thick coil of her hair, and then, telling her maid not to come to the room until she should ring, she threw herself at full length on the lounge, and lay there with her eyes closed, profoundly still. She had caused the blinds to be shut and the curtains drawn. The beautiful spring sunshine flooded everything without, but about her all was gloom and darkness. She could hear the whir of innumerable wheels and the click of horses' feet on the smooth pavement outside, and she knew that the streets were alive and abloom with



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"SHE PUT ON A LONG CLOAK."

men and women in holiday dress in open carriages, driving between the long lines of flowering horse-chestnuts down the beautiful Champs Élysées to the Palais de l'Industrie.

She had a charming costume for this occasion, and had fancied that she would have pleasure in joining a party of friends, and perhaps lingering about the neighborhood of her own picture to hear any comments that might be made upon it. She had not allowed herself to hope that it would be on the line: but there it was at this moment, as she knew; yet now she had no heart for the occasion; the pretty gown and bonnet and parasol, all so painstakingly selected, were neatly put away, and she was lying nerveless in this lonely room. She had given up the long, long struggle for self-control and strength, and abandoned herself absolutely to the dark, unbroken grief which she felt to be her only natural and honest life. She did not even long for happiness: she longed only for the peace of death, the nothingness of the grave. That instinct of weak self-pity, to which the strongest of us yield now and then, overcame the lethargy of her mood, and the springs of tears were touched. Large drops forced their way between her close-shut lids.

"What have I done, what have I done, to have to suffer so?" she whispered. "To have to give up all, all joy, and take only pain and misery and regret for all my life! It was only a mistake. It was no sin or crime that I committed when I sent him away, and said that I did not love him. It was only an awful, fatal, terrible mistake. I have feared so for a long, long time; but oh, I know it now! I want him back — I want him back! I want his love, and his patience, and his care. I want him for my friend, and my protector, and my husband. And though I want him so, I am further away from him than if I had never seen him. When this hideous divorce is got, and our beautiful marriage has been finally undone, any other woman in the world may hope to win his love. I shall be the one free woman on earth to whom that hope would be shame and outrage and humiliation. O my God, help me, help me!"

She buried her face in the lounge, the great sobs shaking her body. Gradually these subsided; but long after they had ceased she lay there with her face concealed, alone in the silence and darkness.

At the same moment, only a little distance off, the sunlight was pouring down in floods upon the palms, the stuffs, the flowers, the pictures, the statues, and the crowd of fashionable men and women who thronged the great exhibition of the spring Salon.

Voices of men and women rose melodiously, whether in praise or blame. Lorgnettes were raised, hands clasped in delight, and shoulders shrugged in disapproval. Fans were waved in delicate, gloved hands, every movement of which stirred the air in waves of sweet perfume from flowers, or delicate odors wafted from women's gowns. Smartly dressed men and women stood about in groups, and now and then a hum arose as some great man, decorated with orders, and smiling with confident good humor, passed along, bowing to left and right, and receiving compliments — too familiar to be anything but gently stimulating — on the beauty of his latest pictures.

There were groups, larger or smaller, before many of the canvases, and in one of these groups, standing a little apart from the rest, were Harold and Martha Keene.

The picture before which they had paused was a rather small canvas on which was painted a woman leaning with her elbows on a table, and her chin resting in her hands, which met at the wrists, and then closed upon the cheeks at each side. The little table before her was perfectly bare. There was a striking absence of detail. The one thing which was accentuated by careful and distinct painting was a plain gold ring on the third finger of the left hand. The loose drapery which wrapped the shoulders, leaving bare the throat and arms, was simply blocked in with creamy white paint and heavy shadows. The hair was gathered in a thick coil at the top of the head. There was beauty in its coloring, and merit also in the flesh-tints of the face and throat; but the power of the picture was in the eyes, which looked directly at one. The brows above them were smooth, definite, and uncontracted. The lines of the face were youthful and round. The lips were firm and self-controlled. All the expression was left to the eyes, which, large, honest, courageous, and truthful, met those of the gazer, and gave their message — the message of despair.

"It is called in the catalogue simply 'A Study,'" said a man standing close to Harold Keene; "and certainly there is no need to name it. The artist's name is given as 'G. Larrien.' Does any one happen to know him?"

No one did, and the group of people soon passed on; but Harold stayed and looked. Martha, who stood at his elbow, was palpitating with excitement. She knew the picture and the artist, but she was determined not to betray, even by a look, the secret which she had promised her friend to keep. She saw that Harold studied the picture with intent interest, and she schooled her face to express nothing in case he should look at her. She was watching him closely, and she thought that his color changed a little, but he gave no other sign of feeling. He did not look toward her. Indeed, there was neither question nor curios-

ity in his eyes, but a look of conviction and, she thought, a look of pain.

A man and woman had paused beside them now, and stood gazing at the picture.

"It 's quite a remarkable thing," said the man; "and it appears to be by a new exhibitor. I do not know the name. It certainly tells its story."

"Yes," said his companion; "I believe that it is only through marriage that despair comes to a woman. If one painted that look in a man's eyes, one would have to invent some better explanation of it than a wedding-ring."

Harold glanced toward the speakers, and then began to move away without looking again at the picture. Martha waited to hear what he would say; but as to this particular picture he said nothing.

Why was it that she felt a sudden certainty that he knew who had painted it? It seemed absurd to suppose that he did, and yet she had a conviction about it impossible to shake off.

The picture, as Martha knew, had been the hasty work of a few days, and had been painted at home. When Sonia had brought it to show to Étienne, he had been so surprised and delighted by it that he had insisted upon substituting it for the careful and painstaking piece of work which she had done in the atelier on purpose for the exhibition. It was evident that he recognized some rare quality in this picture, and that others had now recognized it also. Martha, looking back, saw that another group had formed in front of it, and that animated comment was in progress.

It came over Martha now — a thing she had not thought of before — that in spite of the different contour and coloring of the whole face, there was a certain vague resemblance to Sonia in it. It was not the eyes themselves, for they were blue in the picture; but there was something in the shape and setting of them which suggested Sonia. She wondered if the lovely princess could have been aware of this herself, for she had shown a strong reluctance to exhibit this picture, and had required of Étienne and herself a very strict promise of secrecy about it, saying that it had been seen by them only. Martha, who knew that her friend was unhappy, and that her sorrow had come to her through her marriage, felt in her heart that Sonia had painted this picture from the look of her own eyes in a mirror when off her usual guard. She wondered if by chance Harold had had the same idea.

XVIII.

THE next morning Martha drove to the apartment in the Rue Presbourg, and found her friend in bed, suffering from a headache which had been so severe that she had had a doctor. She had passed a sleepless night, and it distressed Martha much to see how really ill her beautiful princess looked. There were dark rings around the lovely eyes, and the sweet mouth, which the girl so loved, had a pathetic droop which showed that tears were not far off.

Martha tried to cheer her up by telling her how much her picture had been noticed, and repeating some of the comments which she had overheard.

It was strange how little all this was to Sonia. Her pulses did not quicken by one beat until suddenly Martha said that Harold had been fascinated by it, had lingered before it, and gone back to it, and that somehow she could not help thinking that he suspected that she had painted it.

"How could he? It is impossible!" Sonia cried, a faint flush rising to her face.

"Yes; I suppose it must be," Martha conceded; "and yet there was something special about the picture to him; and after he had seen it, he certainly took no further interest in looking yours up, which, in the beginning, he had told me he was going to do."

"Martha, you must never let him know it! I trust you for that. I shall never own the picture as long as I live, and I have the solemn pledge of both you and Étienne not to betray me. You know it was against my will that I consented to exhibit it, and I could not endure to have it known that a melodramatic thing like that (for that is what it will be called) had been painted and exhibited by me. Did your brother laugh at it? Tell me the truth. If he laughed at it, I wish to know it."

She had raised herself in the bed, and sat upright, looking at Martha with commanding eyes.

"Laugh at it, Sonia? Could any one laugh at that picture — least of all Harold? It is one of the most serious things I ever looked at. No; he did not laugh. Indeed, I think it took from him all power of being amused for the rest of the day. I say this only to prove that the impression which your picture made was a serious one. He said nothing about it, but I know that he was impressed by it."

The princess fell back on her pillows, with a face so flushed and eyes so brilliant that Martha feared that she must be in a fever, and blamed herself for having talked to her on a subject so exciting as the Salon. In a few moments she rose to go. Her friend, although she declared that the visit had done her no harm, did not try to keep her, for a sudden and excited fancy had seized her.

No sooner was Martha gone than Sonia rose quickly, rang for her maid, and began to dress, regardless of the fact that her head felt light

and her limbs were trembling. She put on a long cloak and a large black hat, and, ordering her carriage, had herself driven to the Palais de l'Industrie.

A feverish desire to see the picture again had laid hold upon her. She wished to look at it after knowing that Harold had done so, and to judge how much she had betrayed of what her own heart had felt and her own eyes had expressed when she had painted that picture before her mirror, trusting in the complete disguise of the decided changes in features and coloring which she had made. She had painted the expression as faithfully as she could, knowing that no one who had never seen her completely off guard would recognize it. She felt now that if she should discover that there was a trace of possible identification in either features or expression, she could not endure it. Harold would think, and would have a right to think, that she had made capital out of her most sacred shame and sorrow; and he was the sort of man to whom that idea would be monstrous. She knew that she never could have painted it if she had had the least idea of exhibiting it; but when it was done, and she had shown it to Étienne to get his criticism on the technic, and he had been so plainly delighted with it, and urged her not to carry it any further, but to exhibit it as it was, she had agreed to it for three reasons. One was to please her master, who was not very easily pleased; another was because she knew she could keep it secret by telling no one except the two people who already knew; and the third and decisive one was that it was a way opened to her of giving her message to the world impersonally. She felt a sort of exultation in the thought that in this way she could say: "Look in my face, and see. This is marriage!"

When Sonia got out of her carriage she dismissed it and the maid, and mounted the steps with a look of greater firmness and resolution than she really felt, for physically she was ill and weak. She knew, however, that she might meet acquaintances here, and might attract the attention of strangers by being quite alone, and therefore she realized the necessity of calmness in her outward manner. Her face was partly hidden by a veil, and she had managed to avoid the gaze of one or two people whom she had recognized as she made her way quickly to the room in which she knew that her picture was hung.

In spite of her preoccupation, it quickened her pulse a little to see that there was a small group of people in front of it, evidently talking about it. As she stood behind these, and looked full at the face on the canvas, which was looking full at her, a sudden sense of conscious power, the knowledge that she had created a thing of intrinsic character, came over her, and she could hardly realize that it was she who had done it. There was certainly no trace of her features and coloring in this picture, and yet she shrank back, and had an impulse to conceal herself, for what she saw before her was undoubtedly the picture of her soul. Her heart fluttered, and she felt herself beginning to tremble. Was she going to faint here, alone? A wild sense of helplessness seized her, and at the same moment she was aware of a certain familiarity in the outline of a shoulder and arm between her and the picture. She glanced quickly up at the head of this man, and saw that it was Harold. A little sound — scarcely more than a stifled breath — escaped her, and he turned suddenly, just in time to go to her and take her arm in his steady, reassuring grasp, which seemed to nerve her soul as well as her body to a desperate effort for self-control.

"You are ill. You should not have ventured out alone," he said. Oh, the strong, protecting voice—the firm, availing touch! Then he led her to a seat, with some quiet words that seemed to put new power into her to endure and to resist.

"I must go home," she said, rising as she felt her strength return. "I have been ill. I did not know how weak I was."

"I will take you to your carriage," he said; and without seeming to recognize the possibility of resistance, he drew her arm in his, and led her from the room and down the steps.

It came to her suddenly that her carriage was not there.

"I sent the carriage away," she said. "I thought I would stay awhile, and see the pictures."

He signaled to a waiting cab, and as it drew up to the sidewalk, and he put her in, he said quietly, but with resolution:

"I cannot let you go alone in this cab, ill and faint as you are. I beg your pardon, princess; but I must go with you"; and he gave the number to the cabman, and got in beside her.

That word "princess" stung her pride, and gave her a sudden feeling of strength. She knew that he meant to convey by it the idea that it was only as a matter of formal courtesy that he felt bound to care for and protect her now. She drew herself upright, with a slight bend of the head in acknowledgment of his civility.

For a few moments they drove along in silence, utterly alone together. Harold wondered if the thoughts of other days and hours were in her mind. At the same instant she was wondering the same thing about him. She had forgotten that he had just spoken of her with formality, and called her princess. Apparently

he had forgotten it, too; for he now said in a low tone and with suddenness:

"Your picture is remarkable. You have told your story well."

She felt that denial would be useless. Since he had found her standing there before it, she was certain that he knew the truth as well as she did.

"I never meant that it should be known that I painted it," she said. "You must know that."

"Why should it not be known?" he said. "If a woman has looked on what those eyes have seen, surely she is called upon to give her warning. If that is what marriage meant to you, God pity you! God be thanked that you are out of it!"

At his words there rushed across her mind the memory of a thousand acts and thoughts and words of tenderness, of love, of strong protection, of help in need and comfort in distress, which this man beside her had given her. How could she tell him, though, that the ground of the despair which she had painted had been the renunciation of these — the thought that she had had a vision of what the love of man and woman could be in a wedded life, and had been shut out from it? Where were now the reasons that had seemed so powerful and sufficient for the course which she had taken? Why was it that, try as she might, she could get no sense of support and satisfaction from recalling these? Was it because she felt them to be the foolish qualms of an ignorant girl, who was prepared to fight against any and all conditions of life which did not answer to her whim? O God, the hideous possibilities of error and of wrong that were about one! How confident of right one might be in doing an act of weakness and of shame!

She could not answer his last words. She felt herself suddenly so possessed of the sense of his nearness that she could neither collect nor control her thoughts. Her eyes were lowered, and she could not see his face; but his strong, brown hand lying ungloved upon his knee, seemed as familiar to her as her own.

Suddenly she seemed to feel that he was hers, and that she was his, whether they chose to recognize the fact or not; that God had joined them, and no man, not even themselves, had power to put them asunder.

Harold, meantime, was wondering at her silence. Why was it that, after her old defiant fashion, she had had no answer ready for his bitterly felt and spoken words? That picture had stung his soul, and he would have died sooner than have owned to himself even a wish to have her back.

In spite of this, he could not forget that they were alone together, and that she was ill and weak, and needed pity. He wondered suddenly if he had been cruel in what he had said to her, and had put too great a tax upon her strength.

As this thought crossed his mind the cab stopped, and he became aware of a din of sound, made by the tramping of men and horses, the blare of brass instruments, and the beating of drums. The cabman leaned down and called to him, saying that the way had been crossed by a procession. It would be some time passing. Was monsieur in a great hurry? Harold answered no; and as he turned from the window he glanced toward the woman at his side, and saw that she was leaning back weakly in her corner, deadly pale. Her eyes met his, however, with a wide, direct, unflinching look, and he saw that there was no danger of her fainting. Consciousness, acute and powerful, was written in those eyes.

Outside, the crowd pushed and jostled by, while the clatter of hoofs and feet came more distinctly to the ears as the sound of the band moved off in the distance. An instinct to protect that pallid face from being gazed upon made him draw down the thick silk blinds. He did this, explaining his motive as he did so. Then he turned and looked at her, and their eyes met.

He was striving with all his might to keep the fire out of his; but suddenly he became aware of the same effort on her part, as she closed her lids an instant, and then, as if mastered by a feeling stronger than her will, opened them wide, and looked at him again.

His heart leaped, his pulses throbbed, his cheeks flushed darkly. He moved a little nearer to her, so that their faces were close, and still her eyes met his with that wild, concentrated gaze.

"For God's sake, what is it?" he said. But she did not move a muscle or an eyelash. She only gave her eyes to his, as one would hold up the printed page of a book to be read and understood.

"What is it?" he said again, coming so near as to speak in the lowest whisper, while his hands grasped hard the top of his stick, and his breath came thick and fast.

Her eyes still clung to his, but her lips were wordless.

"I do not understand," he said. "For God's sake, speak! I do not want to lose control of myself, but I cannot forget that you have been my wife."

These words, which moved him so that he shook visibly, made apparently no impression upon her. Her breathing was so scant and light as scarcely to lift the lace upon her breast; and near as he was to her, he could not hear it. Was she, perhaps, unconscious? He might have thought so but for the deep, intense consciousness in the gaze that she fixed upon him,

and the flutter of her long-lashed lids as she shut and opened them occasionally from the strain of that prolonged look.

Outside, the drum throbbed distantly, like the beating of a great, excited heart. The thin call of a trumpet sounded keenly, like a sigh of pain. Nearer the tramp of men and horses could be heard. But all these things only made them feel more absolutely alone together — this man and this woman who had once been one in marriage. His breast heaved quickly with deep, uneven breaths, as he suddenly uttered her name.

Still she remained as she had been before, motionless and wordless, while he read her eyes. He dropped his stick, and seized her hands in both his own, which were cold and shaking.

"Speak!" he said commandingly. "In God's name, what do you mean, unless it is that you love me still?"

Her hands were quiet and nerveless in his grasp, and in another instant he would have lost control and consciousness of what he was doing; but at this moment the cabman called to his horse and cracked his whip, the carriage gave a lurch forward, and they rattled rapidly away.

Recollecting himself, Harold dropped her hands, and touched the springs of the curtains, which instantly flew up, letting in the full light of day.

The fresh air which came in seemed to calm his heated blood, and he was master of himself again.

When he turned to look at his companion, she was leaning back in exactly the same position, only her heavy, richly fringed white lids were dropped over her eyes.

In this way she remained quite still until the carriage stopped before the door of her apartment. Harold, who thought that she had now really fainted, was about to summon help from the concierge, when she opened her eyes with a look of entire self-possession in them, got out of the cab without the aid of his offered hand, and, bowing her thanks, without speaking, walked past him into the house, with a look of cool dismissal which made it impossible for him to follow.

Puzzled, confused, bewildered almost to the point of frenzy, he got back into the cab, and ordered the driver to drive in the Bois until he should tell him to turn.

Sonia during that same time was shut within her room, thinking as intensely as he. She had been able, by dint of strong will-power, to control herself in all other points while indulging herself in one. She had said to herself during those crucial minutes in the cab, while she consciously threw open the windows of her soul to this man in that clear and unrestricted gaze, that she would neither speak nor stir, though the effort should kill her. She found that she could best carry out this resolve by relaxing her body utterly, while her will became every moment tenser in its strain. She had said to herself over and over to what seemed a thousand times: "Don't move — don't speak. Don't move — don't speak"; and the very consciousness that she was equal to this effort made her the more free in the abandonment with which she had let him read her heart in her eyes.

Now, as she threw her wraps aside, and paced up and down her room, a feeling of delicious exultation possessed her, and the physical weakness which she had lately felt was gone and forgotten. It had been a draught of intoxicating joy simply to look at him with free and unbridled eyes. Was he not her husband, who could not be by any act of man really parted from her? What had she shown him but a woman's feeling for her wedded lover? Was she mad, she wondered, that she could have done it then, and could feel now no regret — only a wild delight — in having done it? How long it was that she had shut herself off from feeling, and how good it was to feel once more! She was alive in every nerve and pulse, as she had not been for so long; and the throbbing of life was sweet, sweet, sweet! Never mind about the future: she would meet it boldly, and make up some excuse — that she had been ill or unconscious in the cab; pretend that she had forgotten the whole thing; do anything that was needed, to save her pride: but oh, the throbbing bliss of that one half-hour which she exulted that she had been bold enough to make her own!

XIX.

THE *cours* was closed at Étienne's, but Sonia, who could not bear to face the hours of idleness which each day must contain during the few weeks which her aunt was still to spend in Paris, got permission to come and work in the atelier during the afternoons. She was privileged to get her own models as she required them, and Martha was to come also when she had time and inclination.

The day after her encounter with Harold at the Salon, Sonia, strong in purpose and confident in will, went to the atelier with only Inkling to protect her and keep her company, and set resolutely to work to do some severe drawing.

She had abundance of both time and space now, and she settled herself with great care and deliberation, with the anatomical figures and numerous copies of Ingres's drawings full in view. She had not worked very long, however, before her enthusiasm began to ebb, and she put down her charcoal and went across to

the model-throne, where she sat down with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, and fell to thinking deeply. Inkling came and jumped up into her lap, but she pushed him away with a roughness unusual to her, and he had to content himself with curling up on her skirt. As she sat there, aware of being quite alone, she was as absolutely still as any of the customary holders of that position; but the varied expressions which crossed and changed her face would have made any class of students in the world despair of such a model. Sometimes she would look quite happy for an instant, as if a thought of joy had forced its way uppermost; then again deep pain would come into her face, and shadows of doubt, perplexity, and hopelessness.

She sat so for a long time. Inkling had had a deep and peaceful sleep on the soft folds of her gown, from which he was startled by a knock at the door. His mistress sprang up suddenly, rolling him over, and he began to bark furiously, while Sonia, with an attitude of studious absorption, took her place at the easel, and seized her bit of charcoal. She thought it was probably only some boy on an errand, but she was also acutely suspicious of whom it might possibly be. So she was not entirely unprepared for the sight of Harold appearing quickly around the edge of the old sail-cloth screen.

He bowed with a brevity and formality which seemed to imply that she need fear no agitating disturbance from him; but instead of standing in his place and stating the reason of his presence, he came forward.

Inkling, wild with excitement, began a repetition of his frantic performances of the former occasion; but his mistress, determined to have nothing of that sort, promptly suppressed him, and he slunk away and lay down with great meekness.

Harold, seeming to take no cognizance of the dog, came nearer, and waited until the absorbed figure before the easel should notice him. Presently she did this by saying formally:

"Martha is not here. She has not been here to-day."

"She is at home. I have just left her," he answered.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought you had come to see her."

"No; I have come to see you."

"To see me?" lifting her eyebrows in light surprise.

"If you are at leisure."

"I am busy, as you see; but I can talk to you as I draw, if you don't mind."

"If you will allow me, I will wait until your drawing is done."

"That would take up too much of your time," she said, laying down her charcoal, and elaborately brushing off her fingers with her handkerchief.

"Not at all. I have nothing to do."

"I would rather speak to you first — whatever it is you have to say — and go on with my work afterward. I dislike to draw with people looking on."

"In that case I will ask you to give me your attention at once. Will you, perhaps, take this seat?"

He indicated an old wooden arm-chair; but she declined it with a quick motion, and went over and took her old place on the model-throne, lifting Inkling to her lap. Harold seated himself on a bench directly facing her.

"I am sorry if I am annoying you," he said; "but I cannot take the consequences of not speaking to you now."

"Consequences?" she said. "What consequences?"

"Consequences to you and to me. I will ask you to be kind enough to look at me while I explain them."

Her eyes were fastened upon Inkling, and she kept them so, while she continued to twist his soft ears. There was a moment of intense stillness throughout the room. Then the man, in a voice of deep concentration, spoke her name.

"Sophie," he said.

"Pray don't call me by that name," she answered quickly. "I have never liked it, and I wish now to forget it."

"Sonia, then, if you prefer it. I want simply to make plain the fact that I am speaking to *you*, the woman who bears that name, and not to the princess, as you are supposed to be."

"Go on," she said.

He was silent. She kept her eyes fixed on the dog until she was afraid that her stubbornness would look childish, or, worse even than that, timid. Then she looked up.

The next instant she wished that she had not, for the compelling look that met her own did for a moment make her feel afraid. She summoned all her force, however, and looked at him defiantly, her head raised, her eyes steady.

"I want you to explain to me what you meant yesterday," he said.

"What I meant yesterday? What do you mean?"

"What you meant yesterday, driving home in the cab."

"What I meant yesterday by driving home in the cab? I suppose my meaning was the obvious one — that I was tired and ill, and that my own carriage was not there."

The timidity which she had felt before grew now into absolute terror, as she felt the masterful force of this man's power over her. So strong was her sense of it that she felt absolutely reck-

less of what she said or did, so long as she was able to resist him.

"You will not move me or change my intention — my *determination* to get an answer to my question. Your evasion of it is childish as well as useless."

"I will be childish if I choose. Who is to prevent me?" she said defiantly.

"I will. I have no intention of submitting to any such childishness now. You are a woman, and you are the only woman who exists for me. In that character I mean to have your answer to my question."

His words made her heart throb quick with a feeling outside of the terror of self-betrayal by which she was possessed. She gave no outward sign, however, as she looked down, and began once more to pull at Inkling's ears.

Before she realized what he was doing, Harold had bent forward, and lifting the dog from her lap, he set him on the floor with a shove that sent him half-way across the room. As the little creature ran off frightened, Harold turned to the woman facing him, and forcibly took both her hands in his.

She jerked them from him with a powerful wrench as she sprang to her feet, retreating a few paces until she was stopped by some benches and easels huddled together on that side of the room.

"Don't touch me!" she cried in a voice of real terror.

He let his hands drop to his sides, but he followed, and stood very close to her, as he said:

"You had better answer me, and let me have my way. I am not to be turned now. This interview between us must be final, and I promise you that after it you shall be safe from any persecution from me. Now, however, the present moment is my own. I have you in my power — and that power I intend to use!"

"An honorable and manly thing to say!" she panted, her eyes blazing and her lips curling. "Do you mean me to understand that you would use force to make me comply with your wish?"

"I mean just that," he answered, bending over her with eyes that gave her the feeling of a physical touch. "I will prevent your leaving this room until you have honestly and fairly spoken to me, and either confirmed or denied what your eyes said to me yesterday."

"You are cowardly and cruel!" she cried. "You are taking a mean advantage of me! I was ill yesterday. I was half unconscious —"

"You may have been ill," he interrupted. "I know, indeed, that you were, and that physical weakness may have led to self-betrayal; but you were not unconscious. Far from it! You were never more acutely conscious in your life than during those long moments when you looked at me with love."

"I deny it!" she cried angrily.

"Useless!" he answered. "It is not to be denied."

She tried to draw farther away, but the barricade of easels stopped her. Then he himself stepped backward, and put some feet of space between them.

"I cannot bear to see you shrink from me," he said. "You will have to forgive a persistence that may seem to you brutal; but fate has put this opportunity into my hands, and I 'd be a fool not to use it."

"And what do you expect to get from it?" she asked.

"An answer in plain words to this question, Do you, or do you not, love me?"

"I do not!" she cried hotly; but her breast was heaving so, her heart was throbbing so, that she could scarcely catch her breath; and she felt that not for all the world did she dare to look him in the face.

"Your eyes yesterday contradicted your words of to-day," he said. "I will not be content until I have had both. So help me God, you are not going to trifle with me now! I will make you look at me, and confirm with your eyes the words you have just spoken, or I 'll have you for my wife again!"

He caught her in his arms, and drew her close against him. She opened her mouth as if to scream, but he laid his palm upon it, not forgetting, for all his strength, to touch her gently.

"Oh, my darling, my precious one," he said, "don't call out for protection from me, as if I were your enemy! Surely you know that I would die by torture before I would hurt you — body or soul! But something — a wicked pride, perhaps — is making you struggle against the truth; and for your sake as well as for my own, I must make a fight for it. Look! I offer you the chance. If you can look me in the face, and say with both eyes and lips, 'Harold, I do not love you,' then you are as free as air. If you can do that, I will go, and never cross your path again."

He had taken his hand from her mouth, for fear her panting breaths would cease. He could feel the violent beating of her heart against his side. An overwhelming tenderness and pity for her filled him, and his arm, relaxing its stern pressure, drew her close, with an embrace the only constraint of which was that of love. Her ear was very close to him, and he spoke to her in the lowest whispers.

"Dear one," he said, "what is it you are fighting against if it be not the coming back of love and joy?"

He could not see her eyes. He did not wish

to see them yet. This waiting was bliss, because there was hope in it.

She had ceased to struggle, and was quiet in his arms. They stood so for many seconds, their hearts throbbing against each other, their cheeks pressed close. In the unspeakable sweetness of this nearness, Harold felt against his face the moisture of a tear.

"What is it?" he whispered. "You are crying! For God's sake, tell me why!"

A gentle little head-shake answered him; but she made no motion to draw herself away, and he, enraptured, held her close.

"There is nothing — *nothing* that you cannot tell to me," he said, still in that whisper that thrilled the silence of the room. "Perhaps you do not understand. Listen, and I will make it all plain. I loved you then. I love you now. I have loved you through all the pain and silence between. Oh, dearest, never dream but that you are still my own — wholly and unchangeably as I am yours, if only you love me!"

She kept so still that he was puzzled. He made a motion to draw back his head and look at her, but she put up her hand and pressed his cheek still closer against hers. He passionately wished that she would speak; but there was no sound except that fluttered breathing, no motion but that little tremor which he felt against his side. She was weakening, weakening, weakening — he was sure of this; but he was in such an absolute terror of misunderstanding her mood that he dared not move or speak.

As they stood there so he felt a sudden tightening of the pressure of her arms. They strained him close against her. His heart leaped; but he was not sure. There was something that alarmed him even in that clasp of love.

"Are you happy?" he whispered in the lowest murmur. But with a sudden wrench she tore herself away from him, and when he tried to follow, waved him back with a gesture which he could not disregard.

"Happy!" she said in a voice that mocked the thought, as she wrung her hands together, and then, for a moment, hid her face in the curve of one tensely bended arm. "What have I to do with happiness?" she cried out, flinging wide her arms, and looking upward, as if appealing to some invisible presence rather than to him or to herself. "I had it given to me once in boundless measure, and I played with it, and tossed it from me. It was lightly and easily done, and now it cannot be undone."

Harold stood where her imperious gesture had stopped him, and looked at her in consternation.

"What do you mean?" he said. "You will not try now to deny your love for me! You have owned it in that close embrace which can mean nothing but —"

"Good-by!" she interrupted him. "It means inevitable parting. You must go, or, if not, I must fly to some place where we cannot meet again."

"But, dearest, we cannot part. I have told you how I love you in plain words. You have told me the same without the need of words."

She looked at him, — a deep, inscrutable gaze, — and shook her head.

"I have had perfect love once," she said, "and from you — the one man whose love could ever have any meaning for me — love that included perfect trust, perfect confidence, perfect respect. I refuse to take from you a smaller thing. It is easier to give you up than to face that thought."

"But Sonia! Darling! You have got that love again! I tell you it is just the same!"

She shook her head.

"It cannot be," she said. "You would feel that what had been once might be again. You could never feel secure for even one moment. I could not bear it. You must remember what I felt in that one embrace. Oh, Harold, I *want* you to remember that! And now you must let me go."

"Go?" he said. "Where should you go, but here to me — to your right place, your home, your husband?"

At this last word she gave a sharp cry. She had been standing unsupported, and now a sudden trembling seized her, and she half tottered toward a chair. In an instant he was at her side, his arms about her, fast and sure. It was too sweet, this strong and tender holding up of her weak body. She let it be, but she was motionless and wordless in his arms.

"My own child," he said, "there can be no question as to our future now. It was all a mistake — the past. If we acknowledge it —"

"Oh, the past, the past!" she said. "I can never get away from it. We have lost two years. No matter if we had the whole future of time and eternity, we could never get those back — and it was I that did it! It is good of you to say that you forgive me; but I — oh, I never can forgive myself! You never can believe in me again. I dare not ask or look for it. I don't deserve it. You would be wrong and foolish if you did."

"Then wrong and foolish I will be," he said. "I will believe in you again and again, forever! You have forgotten something, Sonia. There is no question of judgment between you and me, because you are myself. Do you not feel that that is so?"

She did not answer, and he said again, in that compelling tone she knew so well:

"Do you not feel it so, my wife?"

She raised to his, unswervingly, eyes that were as clear as stars after their recent tears.

She unveiled her soul to him as daringly as she had done yesterday, and the message that they gave him was the same — abundant, free, unstinted love, without reserve or fear.

He drew her quickly closer, still holding her eyes with his.

"Speak! Tell me!" he said.

Then voice and look together spoke:

"I love you, Harold — my husband!"

He took the dear words from her lips with his.

AFTERWARD, when they were seated together on the model-throne, they were startled by a timid little tinkle, and as they both with a sense of compunction called to Inkling to come, and he sprang up between them quivering with joy, and making frantic efforts to lick both their faces at once, their laughs and struggles made such a commotion that they did not hear the door open, admitting Martha.

She half crossed the room, and then stood still, transfixed with amazement, till they drew her down between them and told her all.

"So you are not a princess, after all!" said Martha.

"Oh, yes, I am," Sonia answered quickly. "I 'm 'The Happy Princess' — and this is my Prince!"

Julia Magruder.

THE END.

"TOGETHER AGAINST THE STREAM."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG."

IN a sea of pines, deep-voiced like Homer,
Where Wind, the roamer,
His trumpets blew,
A gray house stood by a river lonely,
Where lilies only
In armies grew.
And two slim boys, with brown hair blowing
In south winds, flowing
As through a dream,
In a boat as frail as a curled gray feather,
Pulled hard together
Against the stream.

The slave's voice moaned through the fields of cotton
A hope-forgotten
Soul's distress,
While music of mockers, from green thrones pouring,
Thrilled the adoring
Wilderness.
And the bondman's moan and the bird-songs ever
Rolled, like the river,
Across their dream,
As two strong youths, in the glad June weather,
Pulled hard together
Against the stream.

And once, in their dreaming, the land asunder
Was riven with thunder
And battle's jar;
And banners, where rivers of blood were gushing,
Waved in the rushing
Winds of war.
Ah, few were the stars (and lost their glory,
And strange the story,
And dim the dream!)
On that young flag that, in war's wild weather,
They bore together
Against the stream.

The voice of Alice was low and tender,
And pools of splendor
Were Ida's eyes,
And dearer than freedom they found, and better,
The old sweet fetter
Of paradise.
And passionate hearts, fashioned only for roaming,
In love's soft gloaming
Were lured to dream;
And bound to the boat with a golden tether,
They pulled together
Against the stream.

The two in a boat, in a wide stream yonder
(Older and fonder
And stronger now),
Laugh at the winds and the great waves roaring,
Mightily oaring,
With lifted prow!
They cry to the ships in the tempest rocking,
Merrily mocking
The eagle's scream,
And up through the breast of the stormy weather,
Pull hard together
Against the stream.

The boat is old, but its sides are oaken,
And still unbroken
The faithful oars;
The storms are dead, and the great waves combing,
Are softly foaming
On distant shores.
The low sun flames, and the west is ruddy,
And dark and bloody
The waters seem,
As two men pull in the autumn weather,
Slowly together
Against the stream.

Come closer, Maurice; come nearer, brother,
For hard years smother
A lonely heart;
And hands far reaching may lose their power,
And some sad hour
May fall apart.
Come nearer, nearer, ere night be falling,
And death be calling
Across our dream,
And we go roaming, we know not whither,
No more together
Against the stream.

Will H. Thompson.



ON THE WRITING OF HISTORY.

WITH A GLANCE AT THE METHODS OF MACAULAY, GIBBON, CARLYLE, AND GREEN.

"GIVE us the facts, and nothing but the facts," is the sharp injunction of our age to its historians. Upon the face of it, an eminently reasonable requirement. To tell the truth simply, openly, without reservation, is the unimpeachable first principle of all right living; and historians have no license to be quit of it. Unquestionably they must tell us the truth, or else get themselves enrolled among a very undesirable class of persons, not often frankly named in polite society. But the thing is by no means so easy as it looks. The truth of history is a very complex and very occult matter. It consists of things which are invisible as well as of things which are visible. It is full of secret motives, and of a chance interplay of trivial and yet determining circumstances; it is shot through with transient passions, and broken athwart here and there by what seem cruel accidents; it cannot all be reduced to statistics or newspaper items or official recorded statements. And so it turns out, when the actual test of experiment is made, that the historian must have something more than a good conscience, must be something more than a good man. He must have an eye to see the truth; and nothing but a very catholic imagination will serve to illuminate his matter for him: nothing less than keen and steady insight will make even illumination yield him the truth of what he looks upon. Even when he has seen the truth, only half his work is done, and that not the more difficult half. He must then make others see it just as he does: only when he has done that has he told the truth. What an art of penetrative phrase and just selection must he have to take others into the light in which he stands! Their dullness, their ignorance, their prepossessions, are to be overcome and driven in, like a routed troop, upon the truth. The thing is infinitely difficult. The skill and strategy of it cannot be taught. And so historians take another way, which is easier: they tell part of the truth,— the part most to their taste, or most suitable to their talents,— and obtain readers to their liking among those of like tastes and talents to their own.

We have our individual tastes in history, as in every other sort of literature. And there are histories to every taste: histories full of the piquant details of personal biography, histories that blaze with the splendors of courts and resound with drum and trumpet, and histories that run upon the humbler but greater levels of the life of the people; colorless histories, so passionless and so lacking in distinctive mark or motive that they might have been set up out of a dictionary without the intervention of an author, and partizan histories, so warped and violent in every judgment that no reader not of the historian's own party can stomach them; histories of economic development, and histories that speak only of politics; those that tell nothing but what it is pleasant and interesting to know, and those that tell nothing at all that one cares to remember. One must be of a new and unheard-of taste not to be suited among them all.

The trouble is, after all, that men do not invariably find the truth to their taste, and will often deny it when they hear it; and the historian has to do much more than keep his own eyes clear: he has also to catch and hold the eye of his reader. 'T is a nice art, as much intellectual as moral. How shall he take the palate of his reader at unawares, and get the unpalatable facts down his throat along with the palatable? Is there no way in which all the truth may be made to hold together in a narrative so strongly knit and so harmoniously colored that no reader will have either the wish or the skill to tear its patterns asunder, and men will take it all, unmarred and as it stands, rather than miss the zest of it?

It is evident the thing cannot be done by the "dispassionate" annalist. The old chroniclers, whom we relish, were not dispassionate.

We love some of them for their sweet quaintness, some for their childlike credulity, some for their delicious inconsequentiality. But our modern chroniclers are not so. They are, above all things else, knowing, thoroughly informed, subtly sophisticated. They would not for the world contribute any spice of their own to the narrative; and they are much too watchful, circumspect, and dutiful in their care to keep their method pure and untouched by any thought of theirs to let us catch so much as a glimpse of the chronicler underneath the chronicle. Their purpose is to give simply the facts, eschewing art, and substituting a sort of monumental index and table of the world's events.

The trouble is that men refuse to be made any wiser by such means. Though they will readily enough let their eyes linger upon a monument of art, they will heedlessly pass by a mere monument of industry. It suggests nothing to them. The materials may be suitable enough, but the handling of them leaves them dead and commonplace. An interesting circumstance thus comes to light. It is nothing less than this, that the facts do not of themselves constitute the truth. The truth is abstract, not concrete. It is the just idea, the right revelation of what things mean. It is evoked only by such arrangements and orderings of facts as suggest meanings. The chronological arrangement of events, for example, may or may not be the arrangement which most surely brings the truth of the narrative to light; and the best arrangement is always that which displays, not the facts themselves, but the subtle and else invisible forces that lurk in the events and in the minds of men — forces for which events serve only as lasting and dramatic words of utterance. Take an instance. How are you to enable men to know the truth with regard to a period of revolution? Will you give them simply a calm statement of recorded events, simply a quiet, unaccentuated narrative of what actually happened, written in a monotone, and verified by quotations from authentic documents of the time? You may save yourself the trouble. As well make a pencil sketch in outline of a raging conflagration; write upon one portion of it "flame," upon another "smoke"; here "town hall, where the fire started," and there "spot where fireman was killed." It is a chart, not a picture. Even if you made a veritable picture of it, you could give only part of the truth so long as you confined yourself to black and white. Where would be all the wild and terrible colors of the scene: the red and tawny flame; the masses of smoke, carrying the dull glare of the fire to the very skies, like a great signal banner thrown to the winds; the hot and frightened faces of the crowd; the crimsoned gables down the street, with the faint light of a lamp here and there gleaming white from some hastily opened casement? Without the colors your picture is not true. No inventory of items will even represent the truth: the fuller and more minute you make it, the more will the truth be obscured. The little details will take up as much space in the statement as the great totals into which they are summed up; and the proportions being false, the whole is false. Truth, fortunately, takes its own revenge. No one is deceived. The reader of the chronicle lays it aside. It lacks verisimilitude. He cannot realize how any of the things spoken of can have happened. He goes elsewhere to find, if he may, a real picture of the time, and perhaps finds one that is wholly fictitious. No wonder the grave and monk-like chronicler sighs. He of course wrote to be read, and not merely for the manual exercise of it; and when he sees readers turn away, his heart misgives him for his fellow-men. Is it as it always was, that they do not wish to know the truth? Alas! good eremite, men do not seek the truth as they should; but do you know what the truth is? It is a thing ideal, displayed by the just proportion of events, revealed in form and color, dumb till facts be set in syllables, articulated into words, put together into sentences, swung with proper tone and cadence. It is not revolutions only that have color. Nothing in human life is without it. In a monochrome you can depict nothing but a single incident; in a monotone you cannot often carry truth beyond a single sentence. Only by art in all its variety can you depict as it is the various face of life.

Yes; but what sort of art? There is here a wide field of choice. Shall we go back to the art of which Macaulay was so great a master? We could do worse. It must be a great art that can make men lay aside the novel and take up the history, to find there, in very fact, the movement and drama of life. What Macaulay does well he does incomparably. Who else can mass the details as he does, and yet not mar or obscure, but only heighten, the effect of the picture as a whole? Who else can bring so amazing a profusion of knowledge within the strait limits of a simple plan, nowhere encumbered, everywhere free and obvious in its movement? How sure the strokes, and how bold, how vivid the result! Yet when we have laid the book aside, when the charm and the excitement of the telling narrative have worn off, when we have lost step with the swinging gait at which the style goes, when the details have faded from our recollection, and we sit removed and thoughtful, with only the greater outlines of the story sharp upon our minds, a deep misgiving and dissatisfaction take possession of us. We are no longer young,

and we are chagrined that we should have been so pleased and taken with the glitter and color and mere life of the picture. Let boys be cajoled by rhetoric, we cry; men must look deeper. What of the judgment of this facile and eloquent man? Can we agree with him when he is not talking and the charm is gone? What shall we say of his assessment of men and measures? Is he just? Is he himself in possession of the whole truth? Does he open the matter to us as it was? Does he not, rather, rule us like an advocate, and make himself master of our judgments?

Then it is that we become aware that there were two Macaulays: Macaulay the artist, with an exquisite gift for telling a story, filling his pages with little vignettes it is impossible to forget, fixing these with an inimitable art upon the surface of a narrative that did not need the ornament they gave it, so strong and large and adequate was it; and Macaulay the Whig, subtly turning narrative into argument, and making history the vindication of a party. The mighty narrative is a great engine of proof. It is not told for its own sake. It is evidence summed up in order to justify a judgment. We detect the tone of the advocate, and though if we are just we must deem him honest, we cannot deem him safe. The great story-teller is discredited; and, willingly or unwillingly, we reject the guide who takes it upon himself to determine for us what we shall see. That, we feel sure, cannot be true which makes of so complex a history so simple a thesis for the judgment. There is art here; but it is the art of special pleading, misleading even to the pleader.

If not Macaulay, what master shall we follow? Shall our historian not have his convictions, and enforce them? Shall he not be our guide, and speak, if he can, to our spirits as well as to our understandings? Readers are a poor jury. They need enlightenment as well as information: the matter must be interpreted to them as well as related. There are moral facts as well as material, and the one sort must be as plainly told as the other. Of what service is it that the historian should have insight if we are not to know how the matter stands in his view? If he refrain from judgment, he may deceive us as much as he would were his judgment wrong; for we must have enlightenment — that is his function. We would not set him up merely to tell us tales, but also to display to us characters, to open to us the moral and intent of the matter. Were the men sincere? Was the policy righteous? We have but just now seen that the "facts" lie deeper than the mere visible things that took place, that they involve the moral and motive of the play. Shall not these, too, be brought to light?

Unquestionably every sentence of true history must hold a judgment in solution. All cannot be told. If it were possible to tell all, it would take as long to write history as to enact it, and we should have to postpone the reading of it to the leisure of the next world. A few facts must be selected for the narrative, the great majority left unnoted. But the selection — for what purpose is it to be made? For the purpose of conveying *an impression* of the truth. Where shall you find a more radical process of judgment? The "essential" facts taken, the "unessential" left out! Why, you may make the picture what you will, and in any case it must be the express image of the historian's fundamental judgments. It is his purpose, or should be, to give a true impression of his theme as a whole — to show it, not lying upon his page in an open and dispersed analysis, but set close in intimate synthesis, every line, every stroke, every bulk even, omitted which does not enter of very necessity into a single and unified image of the truth.

It is in this that the writing of history differs, and differs very radically, from the statement of the results of original research. The writing of history must be based upon original research and authentic record, but it can no more be directly constructed by the piecing together of bits of original research than by the mere reprinting together of state documents. Individual research furnishes us, as it were, with the private documents and intimate records without which the public archives are incomplete and unintelligible. But separately they are wholly out of perspective. It is the consolation of those who produce them to make them so. They would lose heart were they forbidden to regard all facts as of equal importance. It is facts they are after, and only facts — facts for their own sake, and without regard to their several importance. These are their ore,— very precious ore,—which they are concerned to get out, not to refine. They have no direct concern with what may afterward be done at the mint or in the goldsmith's shop. They will even boast that they care not for the beauty of the ore, and are indifferent how, or in what shape, it may become an article of commerce. Much of it is thrown away in the nice processes of manufacture, and you shall not distinguish the product of the several mines in the coin, or the cup, or the salver.

Indeed, the historian must himself be an investigator. He must know good ore from bad; must distinguish fineness, quality, genuineness; must stop to get out of the records for himself what he lacks for the perfection of his work. But for all that, he must know and stand ready to do every part of his task like a master work-

man, recognizing and testing every bit of stuff he uses. Standing sure, a man of science as well as an artist, he must take and use all of his equipment for the sake of his art — not to display his materials, but to subordinate and transform them in his effort to make, by every touch and cunning of hand and tool, the perfect image of what he sees, the very truth of his seer's vision of the world. The true historian works always for the whole impression, the truth with unmarred proportions, unexaggerated parts, undistorted visage. He has no favorite parts of the story which he boasts are bits of his own, but loves only the whole of it, the full and unspoiled image of the day of which he writes, the crowded and yet consistent details that carry, without obtrusion of themselves, the large features of the time. Any exaggeration of the parts makes all the picture false, and the work is to do over. Test every bit of material, runs the artist's rule, and then forget the material; forget its origin and the dross from which it has been freed, and think only and always of the great thing you would make of it, the pattern and form in which you would lose and merge it. That is its only high use.

'T is a pity to see how even the greatest minds will often lack the broad and catholic vision with which the just historian must look upon men and affairs. There is Carlyle, with his shrewd and seeing eye, his unmatched capacity to assess strong men and set the scenery for tragedy or intrigue, his breathless ardor for great events, his amazing flashes of insight, and his unlooked-for steady light of occasional narrative. The whole matter of what he writes is too dramatic. Surely history was not all enacted so hotly, or with so passionate a rush of men upon the stage. Its quiet scenes must have been longer — not mere pauses and interludes while the tragic parts were being made up. There is not often ordinary sunlight upon the page. The lights burn now wan, now lurid. Men are seen disquieted and turbulent, and may be heard in husky cries or rude, untimely jests. We do not recognize our own world, but seem to see another such as ours might become if peopled by like uneasy Titans. Incomparable to tell of days of storm and revolution, speaking like an oracle and familiar of destiny and fate, searching the hearts of statesmen and conquerors with an easy insight in every day of action, this peasant seer cannot give us the note of piping times of peace, or catch the tone of slow industry; watches ships come and go at the docks, hears freight-vans thunder along the iron highways of the modern world, and loaded trucks lumber heavily through the crowded city streets, with a hot disdain of commerce, prices current, the haggling of the market, and the smug ease of material comfort bred in a trading age. There is here no broad and catholic vision, no wise tolerance, no various power to know, to sympathize, to interpret. The great seeing imagination of the man lacks that pure radiance in which things are seen steadily and seen whole.

It is not easy, to say truth, to find actual examples when you are constructing the ideal historian, the man with the vision and the faculty divine to see affairs justly and tell of them completely. If you are not satisfied with this passionate and intolerant seer of Chelsea, whom will you choose? Shall it be Gibbon, whom all praise but so few read? He, at any rate, is passionless, it would appear. But who could write epochal history with passion? All hot humors of the mind must, assuredly, cool when spread at large upon so vast a surface. One must feel like a sort of minor providence in traversing that great tract of world history, and catch in spite of one's self the gait and manner of a god. This stately procession of generations moves on remote from the ordinary levels of our human sympathy. 'T is a wide view of nations and peoples and dynasties, and a world shaken by the travail of new births. There is here no scale by which to measure the historian of the sort we must look to see handle the ordinary matter of national history. The "Decline and Fall" stands impersonal, like a monument. We shall reverence it, but we shall not imitate it.

If we look away from Gibbon, exclude Carlyle, and question Macaulay; if we put the investigators on one side as not yet historians, and the deliberately picturesque and entertaining *raconteurs* as not yet investigators, we naturally turn, I suppose, to such a man as John Richard Green, at once the patient scholar — who shall adequately say how nobly patient? — and the rare artist, working so like a master in the difficult stuffs of a long national history. The very life of the man is as beautiful as the moving sentences he wrote with so subtle a music in the cadence. We know whence the fine moral elevation of tone came that sounds through all the text of his great narrative. True, not everybody is satisfied with our *doctor angelicus*. Some doubt he is too ornate. Others are troubled that he should sometimes be inaccurate. Some are willing to use his history as a manual; while others cannot deem him satisfactory for didactic uses, hesitate how they shall characterize him, and quit the matter vaguely with saying that what he wrote is "at any rate literature." Can there be something lacking in Green, too, notwithstanding he was impartial, and looked with purged and open eyes upon the whole unbroken life of his peo-

ple — notwithstanding he saw the truth and had the art and mastery to make others see it as he did, in all its breadth and multiplicity?

Perhaps even this great master of narrative lacks variety — as who does not? His method, whatever the topic, is ever the same. His sentences, his paragraphs, his chapters, are pitched one and all in the same key. It is a very fine and moving key. Many an elevated strain and rich harmony commend it alike to the ear and to the imagination. It is employed with an easy mastery, and is made to serve to admiration a wide range of themes. But it is always the same key, and some themes it will not serve. An infinite variety plays through all history. Every scene has its own air and singularity. Incidents cannot all be rightly set in the narrative if all be set alike. As the scene shifts the tone of the narrative must change: the narrator's choice of incident and his choice of words; the speed and method of his sentence; his own thought, even, and point of view. Surely his battle pages must resound with the tramp of armies and the fearful din and rush of war. In peace he must catch by turns the hum of industry, the bustle of the street, the calm of the country-side, the tone of parliamentary debate, the fancy, the ardor, the argument of poets and seers and quiet students. Snatches of song run along with sober purpose and strenuous endeavor through every nation's story. Coarse men and refined, mobs and ordered assemblies, science and mad impulse, storm and calm, are all alike ingredients of the various life. It is not all epic. There is rough comedy and brutal violence. The drama can scarce be given any strict, unbroken harmony of incident, any close logical sequence of act or nice unity of scene. To pitch it all in one key, therefore, is to mistake the significance of the infinite play of varied circumstance that makes up the yearly movement of a people's life.

It would be less than just to say that Green's pages do not reveal the variety of English life the centuries through. It is his glory, indeed, as all the world knows, to have broadened and diversified the whole scale of English history. Nowhere else within the compass of a single book can one find so many sides of the great English story displayed with so deep and just an appreciation of them all, or of the part of each in making up the whole. Green is the one man among English historians who has restored the great fabric of the nation's history where its architecture was obscure, and its details were likely to be lost or forgotten. Once more, because of him, the vast Gothic structure stands complete, its majesty and firm grace enhanced at every point by the fine tracery of its restored details.

Where so much is done, it is no doubt unreasonable to ask for more. But the very architectural symmetry of this great book imposes a limitation upon it. It is full of a certain sort of variety; but it is only the variety of a great plan's detail, not the variety of English life. The noble structure obeys its own laws rather than the laws of a people's life. It is a monument conceived and reared by a consummate artist, and it wears upon its every line some part of the image it was meant to bear of a great, complex, aspiring national existence. But, though it symbolizes, it does not contain that life. It has none of the irregularity of the actual experiences of men and communities. It explains, but it does not contain, their variety. The history of every nation has certainly a plan which the historian must see and reproduce; but he must reconstruct the people's life, not merely expound it. The scope of his method must be as great as the variety of his subject; it must change with each change of mood, respond to each varying impulse in the great process of events. No rigor of a stately style must be suffered to exclude the lively touches of humor or the rude sallies of strength that mark it everywhere. The plan of the telling must answer to the plan of the fact — must be as elastic as the topics are mobile. The matter should rule the plan, not the plan the matter.

The ideal is infinitely difficult, if, indeed, it be possible to any man not Shaksperian; but the difficulty of attaining it is often unnecessarily enhanced. Ordinarily the historian's preparation for his task is such as to make it unlikely he will perform it naturally. He goes first, with infinite and admirable labor, through all the labyrinth of document and detail that lies up and down his subject; collects masses of matter great and small for substance, verification, illustration; piles his notes volumes high; reads far and wide upon the tracks of his matter, and makes page upon page of references; and then, thoroughly stuffed and sophisticated, turns back and begins his narrative. 'T is impossible, then, that he should begin naturally. He sees the end from the beginning, and all the way from beginning to end; he has made up his mind about too many things; uses his details with a too free and familiar mastery, not like one who tells a story so much as like one who dissects a cadaver. Having swept his details together beforehand, like so much scientific material, he discourses upon them like a demonstrator — thinks too little in subjection to them. They no longer make a fresh impression upon him. They are his tools, not his objects of vision.

It is not by such a process that a narrative is made vital and true. It does not do to lose

the point of view of the first listener to the tale, or to rearrange the matter too much out of the order of nature. You must instruct your reader as the events themselves would have instructed him had he been able to note them as they passed. The historian must not lose his own fresh view of the scene as it passed and changed more and more from year to year and from age to age. He must keep with the generation of which he writes, not be too quick to be wiser than they were, and look back upon them in his narrative with head over shoulder. He must write of them always in the atmosphere they themselves breathed, not hastening to judge them, but striving only to realize them at every turn of the story, to make their thoughts his own, and call their lives back again, rebuilding the very stage upon which they played their parts. Bring the end of your story to mind while you set about telling its beginning, and it seems to have no parts: beginning, middle, end, are all as one — are merely like parts of a pattern which you see as a single thing stamped upon the stuff under your hand. It is a dead thing dissected.

Try the method with the history of our own land and people. How will you begin? Will you start with a modern map and a careful topographical description of the continent? And then, having made your nineteenth-century framework for the narrative, will you ask your reader to turn back and see the seventeenth century, and those lonely ships coming in at the capes of the Chesapeake? He will never see them so long as you compel him to stand here at the end of the nineteenth century and look at them as if through a long retrospect. The attention both of the narrator and of the reader, if history is to be seen aright, must look forward, not backward. It must see with a contemporaneous eye. Let the historian, if he be wise, know no more of the history as he writes than might have been known in the age and day of which he is writing. A trifle too much knowledge will undo him. It will break the spell for his imagination. It will spoil the magic by which he may raise again the image of days that are gone. He must, of course, know the large lines of his story; it must lie as a whole in his mind. His very art demands that, in order that he may know and keep its proportions. But the details, the passing incidents of day and year, must come fresh into his mind, unreasoned upon as yet, untouched by theory, with their first look upon them. It is here that original documents and fresh research will serve him. He must look far and wide upon every detail of the time, see it at first hand, and paint as he looks; selecting as the artist must, but selecting while the vision is fresh, and not from old sketches laid away in his notes — selecting from the life itself.

Let him remember that his task is radically different from the task of the investigator. The investigator must display his materials, but the historian must convey his impressions. He must stand in the presence of life, and reproduce it in his narrative; must recover a past age; make dead generations live again and breathe their own air; show them native and at home upon his page. To do this, his own impressions must be as fresh as those of an unlearned reader, his own curiosity as keen and young at every stage. It may easily be so as his reading thickens, and the atmosphere of the age comes stealthily into his thought, if only he take care to push forward the actual writing of his narrative at an equal pace with his reading, painting thus always direct from the image itself. His knowledge of the great outlines and bulks of the picture will be his sufficient guide and restraint the while, will give proportion to the individual strokes of his work. But it will not check his zest, or sophisticate his fresh recovery of the life that is in the crowding colors of the canvas.

A nineteenth-century plan laid like a standard and measure upon a seventeenth-century narrative will infallibly twist it and make it false. Lay a modern map before the first settlers at Jamestown and Plymouth, and then bid them discover and occupy the continent. With how superior a nineteenth-century wonder and pity will you see them grope, and stumble, and falter! How like children they will seem to you, and how simple their age, and ignorant! As stalwart men as you they were in fact; mayhap wiser and braver too; as fit to occupy a continent as you are to draw it upon paper. If you would know them, go back to their age; breed yourself a pioneer and woodsman; look to find the South Sea up the nearest northwest branch of the spreading river at your feet; discover and occupy the wilderness with them; dream what may be beyond the near hills, and long all day to see a sail upon the silent sea; go back to them and see them in their habit as they lived.

The picturesque writers of history have all along been right in theory: they have been wrong only in practice. It *is* a picture of the past we want — its express image and feature; but we want the true picture and not simply the theatrical matter — the manner of Rembrandt rather than of Rubens. All life may be pictured, but not all of life is picturesque. No great, no true historian would put false or adventitious colors into his narrative, or let a glamour rest where in fact it never was. The writers who select an incident merely because it is striking or dramatic are shallow fellows.

They see only with the eye's retina, not with that deep vision whose images lie where thought and reason sit. The real drama of life is disclosed only with the whole picture; and that only the deep and fervid student will see, whose mind goes daily fresh to the details, whose narrative runs always in the authentic colors of nature, whose art it is to see and to paint what he sees.

It is thus, and thus only, we shall have the truth of the matter: by art — by the most difficult of all arts; by fresh study and first-hand vision; at the mouths of men who stand in the midst of old letters and dusty documents and neglected records, not like antiquarians, but like those who see a distant country and a far-away people before their very eyes, as real, as full of life and hope and incident as the day in which they themselves live. Let us have done with humbug and come to plain speech. The historian needs an imagination quite as much as he needs scholarship, and consummate literary art as much as candor and common honesty. Histories are written in order that the bulk of men may read and realize; and it is as bad to bungle the telling of the story as to lie, as fatal to lack a vocabulary as to lack knowledge. In no case can you do more than convey an impression, so various and complex is the matter. If you convey a false impression, what difference does it make how you convey it? In the whole process there is a nice adjustment of means to ends which only the artist can manage. There is an art of lying; there is equally an art — an infinitely more difficult art — of telling the truth.

Woodrow Wilson.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Doom of the Spoils System.

THAT the spoils system is doomed no one can doubt who notes the steady progress of civil-service reform. The Civil Service Act went into effect in 1883, and during the term of President Arthur the number of places in the Federal service which were classified under its provisions was 15,573. During President Cleveland's first term the number was raised to 27,330. During President Harrison's term it was raised to 42,928. Down to July 1 of the present year 8540 more places had been added, bringing the total up to 51,468. As there are about 200,000 persons regularly employed in the government service, one fourth of them are now subject to competitive examinations under civil-service rules, and are thus removed from the control of the spoilsmen.

Of the other three fourths, or 150,000, about 18,000 can be classified by order of the President without further legislation, and it is the confident expectation of the friends of the reform that he will bring these, or at least the greater part of them, within the jurisdiction of the law at an early day — possibly before the meeting of the next Congress. His latest extensions of the rules, to the employees of the Agricultural Department, the Government Printing-office and the Pension agencies, indicate similar action before long in regard to employees in other departments who are still outside the classified service. When he shall have included all these, and when Congress shall have done its duty by passing bills placing the consular service and the entire postal service of the country under the law, the reform will be completely accomplished.

That the people of the country would support overwhelmingly this final elimination of the spoils system from our politics cannot be questioned. No advance of civil-service reform, however radical and far-reaching it may have been in its effects, has ever called forth a word of popular disapproval. On the contrary, every advance has been commended by all, except those who get their living out of politics. There never was a time when the protests of the politicians against the reform commanded so little sympathy as they do at present. Nobody any longer sympathizes with the armies and gangs of office-seekers who swarm about every newly elected president, or governor, or mayor. They are looked upon with well-nigh universal contempt. When Governor Morton upheld the State Civil Service Commission of New York, a few months ago, in extending the civil-service regulations to various additional branches of the State service, including that of public works, which his own party managers were seeking to retain for spoils, he was heartily applauded by men and journals of all parties, and no word of sympathy was heard for the baffled spoilsmen.

The fact is that the people have at last realized that there can be no thorough and lasting reform of our politics till the spoils system has been destroyed. This is true of all our politics — national, State, and city. What reformers are aiming at in all three political fields is to restrain the activity and prevent the evil accomplishments of mercenary and dishonest and unfit men. All these men are attracted to politics solely by the spoils to be won. If there were no spoils they would not concern themselves about politics at all; they would take no interest in the nomination and election of candidates who would have nothing to bestow after election in the way of political rewards. As soon as politics ceased to "pay," they would leave them for more profitable fields of activity.

The results of this departure would be most salutary in every way. At present the greater part of the time and strength of reformers is exhausted in the effort to overcome the organized power of the spoilsmen. If success be attained in one election, incessant vigilance and constant work are necessary to prevent the triumph of the spoilsmen in the succeeding election. The fight is always an unequal one. The reformers are busy men, who must take from their regular occupations the time and strength necessary to maintain their political work. The spoilsmen have no other occupation. They are fighting for their livelihood, and are able to fight every

day in the year. They are seeking personal profit and a living, while the reformers are actually paying in time and energy for the political work which they are doing. The ultimate result is always the same — the spoilsmen regain control. The level of public administration may have been lifted a little, but sooner or later the old order of things is resumed.

Now if the spoilsmen were eliminated by the removal of all incentive to take part in politics, all this energy by the reformers for the mere purpose of overcoming the organized power of the spoilsmen would be saved. It could be devoted to the consideration of questions of government, of improvement in methods of administration — in short, to real politics. The passing from politics of the most unfit men would make room for the entrance of men of a higher type. If official tenure were permanent, if merit alone determined the selection for and retention in office, men of ability and character would seek official life, as they seek professional and other occupations, and we should not have any difficulty in getting useful public servants. Furthermore, we should be able to get a better class of men for our administrative and legislative offices. At present, in most cases, the politicians select them for us, and they pick out the kind of men who will be willing to serve them and their kind of politics after election. If the politicians had nothing to hope for from any candidate after election, they would cease to take interest in the nominations, and the natural result would be that the people would select men without interference or dictation from a machine or a boss, and would choose a far better type. Many able men at present refuse to run for office because they do not wish to ally themselves with existing party politicians, and because they do not wish to be subjected to the annoying demands of the spoilsmen after election. If they could be nominated and elected as public servants, and could act in that capacity, after taking office, with nothing to do except serve the public interest, many excellent men who now refuse to accept office would gladly consent to do so. The crying need of a better class of public men is evident to any one who observes attentively the course of American legislation from year to year.

Left to themselves, the people will always put fit men in office. Popular government in so many parts of our country is a disgrace and virtually a failure, not because the people wish it to be what it is, but because the spoils politicians, through their control of the party machinery, give them few opportunities to put proper men in office. The surest way to get rid of the spoilsmen is to abolish the spoils — starve them out of politics by taking away the only means by which they can live in politics. That is what civil-service reform is doing, and it is therefore the foundation-stone of all political reform.

The Prejudice against Learning among Undergraduates.

Is it not time that something were done to arouse among the youth of the present day a conviction that the chief object of a college course is learning? No one who has talked with undergraduates, or with youth preparing for college, can fail to have been struck with the inferior interest which they show in mere learning. Why does a boy wish to go to one college rather than another? Because he will acquire more learning there? Not at all. In four cases out of five the boy will tell you frankly that he wishes to go there because of the prowess of its students in athletic contests. It has the best foot-ball eleven, or the best eight-oar crew, or the best base-ball nine, or the best field athletic team. What is the condition of its faculty, and how do the students stand in intellectual contests? Oh, the boy does not know anything about those things, and you must be an old fogy, or you would not ask such questions. Much the same condition of affairs exists among undergraduates. Very little is heard about the men who take the prizes in the examinations, or who lead the classes in their studies; but there is no limit to either the talk or the enthusiasm about the men who are leaders in athletic contests. If questions are asked about the leaders in scholarship, the chances are that they will be spoken of as "mere digs," poor creatures who devote all their time to books. These men do not get their pictures in the newspapers, and the bare mention of their names when the prizes and honors are awarded attracts almost no attention.

If you pass beyond the preparatory schools and undergraduates to the graduates, much the same state of mind confronts you. How often at an alumni banquet is intellectual supremacy in college life praised? Who are the students whose names are cited with uproarious cheers at these reunions? They are the leaders on the athletic field. All graduates know the names of these; but how many graduates could give the names of the leaders in intellectual pursuits? An eminent graduate of one of our leading colleges made a defense of this condition of things at an alumni banquet, saying that what every successful college needed was a boom, and that since you could not have a boom in Latin and Greek, you must have it in foot-ball.

But must a college have a boom in order to carry on its work in the best way? A boom in learning! How does that sound? What is a boom? According to the "Century Dictionary" it is a movement, political or other, which proceeds in a "sudden and rapid motion with a roaring and increasing sound." Is that the kind of thing to introduce into the "still air of delightful studies," into the atmosphere of learning which hangs like a benediction over every venerable college? Lowell, in his Harvard anniversary address, said of the quadrangles and cloisters at Oxford and Cambridge, that they were "conscious with venerable associations, whose very stones seemed happier for being there," and that the "chapel pavement still whispered with the blessed feet of that long procession of saints and sages and scholars and poets, who are all gone into a world of light, but whose memories seem to consecrate the soul from all ignobler companionship." Many an American youth has felt this spell as he has passed for the first time within the college gates to begin his four years of quiet study. He has felt like removing his hat, and standing with bared head in that sacred place, teeming with the traditions of that learning, the love of which has but just been kindled in his bosom. Professor Bryce, in his admirable chapter upon American Universities, in "The American Commonwealth," says of the colleges scattered all over our land, that they set learning in a visible form before the eyes of the people, that what

may be at first only a farthing rushlight, with the development of the community, or under the guidance of an able teacher, "becomes a lamp of growing flame," throwing its rays over a continually widening circle. This is the simple truth. The mere presence of a college in a community, the daily spectacle of its quiet grounds and buildings devoted to learning, have kindled in many a boy's mind the ambition to get an education, to pass from the farm or the workshop into some of the intellectual walks of life. No boom is needed to spread this quiet work in the human soul. Simple learning has been the magnet which has drawn thousands of American boys into our colleges, and has been the earnest object of their studies after they have entered.

Shall we allow all this to be changed? Shall we fill the college campus and college buildings with the roar of an athletic boom, and put learning in a secondary position? We do not for a moment believe any such change can be made permanently. That it has come dangerously near to being made temporarily, nobody can doubt. The turning-point has been reached, however, and the old order of things is certain to be resumed, with some modifications perhaps, but with learning as the dominating influence. The early idea of the model college student, the pale, sickly youth who simply crammed his text-books, shut his mind against all general knowledge, abstained from all exercise and healthy sport, took the valedictory, and either died soon afterward, or lapsed into a life of obscurity and chronic ill-health, has long since passed away. The ideal student now is the one who develops mind and body together, who is taught that without a healthy body, his mind cannot do its best work. Compulsory exercise in the gymnasium, under expert medical direction, is required in many of our colleges and ought to be in all. No athletic boom ever reaches the great body of the students. It benefits mainly only those who are naturally the strongest, and hence have less need of systematic exercise. The others sit on the benches and watch the games. The general health of the college is not improved and its general intellectual condition is greatly injured. No rational person can object to reasonable college sports, but let them be kept as college sports, and not as great public spectacles, with gate money running into thousands of dollars, and accompanied with a fury of betting, which does not stop with the undergraduates, but invades all the preparatory schools. Not only is the spirit of learning banished by such doings as these, but the whole moral tone of the college is lowered. One would infer from some current publications of college experiences and stories, put forth recently, that the modern student's life was a round of athletic contests, with betting, drinking, robbing of hen-roosts, everything except study.

That there is a great deal of earnest study going on in all our colleges cannot be questioned. It is fortunate for us as a people that this is the case. Lowell, in the address from which we have quoted above, says that our greatest need as a people is to increase the number of our highly cultivated men and thoroughly trained minds, for these carry with them into every-day life the seeds of sounder thinking and of higher ideals. There never was a time when the demand for thoroughly educated minds was so great in this country as it is to-day. In every walk in life in which intellectual labor is employed, the demand for such minds far exceeds the supply. This is a serious situation, for as Lowell says, "Democracy must show its capacity for producing not a higher average man, but the highest possible types of manhood in all its manifold varieties, or it is a failure. No matter what it does for the body, if it do not in some sort satisfy that inextinguishable passion of the soul for something that lifts life away from prose, from the common and the vulgar, it is a failure." In America, with its boundless material resources, the struggle not merely to advance the kingdom of the mind, the things of the spirit, but to keep them from slipping farther and farther into the background, must always be an intense one. Without our colleges as feeders for our intellectual class, this struggle would be a hopeless one. We do not believe for a moment that our colleges will consent to put the kingdom of mind below that of the body. In the inspiring words of George William Curtis, the college shall in the future, as it did in the past, teach the American youth the "secret and methods of material success; but above all, it shall admonish him that man does not live by bread alone, and that the things which are eternal are unseen; with one hand it shall lead him to the secrets of material skill, it shall equip him to enter into the fullest trade with all the world, but with the other it shall lead him to lofty thought and to commerce with the skies."

Art on the Battlefield.

THE dedication of the National Military Park in the vicinity of Chattanooga suggests the inquiry whether sufficient consideration has been given to the service which art may render on the battlefield in perpetuating the fame of brave men. To accomplish this object,— nowhere a worthier one than on the field of Chickamauga, probably the bloodiest battle since the invention of gunpowder,— it is not enough that the demands of history alone should be satisfied. This is of course the first condition: to identify all lines of battle, to indicate in detail every significant position and movement — in short, to reproduce to the eye and the imagination, as far as may be done, the very form and color of the event. This is indispensable, and in these respects the scheme adopted by the National Commission could hardly be improved.

But, after all, this is the prose of the battle; and it is through art in some form — painting, sculpture, poetry, or the lesser art of letters — that appeal must be made to posterity in realization of the idea of heroism associated with hallowed ground. For such service none but the best attainable art is good enough. This the Greeks and Romans knew, as many famous sculptures attest, and this lesson we have yet to learn from them.

It is idle to say that for one who looks at a battlefield from an artistic point of view there are a thousand to whom it has only the associations of a historical event. This is true to-day; but we are in the infancy of our art-development, and what will satisfy us, in whom gratitude, comradeship, or admiration are prominent motives, may not answer to the demands of a more cultivated generation of observers, in whom the associations of the event are less lively. Fame exacts the best both of the actor and the celebrator.

It is probably within the fact to say that there are not four pieces of good sculpture on the battlefield of Gettysburg, including the beautiful and appropriate

Celtic cross which marks the position of a body of Irish troops. There are a few unobtrusive pieces of natural rock which fittingly express willing sacrifice or unyielding valor; but for the most part that beautiful field — the chosen valley for the nation's salvation — has become for lack of coördination in plan and good taste in execution an unsightly collection of tombstones. In this respect it is only less so than the ordinary cemetery: the objection to it is that it *is* a cemetery; and a mere cemetery, we maintain, a great battle-field should not be allowed to be made.

As the fields of Antietam and Shiloh are now passing into Government control it may not be too late to urge upon those in charge a few practical considerations which may lead to a larger measure of beauty, without any loss — indeed, with a marked enhancement — of the practical value of such an enterprise.

1. Every Commission should avail itself of the advice of the best landscape architects, so that park-like effects may be retained as far as may be consonant with the more practical objects of the reservation.

2. Lines of battle should be marked clearly but unpretentiously with a low uniform stone, and the whole plan should be worked out artistically before large monuments are erected.

3. The Commission should have the advice of a competent board of sculptors, and should be guided by them in the acceptance of plans for monuments.

4. The monuments, to be of artistic excellence, must be few; and to this end the unit of celebration, so to speak, should be the corps. The sense of historical perspective is lost by allowing each regiment to determine the proportions and character of the memorial. Alas! the appropriation of the States for separate monuments for each of their regiments is perhaps already beyond diversion to a more artistic plan. But some oversight may yet be possible, and legislatures making new appropriations may well keep in view the necessity of a severe artistic supervision, such as made the Court of Honor of the Columbian Exposition the admiration of the world. Surely at Gettysburg such a board could have made every provision for satisfying the pride and claims of individual regiments, without in any way impairing the charming natural features of the field. It will be little short of a criminal blunder if the error there made shall be repeated on other fields. The heroes of the civil war are worthy of the best that History and Art can give them.

Hope for the Forests.

FROM time to time during the last six years, both by editorial articles and by solicited contributions, we have endeavored to impress upon our readers the conviction of intelligent observers that no time should be lost in providing against the imminent and manifold perils of forest destruction in the United States, and especially on the public lands. The mind that would compass the evils brought upon other countries through indifference to this matter may see them startlingly set forth in George P. Marsh's engaging volume "Nature as Modified by Man," in which that patriotic student of science and history gave his countrymen an anxious warning against similar neglect. This was fifty years ago, and in the main our national forest policy has not yet taken shape, while the destruction of our largest crop by fire, sheep, and the hungry ax goes bravely on.

This is not because the intelligence of the people is not convinced of the situation. A correct public sentiment on the subject has been rapidly forming. Bodies as widely diverse as the American Society for the Advancement of Science, the National Irrigation Association, and the New England Lumbermen's Association have officially joined in the demand for legislative action: only Congress lags behind. As usual, it is in the Capitol at Washington that ignorance and greed make their last stand, relying on the indifference or preoccupation of the law-makers. For the rest, it is natural that honest legislators who have given no attention to the subject should hesitate to take the initiative, but that they should not be willing to give weight to the united voices of experts is most provincial and most deplorable. But a more potent voice is now about to speak. Those who will not listen to Science will hardly turn a deaf ear to Commerce.

During the present year the advocates of a modern forest policy have received the important support of the two leading mercantile organizations of New York City. On January 3, 1895, the New York Chamber of Commerce, after special consideration of the subject, adopted unanimously the following resolutions:

Whereas, A thorough inquiry into the question of the preservation of our forest lands is of paramount importance to agricultural and other interests; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Chamber recommend to the United States Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled to pass a bill which authorizes the President of the United States to appoint a Commission of three experts, and make the necessary appropriation for the purpose of a thorough study of our public timber lands, so as to determine what portions ought to be preserved in the interest of the people, to prepare a plan for their management, and report the same within a year of their appointment. The Commission to have access to all public documents bearing on the question.

On June 12, 1895, a similar meeting was held by the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, and, after discussion of the larger aspects of the subject, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The welfare and the commercial interests of the entire country are closely related to the preservation and proper management of the public forests:

Resolved, That, as a first step to a permanent and scientific forest policy, we heartily favor the creation by Congress of a National Forest Commission with the following objects:

1. To study the public timber lands, reserves, and parks on the ground.
2. To ascertain their condition and extent.
3. To ascertain their relation to the public welfare, and to existing local needs of the people as regards agriculture and the supply of wood for mining, transportation and other purposes.
4. To ascertain what portions of the public timber lands should remain as such in view of the agricultural, mining, lumbering, and other interests of the people.
5. To prepare a plan for the general management of the public timber lands in accordance with the principles of forestry.
6. To recommend the necessary legislation, and

Resolved, That the special committee on forestry be directed to communicate with other commercial bodies and with Congress in furtherance of concerted action on this important question at the next session.

It was understood to be the purpose of the Board to devote itself to the organization of the sentiment of the country in favor of a National Commission. The value of this action may be inferred from the fact that it is to the energetic leadership of the Board of Trade and Transportation, that we owe the adoption

of the recent amendment to the New York State constitution, virtually prohibiting for twenty years the sale or cutting of timber on the Adirondack reservation, where the reckless violation of previous statutes by a ring of lumbermen made a drastic measure indispensable.

In thus taking an active part on a wider field of forest reform, it is to be hoped that the Board of Trade and Transportation will be promptly, heartily, and continuously supported by the merchants of the country, not only by similar resolutions, but by independent study of the subject and by personal appeal to senators and representatives before the reassembling of Congress. The short session preceding a presidential campaign, when there is a disposition to avoid political legislation, ought to be favorable to a general project of this kind, of common and vital interest to the whole country now and hereafter. Legislators may differ upon the details of a governmental administration of the forests, but there can hardly be an honest objection to the thorough scientific study of a subject of so vast importance.

OPEN LETTERS.

New Light in the Black Belt.

EVER since the negroes were enfranchised, what is known as the Black Belt of Alabama has been noted for what many regarded as a dangerous preponderance of colored people. It was in the heart of this section —at Tuskegee, in Alabama — that fourteen years ago was founded, very modestly, by a colored man, freshly graduated from Hampton College in Virginia, a normal and industrial school for his race, which, so far as negro education was concerned, was an experiment.

The founder of this school, Mr. Booker T. Washington, had become persuaded that most of the efforts at training his people in purely academic directions were almost entirely thrown away. He held that the time was not ripe, and his people were not prepared, for the higher scholastic training of which the Greek and Latin classics are the basis, but that they needed to be taught how to work to advantage in the trades and handicrafts, how to be better farmers, how to be more thrifty in their lives, and, most of all, how to resist the money-lenders' inducements to mortgage their crops before they were made. It was with these great ideas that he began his work at Tuskegee, the results of which are well worth reporting.

When the attention of philanthropists was first directed to the ignorant condition of the freedmen in the South, in nine cases out of ten the practical effort to do something for their improvement was controlled by clergymen and was largely influenced by sentimental considerations. The chief object seemed to be to grow a great crop of negro preachers, lawyers, and doctors. The result was so disheartening that fifteen years after the war was over there were grave doubts whether the colored race in the South was not lapsing into a barbarism worse than that of slavery. Fortunately among these educators and philanthropists there was at least one sane man, the late General S. C. Armstrong, of Hampton. His main idea was to train workmen and teachers. Mr. Washington was one of these teachers. Of him and his work General Armstrong, shortly before his death, said: "It is, I think, the noblest and grandest work by any colored man in the land. What compares with it in general value and power for good? It is on the Hampton plan, combining labor and study, commands high respect from both races, flies no denominational flag, but is earnestly and thoroughly Christian, is out of debt, well managed, and organized."

Mr. Washington began in 1881 with nothing but ideas and ambition and a few friends, none of whom could do much in the way of contributions. But he has pressed on to such purpose that the fourteenth year showed an enrolment of 1025 pupils and teachers: 809 pupils in the Normal School, 150 in the Model School, and 66 teachers and superintendents. The school owns about 2000 acres of land, and has over 40 buildings either completed or in course of erection. It rents 15 cottages not on the school grounds, and some ten of the teachers live in homes of their own. It has no endowment worth mentioning, and it must support itself from earnings, and from the donations of those who have become interested in it. For the year that ended in June the expenses were $73,347.58 — surely a small amount when it is considered that it represents the support of more than one thousand persons for a year. The pupils are rarely able to pay for their board, only $9,696.80 being secured from this source during the year; yet all had to be lodged and fed. The State of Alabama gave toward the expenses $3000, the Slater Fund $5400, the Peabody Fund $500, the Women's Home Missionary Society $576, and the balance, $54,174.78, was received from earnings and from the donations of societies and individuals. The tuition is entirely free. The cost of educating a student is $50 a year (the student paying his board partly in cash and partly in work); $200 enables him to complete the four years' course; $1000 creates a permanent scholarship.

Twenty-five industries are carried on at the school, and while learning trades the pupils are given an opportunity to earn something toward their support, being allowed five cents an hour while at work. But they not only work at trades and in the fields; they are required to spend a part of the day or evening in the class-room; so that the carpenter or the blacksmith or the bricklayer learning a trade at Tuskegee is also instructed in the rudiments of lettered knowledge.

At the commencement held at the end of May the exercises included not only music and speaking, but an exhibition of the handiwork of the pupils, who were called on to show how each kind of work was done. One showed the method of putting tires on a buggy, another the construction of a house, another the pinning of the same, and still another the painting of the structure; the girls showed the process of ironing a shirt, of cleaning and lighting a lamp, of making bread, cake, and pie, of cutting and fitting a dress, and

so on. Other boys illustrated wheelwrighting, bricklaying, plastering, mattress-making, printing, and various agricultural processes. To the crowds of interested negroes at this commencement this seemed something worth while, because it was practical, and within the range of their own experience and attainment.

The influence of Hampton and Tuskegee spreads rapidly. Many of the men and women graduated from this normal and industrial school are inspired with the ambition to become teachers themselves. It has therefore come about that there are many small schools in several of the Southern States conducted in some measure upon the same lines as those followed in Mr. Washington's institution. The chief ideas insisted upon at Tuskegee are that men and women must be honest and industrious, and lead clean, moral lives; that they must to the best of their ability put in practice the skill, whether it be that of artisan or husbandman, that they have acquired in the industrial school; that they must become proprietors if possible, and beyond everything that they must keep out of debt, especially out of the debt that is represented by a mortgage on home and crops. If these ideas were inculcated only in one thousand pupils at one time, the work would be a very great one in influence and beneficence. But very few indeed go away from Tuskegee without an inspiration to assist in the improvement of the condition of their neighbors at home. Here is where the greatest civilizing influence is exerted.

Another point is much impressed upon the pupils at Tuskegee. In the old times all the negroes in the South were housed in one-room cabins. In such a home there could be little or no advancement. The Tuskegee idea teaches that the one-room cabin is indecent and unfit for the habitation of a family. And so the small farmers and laborers are encouraged to add rooms to their cabins or to build new cottages — to expand their habitations and make them worthy of men and citizens. This propagandum has been so effective that while one-room cabins were the general rule when the negroes were emancipated, now one third of the rural negroes in the South are housed in structures containing more than one room, and in these houses there is practically no doubling up of families.

In brief, among all the educational efforts among the negroes there is probably none more interesting, wise, or successful than this work of Mr. Washington's at Tuskegee.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.

The Century's American Artists Series.

H. O. WALKER. (SEE PAGE 771.)

HENRY OLIVER WALKER was born in Boston, and began the study of art much later in life than most painters. In 1879 he went to Paris, remaining there about four years as a pupil of Bonnat, and subsequently had the advantage of a visit to Spain and Italy. On returning to America, he remained for several years in Boston, painting both portraits and pictures, and then removed to New York, half of each year being spent in Cornish, N. H., where most of his work is done.

Mr. Walker is a member of the Society of American Artists, and an associate member of the National Academy of Design. He was awarded a medal at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893; secured the Shaw prize of 1894 at the Society of American Artists' exhibition; and in 1895, by the picture shown on page 771, obtained the Clarke prize of the National Academy of Design.

Mr. Walker's pictures are the work of a conscientious and talented workman. They are careful in drawing, pure in color, and excellently made; and they show an artist of much intellectuality and of a poetic temperament. Henry Walker is of those artists (by no means uncommon in our studios) who, regardless of those who cry aloud in the market-place, quietly follow in the path marked out by Perugino, and beaten hard by the footsteps of Del Sarto and Raphael.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Gum Swamp Debate.

IT was a gala night at the Gum Swamp Meeting-house, for the vexed question which could "argify" best — the Rev. Elijah Williams or Mr. Ike Peterson — was to be definitely settled by a public contest. It is true that the ostensible object of the meeting was to debate this proposition, "De pen am more pow'ful dan de powder," but it was recognized by the whole congregation that the real issue was as first stated.

For many years 'Lige had held undisputed possession of the pulpit and forum, and swayed his audience with homely eloquence, his logic irresistible, his facts unassailed. He had been authority on all questions, settling family as well as doctrinal disputes. If there was a mooted point in scripture that 'Lige had failed to clear up, it was because the point was fortified behind an array of words that no one in Gum Swamp could spell out. But one day that nineteenth-century product, "a school darkey," by the name of Ike Peterson, had made his appearance and begun to talk out in meeting. Ike had just enough learning to spell out the parts of the Bible he already knew, and carried in his excellent memory a jumble of facts and phrases that had stuck to his impressionable mind. But he had in addition an intense desire to be heard upon all questions, coupled with an assurance simply overwhelming. He it was who proposed the question as above, and assumed to defend the affirmative. As may be supposed, this new-comer was a thorn in the side of the preacher, and the situation was not helped by the fact that the giddy young sisters showed a disposition to cackle when he crowed.

On the memorable night of the contest Ike arose to begin the debate. Every seat was taken, and the walls of the log edifice were lined with eager listeners, while bouquets of ebon faces clustered at the open doors and windows. The speaker was at his ease, and glaring about him, said loudly:

"Huccum all you niggers hyah? Das de fus' an' fo'-mos' quesshun, huccum yer hyah? Was any uv yer



DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

"IKE SMILED."

blowed up wid powder an' fell back hyah en Gum Swamp?" Ike smiled until his mouth seemed an arched vista lined with head-stones. The congregation responded with a laugh. "No," he said confidentially, "ain't none uv yer been blowed up! White man tuk er pen an' writ down on er piece of paper, 'Sen' me er hundred niggers.' An' he pas' hit erlong to er ship capt'n, an' de ship capt'n he pas' hit erlong 'cross de water to er missionery, an' de missionery he call up er lot er de bes' dress' niggers in Afferca an' sen' em erlong back by de man what fotch de note. Das how dey got de seed uv de fus' niggers, an' fum dat start all de res' done growed tell de woods es full uv 'em. Hit was de pen did it. De pen es de daddy uv ev'y nigger in Gum Swamp." There were several vigorous assents, and the speaker continued: "But de white man what sen' fur dem niggers owned em all, tell Mr. Linkum come erlong an' set yer free. An' how did Mr. Linkum set yer free? I want all you niggers what never read nuthin' ter git dese facts fum me! How did yer git free? Why ain't yer all back home yonder ersleepin', so 's yer c'n outwalk er mule all de week 'stead er bein' hyah ter-night an' in town all day Sattyday? You young niggers out deir by de do' wid yo' moufs open, I want yer ter lissen ter me! I 'm talkin' horse sense now. Huccum yer done free? Mr. Linkum tuk er pen an' writ down dese two lines on de front leaf uv er blue back spellin'-book, 'Niggers es free fum ter-day out,' an' den he nail hit ter de court-house do' up yonder in Washin'ton. An' fum dat day tell now niggers es been free es anybody an' er heap freer dan po' white trash, which ef somebody did 'n' own dey would starve ter death. What did it? I tell you what did hit; hit was de *pen!*" Here the audience burst into applause.

"Huccum you niggers ain't starve ter de'f las' year? Huccum you had meal an' bread, hog an' hominy — an' terbacco? I 'll tell yer ergin! Yer go' long up ter Macon to de warehouse man an' tell him you mus' have 'em. An' he say, 'Yer got er mule?' An' you say, 'Oomhoo!' An' he ax you what 's es name; an' you say, 'Scott; an' five years old.'" The speaker smiled knowingly, and the crowd roared. "Den de warehouse man say, 'Well I put er mortgage on Scott,' an' right deir he put de mortgage on Scott. Den what nex'? Do dat man tell you ter tech de powder? No, sah! He say tech de pen! Dat pen git yo' rations fur er whole year. Hit 's de pen put de mortgage on dat mule an' s'port de whole county. De mule git de mortgage, you git de rations, an' de white man git left!" A wild cheer followed this summary, and the old negroes ducked their heads and shook with emotion.

Friends of 'Lige began to eye him anxiously, but to one who called out, "How 'bout dat, Unc' 'Lige?" he only answered smilingly, "Give 'im rope, give 'im rope!" Ike continued loudly, "What makes dat mortgage stick? De law! What makes de law? De pen! Dese hyah sheriffs and jedges an' lawyers go up yonder ter Atlanta an' git tergedder an' say, 'De people want some new laws — mus' have some new laws; de ole ones done all been broke.' An' dey set down and lay out some new laws. Does dey lay 'em out wid powder? No, sah! Dey lay 'em out wid a pen. An' de jedge what force dem laws does hit wid er pen, an' de sheriff what come atter you fer swappin' dat mortgage mule come wid er paper what was writ wid er pen, an' de man what keep de jail he tek yer an' put yer name down in es book wid er pen, an de fus' news yer git, bless Gord, de oberseer uv de chain-gang done got yer *in* er pen."

Shrieks of applause greeted this new point. When the confusion subsided, Uncle 'Lige said to Elder Hinson, who was at the far end of the room, "Brer Peterson got er good memory fur hist'ry. Give 'im rope!" But Peterson was impervious.

"An' las' of all, my frien's, my dear frien's, how yer git dat Bible? Tell me dat, how yer git hit? De Lord mek Moses write hit on er stone. Now hyah es er littl' 'screpancy, but in dem days pens was skearce an' Moses was up on de mountain. So he des' tek er chisel fur er pen, an' he whet hit on es boot an' writ like de Lord say, usin' dat chisel fur er pen; an' right deir you got all de law and de prophets. Oh, my dear frien's, powder es good, but de pen es de mos' pow'ful. Powder done knock down er heep er troof, but de troof



DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

"GIVE 'IM ROPE!"

what 's lef' es de troof what uz write wid er pen. Dat 's all yer got ter swing ter ef yer ever spec' ter see de gates op'n when po' sinner knocks fur de las' time!"

Peterson sat down in triumph, and a bouncing girl brought him a big bouquet of dogwood blossoms.

Intense silence greeted the rising of Elijah Williams. He straightened his portly form as well as he could,



DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

"A BOUQUET OF DOGWOOD."

removed his spectacles, and began to smile. It was a little smile at first, but it spread with the rapidity of bad news and very soon involved his whole face. It became an enormous, soundless laugh, and began to shake him from head to foot. The whole audience was infected, and the silence gave way to a round of fun. 'Lige looked at Peterson two or three times and made efforts to speak, but apparently could not. Presently the noise sank away, and the old man pronounced just one word:

"Pen-n-n!" It sounded like the bleat of a lost billy-goat, and was greeted with shouts of laughter.

"Huccum all you niggers hyah?" he said, quoting his antagonist, and mimicking him. "Lemme tell you de troof, my frien's, an' you 'll know hit 's de troof es soon es you git hit. A white man sont er note fur you. Das right! But did de note fetch you? Did dat missionery pas' hit erlong ter yer mammies and daddies ter read, an' did dey 'cep' of de white man's invertation, an' come erlong? Not much! Ain't one uv dem ole-time niggers ever seen writin' up ter dat time. Dey did n' know er pen fum a hump-back fiddle, an' dat 's er fac'. No, sir. I tell you how dey come. Dat ship capt'n sail up by de bank, an' open up es pack. He spread out some speckle caliker on de san', an' op'n up er box er two er snuff, an' fetched out some yaller beads, an' while dem niggers was 'miring dat speckle caliker, an' sneezing, an' fingerin' dem yaller glass beads, de capt'n haul out er cannon-full er powder, an' shoot hit up in de air. An' right deir er hundred niggers fell down proselyte to de groun', puffec'ly pluralyzed wid fear, an' he cotch em, an' slap em down in dat ship. Das how dey come hyah. Powder fotched 'em." This magnificent rally on the part of their old leader roused the faithful to a frenzy of applause. The voice of 'Lige rang out over the clamor:

"An' dat writin' what Mr. Linkum nail up on de court-house do'. Was you niggers free fum dat day? No, sah. We had ter kill six hundred million uv dem Yankees, an' dey had ter kill all our white folks fus'; and hit took 'leven years ter do hit. Talk erbout de pen! Hit was de powder sot you free.

"An' dat writin' what de sheriff come erlong an' bring when he hunt fur dat mule you done swap — does de writin' fetch yer? Does yer stay in dat jail 'cause er de writin' en de book? Does yer stay on de chain-gang, workin' en de hot road, an' watermelons growing right up ter side er de ditch, 'cause somebody totin' writin' eroun' en deir pockets? You know yer don't. Ain't no writin' en de worl' goin' ter hold air nigger in dis crowd under dat statement uv de case. You go 'long wid dat sheriff, an' yer go to dat jail, an' yer keep in de middl' er dat road, erway fum dem melons, 'cause deir 's somebody eroun' totin' er gun dat kin bark five times, fling er shell and spit powder all over de face uv de yerth. Don't talk to me erbout no pen. Hit ain't wurth er cent. Cow pen, ink pen, or hog pen — ef hit war n't fur de fac' dat er hog an' de powder could bofe beat er nigger to de swamp, would n' er bin er pound er meat raised in Georgia las' year.

"No, sah, don't talk erbout nobody's pen! Look at Virge Williams when he met dat bear on de log cross Stone Creek las' week? What would de pen er done fur Virge? S'pose Virge had took er pen out uv es pocket, an' spit on de en' uv it, an' writ on dat bear's face, 'Stop!' whar would Virge ha' been now? Ef de powder in dat gun had n' 'sploded when hit did an' kicked Virge out er de way er dat bear an' back en de mud where we all could prize 'm out wid er fence-rail, I say where would Virge ha' been now? Don't talk ter me erbout nobody's pen!



DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

"'POWDER 'SPLAINS HITSELF.'"

"Writin' es mighty good and writin' es mighty bad, but dis hyah techin' de pen so much es what keeps de country broke. Ef hit war n't fur dat pen deir would n' be no mortgage, an' no jail, an' no chain-gang. Rations would be boun' ter come ennyway, 'cause de cotton bleege ter come, an' hit teks er nigger ter make cotton. An' powder done spread more gospel dan all de pens in de worl'. You got ter have somebody ter 'splain er pen ter folks, but yer don't have ter 'splain de powder. Powder 'splains hitself. You got ter know er man 'fore you mind what es pen say; but you move fur ennybody's powder whether yer know 'im er yer don't know 'im! Gimme powder — gimme powder — an' gi' Brer Peterson er pen,— gi' 'im er gol' pen ef he wants hit,— an' ef I don't make 'im put down dat pen 'fo' he meks me put down dat powder, den de pen es mo' pow'ful dan de powder."

'Lige closed amid such a storm of applause that no one thought it necessary to call for a vote.

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

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SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

"LADY STANDING AT A SPINET," BY VERMEER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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A CRUISE ON THE NORFOLK BROADS.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

BETWEEN the sea beaches of Yarmouth and Lowestoft, the grainfields of Wroxham, and the crowded river-wharves of Norwich, lie the plains and valleys through which flow the Bure, the Yare, and the Waveney. Before losing themselves irrevocably in the sea, these rivers turn aside, as it were, now and then, from their more serious duty of providing a watery highway, to frolic in a series of wild lakes and meres. These limpid waterways have been used for generations by the homely Norfolk barges. For generations also it has been an open secret to sportsmen and anglers that in summer the Broads are an angler's paradise, and that in winter wild ducks are almost as numerous as thrushes in August. In time the secret was whispered abroad. Following in the footsteps of the men of the gun came others with palette hooked on thumb; and once the smoke from an anchored house-boat — the artist's improvised studio or the journalist's den — rose up among the reeds and grasses to rival the vaporous column circling skyward from the fenman's cottage, the land of the Broads was summarily annexed to the domain of pure romance. This its magnet still holds good; and now, as one may see during the whole of the long summer, the sails between the meadows are almost as thick as cabs on Piccadilly.

For more than a decade cruising on the Broads has taken a foremost place in the long list of sports and pastimes yielded by that amazing little island where, by utilizing every rill and rivulet, every hill and upland, man has doubled the size, and tripled the pleasure-giving capacity, of the stretch of earth he calls his England.

I.

WOULD you hoist sail from the heart of a rustic village? There is Wroxham, set upon the river Bure seven miles from Norwich, an admirable collection of thatched cottages, tall hedges, rose-gardens, rustics, and clucking hens. This yachting-station in a meadow is one of the favorite points of departure for a cruise on the Broads. But if you are one of those who must have the scent of the sea in the nostrils, Great Yarmouth, down upon the coast, will send you forth as well equipped for an inland voyage into poppy-land as for the rounding of the Cape. Lowestoft, farther south, will rival that perfection, with the added attraction to fishermen of offering a swift approach to Oulton Broad and its fresh-water catches.

We were in pursuit, not of fish, but of adventure, and therefore it was that Wroxham had cast its spell upon us. We were curious to see how an inland village, of strictly agricultural habits and rural traditions, would arrange the *mise-en-scène* of a yachting-station.

The booths and shops of the highroad running from the railway at Wroxham to the Bridge displayed their tawdry flannels and cheap yachting-caps with naïve, rustic ostentation. Peddlers were dancing fish-hooks in the eyes of dragon-flies, and offering worms in tin

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boxes. Butchers' shops led the way to an inn, and some farmers' carts starting forth from the stable-yard showed us the road to the Bridge. Beneath the latter flowed a river,—a stream, rather,—along the banks of which were grouped the promised village beauties of rose-vines, thatched roofs, and bits of emerald turf, set in a frame of golden grain-fields. A blackbird, singing on a reed-stalk, sent his song forth as if in invocation to the beauty of this pastoral landscape. Would any marine mind, in full possession of its nautical faculties, have looked to find a yachting-station in such a setting? Yet where there seemed barely room for a wave, there a fleet lay at anchor, or was hoisting sail. Twenty or more yachts, yawls, steam-launches, barges, and smaller sailing-craft gave to the river an animation commonly associated solely with the sea. The scene could hardly have been gayer under an Italian sky, and there was in the very air a gala note that made this pool that had become a yachting-station, and these yachts that were sailing forth to cruise between the meadows, assume an aspect of unreality.

Meanwhile, both on the yacht decks and on shore, the preparations for immediate departure were being carried on with great bustle and gravity; this cruise among the grasses was obviously undertaken with all the seriousness of a genuine sea voyage. Dinghys and row-boats were spinning about, carrying luggage and passengers to the more distant crafts. Hand-carts and wheelbarrows were being trundled over the Bridge, for the Norwich train was in, and the new arrivals were in haste to be off. Shouts, commands, orders crossed and recrossed one another from deck to shore, sailors, rustics, grooms, and yachtsmen all talking at once. The river was busy with a multitude of reflections: the limpid blues would be obliterated by the whites of flapping sails, and the blacks of painted hulls as quickly replaced by dashes of crimson or streaks of cobalt-blue—movable dashes that followed the figures of the yachtsmen, the placing of deck pillows and of cushioned chairs. All the while the soft gold of an English noon was flooding the scene, the overarching sky carrying its own argosies of sun-whitened clouds.

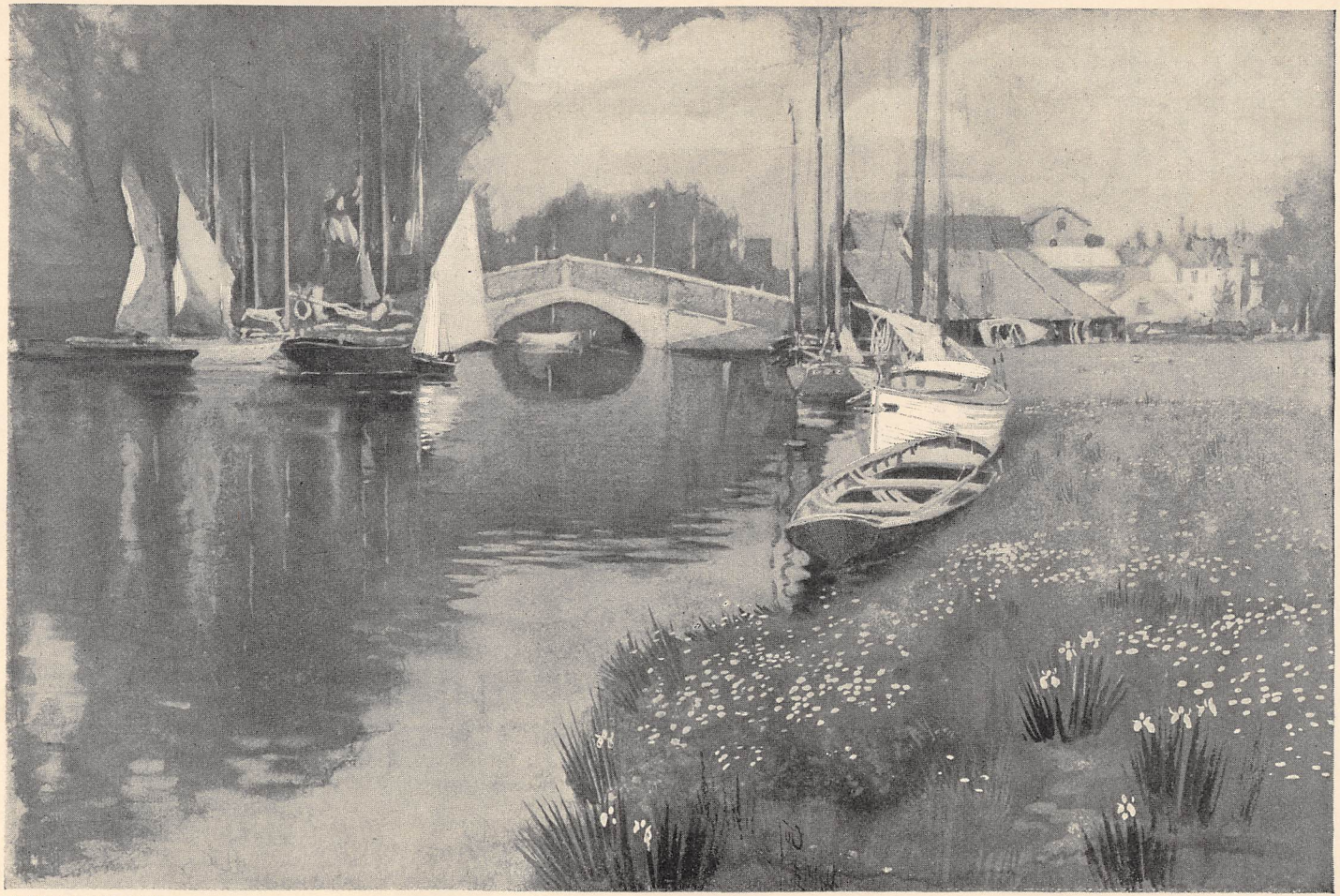
About a certain low shed close to the river-bank, where the yachts lay thickest, we stood watching the putting forth of the boats on their river journey; noted the dexterous storing away, in lockers and cabins, of the mounds of trunks, portmanteaus, boxes of provisions, guitars, banjos, fishing-gear, and "silhouettes," or vast-rimmed straw hats. Imperceptibly the hubbub and noise had died out; the strong-voiced young yachtsmen, the agitated parsons, and the ladies in distress over missing pieces of luggage, had all sailed away, relapsing into composure now that the sails, in their turn, had begun to flutter in the breeze.

It was noon, and it was now quiet on the river. A flock of white ducks were swimming into the very middle of the stream; their quack, quack made a pleasing recitative to the accompaniment of the lapping water. A figure, coatless, hatless, lean of shape and keen of eye, stood beside us. The lean man had crossed his arms, for now at last he had a moment of leisure. It was for that moment we had been forced to wait, that our inquiries concerning boats and dates might be answered.

"Sorry indeed I am, sir; but there 's not a boat left. Those two are off to-morrow. The very last boat I had was that yawl yonder." The man's eyes followed the boat, now going down stream, as they might the vanishing shape of a friend.

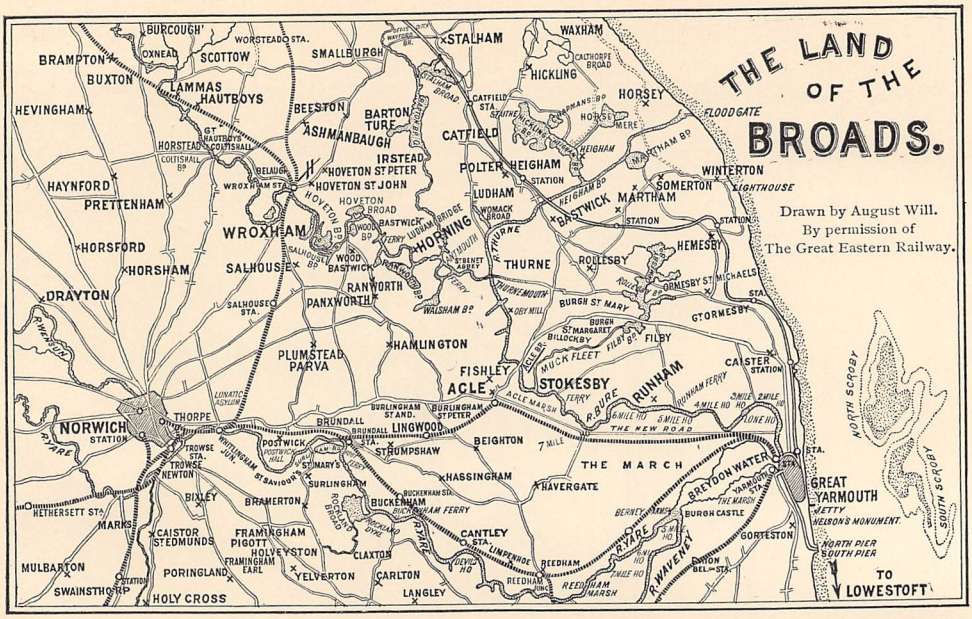
This was a dispiriting announcement. It was certainly not the one we had come up from London to hear; and J. Loynes, owner of cabin yachts, yawls, and wherries, "fitted with every convenience for cooking and sleeping," was now paying us the compliment of showing a disappointment as keen as our own. Presently he proffered a seat on the top of an overturned barrel, that we might be the more at our ease to be lamented over and sympathized with. Then he began again, with cheery civility: "An' now we must see what can be done about a boat. If it was only to the Hook you were going, I 've a beauty in—just the very thing." The Hook? An illuminating smile upward toward the low shed was our enlightenment; for on the shed we read: "Yachts for Holland, the Hook, and Zuyder Zee. On hire. To be had of J. Loynes." Once more we looked at the river, at the simple, nodding grasses, at the lily-pads, and the ducks swimming through them. Were expeditions for the north pole also fitted out in this amazing little stream? Loynes had caught the question in our smile, and was answering it.

"You see, sir, it 's as easy to do the Hook and Holland as it is the Broads, an' in a way, as you may say, it 's a better business; for Holland 's better known. It 's been more writ up; an' there 's 'nothin' like writin' up a country to make it known." In Loynes's mind, at least, literature had its solid uses. "There 's a gentleman, a painter, whose writin's have made Holland very fashionable—a Mr. Boughton. You may have heard of him. An' now the Broads is beginnin' to be writ up, and business is gettin' better every year. In the heavy season, as you see, there ain't a boat to be had. I 'm more sorry than I can speak it, I am, I can't oblige you; but—" here he paused suddenly, and unhooked his lean arms, clutched at his



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

YACHTING-STATION, WROXHAM.



long beard, let his eyes sparkle a little, and cried out exultingly—"but there 's the *Vacuna*, I do believe; Jimpson has her to let." With the excitement of his discovery still strong upon him, Loynes hailed a man just then crossing the Bridge. "I say, Mills, bring round the jolly-boat, will you; and—Jimpson—I 've got a party looking for a yacht—tell Jimpson." And in due time the mysterious jolly-boat, with the unknown Jimpson in it, was duly brought round.

Meanwhile Loynes was hurrying us along the river-bank. He began a swift enumeration of the yacht's merits: she was small, but she was fast; she had, indeed, been built for the Broads. Being only a five-tonner, and carrying just the right amount of canvas, she was particularly quick in coming about, a great feature in sailing these narrow rivers. A moment later, and we were boarding her. She was a beautiful little toy of a yacht, with a neat finish of woods and brass mountings to announce her as a Brahman among her kind.

Another short half-hour, and she was ours. Jimpson himself, owner of the King's Head inn, and the letter of the yacht, had come up in the jolly-boat to witness the signing of our lease. After the formalities of the law had been attended to, we were informally asked to assist at a short council. "Now that the boat suits you, sir, have you thought of provisioning her?" We were forced to admit that we had not; and thereupon our counselors grouped themselves about us. Loynes promptly chose the deck-rail; a brown piece of paper stretched across his knee became his improvised tablet. Jimpson, a large man, was already comfortably seated on the cabin. One other figure, a silent one, lent its presence to the proceedings: it was that of the sailor who had brought the jolly-boat and Jimpson up from the inn gardens.

He had swung himself from the dinghy to the yacht's deck with the air of a man who was taking possession of the boat. He was indeed the *Vacuna's* skipper, and we were to be his "party" during the week's cruise. From the forward hatchway, into the depths of which he had slid his sinewy body, his searching blue eyes were now fixed upon us; they were taking a series of purely professional observations. "As handy a man as is to be found on the Broads," was Jimpson's commendatory introduction at the other end of the boat. "He 's known from Lowestoft to Norwich, an' from Norwich to Wroxham Broad—is Mills of Yarmouth. A family man, ma'am, an' as handy with a rope as he is civil an' steady. An' now, sir an' madam, there 's the essentials, if I may so name them—tea an' coffee, sugar, a bit of flour, an' marmalade. If you 're lookin' for a tasty bit, sir, there 's nothing like bacon an' a cut of good ham. But salt beef, that 's the thing you 'll want by you, first and last, for the men, sir." Salt beef, it was agreed, should be the bed-rock of our supplies. "Jimpson," asked Loynes of the innkeeper, "is there anything else?" Jimpson quickly responded, without reflection: "There 's the beer—for the men. The King's Head can supply you, sir, an' Mills will see it 's put aboard. An' a fowl or two cooked, an' some fresh lettuce, is tasty the first

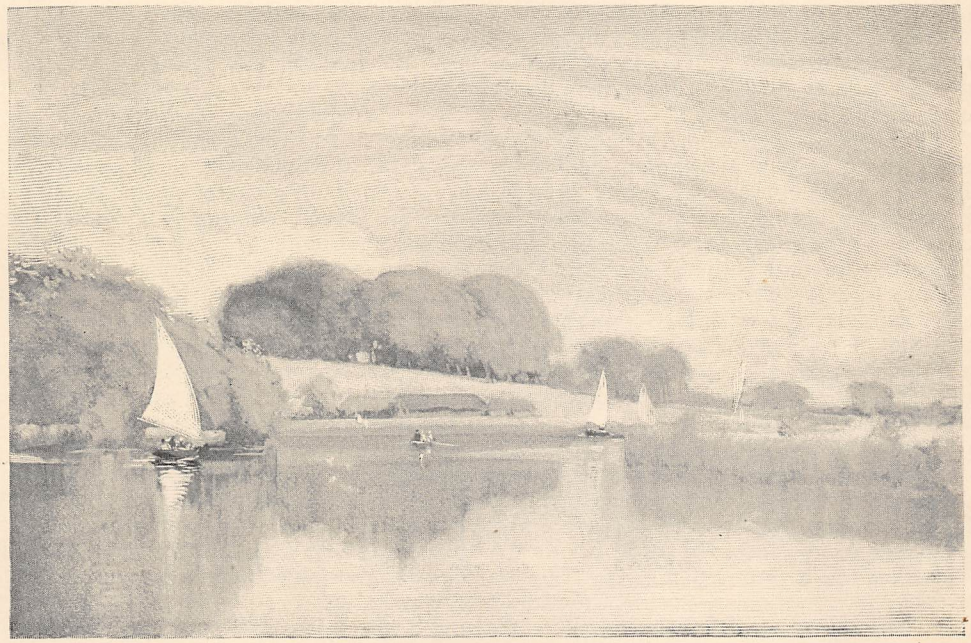
day or so out. The missis will see to that, sir. Mills, is there anything else?" Mills, still within his hatchway, took a moment in which to make the tour of his memory; with no inn ledgers on his mind, he approached the momentous subject with the caution of a family man. "Who 's to go with me?" he finally asked, lifting his head inquiringly. "I 'll send Grimes along," Jimpson answered slowly, as if the gift of Grimes cost him an effort. On Mills's face was written the patient acceptance of the inevitable; all the spirit went out of his voice. Resettling his chin on his crossed arms, he answered, "I believe there is n't any potatoes." And with the additional entry of the neglected potatoes the council came to an end.

II.

Now at last the great moment had come. Our sails were set, the two-foot gang-plank had been lifted, communication with the shore was at an end, and we were drifting into mid-stream. Now that we were fairly afloat, there was an instant of speculative suspense. Would the yacht fit into the river? The width of the deck would surely fill the stream, and its rails overlay the grassy banks. Yet, narrow as was the watery highway, a boat under full sail was coming up stream; she was to be met and passed. Again there was a curious mounting of the pulse-beats. We passed the up-coming boat without so much as grazing the bank. Imperceptibly all the while we were floating farther and farther out upon the river; fainter and fainter grew the faces of Jimpson, of Loynes, of the farmers and plowboys assembled to see us start forth; and between the bushy tree-boughs the outlines of the Wroxham houses were soon merged in the blur of the blue and green distances.

Meanwhile, from the first moment of our starting forth there had been pregnant signs of trouble aboard. Mills the skipper and his mate were at odds. The mate was a buttonless stable-boy with a face and smile as open as his shirt. Ten minutes before we started he had been rubbing down a sweating roan. But neither the lad's boyish smile nor his deftness in the art of stowing away had power to soften the sharp edge of our skipper's dislike; he took no pains whatever to conceal his scorn of stable-boys playing at sailoring. We had barely gone a dozen yards on our way before there came the deep growl of his displeasure; for our sails were hanging as limp as wet linen, and the infant mate was ordered to test his strength at quanting. Against his shoulder he had promptly proceeded to plant one of the long poles that lay along the cabin; securely fixing its padded leather top against his narrow chest, he then began slowly to walk the deck, pressing the long pole into the mud of the river-bed.

"Here, take the helm! A little more strength 's what 's needed over that pole," Mills cried out, with a note of impatience in his voice, after watching the lad's purpling face. But even under the pressure of his own



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SAILING ON THE BURE.

strong muscles the yacht was still crawling at a snail's pace. Another ten minutes, and Mills had hailed a man going up-stream in a rowboat. "Davy! I say, Davy! Give us a start, will you?" The man stopped rowing, swung his rope aboard, and himself immediately after. Without a word he seized the remaining pole, and began walking the deck on the port side. For a good fifteen minutes there was only the sound of the men's deep breathing to be heard. "We don't get a true wind till we get to the open," puffed Mills in an explanatory aside. In another moment we had swept clear of the green shores. A fresh breeze, blowing across the meadows, now filled our sails; the poles came presently to a rest, and Mills was once more at the helm. "You see, sir, I had to have help round that first reach. That 'ere," and Mills, with a dig of his thumb in the air, contemptuously indicated the figure of Grimes bending over the ropes in the stern — "that 'ere ain't no more use 'n a baby — for polin'." Then the lad was sharply ordered to "stand by the ropes."

But with the advent of the wind came also our skipper's good humor. The mere study of tides, a patient acceptance of the caprices of the wind, and knowing one's river as a man knows the face of his own child — these are only the rudiments of a science every skipper must master before he is counted worthy to sail a boat. But sailing on the Broads demands the finishing grace of an art. A Norfolkman, on these rivers of his, must feel himself to be both host and guide: his courtesy must be lined with conscience. We had gone only a short quarter of a mile when Mills, in an opening speech, gave us the text of his sermon on the ethics of nautical conduct.

"You see, sir an' madam, if you 'll allow, this is how I looks at a cruise on the Broads. It all depends on the skipper, I says. You may never see me again, sir, or you, madam; but as sure as I 'm talkin', the pleasure of a party on board a yacht is in the skipper's hands. If he 's rusty or crabby, your pleasure 's void an' your money 's wasted. Grimes, my lad, you may bring me a glass. I drinks to our voyage an' your good healths. An' lively, mind, Grimes, for there 's a boat comin' up to windward."

Deep was the glass in which the success of our cruise was drunk, and swift was the tossing of the foamy beer by our skipper's practised hand; for there was not only one, there were a number of boats, coming up to windward. The river was a thronged highway. Yachts, barges, yawls, rowboats — such was the flotilla riding between the meadow-banks. With the sunny whiteness of the bulging sails was contrasted the novelty of the prevailing background: trees, farm-houses, hay-ricks, garden walls, herds of cattle, windmills — a landscape through which the moving sails seemed to play the rôle of winged figures. Gradually the charm and beauty of this river life began to work their spell. The zigzagging of the yacht from shore to shore was soon accepted as a novel way of getting into closer touch with a river-bank, the narrowness of the river and the low, close shores giving one the sense of being at one and the same moment on land and on water. All the usual signs and sights seen and looked for from a yacht's deck must be forgotten, to be replaced by fresh and novel experiences. For the usual horizons seen from aboard a yacht, there were fringes of larches behind which the blues of the hills and of the sky came together; to test the course of the wind one looked at the tossing of tree-boughs, and to note its strength there was the waving grain to take the place of foam-capped water. The sails we met came from behind barns, and the bows rounded the bark of tree-trunks. To speak a ship one had only to shout across the meadows. As far as the eye could see, the landscape was dotted with white wings. Rarely above the low shores did the river show its sunned face, and the boats in the narrow channels seemed to walk upon the meadows. The church spires of Horning and Hoveton crowning the hilltops alone appeared stable, for the ever-moving sails gave to all the landscape a shifting and fluctuant aspect.

And now the breeze had strengthened. Our sails were full, and for a good fifteen minutes or more we had a true bit of sailing. Along with the wind the tide of our skipper's spirits had risen. In his eye there shone fresh life and vigor; his shrewd face, with its long, thin nose, and the clever wrinkles on brow and chin, was set about with smiles. A sun high in the heavens, a fair wind springing up, full lockers, and only two cabin passengers — what could man or sailor ask more? Mills's voyage from shore to shore, as the *Vacuna* tacked and came about, was a saunterer's gay meeting with succeeding groups of friends and acquaintances. I have rarely known a man whose bowing acquaintance was at once so large and varied. No bargeman passed us but it was, "Hallo, Jim! Any news down Yarmouth way?" or it was, "How are you, sir? Glad to see you down so early this year," to two elderly gentlemen sailing their own yacht. It is certain if any man could humanize an English river, could thaw its reserve into a Gallic fervor, it was Mills. For rustic on shore and for bargeman, for the fisherman mending his net and the girls working in the fields, Mills had his smile and his jest. He was as full of gossip as a provincial



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

A FARM IN THE BROADS.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SAILING ACROSS THE FIELDS.

newspaper, and as generous with his news of the day as a street bulletin.

For my own part, I had never been on such intimate terms with an inland country. We brushed the reedy banks as if the grasses were a friend's garment, and the branches of the trees, in their turn, swept the puffing cheeks of our sails. Geese and swans betrayed their hiding by sailing forth from their ambush to menace and, if possible, affright; and finding we meant no harm, ranged their battalions in line, forming a winged escort. The cows, lying or standing, took their place in our talk; they would lift their heads as we bore down upon their clover-patch, raising their mild eyes as they stopped to listen; and then once more we would hear the sound of their slow breath upon the grass, and the rhythmic switching of their tails. The open cottage doors took us into the privacy of family life; the farmer, shouting to his plowboy across his garden patch, told us dinner was ready; and the voices within denoted the exact temperature of the mistress's temper. Rustic calling to rustic proved the Norfolk preference for continuing a strictly apostolic succession in the matter of name-giving. As for the houses themselves, when you have sailed into a man's front door, missing it by a mere matter of a few feet; when you have managed to graze the side of his barn in lieu of demolishing it; when your bow has swept his wife's milk-cans hanging on the fence — why, for the life of you you cannot help feeling that somewhat close relations have certainly been established between your boat and the shore.

All the while the wind and river between them were taking us on with quickening speed. The outlook changed with kaleidoscopic swiftness. A sweep of turf with grazing cattle would be replaced by a fenman's cottage blocking the sky-distance at the head of a dike; and then a thatched farm-house, with its wall-spaces abloom with roses, would be succeeded by the Georgian Gothic gables of a gentleman's seat; on the next tack a daub-and-wattle hut beneath a thick growth of trees was a significant reminder of those more economical builders in brushwood and clay, with their more strictly utilitarian purposes.

"It's a bit ticklish, this wind — a bit ticklish," Mills suddenly broke out. "I don't like the way it's dodgin' about. It's wery treacherous — full of variety, that 's what it is. It 's a good deal like women, beggin' your pardon, ma'am." And he brought his helm round with a quick turn. A reach farther on there was a "quieter bit of sailin'," as the skipper termed a steadier wind; and then he went on with what was still in his mind.

"Variety! Lord bless you! No woman as is worth havin' but is full of it. There 's my wife. God bless her! I would n't part with her for all the gold in England. But you 'd have all the variety you 'd want on a washin'-day when it 's wet, an' neuralligy is a-settin' in. I 've been through all that, I have. There 's nothin' like it — for variety. An' when you come in

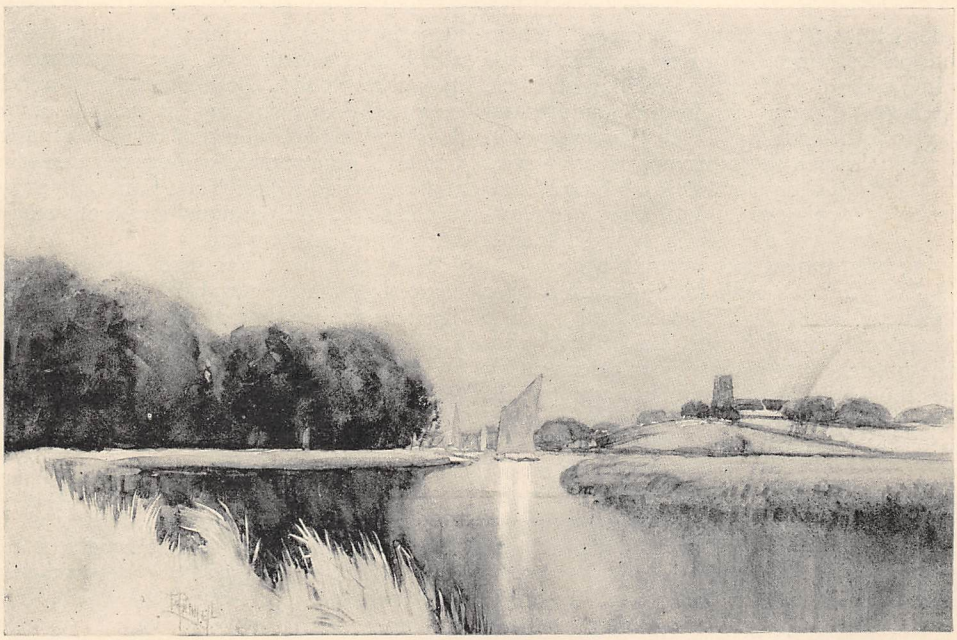
yourself, wet to the skin, an' lookin' forward to a bit o' rest an' warmth by your own fireside, an' you see your wife's head tied up, an' she a-bendin' over the wash-tubs, you know what's before you,—you do!—an' you just haul in your sheet an' drop anchor, you do. An' you do it wery quiet. I 've been through all that, I have. Lively there, my lad, lively! I 've a bit of tackin' to do just here—wery ticklish she is." And Mills, with his eye on his sail, relapsed once more into silence. The silence was soon broken; the wind sent us headlong into an eel-hut, and only Mills's skill in a quick handling of the ropes kept us clear of the bank. No sooner were we fairly started on our course amid-stream than Mills had brought his tiller round with a mighty sweep, and was shouting to Grimes:

"Let go your jib! Let her go, I say! Can't you see there 's a boat comin' up to windward?"

III.

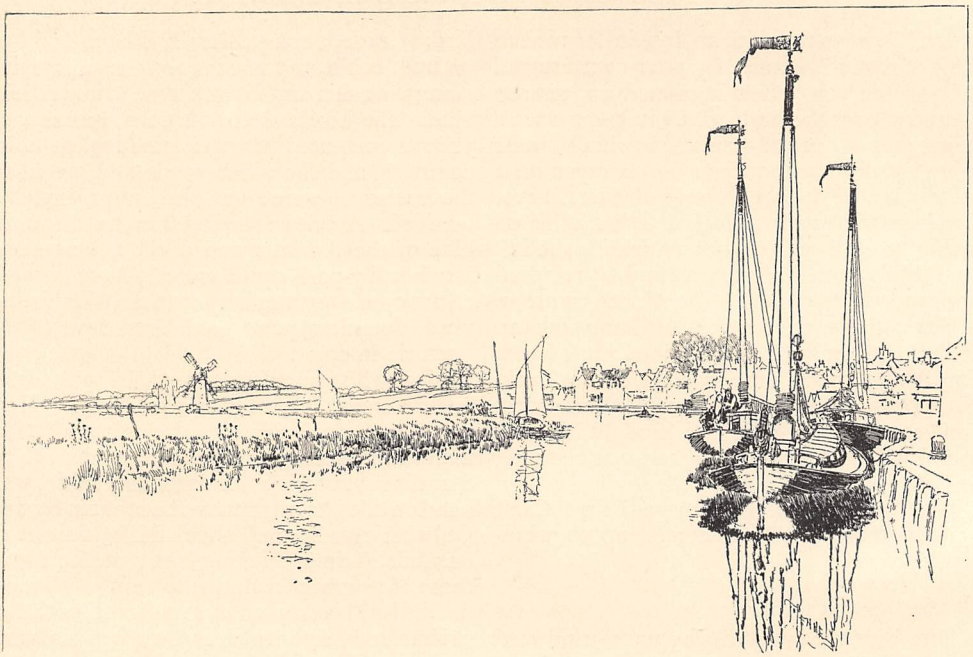
THE boat that was passing us to windward was a sight to enchain the eyes. It was a huge craft, yet it was riding the narrow waters with a swift and confident ease that put to shame the paces of our own deft *Vacuna*. As the full, mahogany-tinted sail bore down upon us, for one dark moment its convex surface made a brown tent between us and the sky. Then the tent sailed by, and the foreground was clear once more. The boat itself, we then saw, was as myriad-hued as the plumage of a tropical bird. Crude, strong colors had been lavished on hull, cabin, and mast; even the poles lying along the ocher-tinted deck were a vivid cobalt-blue. The boat's deep crimsons, greens, and yellows presented strangely un-English color contrasts, and the sober grays and greens of the landscape were all at once surprisingly intensified. A caique strayed from the turquoise blue of the Adriatic and adrift among these Norfolk lily-pads could scarcely have brought to the eyes a greater surprise than did this survival, doubtless, of the old Norse love of the barbaric in color.

Meanwhile our skipper was giving the boat and its crew his customary greeting. "How are you, Cross? How 's the missis?" The man at the helm gravely returned the salute. Standing waist-high above the low cabin, with hand on tiller, he might have been cut in bronze. Only his eyes seemed alive. Mills, the set of our sails, Grimes tugging away at the ropes, those of us grouped along the stern — all these details had been taken in at a glance, with that swiftness of vision which is the gift of birds and mariners. The skipper gave no more concern to his own full sail, which was tied, than if it had been a solid piece of nature rooted in the meadows. A single passenger was to be seen on deck. On a mound of nut-brown silken pillows, close to the mast, reclined at full length a young and lovely girl. As she lay there, her eyes fixed on the pages of a book, her hair, a light-brown glory, was spread about her, drying in the breeze. The other accessories to the pic-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HOVETON CHURCH.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WHERRIES.

ture, the pale, esthetic silks curtaining the cabin windows, the glimpses of rugs and hangings within the cabin, a mandolin lying on the low divan, a blur of pink roses massed in a huge blue vase—all these were only insignificant details beside the one compelling presence, that of the young beauty lying on her bed of pillows, with the tendrils of her hair afloat in the wind.

"She 's only a pleasure-wherry," was Mills's somewhat contemptuous comment. There were others, "true" wherries, he would have us know, that for centuries past had been the merchants' carriers. Up from Yarmouth and Lowestoft they had made their way by day and by night through these winding river-courses. It was only of late years that something of their dignity as a commercial flotilla had been lowered by some of the newer, later-built craft having been turned into pleasure-boats.

"The wherry 's built for trade, an' not for pleasure, I hold," Mills broke forth, with a vigor of condemnation in his tone. "They goes light over the water, that I can't deny; they rides the water like a bird. But a yacht seems more shipshape for a gentleman's pleasure, I always says. They 're a wonderful handy craft, an' 'll sail as close to the wind as any ever I did see, an' they 're just made to order for these 'ere reaches an' rivers, sir. You see, sir, it 's the way a wherry's mast is stepped that makes her handy—that an' the sail's bein' without a boom. Her mast yonder is to the extreme for'ard. An' the length of her, an' the breadth, —they runs from forty-five to fifty feet long, with a beam of ten to twelve,—an' the lowness of her hull, it all helps. Just look at that 'ere wherry roundin' that reach. Ain't she a purty sight?"

The wherry that was rounding the reach was evidently no light "pleasure" craft: this was the "true" wherry. Its patched and darned sail had an unmistakable professional seriousness; the man at the helm, as we came alongside a tack or two farther on, was as patched and darned as his sail. Both the skipper and his craft told their own story: it was one of long days' and nights' sailing in open and narrow waters; of innumerable loadings and unloadings at the crowded Norwich and Yarmouth quays; of a life lived in a perpetual round of weighing anchor and hoisting sail.

Mills had his usual interchange of river courtesies with the rough-featured helmsman. Then, as the breeze went light, our skipper set his foot once more upon the seat, resting his body against the tiller as he held it lightly with one hand. By these signs we knew that the gift of speech was once more to descend upon Mills of Yarmouth.

"Many 's the long month I 've wherried it," he now mused, "along these rivers. Man and boy, I 've lived my life on the Broads, all but the seven years I was at sea; an' long years they was, though a man ought to see the world, whatever it costs, I 've always held. Well, sir an' madam, if I may make so bold, I 've known

what it was to sweat an' shine like the darky cooks we 'd take aboard on the Florida coast; an' my beard an' hands have been froze with the cold in the Russian seas; an' I 've been lyin' like a dead man with the yellow Jack in African waters: but for poorness of livin' an' hardship, give me a Norfolk wherry. Poorest fodder on record, is it, on board a wherry. A piece of sour bread an' an onion, a red herring with no head on an' no gills, that 's what it is week in an' week out. If I got a piece of sweet pork I felt I was a magistrate; a cup of tea without milk, I was a mayor; a bit of home-made bread an' cheese, and no king was happier. Grimes, my lad, another glass. That breeze do bring a thirst to a man."

It was no breeze that was imparting the bibulous impulse to our skipper: he was only toasting the present moment of prosperity. There was an entirely honorable elation and a desire to prolong the lyrical moment in the knowledge that with the dark winter he had turned his back on such a past of hardships. And what more hospitable or kindly than for one at a full table to wish to share the good things of the feast with his brethren that were passing him by?

Mills had hardly finished his glass before a wherry was seen slowly creeping up stream. The lowered sails told us what we knew already, that both wind and tide were against the boat.

"You 've the wind dead ahead; it 'll be better further on," was Mills's spirited greeting. Two bronzed, bearded faces were lifted, for both men were at the poles; and both began to speak in the unintelligible Norfolk jargon. The quants came to an abrupt rest, and presently the eyes of the two giants glistened as if with some fever of anticipation. It was a form of fever that appeared to move to compassionate interest not only Mills, but Grimes, who disappeared, to reappear on the instant with two foaming glasses of beer. The quanters sat themselves down on their cabin, the glasses were emptied at a single toss, and as they wiped their beards they rose to send across the water the civilities common to men the whole world over when drinking at another's expense. A sentence or two more of the jargon, and the wherrymen were again bending over their quants.

In point of beauty I have never seen a craft, whether made for man's pleasure or for the furthering of his commercial intercourse, more exactly to my taste than a Norfolk wherry. Far across the meadows a wherry might be seen lying among the tree-boughs, or it might be creeping or sailing or flying before the wind. Whatever its office or its attitude, to look upon a Norfolk wherry was for the eye to rest on the most picturesque thing afloat. Not the least among its qualities was the way in which a wherry did its hard work: it had an artist's grace, or that ease which comes with a perfection of adjustment in making labor take an outward festival aspect. Not even the most ancient and weather-worn of wherries ever appeared



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE MOUTH OF WROXHAM BROAD.

aware of the sobering fact that it was earning its living.

IV.

"GRIMES, my boy, tie your sheet, an' bring me a glass. We 're on the Broad the next tack, an' there 'll be some sailin', then, there will!" and Mills emptied his glass. A moment later he took the *Vacuna* so close to the tree-boughs that our sail swept the whole breadth of the green façade. The next instant there came a thunderous command: "Ease your mainsheet! Ease her, I say! Can't you see there 's a boat comin' off the Broad? We 'll have to make another tack. Quick with your jib!" We were more than half-way about before Grimes had loosened his sheet; for in moments of emergency the space between Grimes's ears and his intellect seemed lengthened to stellar distances.

"That lad ain't worth tuppence, he ain't," was Mills's growl as he watched the infant mate's leisurely fingering of the ropes. Grimes greeted this low commercial view of his marine abilities with a serene smile.

Mills meanwhile had steered our boat sharp to the right, and with a swift turn had sent us flying through a narrow opening. The river was left along with the bushes guarding the gateway, and we found ourselves entering a wide, open space of water. The water-piece was an inland lake the glittering surface of which seemed overbrimming earth's shallow cup; for the shores were low, their level lines accentuating the breadth of the liquid acreage. The lake was Wroxham Broad.

In America, on Long Island, this pretty inlet would have seemed a water-piece of fairly respectable area. Here, in this tight, compact little island, Wroxham Broad took on the proportions of a captive sea. To sail to the distant upper end was surely to undertake a voyage of formidable length; and doubtless, if one chose the spot with care, one might have the luck to run the chance of a drowning adventure. Wide and long was the stretch of the water, and few and distant were the signs of man's habitation. The beauty of the Broad consisted in this remote and isolated aspect: it was a bit of wildness set in the finish of English lawns. Beyond the screen of the trees yonder there lay another world; this wide lakelet seemed set apart as a home for wild birds and a watery refuge for the coyest fish. To one of us, at least, the moment had brought exhilaration in its train.

"Ha-ha-a! This is sailin', this is! Grimes, my lad, get me my racin'-cap. You may tie your mainsail. No more miserable dodgin's in and out between banks o' daisies and willow-boughs." Now it was that the true mariner in Mills's stanch sailor's soul came to life; eye and hand were as quick in response as an instrument to the touch of a master. The red of the racing-cap framed a face aglow with delight; and it was impossible, I think, for a man to look more lovingly at a full sail.

"Sailing on the ocean —
Sailing on the sea — a——

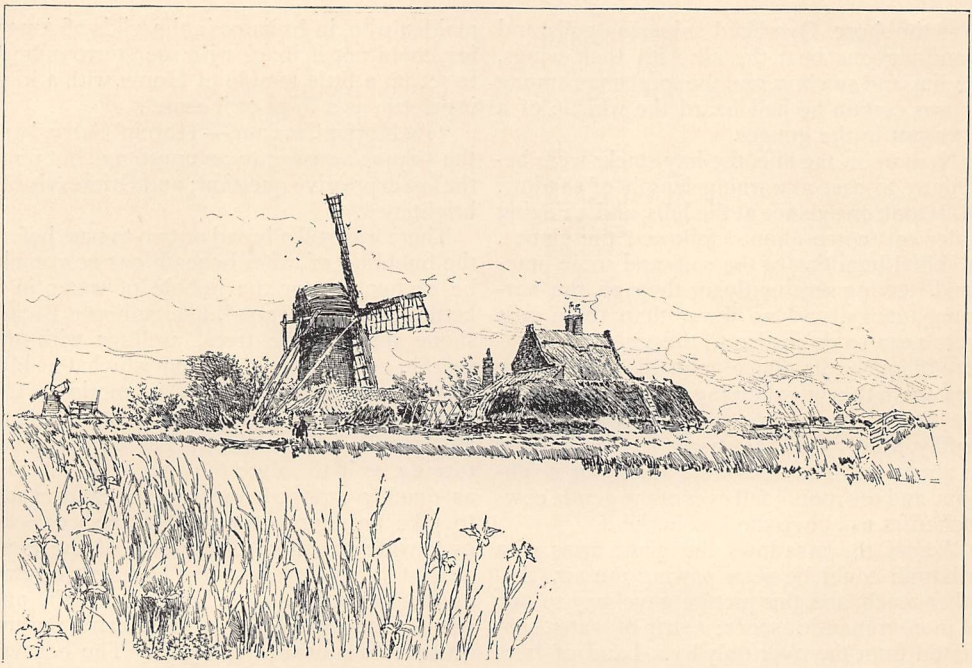
Seven years of it, sir, and then back to old Yarmouth. That 's right, my bird! Go, fly — on with you, *Vacuna!*"

What with the height of Mills's spirits, and the surprise of his breaking into song, we had barely noticed the fairly racing speed our cutter was showing. Her sails were in the water, and below there was an ominous rattle of glasses and crockery. With the quickening of



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

IN A NARROW CHANNEL.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

AN OLD MILL.

our pace Mills broke out again as we took our second turn across the lake.

"As I was sayin', sir, this is a grand piece of water, this is. She 's rightly named the Queen of the Broads. There 's none to match her." Then he went on to explain that the shape of the Broad was peculiarly adapted for sailing, being oblong, with rounded corners. "A wessel can sail right round it and back, with a jibe or two, an' no tackin' needed. An' you should see the water frolic on her when the regatta 's on, an' all the banks as crowded with craft as a Yarmouth quay. That 's a sight! Ah! but it 's grand sport, a Wroxham regatta!"

Of the crew and passengers of the *Vacuna* Grimes alone had remained unmoved. During this hour of free, swift sailing he had sat with an impassive serenity, with his hand on the ropes and his eyes fixed on the most distant points. When the order came to go about, he awoke as if from a trance.

"That boy ain't no more a sailor than I be a corpse," was Mills's contemptuous growl.

"What is it, Grimes? What do you see?"

"Them 's eels, ma'am, them is. He 's a-skinnin' 'em. I likes eels," and in the eye of Grimes there was the hunger of the growing boy. Bread and jam from the nearest locker, it was suggested, might be made to suffice as a temporary substitute for eels.

On our next jibe we came about in a hurry, for a lively breeze was churning the lake into a little racing sea; and as we scudded through the water the figures on shore seemed by contrast as immovable as statues. The skinner of the eels might have been an automaton. Farther on there were yards and yards of the filmy lace of a fisherman's net hung on poles; through this lace the landscape became suddenly idealized, as a woman's features assume a more perfect unity through the harmonizing meshes of a veil. Near by a pale townsman was holding forth a fishing-rod with the rigid solemnity of the amateur. He had cautiously chosen a still and glassy surface. According to Mills, the spot was one backed by a reputation of past good "catches," and yet nothing was biting. As we swept by Mills had his fling at the townsman's ignorance. "Them tofts ["toft" is Norfolk for "swell"] comes down from the cities, an' think the flingin' of a rod over a boat is the whole history of fishin'. Their empty catches ought to teach 'em, but they don't never l'arn anything."

The *Vacuna*, meanwhile, was making her very last trip up to the farther end of the Broad. The wind had strengthened, and our decks were wet, and so were we. But what was a dashing of spray when one could feel the swift flight of the boat through the water; when the waves were of a height to make the yacht dance; when our sails were stretched to their utmost limit, and the breeze was whipping the cheek till the whole frame was aglow? The geese and ducks were doing their sailing closer

in to the shore. Overhead, snipe, sea-gulls, and wood-pigeons beat the air with their wings, circling and swirling, and the sportsman among us was certain he had heard the whistle of a pheasant in the grasses.

Now upon the hills the hay-stacks were beginning to cast a warning length of shadow. Mills took one glance at the hills, and a ringing order to "come about" followed the glance. A skilful handling of the sails and some practised steering sent us flying through the narrow gateway, and no fewer than three sails were near to do justice to the grace and dignity of our exit. Once upon the river, there was again the quiet lapping of the water along the fringe of grasses, the breeze was coming puffily, fitfully, and the shores seemed to close in about us. The trees were again our neighbors, and the round, full eyes of the gentle cows looked at us above the low bushes.

Across the meadows the giant arms of a windmill could be seen pawing the air. Another reach, and this picture gave way to one of more romantic aspect: a strip of water, separated from the river only by a band of tree-trunks, was covered with water-lilies; it was gravely announced as another broad — Little Salhouse Broad. It was a bed of lily-leaves. Close to its inlet two fishermen were bending over their rods with the fixed tension which true passion for a sport brings to sinew and muscle. What to them was the loveliness of the low rising of the hillside behind them, or the lovely massing of the greens in this Goose Island with the yellow of the mustard-fields? Some snipe flew out of the bushes; a pheasant made a great stir among the reeds, heavily winging its low flight to the opposite shore; some water-hens were riding the stream; and above, high up, dipping into the blue of the sky-spaces as a swallow dips into water, there circled and swirled a company of black-birds.

All the while the river itself was a marigold-bed, and the landscape was lighted with delicate tones. Had we not known the hour, we should soon have been told it by the signs abroad on the river. A sail-boat, lying under some willow boughs, was having its deck turned into a temporary banqueting-table. Two girls in broad hats and loose blouses were pouring tea for two curates. As we sailed past, London "at homes" were brought suddenly very near. The air was filled with the tones of the clear English voices, and with certain questions and answers which seem as much a part of English interiors as the wall-paper. "Do you take cream or lemon?" and "The cake, please." "Thanks, awfully; I don't mind if I do." A river-bend, a dash of shade, a boat and two white ties—where is the English maiden who, in India or in the wilds of America, could not manage with such surroundings to set up a little temple of Home, with a hissing kettle as a form of incense?

"At Hornin', ma'am,— Hornin' Ferry," was the skipper's answer to an unuttered, but none the less expressive question; and Grimes visibly brightened.

There was still a broad or two to pass before the bubbling of water beneath our bow could be exchanged for the bubble of water in a kettle. Hoveton Broad, like Salhouse Broad, shone through the trees, a-glitter with the sparkle of shallow waters on which the lily-leaves rose and fell in ceaseless motion. The river, between its banks of yellow buttercups and purple irises, gallantly made an upward turning, as if to salute the pretty lakelet, and as quickly dropped away to the southward, to take broader sweeps and a fresh outlook over wide marshes. From one of the more desolate, wilder plains some hundreds of gray and white wings were beating the air, and out of the medley of cries there came the unmistakable squeal of sea-gulls. The heavens were peopled with them; the marshes were alive with the tremor of beating wings and moving claws; and the river was flecked with the down of their feathers. Across our bows a troop of youthful swimmers were taking a trial trip, and our masthead moved amid the mass of beating wings. Mills was making the most of the moment. "It 's the close season now, sir; the gulls spends their summers here along with their young. It 's fine feedin' they gets on the reeds, and the marshes is what the young ones need. There 's thousands of 'em every year here at Ranworth Broad. They 're all at sea in the winter."

The swirling and circling of the big white wings had hardly ceased to darken the sky when a cluster of red roofs told of man's habitation. Rows of straggling houses, a windmill set high on a hill, a series of gardens brimming over with pinks and hollyhocks running parallel with the river — if anything could make one feel at home in Horning, it was the pretty ways and graces with which it came out to the very edge of the river to meet one.

A row of children suddenly filled the river-front. They seemed to come forth, as if at a preconcerted signal, through the low doorways and over the narrow door-steps of the Horning cottages. Without further delay they burst into a song. They were in excellent practice, for the words of the song were made quite clear.

Ho, John Barleycorn!
Ho, John Barleycorn!
All day long I raise my song
To old John Barleycorn.



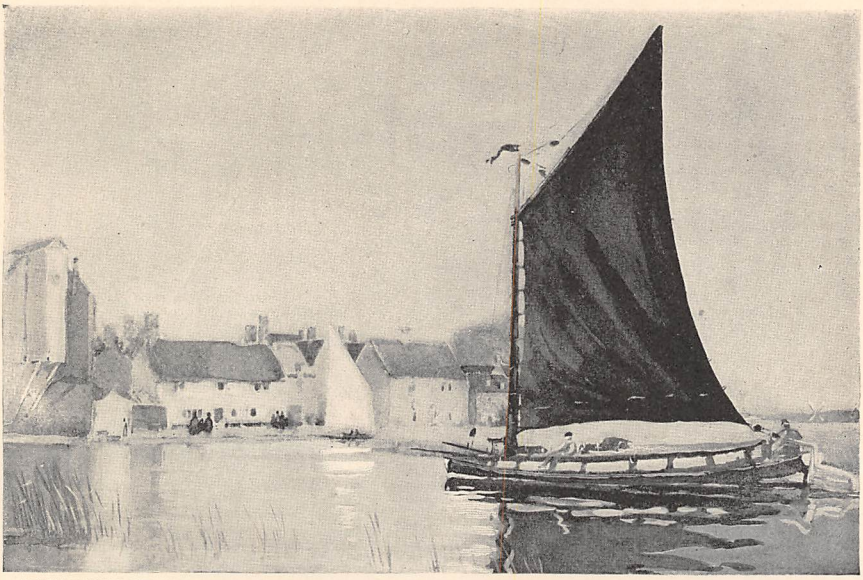
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

A NORFOLK WHERRY.

When the song was done some twenty-four childish eyes were fixed on the strangers in the boat.

"They always sings — Hornin' 's famed for that. Two hundred years, they say, the children o' Hornin' have sung to the passin' boats. But it 's the yachts that they makes their money off of," was Mills's unblushing introduction of the waiting choir. Something of the youth and freshness of those clear, high voices, that only a moment ago had mingled so deliciously with the pinks and the rose scents in the homely, old-fashioned gardens, had gone. The children, after pocketing their pennies, had turned unnaturally incurious backs on us and the river. They had learned already, apparently, to take a strictly professional view of the world as it passed. There were still two miles of sailing, and much jibing and tacking, before a picturesque grouping of sails, trees, and houses proclaimed that we were nearing one of the favorite river-stations.

"Let down your jib! Let her go! An' do it tidy; don't want no blunderin'," Mills was shouting out, for the eye of his world was upon him. A yacht, a lugger-rigged boat, and two



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HORNING

wherries, some open sheds, two low thatched houses, and a group of rustics—such was the world we had come upon as we rounded the tree-boughs. Just below the thatched houses Mills brought the yacht round with a swing.

"Is your anchor ready? Is it ready, I say?" he was shouting again, as he flung himself against the tiller, heading the yacht bow on to the meadows. Grimes answered the shout by a plunge overboard into the grasses; another second, and he had buried the anchor in a mound of daisies. And thus it was that we made our first port; for this was Horning Ferry.

Our arrival, meanwhile, was making a mild stir along the shore. The life and movement among the boats and on the river-banks recalled the animation we thought had been left behind at Wroxham. On the decks of the boats there was much moving about; people were getting into jolly-boats, or were already amid-stream rowing across to the inn. Two Cambridge boys came out of their cabin to take a look at the newcomers. Of the two wherries one had the look of a friend: it was the "pleasure" craft we had met just after leaving Wroxham Broad. The beauty was still on deck; she was seated now on her mound of pillows. A group of men gathered about her, and they were serving her from a tray filled with a tea-service, as they might a queen. Her gurgling, girlish laughter came across the water, filling the air with its youthful music. To those cadences succeeded a grinding noise as of ropes working on rusted iron. It was the noise of raft-pulleys working a rusty chain, for the raft was being ferried across the stream. On the raft was a particularly smart-looking trap; a groom was standing at the horse's head, and a girl was on the box seat, her perfection of attire recalling the Bond street tailors. The rustics gathered about the ferry-landing watched the approaching equipage with slow, dull gaze. A few seconds later they were fixing the same glance on us as we were boarding the jolly-boat, for Mills had brought the boat round quite as a matter of course. "That kettle takes an hour or more to boil," had been his sole explanation of our trip across to the inn.

The little inn was as modest a tavern as had ever set itself up in the business. It boasted the trimmest of gardens, the neatest of barmaids, the most irreproachably bare of sitting-rooms. But one of us, from the river, had seen a church tower among the trees on the hillside; and not even the august names in the visitors' book, of the Marquis of Lorne and party, and of the late Duke of Abercorn, and of the more familiar and home-sounding name of our own Mark Twain, could keep us indoors in a stuffy inn coffee-room.

Once on the road, the perfume of the woodbine in the hedges seemed of a superfine essence of sweetness. All the earth scents were doubly good to breathe after the salt in the air along the river-marshes. The road behind the inn stables took us between fields of the blondest of oats and the most bridally attired buckwheat. The hedges were gardens full of hawthorn and sweetbrier; and the blackbirds, the thrushes, and the twittering wrens made the wild seafaring notes of the gulls of half an hour ago seem as far away as the sea itself. Through the trees beau-

tiful were the river-distances: over the tree-tops and through the tree-boughs the river made a series of radiant lakes and ponds in which the shores were mirroring their tranquil loveliness. Horning Church sat on the top of a hill, looking down upon this scene. It was set like a jewel in its crown of green trees. But for all its flowery, foliaged adornment, the church had a separate, abandoned appearance. The village had forsaken it, as many other river villages have forsaken their churches; it had wandered down the hill to the shore, where it might the better earn its livelihood, leaving its church alone. We ourselves were soon taking our journey across the river on the raft. Returning to the yacht, we found the table set for tea; the cake and jam were flanked by huge bunches of wild flowers. The tea was excellent: perhaps the concert of blackbirds in the bushes, and the butterflies among the blue corn-flowers, gave to the little feast an extra flavor. It is only on a yachting cruise on the Broads that one can always be so sure of a flower-garden and an open-air orchestra. Half an hour later Mills was sounding the growling note of his displeasure. "We sha'n't be able to get that boy down the hatchway: he 's takin' in his winter provisions, he is; an' here 's the wind goin' light!"

Grimes was rescued from the jam-pot in time to help in the hoisting of the sail. Some of the fleet about us were gone already, for the wind was beginning to drop with the sun. "It 's a ticklish bit of wind, an' she won't last long," was our skipper's warning comment as once more we swung out into the channel. And so soon does the mind take on the garment of habit, wearing it with ease, that the yacht's motion and the being under sail seemed by far the most natural methods of getting on in the world.

"The breeze is fallin' away." This had an ominous sound at six. "It 's fallin' wery light. We 'll never get to Acle Bridge. We 'll be caught at Hornin' Hall."

Acle Bridge, Horning Hall, the end of the world — were they not all alike to us? Was not this the loveliest, the most perfect moment of the day? We were sailing through a land of pure gold, with horizons dipped in purple; the river was turning from saffron to palest violet, and every goose and swan was a transfigured creature, clad in dazzling plumage; cows, yachts, windmills — we were drifting past them as one who passes things seen in a dream. The slowness of the speed was a part of the charm of the hour; one had a sense of floating, of being borne onward by means unseen, unfelt; and the languor of the breeze was an indolent music in tune with the softness of the sunset hues.

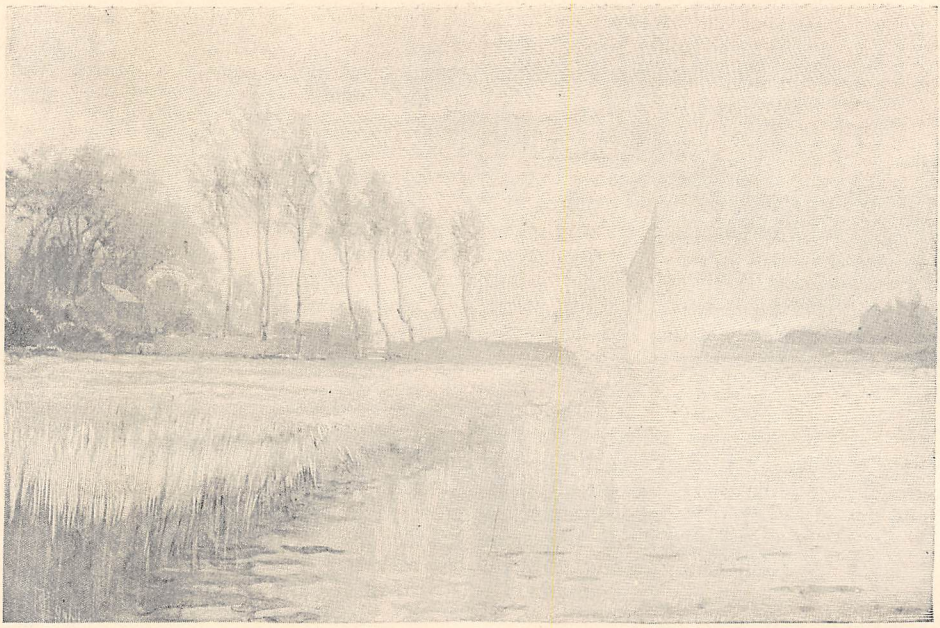


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE VILLAGE OF HORNING.

Suddenly we had stopped; once more we were bow on to a meadow piece. Again our anchor had been flung forth into a mound of daisies; and Mills was furling his sails.

"It 'u'd 'a' come to polin', an' I doubt if we could have made the reach roun' the abbey.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

A MISTY MORNING ON THE BROADS.

An' at the Hall we 're sure of our milk in the mornin'."

Two yachts, and our old friend the pleasure-wherry, had also been "caught" at Horning Hall. They lay just below our own boat, and some of their passengers were abroad upon the meadow-banks, awaiting their dinner. One by one the groups were recalled to their respective boats, the appearance of the skipper on the gang-plank being the Broads form of announcing dinner. We took many a turn from the farm-house dike to where the path sank into the marshland before Mills's rosy face was beckoning us aboard. As we entered the cabin the hand of Grimes was again seen in the arrangement of the lamps and the floral decorations. As a sailor he might be a failure, but he had in him the soul of a born butler.

The stars were well out before our coffee was served beneath them. The sunset had all but died out along the marshes. Through the trees, as the night fell, along with the light of stars there came the glow of farm-house interiors; and upon the river there trailed the reds and yellows from the yachts' lanterns and their open port-holes. And as we "turned in," from the boats' decks there came the noise of college and music-hall songs and the strumming of banjos.

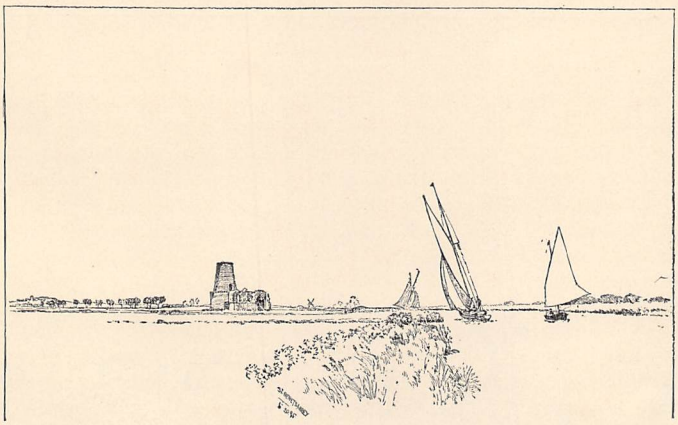
V.

WE awoke next morning to an ominous sound of falling raindrops. One look through the opening of our tent-like awning, and we knew what was before us: it was as wet a prospect as the eye could light on even in England. The skies seemed to have come down several thousands of miles nearer the earth, as if to make their downpour the more effective. The river had lost all its spirit; whatever turning of the tide it was, the river itself, under that merciless pelting of the rain, had come to a dead standstill. Trees, shrubs, reeds — all were in floods of tears; and the landscape in general had the same look as the cows out in the open — that of standing about with the great patience of animal resignation. After so dreary a prospect the cabin seemed a little corner of warmth and coziness. The discovery that Mills made French coffee sent our spirits up several degrees above the zero of disheartenment. In spite of the gloom without, there was an early-morning spirit of contentment within. Both the cabin and the library — the latter unopened until now — had been singularly neglected: within certain closed boxes there was the best of company. Alas! our reading was enlivened by a painstaking series of well-planned interruptions. To Mills, indeed, as to so many true men of action, books and reading were so poor an occupation that any man possessing rudimentary organs of compassion must do his best to mitigate the evil; by the bracing effects alone of cheery and continuous conversation could a man be expected to get through his page. Finally, down the hatchway the news that the "fish was bitin'" was followed by the moving appeal:

"Have a line, now; do, sir. There 's a scud goin' by." When he found fishing in a pelting rain failed to rouse us to action, he turned in despair to giving us news of the weather. "It 's lessenin'; the clouds is breakin', and the wind 's risin'. We 'll have a fine day — there 's a bit of blue now." And with that news even our heroine was left incontinently to her fate. After luncheon it cleared in earnest. The clouds were rolling up their white curtains, and the face of a soft, melting summer noon came from behind them. On deck the breath of the wet, moist earth, laden with the vigor of an unbreathed sweetness, swept the nostrils; and in every bush and tree the thrushes and blackbirds were singing as if to burst their throats with gladness. The river in a twinkling had become a bed of radiance.

Presently a voice sounded from below the deck-railings. Mills was calling upward from the seat of the jolly-boat, which he was holding alongside. "I 'm goin' for milk and eggs, ma'am, to the Hall. Perhaps it 'u'd be your pleasure to take the trip up the dike." A moment later, and we were gliding across the sunlit river. What could be better, after a morning in a stuffy cabin, than a trip in an open boat, and a descent upon an English farm-house? One or two skilful strokes of Mills's oars sent us skimming from the brilliantly lighted river surface to the quiet of a placid creek: it was like turning from a busy highroad into a lane. The green waterway seemed to have captured the secret of perpetual twilight, the day finding its way only through the dense arch woven by the osiers and willow-boughs.

Presently stood forth through the glistening tree-trunks the fair façade of a stout, substantial mansion mantled in ivy. It was Horning Hall. Close to the farm a girlish shape was seen leaning over a rustic stile. It was a traditional pose in which to discover feminine rusticity; but the living loveliness of the girl's fair face, and the soft, animal wonder in her hazel eyes, made one oblivious of all other less genuine models. "Is it milk or cream?" was her strictly professional question. "It 's milk, my lass, an' eggs, if you 've got 'em fresh." Mills was obviously entirely at his ease with the rustic divinity. With a long, sailor-like lurch forward he took his place beside the girl, leaving us to follow. "An' the guv'nor, how is he? An' your aunt, an' the stock?" we heard him say as the two bent their steps toward the back of the farm-house. Mills took his way to the barn while the girl seized our own moment of indecision to grasp the milk-jug and cross the courtyard. As we stood watching her, noting her young, fresh loveliness, why was it that suddenly other equally fair and comely shapes took their places beside her — that Maggie Tulliver, Hetty Sorrel, and Tess of the D'Urbervilles should also be crossing that sun-flooded courtyard, trailing before our eyes the memory of their tragic fate? The peace, the perfect stillness of the farm-house inclosure, the wet and dewy earth shining through the tree-boughs, the herds of cattle and the droves of sheep moving under the fresh sunlight yonder, the very drone of the bees in the bushes, had brought vividly to mind those immortal types of women whose histories seem forever interwoven with such homely notes as the pouring of milk into tin cans, and the rhythmic thud of the churn. The farm maiden meanwhile had filled our milk-jug, and Mills's visit within the barn had come to an abrupt end. We were about to depart when, in an inspired moment, we ceased gazing at a live picture and dwelling on tragedies to confront both in one. As we turned toward the dike a stone building rose



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ST. BENET'S ABBEY.

up before us. It was as unexpected a building to meet in a remote country farm as might have been, say, the Tower of London or the New York Produce Exchange. The structure was sturdily buttressed; it had beautiful early-English traceries in its regularly spaced windows; and although its porch and belfry had long since disappeared, it was as unmistakably a chapel as if rows of choristers were still intoning within its vaulted roof, instead of the impatient stamping of the beasts stalled within its walls.

"It 's a barn, ma'am. A chapel? Yes, ma'am; it was St. Benet's chapel. But it 's been a barn since before ever I was born."

Here Mills announced abruptly: "The wind won't hold, sir; it 'll be fallin' light as the day wears. We 'll never get to Acle Bridge." The threat brought us to our senses and also to the boat.

It was good to be under way once more, and pleasant it was to hear again Mills's familiar refrain: "Ease the mainsail; let out your jib! Ease her — start her — shake her up! Oh, ho! now I think we have the weather-gage — an' as fine a day as one can hope to see on the river. We 'll make Acle in no time."

The chapel proved to have been part of the old abbey, and we soon sailed past what was left of it. The marshes to the left were an unbroken plain. Out of the tufts of grass there rose up suddenly the huge outlines of an ungainly draining-mill, from the lower, southern side of which blossomed a lovely Gothic portal. Clearer and clearer became the shape and form of it; here and there within the portal were bits of time-worn border traceries, tottering canopies, and a pile of shapeless capitals and rib-vaultings. The bank along the river showed faint traces of broken bits of walls, of sunken towers and ramparts, now but mounds of turf.

For many a turning and twisting in and out among the river-marshes were the outlines of the mill and the abbey portal to mark for us the brevity of human grandeur.

VI.

WIDE and flat were the marshes that led on to Acle Bridge. The reaches were longer, and the sailing was smooth and free. Below the mouth of the Thurne the land was one vast plain, broken by the dim outlines of distant windmills, of church spires, and clusters of farm-house roofs. In such a breadth of earth man and his works played an unimpressive rôle. Far away in the dim perspective of a narrow dike, strange, primitive craft bore down toward the river; the men poling the high-heaped mounds of flags and rushes seemed to be navigating haystacks. In the rich, warm light these moving rafts lent a singular charm to the river life; their shadows in the clear streams were dense and soft, for land and water were being lighted by the glow of a perfect English afternoon.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

STOKESBY.

The sails we met were drifting toward one goal. From dikes and streams, yawls and lateeners were quanting toward the Bridge. Presently there came the stirring notes of a vigorous command:

"Let down the jib! Do it tidy! Don't want no blunder here! Is your anchor ready?"

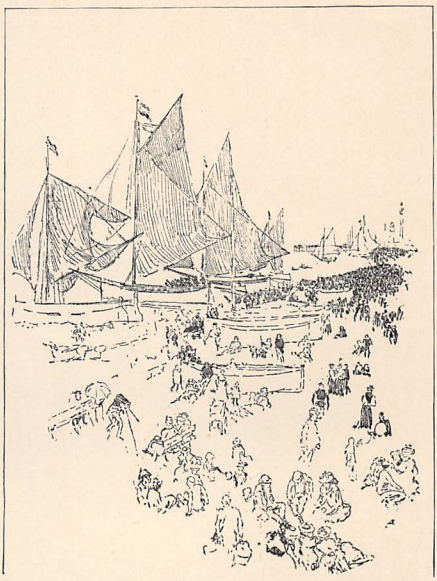
Once again, as at Wroxham and Horning, the river had widened suddenly below an arched bridge. A fleet of yachts lay moored along a grassy river-bank. Here also the boats' decks were crowded with figures — with girls in sailor hats, with sunburned youths in frayed "silhouettes," and with bronzed sailors in their yachting-caps. Several hundred of these heads were lifted as we sailed by. Another tack, a bearing down hard on the helm, shouts and some inarticulate profanity from Mills, and we had come to our moorings at Acle Bridge.

The inn was set close to the river, and although the highroad ran a mile farther inland, the Angel inn had the air of having seen more stirring times. The little inn sitting-room was parlor and taproom in one; its chairs opened friendly arms, bits of old silver gleamed on the mantel-shelf, and low settles, cupboards, and tables of antique make were suggestive of the dead-and-gone figures that had peopled the cozy room. In the smile of the genial host there was the welcome which imagination lends to mine host of the coaching period.

As the preparations for dinner were going on below deck, we wandered up toward Acle. The town was a wandering assemblage of houses, with shops that gave themselves metropolitan airs. But a church dedicated to as mythical a personage as St. Edmund the King was more alluring than the sight of London fashions abbreviated to the timidity of provincial taste. Pretty suburban villas, perfectly kept lawns, and trim gardens, led the way to the church, the tower of which had turned its back on the town, the chancel facing the street. The quaint Norfolk structure was placed in a perfect setting; for the cemetery was a garden where the gravestones seemed decorative slabs in high relief amid the sober gaiety of the flowers and the blooming shrubs.

Through the trees the sunset was pouring a flood of softened light, and the river, as we crossed the bridge, lay beneath our feet, a bed of gold. Every bush and weed was of a transfigured beauty, and the cows, as they came down to the shores, seemed to be drinking, not water, but a Pactolian stream. The wide marshes were now at their best, suffused with light, while above them arched a sky that was one vast cup of coral.

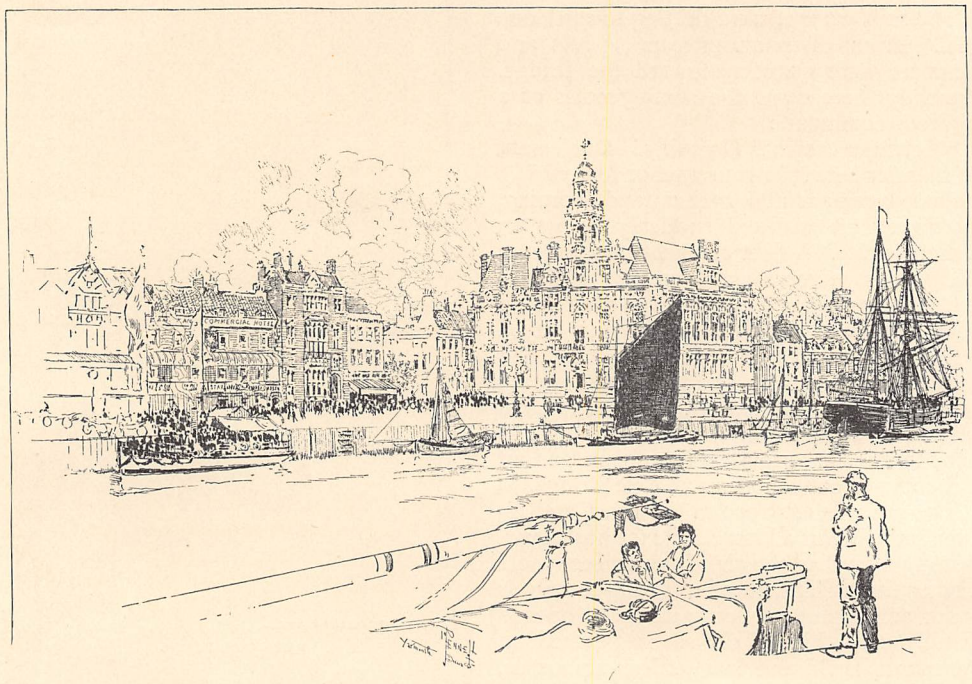
Aboard there were the miseries of a belated dinner written on Mills's anxious brow. "You see, ma'am, I 've five courses — soup, an' fish, an' chops, an' 'taters, an' hot plates; an' this 'ere stove is the wery de — I beg pardon! But it 'u'd try the patience of a wery saint." His explanation given, Mills and his red racing-cap — his signal-flag of exultation or of distress — disappeared with a Jack-in-the-box quickness into the hatchway depths. There were worse things than waiting for dinner, we agreed, with such a sky and earth for entertainment. These failing us, there was still the inn. It was the hour when taverns the world over do a prosperous business. There was an endless procession of farmers' and carriers' carts stopping before the tavern door; beer or something stronger was handed to the less sociably inclined rustics, while within the tap-room a crowd of sailors, yachtsmen, and ruddy-faced farmers were standing about, or were grouped along the benches. London drawing-room tones, the boyish tenors of Cambridge students, the rough jargon of the Norfolk dialect — these sounds poured out through the door, making a strange babel.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

YARMOUTH BEACH.

To us on deck, long after dinner had been eaten, the noisy little inn continued to send forth the sound of its prosperity, while the noise that rose from the yachts was neither mystic nor devotional: the twang of guitars and banjos, the jingle of pianos out of tune, and a discordant chorus of after-dinner voices, made an early "turning in" out of the question. No sooner were the stars fairly out than a rival show of fireworks made the river a blaze of yellow and crimson lights. The yachts and



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE QUAYS AT YARMOUTH.

their passengers and crews, the cows lying in the meadows, the furled sails, and the ropes of the rigging — again and again did this world abroad upon a river-bank spring out of the dark, unreal and of an amazing brilliance, to be as swiftly engulfed in the abyss of night.

VII.

We were up and away so early the next morning that the cows were still at rest in the meadows. The inn shutters were as tightly closed as the yachts' awnings. Not a sign of a reveler was discernible; we alone had kept good our engagement with the dawn. We might have made a meal of our boastful pride if we chose, for we had no other for a good hour at least. The wind was already abroad upon the meadows, and was blowing in the right quarter. With Yarmouth twelve miles off, and the dreaded prospect ahead of several hours' poling if the breeze should fall away, the gnawing of the early-morning hunger affected Mills as little as an appeal to a wooden idol. The getting of his boat "tidily" through Acle Bridge, the restepping of the mast once we were on the lower side of its stone arch, the hoisting of his sails, the *Vacuna's* swinging into the channel, and our subsequent swift running before the wind — these were acts and events which made our skipper sublimely indifferent to a breakfastless state. We were of less heroic mold: coffee and rolls at seven in the morning assume an importance out of all proportion to the part they play in the rest of one's day. We turned a cool eye on the fair earth, and, wrapped in our cloaks, sat on deck, hugging the grievance of our hunger. Stokesby would be more beautiful to look upon than in the early morning, for there our breakfast was promised us.

No town dweller, I presume, who is a lover of nature ever remains wholly insensible to the charms of a sleepy earth throwing off its night mists. Acle Marsh, just below the Bridge, stretched its breadth to the horizon with such an alluring early-morning freshness as to stir even our spiritless state. The cows were now walking about in search of their meal. Long lines defiled slowly between the few widely scattered trees and windmills. The skies were full of clouds, and the clouds as full of light; they were traveling across the zenith as fast as we were scudding through the water.

"Stokesby 's round that 'ere reach. We 'll be layin' to in a jiffy. But it do seem a shame to lose such a wind, it do!" was Mills's plaint as at last the roofs of the village began to define themselves among the trees. Stokesby was set close to the river, upon a low and fertile marsh. A windmill beckoned us onward through a light ambuscade of trees, and close beside the ambuscade we dropped our anchor. The time of our lying to was brief; doubtless the spires

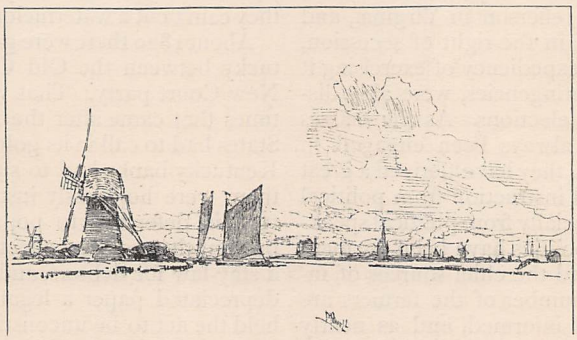
of Yarmouth were beckoning Mills onward, for we were out again upon the river before the table was cleared. We had gone but a brief quarter of a mile on our way when Mills began to apostrophize his native town. "Yes, sir; it 's Yarmouth town we 'll see inside of an hour or two. Her chimbleys and church spires 'll be lookin' out for us. Lord! but the years they 've been my beacon lights, with Polly Ann waitin' along with 'em! Yarmouth 's a great town — few finer. An' the Rows — they 're a great show if you 're not used to 'em; an' so is the herrin'-quays. Haul in the main, my lad, an' when you 've tied your sheet bring me a glass. I 'll drink to Polly Ann, bless her! Here 's to Polly Ann!"

Long and frequent were the toasts to Mary Ann, and nearer and nearer drew Yarmouth town. Out of the dull wastes of the marshes the dim, dusky mass that lay along the southern horizon slowly resolved itself into the outlines of a city. There were the signs of its movement and life abroad upon the river long before we swept its quays. Grammar-school boys, with Eton caps and wide collars, trooped along the low, rising shore; soldiers were lounging beneath the trees; and the river was alive with shipping, with floating flags, and the pennants of yachts.

Here at these Yarmouth quays must end for us the sweet return of the day's rising over river-banks, of the floating between the reeds and flags, of the soft-colored halcyon hours beneath the blue of the sky and the starry nights. To replace such joys, would Yarmouth send forth to greet us the people we have thought of and loved as peopling that islanded city? Would Little Em'ly stand upon the marshes, shading her soft eyes? Would Peggotty's boat-house be there? Would Steerforth's wraith rise out of the sea to wave its helpless arm in air?

Along the quays there lay a Sabbath stillness. The hush of the old town was broken only by the clangor of St. Nicholas's chimes. But louder than the roar of the ocean, stronger than the blare of trumpets from unseen barracks, from the beach there came upon the ear the mighty murmuring of a great multitude. It was only some thousands of pleasure-seekers crowding the Yarmouth quays and sands. Then it was we knew for a certainty we had indeed come back to the world of cities.

Anna Bowman Dodd.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE TIDE OF THE PAST.

SOMETIMES the troubled tide of all the past
Upon my spirit's trembling strand is rolled;
Years never mine — ages an hundredfold,
With all the weight those ages have amassed
Of human grief and wrong, are on me cast.
Within one sorcerous moment I grow old,
And blanch as one who scarce his way can hold,
Upon a verge that takes some flood-tide vast.
Then comes relief through some dear common thing:
The voices of the children at their play;
The wind-wave through bright meadows, moving fast;
The blue-bird's skyward call, on happy wing:
So the sweet present reassumes her sway;
So lapse the surges of the monstrous past.

Edith M. Thomas.



FUN ON THE STUMP.

HUMORS OF POLITICAL CAMPAIGNING IN KENTUCKY.

All the wit in the world is lost on him that has none.—*La Bruyère.*

KENTUCKIANS have always been fond of politics. Before the pioneers of the State were safe from the attacks of marauding Indians, a political debating club was formed in Danville, wherein the most serious men of the settlement solemnly and ably debated all sorts of political questions. One of their resolutions condemned paper money as a legal tender; they did not believe that the mere stamp of the Government could create money. The Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, which owed their inspiration to Jefferson in Virginia, and nourished the belief in the right of secession, and in the possible expediency of exercising it under probable contingencies, were ably discussed in many hot elections. As the masses in Kentucky have always been engaged in agricultural pursuits, they have derived a great deal of pleasure and instruction from political campaigns, and especially from political speaking. Religion and politics have been the main topics of thought and the chief sources of interest. As a large number of the farmers are well-to-do and well informed, and as nearly every lawyer has his eye on some public office, political or judicial, the favorite theme of conversation is politics. To be able to make a speech is the ambition of every bright boy. Men of any calling, while often pretending to contemn speech-makers, are never so much flattered as when complimented for a speech at a public meeting. This passion for speech-making is illustrated by an anecdote of a certain Kentucky senator, who is a captivating speaker and fond of the platform or the stump. It is said that he was once present at a hanging, where a large crowd had assembled. When the doomed man, in his farewell address, said that he would not abuse his privilege by speaking long, the senator, hating to lose such an audience, cried out, " My friend, I should be very much obliged if you would allow me about ten minutes of your time."

As Judge Lurton of Tennessee was once going through Texas he met an old Texan, who described at length the people that had settled in his neighborhood, a large number of them having come from Kentucky. "And there 's them Kaintuckians," said he. "They 're the speakin'est people I ever see in my life, fer a fact. Why, whenever we hev a shootin'-match, a camp-meetin', a weddin', er a fun'ral, you kin jest bet that them Kaintuckians will be thar, and afore you knows it they 'll be a-offerin' resolutions and a-makin' speeches tell you cain't rest. To tell you the truth, jedge, they cain't cut a watermelon without a speech."

About 1820 there were great debates in Kentucky between the Old Court party and the New Court party. That was during the hard times that came after the Bank of the United States had to call in its gold and silver. All the Kentucky banks had to suspend, and most of them were hopelessly insolvent. The legislature, in deference to popular clamor and to prevent the regular collection of debts, passed a stay-law for debtors, and attempted to make depreciated paper a legal tender. The court held the act to be unconstitutional. The legislature abolished the old court and set up a new one. The old court refused to yield. It said it ought to be, and would be, independent of the legislature and popular clamor. The fight was carried before the people. The New Court party at first won, as all efforts to make money plentiful and to repudiate debts in a genteel way will win in hard times; but times improved, and, in the end, the Old Court party, standing up manfully for honesty and sound money, was completely victorious.

In later years the stirring contests between the Democrats, who idolized Jackson, and the Whigs, who idolized Clay, developed great speakers. Such men as Henry Clay, Ben Hardin, William Preston, John C. Breckinridge, Humphrey Marshall, and Thomas F. Marshall, were worthy to be called orators. In that day nearly all the brainy men of the State were

lawyers, doctors, or clergymen. Great success seemed almost impossible without the ability to speak. In public or private life intellectual attainments counted for much more than money. Next in importance was family distinction. A few prominent families claimed, and to a large degree enjoyed, political and social supremacy. While fortunes in slaves were at stake, the rich were always eager to enlist the services of able men in defense of slavery. In those days the main features of political campaigns were barbecues, which were attended by thousands of men, women, and children. For the hungry, beeves and sheep were cooked whole in large trenches, and many other kinds of food were furnished in abundance. Distinguished speakers discussed at length the tariff, the justice of slavery, and the duty of guarding States' rights. An occasional duel gave excitement to the fierce debates on the stump and in the newspapers. Thomas F. Marshall, who was at first a lieutenant and then an antagonist of Clay, fought four duels during his varied and stormy political career. He was a fine scholar, and an essayist as well as an orator. He once said in Congress that the administration of Tyler should be described in the history of our country as a parenthesis, which, according to Lindley Murray, "is a clause of a sentence, inclosed between black lines or brackets, which should be pronounced in a low tone of voice, and may be left out altogether without injuring the sense."

To give an idea of the sort of paragraphs that pugnacious and witty editors of party newspapers wrote in that day, I will cite a few written by George D. Prentice, the Yankee college-bred editor who in early manhood had become a citizen of Kentucky, and the biographer and ardent champion of Henry Clay and the Whig party.

A political opponent says that we have twisted his arguments till they are no longer his, but our own. Suppose we were to twist his nose — would it become our nose instead of his?

The editor of the "Green River Union" intimates that we take a "drop too much." When the hangman gives him his due, nobody will think *he* has "a drop" too much.

The "New Haven Herald" says: "Does the editor of the 'Louisville Journal' suppose that he is a true Yankee because he was born in New England? If a dog is born in an oven is he bread?" We can tell the editor that there are very few dogs, whether born in an oven or out of it, but are *better bred* than he is.

The editor of the "—— Democrat" says that he does n't know us, and never expects to meet us on this side of the grave. We shall think ourselves in particularly bad luck if we meet him on the *other* side.

A correspondent of the "Southern Argus" mentions as a remarkable circumstance that he lately traveled a hundred miles with a Whig editor without having his pocket picked. He is careful not to say whether the editor made a similar escape.

Take one letter from Taylor and you have Tyler, says the "Ohio Statesman." Take one letter from Cass, and what sort of an animal have you?

It was natural that Mr. Prentice should have serious encounters with offended men, and he had several; but he always declined to fight a duel.

During the war a large part of Kentucky's best men joined the South; but the State never went out of the Union. In truth, she furnished more men to the North than to the South. At the close of the war the Union men were in the majority; but very soon the sympathies of the State were turned to the South. The soldiers of the Confederacy that came back quickly obtained absolute control of the State, and ever since have had the power to elect their leaders to the highest offices. In the natural course of events, however, that power is gradually waning. Until the last year nearly all spirited political contests have been within the ranks of the Democratic party; but now the margin between the Democratic and Republican parties in four or five congressional districts is small. Until very lately there have been no genuine debates between Democratic and Republican nominees. Each set of partizans has been amused and aroused by commonplace harangues, and the standard of speaking has been greatly lowered. It was not so in olden times.

Mr. Edward Marshall, a brother of Thomas F. Marshall, was a fine stump speaker, but he never was successful in politics in Kentucky. He said he could get bigger crowds, more applause, and fewer votes than any man alive. He was beaten in a race for Congress by a popular gentleman who was then, I believe, in favor of paying public and private debts in greenbacks, and who is now widely celebrated as "champion of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one." To belittle this opponent's discussion of financial matters, Edward Marshall said:

Fellow-citizens: When I hear my handsome opponent glibly discussing money, greenbacks, and the mysteries of finance, I am reminded of a majestic swan gliding gracefully and placidly over the bosom of a lake, drawing only an inch of water, and serenely unconscious of the unfathomable depths below.

Just before the war Humphrey Marshall was a great debater in Congress; during the war he was a Confederate general. He was very large and stout — a veritable Falstaff. At the break-

ing out of the war he wrote to an officer of the North, and warned him not to invade the sacred soil of Kentucky; for if he did he would have to pass over the dead body of Humphrey Marshall. The Northern officer replied: "Dear General: We won't pass over your dead body. We prefer to tunnel through." After the war the general had a good practice, but he was extravagant, and often in need of money. Once he was dogged by a collector who had been put off dozens of times. At last the collector said: "General, you have said to me time after time, 'I cannot pay you this week. Come next week.' Now, I can't afford to be coming here all the time. You must fix the day. When will you be able to pay me?" "D—— it, sir," said the general, "do you think I am a prophet?" When the general was running for Congress against Mr. Blank, after the war, he tried to draw out Mr. Blank's exact opinions by a close debate on the stump. In such an intellectual conflict few men could compete with Humphrey Marshall. Mr. Blank parried and fenced as well as he could. Finally, Marshall said one evening in his ponderous tones and impressive manner:

Fellow-citizens: I have tried to pin Mr. Blank down and make him give me a fair statement of his opinions and principles, but he flits about so nimbly that it is impossible to follow him in an argument. In dodging a debate, he reminds me of a bobolink flitting along a zigzag worm-fence, hopping or flying, first on one side of the fence and then on the other, until the mind is bewildered, and it is impossible to tell on which side he is at any moment.

In every county of Kentucky you will find a lot of old men who take great pride in telling you that for forty, or maybe fifty, years they have never voted anything but the Democratic ticket. They began perhaps with Jackson, and have come on down the line. An old man of this sort, who was called "Uncle Billy" and who was very close-fisted, one day saw a group of voters about Governor Proctor Knott. Uncle Billy, leaning on his tall staff, edged his way in and asked to be introduced. He was formally presented "as the oldest voter in the county." "Yes, gov'nor," said Uncle Billy, with evident pride, "I certainly am the oldest voter in the county. Ef airy man will fetch a man as has throwed more Democrat votes than I hev, I 'll furnish the liquor—" Hereupon several of the crowd, knowing Uncle Billy's stinginess, but eager for any chance to come into a treat, pricked up their ears, and Uncle Billy, noticing this, and becoming alarmed at the probable outlay if he should be proved wrong, hemmed and hawed, and added—"that is, I 'll furnish the liquor to airy man as fetches the man."

To illustrate how naturally some Kentuckians seize an opportunity to make a speech, I recall an incident that happened in the legislature in 1880, when Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell was invited by the General Assembly to visit Frankfort. A member was selected by the General Assembly to present him to the House and Senate, and it was distinctly announced by the committee in charge that no other speech would be allowed in joint meeting.

The Speaker of the House, a worthy, ambitious man, was in the chair. As Mr. Parnell, leaning on the arm of Governor Luke P. Blackburn, entered the door of the hall, our spokesman met them, and, turning to the Speaker and the large and distinguished assembly, formally presented Mr. Parnell, stating his official position, the praiseworthy motive that brought him to America, and his plans for the relief of Ireland, then afflicted by famine. Our sympathy for him and his country was expressed in earnest and glowing terms. After speaking five minutes, the spokesman, according to instructions, escorted him to the Speaker's desk, it having been agreed that Mr. Parnell should at once address the Assembly; but before he could open his mouth, the Speaker unexpectedly rushed into a speech, saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present Mr. *Cornell.* [To set the gentleman right, Mr. Parnell whispered his name and the Speaker, correcting himself, proceeded:] He is a distinguished member of the English Parliament, and no name is more beloved in Ireland than that of Mr. *Cornell.* [Again Mr. Parnell whispered the right name, and again the Speaker, correcting the mistake, proceeded:] I am sure you will recall this day in after years with delight, and that a favorable report of your courtesy will be carried back to Erin and to England by our distinguished guest. In our homes his coming has been discussed with sympathy, day and night, until now every man, woman, and child in the land has learned to respect, to revere, and to love the name of *Cornell.*" (Tableau.)

About ten years ago, at the earnest solicitation of the Democratic committee, a young gentleman of Louisville went to speak in a close congressional district in the southern part of the State. His father, when a boy, had come from Ireland to Louisville in its infancy, but he and his mother were born in Kentucky. In one of the small towns where the orator was to speak he noticed that the fences were covered with flaming posters announcing the coming of "the famous Irish orator," who would speak that evening at the town hall. The young lawyer who was to introduce the guest to the audience made a sky-scraping speech far too long for the occasion. After running over the history

of Ireland and America, he pictured in iridescent colors the glorious career of the Democratic party, and at last began a magnificent eulogium of the visiting speaker. In the midst of his panegyric he suddenly paused, turned and asked in a loud stage-whisper, "How long have you been in this country?" "I was born here," said the stranger, demurely. "Born here?" said the lawyer, dumfounded. "Yes," said the guest, though he was sure the lawyer was thus being mercilessly dragged down from his airy flight, and would not forgive the wrong done him under the circumstances. Turning again, with a reproachful look,—for the speech he had written was spoiled,—the introducer paused a few moments, unable to finish his glowing peroration, and then said bluntly and coldly, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Blank."

The men of this State are exceptionally tall, and the favorites of the masses have generally been above the average size. Some years ago a gentleman of small size was to make a speech in Lebanon, a small town in Kentucky. In the afternoon he went into a barber's shop, and while being shaved by an old-fashioned negro, asked him what was going on in town.

"Nuthin' much, boss, 'cept dat a gemman from Louisville is gwine ter speak to-night—a Mistah Blank."

"I am Mr. Blank," said the speaker, after a a moment of hesitation.

"Go 'long, boss; you 's foolin' me, 'ca'se I heerd 'em say he was a fine speaker."

"I can't help that," said the guest; "I am the man."

Moving off a little to take another look at the small orator, and evidently puzzled by his size, the old negro said, "Lawd, boss, I thought you must be seven feet high—honest Inji'n, I did!"

In an election one meets with all sorts of odd characters. Five or six years ago a lawyer of Louisville was chief supervisor of elections for Kentucky. It was necessary to select, for the day when voters were to be registered, two hundred and twenty-four supervisors—one from each party for every one of the one hundred and twelve precincts of the city. That was no easy task, and all the work had to be done in four or five days. The Sunday morning following the registration the supervisor was alone in his library at home. The bell rang. He went to the door, and there saw a well-dressed man who was evidently some sort of mechanic, and who was twirling a small cane with a jaunty air.

"Is this Mr. Blank?" said he.

"Yes."

"Well, sir, here 's a letter as will introjuce yees to me."

The chief supervisor read in it that he had the honor of being introduced to Mr. Tim Fitzpatrick. "I am glad to meet you," said the supervisor.

"Well, sir, I am proud to meet you. I 've heard a heap of talk about ye."

With a smile, the host bowed his thanks, thinking the guest meant to be complimentary.

"You appointed Michael Filburn supervisor of the first precinct of the eleventh ward?"

"Yes," said the chief supervisor. "I presume he is a friend of yours."

"No, sir, he ain't; and what 's more, sir, he 's not a grammatical scholar."

Scarcely repressing a smile, the lawyer asked what difference that made.

"Well, sir, I 'll tell ye. Ye see, I lived a long time in Inji'nap'lis, and I knew all the big politicians there, and I tell ye I was a power among 'em; but more nor a year ago I moved to Louisville. Now ye know the Constitution says that if a man live in the State two year, or in the county one year, and in the precinct sixty days, he can rejuster and wote. Now Michael Filburn, not bein' a grammatical scholar, as I told ye,—do ye mind?—did not know the differ between the conjunction 'and' and the interjection 'or,' and so he would not let me rejuster and wote."

The experiences of a man who makes a race for an office are manifold, and they teach him much of human nature. In Kentucky, if he is a Democrat, his hard fight is for the nomination; but after that, in some districts, he must still go through a severe struggle. He must continually mix with the people. A disgusted gentleman of Louisville who ran for an important county office once described the woes of a candidate to me as follows:

As soon as a candidate announces himself, or is considered in the race, he is beset by all sorts of people for favors. Advertising agents come to solicit orders for small pasteboard cards which are distributed from hand to hand. He orders five thousand. In a week or two he orders ten thousand more, to be sure that he will have enough. A week later he orders twenty thousand more, thinking he will have five or ten thousand to spare. Finally, after many such orders, when he sees that he must have another lot of twenty or thirty thousand, he wonders what could have become of fifty or sixty thousand cards. Each day he meets men who talk to him in this style:

"Well, I see you are out." "Yes, sir." "Well, we are all for you down our way—that's right. By the way, let me introduce my friend Bob—Bob Jones. You ought to know him. Me and him carry our precinct all the time. Give us some cards." You give a handful. "Oh, that ain't enough. Give us another batch." You feel that maybe you have met two zealous, devoted, powerful friends, and you almost begin to rejoice. "By the way," says one, "could you give us a little lift? We would like to take a turn through the

ward this afternoon, and let all the boys know you 're out, and set up the drinks a bit too, you know." You hesitate, but finally give them a small sum. If you should follow them to the next corner, you would see your big bundle of cards go into the ash-barrel or the sewer.

Next come the advertising agents who want to announce your candidacy, at an exorbitant price, in a program of some church festival, school commencement, or theatrical performance; or they want to advertise you in a newspaper, on a poster, on canvas over a bar-room, on a boat or a street-car, on the walls of a bowling-alley, or on a fan that is to be distributed at a fair, a picnic, or a parade. Each agent that extorts money from you for himself or for his employer swears that all connected with him are for you, though a bigger advertisement of your rival, at a higher rate, has been secured. All sorts of individuals, lodges, societies, clubs, and churches beg and bully and cheat you in this style.

Base-ball clubs, etc., are named for you, that you may be begged for money. Fish-fries and picnics are arranged that you may spend or gamble away your money with a free hand. Ladies and gentlemen in churches ask you for contributions that they know you cannot afford to give, and would not give if you were not a candidate. The procession of beggars of all shades and sizes and conditions never ends till the election is over. Sometimes two or three men come as a committee of a crowd or a regular club about to go out into the country to fish or to carouse and gamble, and you are asked to furnish the beer. Sometimes you are told and expected to send two or three kegs of beer to a factory or foundry for the workmen. Perhaps a petition is presented with twenty, fifty, or a hundred names on it, and you are asked to meet "the boys." You know what that means. Every day, too, you are asked to lend your old friends, or your new friends, or strangers, sums of money ranging from ten cents to a thousand dollars. All you lend is lost. If you refuse, you are criticized and hated. Every man or boy who wants a job as a laborer, or an easy, genteel place as a clerk, wants your recommendation, and frequently wants you to see employers. Each day several men appear who want to be firemen or policemen, storekeepers or gaugers. Young ladies and their friends implore you to get places for them as teachers in the public schools or as typewriters in offices. You recommend a thousand men or women for every vacancy, and still the procession keeps up. The line of ghosts that Macbeth saw would be a relief to your troubled vision in your moments of despair.

When the troubles of the day have ended, the labors of the night begin. At the same time there are to be two church bazaars or fairs, where you will pay twenty-five cents for a poetical quotation or a rose; a special lunch at some bar-room, where one treat to the crowd will cost you five or ten dollars; an Irish ball, a German ball, a puddlers' ball, and an athletic club exhibition—all on one night. You must spend from fifteen to twenty minutes at each place, and the places are perhaps miles apart. But with tact you go the rounds, and come in at one or two o'clock in the morning, thoroughly weary in mind and body, and then you dream that you see yourself surrounded or pursued by a mighty host of beggars, and you wish that, like Moses, you could get all your pursuers into the sea at one moment, and drown them in a crowd.

Some years ago a prosperous merchant of simple habits, domestic tastes, and high standing was persuaded by many of our best citizens to run for the office of alderman. Mr. Goodman's opponent, who held the office at the time, was a jolly, drinking, thriftless politician. The incumbent and his friends believed that Mr. Goodman would win the race, and hence they resolved to scare him off the track. They began by sending "bummers" nearly every hour to his store or to his home. Some begged for coal, some for money, some for contributions for churches, while some simply offered their services, and did nothing but talk by the hour of what they had heard and what ought to be done. On the second night he was waked up several times after he had gone to bed, and startling information of plots and combinations were told him in great confidence. The next night, after he had been thoroughly worn out and disgusted, and just after he had fallen asleep, a crowd of pretended supporters with a wretched brass band came to serenade him, and after waking up the neighborhood with their boisterous clamor and loud huzzas, a speech was demanded. Poor man! he had never made a speech in his life. He was embarrassed and wretched. He stammered and floundered, and quit in despair. Next morning the newspapers announced that Mr. Goodman had decided to withdraw from the field. The fight was won in three days.

The registration of voters, the secret ballot, and the severe legal penalties, have done a great deal to prevent bribery. A corrupt-practices act, such as England has, can do much more; but only a sound public sentiment can really suppress bribery altogether. That sentiment must yet be created. Candidates are compelled by the populace to make many improper expenditures. Extravagant, reckless, or unscrupulous candidates slowly but steadily, in the heat and excitement of the contest, force their opponents to do some things that ought not to be done, and that afterward cause self-reproach and deep regret.

It is a constant source of discouragement to able, upright men that the intelligent or, at any rate, the prosperous citizens often seem not more conscientious or more trustworthy in voting than the lowest classes. Many successful merchants or well-paid clerks are governed in their preferences by the flimsiest reasons and

the silliest prejudices. Such men and even many ministers, lawyers, and doctors are controlled more by personal acquaintance, or business connections, or church affiliations, than by the merits of the candidates. The great middle class is the salvation of the republic. Indifference, selfishness, and prejudice are the sources of endless evils, and should be made odious by every means at our command. The public sentiment that will stop bribery and elevate our Government in all its branches will not be merely a severe condemnation of buying and selling votes; but a public sentiment that will eagerly search out and uplift men of sterling character and fine abilities without serious cost to them, and will be brought to bear, with crushing force, against every candidate, however able, who tries to win mainly by electioneering and scheming and using money with a lavish hand.

In a primary election held in Louisville a few years ago, before there was any statute to prevent bribery in a primary, some voters in one district were openly paid as much as seventy-five dollars each. The report of this spread through the city. At one precinct the workers for opposing candidates agreed to have a little fun with a German who all the morning had been hanging about the polls for sale. Strolling with seeming unconcern to a place within a few feet of him, they began to discuss the enormous prices paid in other precincts, and what a big sum they would be willing to pay at that time. He listened eagerly, and began to hint at a trade. "I 'll give you five dollars," said No. 1. "What!" said No. 2. "Give him five dollars? Why, I 'll give ten, sir!" "I 'll give you twenty-five!" said No. 1. "I 'll give you fifty!" said No. 2. So they went on quickly outbidding each other until they reached three hundred dollars. "Come along righd avay qvick!" said the excited German. "Dot 's blenty. Come along, and I wote righd avay!" "No," said the worker last outbidden; "I 'll not be bluffed. I 'll give you five hundred dollars." The German's eyes were ready to pop out of his head, and off he rushed in tremulous excitement to the voting-place. He was asked his name and residence, which he called out excitedly. In a moment the judges said: "You are not registered; you have no vote." "Ain't got no wote!" said he, as his jaw dropped, and his face assumed an indescribable expression of woe. "Now ain't it awful to shut an old woter out like dot!"

At another precinct a gang of negroes formed a club, and agreed that they would sell out only in a crowd, and demanded ten dollars a head. A worker whose money was nearly gone told them to go around the corner and wait awhile; that he would buy them all, but he wished to hold them back for a final rush an hour later. He took their names and addresses. When the time was up, they marched up to the precinct in a body, only to learn with horror that while they were waiting around the corner they had been personated by a lot of other negroes who had given in the names and addresses of the members of the club, and had been bought for a dollar a head. Then was beheld such indignation as one rarely witnesses.

Every candidate is at times asked to defend or to intercede for men under trial on a criminal charge; or if they are already in the jail, the workhouse, or the penitentiary, they and their family and friends ask for a reprieve, a commutation of sentence, or a pardon. A nominee of the Democratic party for a high office last year received the following letter from the workhouse:

LOUISVILLE, KY, Sep. 29, 1894.

DEAR SIR. i write you those few lines to ask off of you a favor. i Richard Denham and ira hunt Got in a little truble after the election and are out at the work house after a little Drunk and the judge gave us Bonds [to keep the peace] for six months — wich to Any fair minded man is to Much for a drunk. Me and my friend want to Get out to vote and work For you as we did at the primary. And if you will please grant us this Favor we will do all in our favor to help you at the poles. So with our Best wische for your success we remain Yours respectafuffly

RICHARD DENHAM and IRA HUNT.

This letter induced the gentleman to vary his usual course, and he wrote them that he would petition the judge to show them some clemency if they were committed solely for the offense of being drunk. But the judge informed him that they were hardened offenders, and in their last spree had cut a good man, and the candidate let the matter drop. A short time after, he received the following letter:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 14, 1894.

DEAR SIR. Yours of the 8th was duly and thankfulley received. Me and my friend have waited for a discharge. But it came not. Beleaving that his honor has let it slip his memmory. We thought we would ask you the Favor to remind him of it. This is a tereble place to watch and hope for something that never comes. Kind sir you dont know how bad i feel out here in this place. The very thought of my poor wife and family nearly craze me. If I get out of here i shall not drink for many a day to come. [He was not willing to take the pledge forever.] I would not been drinking as it was only for the excitement of the election and you where our nominee. and will Be our next ——. [He was not a prophet, as results showed.] And i hope me and my friend shall be out to cast our votes for you and

the Democratic party. Hopeing you will favor us with this request we remain

Your truly friends
RICHARD DENHAM and IRA HUNT.

A gentleman who was lately running for Congress in a Democratic primary had two strong opponents. One of them was supported by Mr. John Blank, a tireless, loyal, shrewd politician, who was a member of the State executive committee, and had at his beck and call a great host of most serviceable workers. They were at the end of a long, hot, killing race. On the Sunday morning preceding the election, which was held on Tuesday, September 18, 1894, a plainly but neatly dressed Irishman, who had a good face, was ushered into the library of one of the candidates, who was quietly reading the newspaper and wishing, as he read the news of the fight, that he were safely out of the woods. Walking up to the candidate solemnly, and touching him on the breast with the forefinger of the right hand, this unknown guest, looking the puzzled gentleman straight in the eye, said: "Don't ye be a-skeered. I 'm for ye!"

With as much soberness as he could command, the candidate expressed his thanks for the pleasure of having his mind set at rest, though he had never before seen his visitor, who probably could not do more than control his own vote. But the visitor continued: "Who bate Johnny Blank when he tried the last time to elict Mayor Rade ag'in? Me — Gilhooley! And who 'll bate Johnny Blank when he tries to bate ye? Me — Gilhooley! Don't you be afeard. I 'm for ye!" Again he was soberly thanked, whereupon he walked out without another word. Usually such actions would have indicated a desire to borrow money, but he seemed to have only the wish to renew the courage of his favorite in the race.

Some years ago, when a young lawyer, a Catholic, was a candidate for the legislature, the "Elephants," a secret political anti-Catholic society, composed mainly of the scum of the town, were fighting him with the usual tactics of such guerrillas. In the extreme northern end of the district nearly all the voters were Irish; in the extreme southern end nearly all the voters were German. While the candidates were speaking in the northern end, the lawyer referred to the fact that the Elephants were saying that they would not vote for him nor for any other man that had an "O" or a "Mc" in his name. He said that while his mother was a Kentuckian and her grandfather had been a soldier in the Revolution, his father was an Irish boy who had come to Louisville when it was a village, and he was proud of his Irish blood. He heard, next day, that one of his opponents was going to try to make capital against him by speaking of this matter; so when they met together for debate in the German neighborhood, two nights later, he prepared himself for the emergency. When his opponent finished his speech that evening, and ridiculed the references that had been made to the "O's" and the "Mc's," the young lawyer, who had studied in Germany, replied in a German speech which he had carefully written out and committed to memory. His opponent was dumfounded. The man with a "Mc" in his name carried the German settlement by an overwhelming majority.

While this Irishman with a fondness for German was in a canvass for Congress, he one day called on a German blacksmith whom he had known for a long time, and found him hard at work with a new helper. Only German was spoken. The weather was very hot, and the candidate asked his friends to go with him to the bar-room hard by to get a glass of cool beer. The blacksmith said he was too busy, but that his helper might go and bring back a pail of beer. As the Irishman passed out of the door, the helper, who probably had paid little attention to the candidate's name, asked for some of his election tickets, saying in German: "Certainly I will help you. The Irish and the Americans hang together. Why should n't we?"

Canvassing through the country in the summer time is not easy. One very hot day in July last year a certain candidate for Congress was driving through the country with a friend who was introducing him to the neighbors. As they were going through a beautiful, shady lane the candidate saw a farmer plowing in a field where there was not a particle of shade. Jumping over the fence, the canvassers walked across the field in the broiling sun to the place where the farmer and his poor mule were standing. The candidate introduced himself, handed the farmer a card, and asked for his vote. The farmer, taking his big, battered straw hat from his head, and slowly mopping away the streams of perspiration that ran down his sunburned face, said: "Well, I 'm glad to see ye, and I like yer talk, my young friend; but what I want ter know is, What 'll you do fer the farmer ef ye 're elected?"

"Why, sir," said the candidate, quickly, in the style of a Populist orator, "the first thing I shall do will be this: I shall pass a bill to compel the Government to furnish movable shade-trees for farmers when they are plowing in the sun."

"Well, that 's purty good fer a promise. I 'll be durned ef I don't vote fer you, ef you don't git another vote."

A few years ago a plain country doctor and a Mr. May who was fond of jewelry and wore

a valuable diamond stud in his shirt-bosom were running for the legislature in one of our counties. The race was close and hot. At one speaking the doctor made the following fierce and dangerous thrust at his opponent: "Fellow-citizens, don't you want an honest man in the legislature? Of course you do. Now what sort of man is my opponent? Why, gentlemen, look at that magnificent diamond he wears! It is almost as big and bright as the head-light on a locomotive. Your eyes can hardly stand its glare. It is worth hundreds — maybe thousands — of dollars. At what valuation do you suppose he has put it for taxation in his return to the State assessor? Why, at the pitiful sum of twenty dollars!" The crowd yelled for the doctor. Three days later the two met again in joint debate. Again the doctor took up his telling theme, and held forth eloquently and passionately in denunciation of dishonesty and diamonds and false assessments; and then he again told of May's false return to the assessor. "Look at that gorgeous pin, gentlemen! My eyes can hardly endure its dazzling rays. Solomon in all his glory —"

"Hold on there, doctor!" said May. "Do you mean to say this pin is worth more than twenty dollars?"

"Yes, I do — twenty times or fifty times twenty dollars!"

"Would you give twenty dollars for it, doctor?"

"Of course I would."

"Well, you can have it for that."

"All right!" said the doctor, and he hurriedly counted out the money, and took the pin. Then May rose to speak, and the crowd cheered him. He was undoubtedly "game" and honest. He was willing to take what he said the pin was worth. He was elected. A week after the election he called on the doctor and said: "Doctor, I don't want to rob you of your money. Here's your twenty dollars. That pin you bought was paste. I got it in Louisville after your first speech. Here is my real diamond. If I can ever serve you, let me know."

Another distinguished gentleman, an ex-congressman, was to speak in Boston; but when the time came Colonel McClure of Philadelphia was put before him. Instead of speaking one hour, as was expected, the colonel forgot the flight of time, and spoke nearly two hours — in fact, until ten o'clock. A man from Maine was to follow the Kentuckian. It was growing late, but the gentleman from Kentucky was prepared to speak an hour at least. After he had spoken fifteen minutes — that is, after he had just begun to get well under way — he stooped to pick up a lemon that he needed to clear his throat, when, without giving him time to recover, the band struck up that horrid tune, "Johnny, get your gun!" and he was forced to retire without even a chance at a peroration. To say he was disgusted and broken-hearted — he who had traveled all the way to Boston to discuss the tariff learnedly and exhaustively — is to express feebly his outraged feelings and blighted hopes.

In spite of all the labors, cares, expenses, and provoking experiences that a public man must endure, in spite of the occasional ingratitude of the people after valuable services have been done them with the purest motives, public life is fascinating; but it is ruinous to a poor man who is strictly honest, to one who will not only reject bribes with scorn, but will refuse to make money in any way that may bring his financial interests, however remotely, into conflict with his duty. Half the lawyers of our country are kept poor by the sacrifices they make of time and thought and money in efforts, often unsuccessful, to reach some political or judicial office. Even when they succeed in going to the legislature or to Congress they almost ruin, if they do not entirely destroy, their business. But it is also true that a candidate often receives from his friends such proofs of love and admiration that he feels that a lifetime cannot repay them for their devotion. Their efforts for his success he recalls with pleasure and gratitude as long as he lives. It will be a sad day, indeed, for our country when no ambitious young men of a high sense of honor and of brilliant talents shall be willing to sacrifice ease and wealth for her prosperity and glory.

Edward J. McDermott.



LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON THE CONSTITUTIONAL DESPOT.

EXPANSION OF THE REVOLUTIONARY SYSTEM — TENSION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE — THE PEACE OF AMIENS BROKEN — THE FALL OF MOREAU — MURDER OF THE DUC D'ENGHIEN.



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL.

EXPANSION OF THE REVOLUTIONARY SYSTEM.

THE First Consul might well feel that the constitution of the year VIII had approved itself to the nation and to the world. The madness of revolutionary violence was not merely checked, Jacobinism was utterly crushed out; the political liberties of France had apparently not been diminished, her civil liberties had been formulated and assured as never before; finally, the renown of France had never been more brilliant, and the consulate had used her glory to make the peace with honor so earnestly, longingly desired. Nothing was left but to secure permanency for the well-ordered life thus begun. Opinions varied widely as to how far this was possible: the diplomatists of Europe were not hopeful, knowing as they did what self-control had been exercised on both sides in negotiating the treaty of Amiens, what knotty questions had been passed over, and how easily the stipulations might be rendered of no effect by opposite interpretations of their spirit; on the other hand, Bonaparte, though fully aware of the strain which at that epoch must exist in the relations between monarchies and republics, and of the warlike temper of the dynasties, believed in the pressure of public opinion as likely to insure the observance of the treaty. For him its one essential feature was the restoration of Malta to its former owners, the Knights of St. John, or, in other words, to the sphere of French influence. To the ruler of France the treaty of Amiens had but one meaning — England's surrender of absolute control in the Mediterranean. He does not appear to have recalled that others might think a corresponding diminution of French influence on the Continent equally essential to its correct interpretation.

For the treaty of Amiens contained other stipulations. England's warfare was not to be in vain either in continental Europe or in the other quarters of the globe. Trinidad and Ceylon were splendid acquisitions to her colonial empire, and she retained her rights to use the harbors of the Cape of Good Hope. Except the two islands just mentioned, Spain and the Batavian Republic got all their colonies back, and the House of Orange was to be indemnified for its loss of power in Holland. As to the Oriental question, England's pride was not humbled, Turkey being left as before the war in respect to her territorial boundaries, and being recognized again as the suzerain both of the Ionian Isles and of Egypt. In return Great Britain was to evacuate the latter country, and by the surrender of Malta abandon her control of the Mediterranean highway. France was to evacuate Rome, Naples, and Elba. Such was the paper to which on March 27, 1802, Joseph Bonaparte, Cornwallis, Azara, and Schimmelpenninck set their hands for their respective countries — France, Great Britain, Spain, and the Batavian Republic. No mention was made of Piedmont, or of the Helvetian Republic, or of the reconstruction of Germany in accordance with the peace of Lunéville, a matter which was to be settled by agreement between France and Russia according to a treaty which had been signed on October 8, 1801. Alexander, the new Czar, on his accession in the previous March had promptly overthrown the policy of both Catherine and Paul, abandoning the armed neutrality and the doctrine of neutral flag, neutral goods. Ostensibly and sentimentally he remained friendly to Bonaparte, but he declared in his instructions to Markoff, his ambassador at Paris, that the First Consul, "by flattering the deceased Emperor, had been

mainly desirous to use him as a weapon against England." To Paul, who was ready to fight for the "liberty of the seas," and to check Great Britain in India, Bonaparte might have yielded control in Italy; but to Alexander, who, it was clear, was about to desert France, he would naturally not yield one shred of Continental control beyond what was absolutely essential for peace.

The success of the negotiations at Amiens was largely due to the personal characters of two men — Lord Cornwallis and Joseph Bonaparte. The latter was diplomatic and conciliatory; the former, as Napoleon told Lord Ebrington, who visited him at Elba in 1814, was from his integrity and goodness an honor to his country. No sooner was the treaty signed than the opposition leaders of the English Parliament began to declare that it gave to France the mastery of the Continent. Addington stoutly denied the allegation. Addison had always held the view that Great Britain had been made an island in order that she might be the arbiter of the Continent. This well-worn doctrine Addington vigorously maintained, and, stung by the taunts of his opponents, he began the reign of peace with a stronger emphasis than ever upon the time-honored policy of meddling in Continental affairs, which in Cornwallis's instructions had been temporarily but categorically renounced. In the Batavian, Helvetian, Cisalpine, and Ligurian republics the English diplomatic agents continued quite as active as ever in their efforts to discredit the French influence, giving comfort and support to those who would gladly have overturned all that Bonaparte had done. The malcontents were, however, comparatively few, because the peoples of those lands had so long been the sport of the old European dynasties that even the revolutionary epoch had invigorated them but little, and they were content if only they might have repose.

In Germany, however, the English envoys had a better field, for in that disrupted land the case of the population, though so far resembling that of those who dwelt in the countries just enumerated as to appear nearly identical, was not really so. Ever since France had asserted the doctrine that her natural frontier was the Rhine, the simplest answer to the question of how the temporal princes of the Germanic body were to be indemnified for the territories she was seizing had evidently been found in recurring to Richelieu's policy at the close of the Thirty Years' War, namely, the secularization of bishoprics, and their incorporation with dynastic states. In the Congress of Rastatt, which had been closed by the outbreak of war and disgraced by the murder of the French plenipotentiaries, Austria had grudgingly admitted this as a guiding principle, disastrous as it was to her supremacy in the empire — a supremacy based solely on the support of the ecclesiastical rulers, who, being bound to no dynasty, naturally rallied about the great Roman Catholic power, in opposition to Prussia, her Protestant rival. So far, therefore, Roman Catholicism in Germany had been in the main conservative, and English diplomatists found ample room for the display of their ingenuity in offsetting religious factions, as well as political cliques and dynastic interests, one against the other.

But after the Concordat Bonaparte's position was so utterly changed that all the liberal Roman Catholics in Germany and a large proportion of the rest had little to choose between France and Austria. He was therefore able to carry out in Germany the identical policy he had pursued in Italy — a policy which had the sanction alike of French royalism and French republicanism — that of an entire reconstruction. In the rôle of protector of the Church he could go only so far in the wholesome process as he was able to make the world believe to be necessary. With this in view, he held fast to the old notion that both the great German powers should be separated from the Rhine by a line of little states, and began to carve, change, and transfer communities without the slightest regard to the will of the people. Nothing proves more conclusively how entirely the balance of power had been destroyed, or how its old conceptions of international relations were crushed, than the position of the Germanic body and the disposition Bonaparte made of it. The little states fell suppliant at Talleyrand's feet, and the venal minister spared those who paid the most; those less willing or less able disappeared from the map without a protest from any but themselves and their own unseated princes. Scores of the corrupt and rotten little courts which had disgraced the German name for more than a century died without any to mourn their demise, and many proud imperial cities were forced to bow before the stronger semi-feudal dynasties which had been their hereditary foes. The process wrought havoc in the exaggerated local jealousies which had prevented in Germany the wholesome national development that had taken place among other European peoples.

In a succession of treaties the work went steadily on. The Czar was pacified by liberal grants to his relatives of the reigning house of Würtemberg. Prussia got an exchange for Cleves and the price of her neutrality in such fine domains as Hildesheim, Paderborn, Quedlinburg, and many others; Austria suffered for her defeats by a compulsory acquiescence in the Italian arrangements, and the acceptance of

a smaller share than seemed her right in Germany; but the Grand Duke of Tuscany got Salzburg, Berchtesgaden, Brixen, Trent, and part of Eichstädt. Bavaria was not dismembered, as Austria had desired, but received Passau in fulfilment of Bonaparte's promises. Baden and Darmstadt were, as border states, made slightly stronger than they had been. The conclusion of the arrangement between France and Russia was the humiliation of Austria, the strengthening of Prussia, the dismemberment of the Holy Roman Empire, and the dislocation of the hitherto existing scheme of European politics. The ruling houses of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, and Darmstadt were all related to the Czar. It seemed a gain for him that their power was increased; on the other hand, they discerned in Bonaparte the power which rewarded them for their fidelity to France, and, discerning it, became its firm supporters.

It is needless to say that the English diplomatists on the Continent looked on aghast at the reconstruction of Europe. Had the old prestige of Great Britain been so diminished that her traditional enemy should thus work its will in the lands of Europe without hindrance, and to the hurt, not only of England's glory, but of England's prosperity, perhaps to the menace even of her independence?

These changes were in steady progress throughout the autumn of 1802 and the first month of 1803, being completed and made known in February of that year. It is important to remember that though going forward they were not announced as the "enactment of the imperial delegates," so called by courtesy, until that time, and that whatever might have been suspected or feared, they were not definitely known before then. But as early as September, 1802, Addington took a step which proves that already the responsible government of England was determined to put its own interpretation, and no other, on the treaty of Amiens, or rather to consider any interpretation of the treaty of Lunéville not in England's favor as a breach of the treaty of Amiens. This step was the appointment as British ambassador at Paris of Lord Whitworth, a stately, unbending, self-restrained aristocrat. He would have been an admirable representative of Great Britain at a Bourbon court. His presence at the consular quasi-republican levees of Bonaparte was in itself a standing rebuke to the new order. The character of his instructions was in consonance with his appointment. They expressed suspicion that France was secretly planning harm to English interests, and required special attention to the lands "under the dominion of the Republic." The annexation of Piedmont was cited as a grievance, as was also the attitude of France to the three new republics. He was to refuse any satisfaction concerning Malta, and not commit "his Majesty as to what may be eventually his intentions with respect to the island." In particular, he was to watch the French policy in respect to the Indies, both East and West. Lord Whitworth was cautious and sedate throughout the short period of his stay in Paris, but such a man with such instructions could in no wise be considered or felt to be a minister of peace. He began as early as December to declare in his despatches that the French nation had a contempt for its government, and to assert the total disarrangement of Bonaparte's finances. Thenceforward carping and faultfinding were intermingled in his correspondence with statements sufficiently calm but suppressedly indignant about the course which France was pursuing. He said, moreover, that every year of peace was better for Great Britain than a year of war, because it would give strength and courage to those in France whose interest lay in the overthrow of the consulate, which, on the other hand, would by its very nature be weakened by inactivity.

The First Consul was equally astute. In a meeting of the council of state, held during the winter, one of the members expressed his satisfaction with the peace. "Do the signatures of the great powers make them any less our foes?" was the rejoinder of Bonaparte. The response was of course in the negative. "Well, then," continued the former, "draw the necessary conclusion. If these states are always keeping war *in petto* in order to renew it again, the sooner it comes the better, for with every day fades the memory of their defeats, while the prestige of our victories is forgotten in equal measure. Every advantage, then, is on their side. Remember that a first consul is in no respect like these kings by the grace of God, who look on their kingdoms as heirlooms. This is for them an advantage, for us a hindrance. Hated by its neighbors, compelled to hold in restraint various classes of internal malcontents and at the same time to inspire respect in so many external foes, the French state needs glory, and therefore war. It must either surpass all others or fall. I shall put up with peace as long as my neighbors are able to keep it, but I shall think it an advantage if they compel me to take up my arms before they are rusty. . . . From our point of view I regard the peace as a short armistice, and consider myself doomed to fight almost without intermission throughout my term of office." This language, though credibly reported, was set down at a much later time, as also was a statement of Lucien's in his memoirs that it was ambition, not patriotism, which after the

peace of Amiens made war a necessity to his brother. The notices of the time which have come to us from those not in the thick of plot and intrigue — men like Rapp and others of his kind — create a different impression, namely, the feeling that Bonaparte was heartily sick of war, and really desired peace.

Yet it is impossible to feel sure of the First Consul's innermost desire, in view of the great army at his back eager for war and straining in the leash, still posted, moreover, at the most advantageous strategic points of Europe. Where such an army exists there must be a powerful military party, and such a party must influence a great general. As late as 1875 the great military leaders of the German Empire nearly thwarted the statecraft of Bismarck, and almost succeeded in renewing the Franco-Prussian war for the purpose of reducing France to vassalage. Similar influences may have weighed at times with Bonaparte; but the charge, brought for so many years by reactionaries and radicals alike, that already in 1802 France was the destined victim and all Europe but the tool of Bonaparte's ambition, remains unproved. He was not yet convinced that war was essential for the extension of his influence, and there is no proof until two years later that his dreams of Western empire had taken definite form. Then, when France was fighting for her life with an England governed by a narrow-minded and unwholesome king, and when dynastic Europe was all allied against him, he appears to have become convinced that the time had finally arrived when, in order to defeat England and destroy dynastic rule in Europe, he must by any and all means at his command unite the Western world under his sway. What had been a dream must be turned into stern reality.

Both the preliminaries of London and the definitive peace of Amiens had been hailed with joy by the industrial and mercantile classes of England. It is true the Christian sentiment of the country was shocked by the official restoration of the slave-trade on the part of France; but that feeling was momentarily stilled in view of the untold benefits to commerce which might justly be expected as the result of peace. In this expectation, however, the merchants were disappointed, for the consulate immediately put in force certain arbitrary and annoying shipping regulations intended to limit any encroachments on its rigid protective policy. The pious philanthropy of England has ever seen missionary zeal go hand in hand with British commerce as the best means of simultaneously fulfilling England's destiny and converting the world. Thwarted in either part of this policy, the other has always appeared jeopardized; and so, almost immediately after the peace was signed, public opinion again took up the cry against the slave-trade, and soon was so changed that the cheers of the multitude were turned into renewed execrations of Bonaparte. Thenceforward the influences which combined to create a warlike temper in England were cumulative. It was found by private citizens that the clause of the treaty which removed all sequestrations from their property in France was not easily enforced. Statesmen began to declare that by a further extension of the system of federated states under French hegemony their maritime empire would insure nothing but the insignificant carrying-trade with the colonies, while the European commerce, which was still far more important, would be delivered into other hands. The King, with his absurd dynastic ideas, foresaw in the same direction the ultimate obliteration of absolutism, with its guarantees of neutrality and territorial sanctity.

The bitter discontent of England was expressed in the public press almost before the ink was dry on the treaty of Amiens. Bonaparte, demanding the right to establish consuls in the chief ports of England and Ireland, designated the officials and sent them to their posts. The English papers declared these men to be spies, military engineers charged to make and forward to Paris plans of the harbors. They were accordingly seized, and forbidden to enter on their duties. Moreover, one Peltier, an emigrant, began without hindrance from the authorities to publish in London a French royalist journal, "L'Ambigu," which satirized, lampooned, and abused the First Consul and his rule in a shameful but brilliant way. Two months after the date of the treaty Bonaparte began to remonstrate against such license. The English administration pleaded the freedom of the press under constitutional guarantees, and asserted the truth of the allegations brought against the consuls. It was not long before the tide of recrimination was in full flood, and the columns of the official "Moniteur" were in revenge filled with matter identical in kind with the offensive contents of the English press. The official journals of Paris began to declare that "Carthage must be destroyed." It was the irony of fate that while in England the government could deny its responsibility for the utterances of the newspapers, Bonaparte, who had finally destroyed the freedom of the press in France, could consequently be held to strict account for every word printed.

As early as July the First Consul made his grievances the subject of diplomatic remonstrance. Receiving a mild reply, he proceeded to enumerate as matters of complaint, in addition to the license of the English papers, the residence of the emigrants in Great Britain,

her harboring conspirators like Georges Cadoudal, and her protection of the Bourbon princes. Although the Alien Act would have made it possible for the government of England to banish political refugees, it was contrary to a wise policy to do so, and this was explained to the French ambassador. In order, however, temporarily to appease the French government, Peltier was prosecuted for libel of the First Consul. In addition to his insulting letterpress, the witty Frenchman had also published numerous clever caricatures, among them the picture of a sphinx the head of which was Bonaparte's portrait, referring of course to his Egyptian fiasco. In response to the remonstrances made against such defamation, there appeared only the well-known body, headless, and it was felt that the satire was more bitter than before. By the skill of the defendant's counsel the trial was turned into a jubilation over the liberty of the press; and though the culprit was technically condemned, he was never brought to punishment. Thereafter, by the aid of a subvention from Bonaparte, the Irish radicals began to publish in London a fiery paper the contents of which were supplied from Paris, and were intended to counteract the influence of the English journals.

Meantime the First Consul gave every evidence that his only warfare was to be a diplomatic one; his chief interest was clearly the improvement of French industries, the extension of beneficent public works, and the consolidation of his colonial empire. Louisiana had been ceded to France by Spain in exchange for the kingdom of Tuscany, and an expedition was being fitted out to go and reduce it to possession. Efforts were directed also to the eastward, Sebastiani, a skilful diplomat, being despatched in September, under the guise of a commercial agent, carefully to examine Persian affairs and report on the situation in the Levant. As a countercheck to the outcry which Bonaparte believed would be raised over the annexation of Piedmont, he filled Ireland with secret agents whose duty it was to foment and organize the spirit of insurrection, while carefully studying the country. Ostensibly they too were commercial agents, and even when some of their instructions were seized by English officials, nothing to the contrary could be proved. In their case, as in that of Sebastiani, it does not appear that Bonaparte was aiming at anything but to secure an alternative in case of extremity. That he had eventually to take the alternative in Ireland was no proof to the contrary. In Switzerland also internal troubles were allowed to take such shape that Ney was sent with 30,000 troops to occupy the country, ostensibly in the interest of good order, in reality of course as a check to both Prussia and Austria, should they prove restive under the new reorganization of Europe. When England remonstrated, Bonaparte indirectly replied in a note of October 23, 1802, to his ambassador in England, that his resolution was taken. If war was threatened, it must needs be a Continental war, the consequence of which could only be to force him to conquer Europe. He was about thirty-three years old. Hitherto he had destroyed only second-class states. "Who knew how long he would take to change the face of Europe again, and resuscitate the empire of the West?" This paper Otto, the ambassador, virtually suppressed, knowing how far its use would jeopardize the peace.

During the summer of 1802 Fox journeyed to Paris, where he was presented to Bonaparte early in September. The English statesman was fascinated, and although the First Consul said nothing definite or precise, his visitor departed convinced that his host desired nothing but peace with a liberal policy both domestic and foreign as far as was consistent with safety. But the attacks of the English press became none the less virulent in consequence of Fox's favorable report, or of his brilliant defense of France from his place in Parliament. Toward the close of January Talleyrand remonstrated with Whitworth, this time giving point to his remonstrance by a plump demand as to what England intended to do about Malta. Whitworth replied that he was without instructions, and made an evasive answer, hinting that the King's opinion of the changes which had taken place in Europe since the treaty might be of importance in determining him as to the disposal of the island. This was the first official intimation that England did not intend to keep her promise. A few days later Sebastiani returned from the East, and on January 30, 1803, the "Moniteur" published his thorough and careful report. It was a long document, fully explaining every source of English weakness in the Orient, and setting forth the possibilities of reëstablishing French colonies in Egypt and the Levant. There was only one menacing phrase, but it expressed an unpalatable truth, that "6000 French troops could now conquer Egypt." The publication in England of this paper raised a tremendous popular storm, and it has pleased many historians to regard Bonaparte's course as a virtual declaration of war. In reality it was merely a French Roland for the English Oliver. If England intended to keep Malta, let her beware of her prestige in the East. Had Bonaparte intended to act on Sebastiani's report, he certainly would not have published it. Of course the English populace utterly failed to grasp so nice a point, and the incident so strained the relations of France and England that all Europe saw the impending

crisis — one or the other, or both, must consent to a modification of the treaty in respect to Malta, or there would be war.

TENSION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

THESE strained relations between the two great Western powers were the natural consequence of their antipodal interests and of the fact that neither was yet exhausted by war. Speaking of the treaty of Amiens soon after it was signed, George III. said, "I call this an experimental peace; it is nothing else." It was a double experiment. How far would Bonaparte curb his ambition? How far would England surrender her quasi-dictatorship of the high seas and her control of European commerce? It soon became clear that there was no longer a conciliatory temper on either side, and that the so-called peace was merely a truce. Moreover, Bonaparte, soon after the arrival of Lord Whitworth, came to feel that the truce would be a short one. Accordingly he recalled from London the too pacific Otto, replacing him in December by General Andréossy. The First Consul's conviction was assured by the language (already quoted) which the English ambassador used to Talleyrand in January. The little interval of peace, short as it was, had so confirmed Bonaparte in the good graces of the French that he likewise felt able to dismiss three other public servants who seemed unwilling to accept the new state of absolute control by the First Consul. These were Fouché, Roederer, and Bourrienne, the first a shrewd, unscrupulous, self-seeking Jacobin; the second a wise, devoted, but fearless and sometimes troublesome adviser; the third a venal, light-headed, and often untruthful secretary, who presumed too much on school-boy association to confirm an annoying intimacy. Almost at the same time Lannes was restored to favor and the Consular Guard strengthened. At the opening of what bade fair to be a struggle, not for supremacy alone, but for life, the principal combatant seemed determined to cast off every weight, to discard even his true but troublesome friends.

The war which was imminent would in no proper sense be a war between England and France, but rather a general war against French ascendancy in Europe, as represented by Bonaparte's expansion of the revolutionary system for his own purposes, and therefore, as it were, a personal attack on the First Consul. Well aware that if war was inevitable it should for his own sake come quickly, Bonaparte determined to learn whether it was inevitable, and to do so in such a way as further to endear him to that class of the French people which now appeared to be his strongest support — the great middle class, or bourgeoisie, who in the Revolution had wrested political control from the King and the aristocracy. Whether general, diplomatist, or statesman, he had never since his entrance on French public life permitted them to forget that he was one of them. He dressed, behaved, and talked as far as in him lay, like a French burgher, scornfully and ostentatiously using the forms of society and diplomacy as baubles necessary just so long as they were useful, but holding them up to public contempt whenever that course served his purpose. Incidentally it may be remarked that his reliance on the middle class and his determination to gratify it whenever possible played a considerable part in the grandiose scheme of public works for both France and Paris which was conceived and partly achieved by him. The building of great canals, the perfection of highways, the lavish expenditure of public moneys for the administrative buildings which beautified the provincial towns while distributing the appropriations for them among the inhabitants, the general control of these enterprises from Paris — all this enormously strengthened the hold which the chief magistrate had upon the country at large.

Much of the same policy was still displayed in the official receptions held in the Tuileries. In the first place, the domestic life of the Bonapartes was carefully accented by the presence of the First Consul's wife and sisters with their families. No mistresses were ever allowed to flaunt themselves in public under either the consulate or the empire. The same standards of conjugal fidelity were to be supposed valid in the first family of the land as in those of the masses. Then, too, there was displayed a genial familiarity, sometimes even brusque and rude, like that prevalent among the middle class — the good-fellowship which they admired above every other quality. Of course there must be ceremonial, and on high occasions the great officers of state with the diplomatic corps were arrayed in a circle like that customary in courts from immemorial times. But these latter personages, grand as they were, had to put up with much the same treatment from the First Consul while making his rounds as that which his relatives, his state and military officials, and the plain people of France generally received at his hands. These more or less domestic and unceremonious ways afforded Bonaparte exactly the chance he needed to bring England to an explanation. On Sunday, March 13, 1803, there was held a consular levee at the Tuileries. No one apparently thought it likely to be different from any other, and there was the usual attendance, Lord Whitworth being present to introduce some English ladies and gentlemen to Mme. Bonaparte. But the occasion was

destined to be of the first importance historically, and what occurred has been the subject of more misrepresentation and turgid rhetoric than any single event in the life of Napoleon.

For some weeks previous there had been little change in the relations between the two countries. France continued to fit out armaments in her ports, destined, it was declared and probably with truth, to confirm her colonial power in the West Indies and America, and to make good her commercial standing in the Levant and farther Orient. These movements, as well as those of her troops, were carefully watched by the English, and almost as carefully misinterpreted to be preparations solely intended for the renewal of the war. On Friday, February 17, Whitworth, contrary to all diplomatic precedent, was summoned to the Tuileries, where he was received by Bonaparte with "tolerable cordiality," to use the ambassador's own words, and seated on one side of the Consul's table in his private cabinet, while the chief of state dropped into a chair on the other side of it, and, putting both elbows on the edge, began without ceremony to state his views concerning the situation. Acknowledging his irritation at the jealousy and mistrust shown by England in interpreting the treaty of Amiens, he categorically refused to acquiesce in the continued occupation of Malta and Alexandria by England, but disclaimed any intention of either seizing Egypt or going to war with Great Britain. Expatiating on the respective forces of England and France, he endeavored to show how essential their coöperation was for the peace of Europe, and strove to prove that neither could gain anything by going to war. In conclusion he demanded the speedy evacuation of Malta as the event on which must turn peace or war. If he had really desired war, he said, he could have seized Egypt a month earlier without difficulty. Whitworth made the same stock rejoinders which had been used all along, and when about to instance the territories and influence gained by France was interrupted by Bonaparte with apparent temper. "I suppose you mean Piedmont and Switzerland. Those are trifles,"—"The expression he made use of," Whitworth interrupts the quotation to say, "was too trivial and vulgar to find a place in a despatch, or anywhere but in the mouth of a hackney-coachman"—"and it must have been foreseen," continued Bonaparte, "while the negotiation was pending. Vous n'avez pas le droit d'en parler à cette heure." Napoleon said of his own temper that it never went below his neck; and as to his vulgar expression, any French scholar can supply it and see that Whitworth was correct in not reporting it; for to translate it would have been to distort the proportions of its significance. Moreover, the English diplomat must have felt the truth of Bonaparte's reasoning, for he at once turned to the matter of English claims on France, and the First Consul excused the delay by disclaiming all wrong intention. The interlocutors parted amicably enough, and Whitworth expressly states that he brought away no other impression than that Bonaparte intended "to frighten and bully."

How correct this impression was can easily be shown. It appears that the English ministry determined to meet bluster with bluster. There was, in spite of all Fox's efforts, a substantial unanimity of anti-French sentiment in Parliament. This the government inflamed by a message sent on March 8, in which the military preparations then being made by the First Consul in the ports of France and Holland were exaggerated out of all proportion by stating them as a reason why additional measures should be taken by the King for the security of his dominions. On March 10 the militia was called out. News of this message reached Paris on March 12. Duroc was in Prussia on a special embassy. The King's message was forwarded at once to him, with instructions to say to Frederick William in person that if war was declared the French would occupy Hanover, a menace especially distasteful to that monarch, and intended to make him active in preserving peace. It was beyond peradventure part of this same system of bluster which made Bonaparte prepare the scene of March 13, the night following his despatch to Duroc — a date before the news of England's arming her militia could have reached him.

While the court was assembling on that evening the First Consul passed the time in chatting with the ladies of his family and familiarly joking with their attendants, in particular playing with his nephew, the little Napoleon, son of Louis. His air was unaffected, and he was even merry. Being told that the circle was formed, his manner changed, and he advanced to make his round. Whitworth and Morkof were standing side by side. Asking the former if he had news from England, and receiving an affirmative reply, he said, as Whitworth reported, "'So you are determined to go to war.' 'No, First Consul,' I replied; 'we are too sensible of the advantage of peace.' 'We have,' said he, 'been at war already for fifteen years.' As he seemed to wait for an answer, I observed, 'That is already too long.' 'But,' said he, 'you want war for another fifteen years, and you force me to it.' I told him that was very far from his Majesty's intentions. He then proceeded to Count Markoff and the Chevalier Azara, who were standing at a little distance from me, and said to them, 'The English desire war, but if they are the first to draw the sword



FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, IN THE LOUVRE. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

LORD CHARLES WHITWORTH.

I shall be the last to sheathe it. They pay no respect to treaties. It will be necessary henceforth to cover them with black crape.' I suppose he meant the treaties. He then went his round, and was thought by all those to whom he addressed himself to betray great signs of irritation. In a few minutes he came back to me, to my great annoyance, and resumed the conversation, if such it can be called, by something personally civil to me. [The reader will note the words "personally civil."] He then began again: 'Why such armaments? Against whom such measures of precaution? I have not a single vessel of the line in the harbors of France: but if you wish to arm, I shall arm also; if you wish to fight, I shall fight also. You could perhaps destroy France, but never intimidate her.' 'No one would desire,' said I, 'the one or the other. The world would like to live on good terms with her.' 'Then treaties must be respected,' replied he. 'Woe to them who do not respect treaties! They shall be answerable for it to all Europe.' He was too agitated to make it advisable to prolong the conversation. I therefore made no answer, and he retired to his apartment repeating the last phrase. . . . I am persuaded that there was not a single person who did not feel the extreme impropriety of his conduct, and the total want of dignity as well as of decency on the occasion." Such is Lord Whitworth's own account. That it is substantially accurate is proved by Bonaparte's despatch to Andréossy, dated the same night, in which the words used by the First Consul are given in almost identical form.

This is the much discussed "insult to the British ambassador," the scene in which Allison represents Bonaparte as threatening to strike Whitworth, "the violent harangue," etc., which has been given in histories, both Eng-

lish and French, as the reason why England broke the treaty of Amiens. As a matter of fact, the whole picture speaks for itself. Bonaparte's behavior was not courtly, and, like an oft-quoted but unimportant message to the French legislature, his words and conduct were a piece of bluster: for the rest, the scene was not merely, as Talleyrand explained it, the First Consul's method of calling the attention of all Europe to the political situation, and of exculpating himself from the insults heaped on him by England; it was both a means of warning England in the interest of peace and of warning France in the interest of war, if war there must be.

Five days later Whitworth himself wrote that his agent had seen nothing at Havre "which can be construed into an armament; and," adds the ambassador, "I verily believe this is the case in every port of France." He also declared that, judging from Talleyrand's note to the French envoy in London, France was not ready to declare war. The United States minister in Paris was of the same opinion. When next Bonaparte received the diplomatic corps, on April 4, Whitworth reported that he had every reason to be satisfied with his treatment.

But the despatches of Lord Whitworth were not published in England as they were written and transmitted. They were indeed printed in part, but with such omissions and changes as to make them serve the purpose of the ministry, which was now determined to make war. Public opinion was inflamed to the danger-point. Negotiations were kept up for a few weeks, but without sincerity. England, refusing admission within the fortifications of Malta to the Neapolitan garrison which had been stipulated for, on the ground that it could not be trusted, suggested that she should keep the island until the transfer could safely be made. Bonaparte, honestly enough, suggested either an Austrian or a Russian occupation, for a term of years, as satisfactory to him, but this England rejected. France then proposed a joint French and English occupation, but this was likewise rejected, and Whitworth was instructed to stand on the ultimatum of a ten years' occupancy by England.

On May 10 the diplomatic agents of the two countries were respectively recalled, and on May 18 England formally declared war, although Wilberforce asserted in opposition to the act that "the language of Bonaparte in the later stages of the negotiations" afforded reason to believe that he would have acquiesced in the independence of Malta, or even in the English retention of it for ten years. This was clearly a blow at Whitworth's attitude, which was felt by moderate and liberal Englishmen to have been far from conciliatory.

THE PEACE OF AMIENS BROKEN.

HOSTILITIES began at sea before the ambassadors reached home, and England captured many of the French merchantmen which were constructively in her harbors, but in many cases virtually at sea, before they could find the shelter of their own ports. The reply of the First Consul to this conduct was equally high-handed: every Englishman between the ages of eighteen and sixty within the borders of France, civilian or otherwise, was seized and thrown into confinement. For twelve long years these unfortunate victims were held as prisoners of war. His orders for an embargo on hostile ships antedated that of England by three days. Simultaneously Clarke was instructed to drive English ships from the harbors of Tuscany. In the last days of May an army under Mortier occupied Hanover, and, closing both Bremen and Hamburg to British commerce, exacted large contributions of money from these wealthy cities. In June another force under Saint-Cyr entered the kingdom of Naples, which in strict observance of the treaty of Amiens had been evacuated, and laid a similar embargo on the ports of Tarentum, Brindisi, and Otranto. In the case of Hanover, France utterly disregarded the fine point in international law which had so far distinguished between George III. as King of England and the German Elector whose patrimony was Hanover. In that of Naples she displayed a disregard for treaty obligations not entirely consistent with Bonaparte's maledictions on those who do not observe them. Finally, in July the famous "Continental system" was instituted by the decree which absolutely forbade the importation of all English wares into France or the sphere of her influence. In order to cut his enemy off from another quarter of the globe, to strengthen a maritime power hostile to England, and to secure new resources, Bonaparte had already extended the hand of friendship to the United States, having sold to them in April the immense territory then known by the name of Louisiana. The event was second in importance to no other in our history; for it gave us immediate control of the entire intercontinental river system and later that of the Pacific coast, while indirectly it prepared the way for the conflict of 1812 with the mother country, which finally secured our complete commercial independence. It was the end of Bonaparte's scheme for colonial empire, and marked the concentration of his energies for the control of Europe. The West Indies and Louisiana in one hemisphere, in the other the Cape of Good Hope, Egypt, and some portion of India, with St. Helena and Malta as ports of call—of all this he had dreamed; but the

failure to secure San Domingo, and England's evident intention to keep Malta, combined to topple the whole cloud castle.

As a corollary to these measures the states immediately bordering on France were soon made to feel their position. Holland undertook to furnish five ships of the line, 100 gunboats, 11,000 men, and subsistence for a French army of 18,000. She was to receive, as indemnity, her territorial integrity with the return of all her colonies, not even excepting Ceylon. Switzerland was to furnish half of her little army in any case, and nearly the whole of it if France were attacked. The sale of Louisiana spread consternation throughout Spain, which had always hoped to recover it, and with that end in view had included in her treaty stipulations with France a preëmption clause retaining the first option for herself. In spite of the public exasperation, or perhaps on account of it, Bonaparte despatched an army to the frontier, and demanded in place of the twenty-five ships and 28,000 men agreed upon in the treaty of 1796 a subsidy of no less than 6,000,000 francs a month. Godoy, the "prince of the peace," who had been made chief minister of Spain, first thought of war, but his masterful opponent threatened the weak king, Charles IV., with a public exposure of the scandalous relation between his queen and that minister. The wretched husband chose national rather than personal humiliation, and before the end of the year the demand was granted. Portugal purchased neutrality by a contribution of 1,000,000 francs a month, and Genoa agreed still later to furnish 6000 sailors for the French fleets. In the spring of 1804 England declared war on Spain.

The second preparation for war was the well-known, yet curious and much discussed equipment of an expedition to invade England. It is a commonplace of history that British empire has ever been bound up with the separation of the kingdom from the continent of Europe by a narrow but stormy estuary. There had, of course, been repeated and successful invasions of her soil from the days of the Anglo-Saxons themselves down to the expedition of William of Orange; but growing wealth had furnished ever increasing means of resistance in the superb armaments which under England's flag made access to her shores so much more difficult with every year that finally, after the Seven Years' War, it came to be regarded by her enemies as impossible. On the other hand, the people themselves are to this day skeptical, and fall into periodic panics on the question. Some clever fiction, like the "Battle of Dorking," or a revival of the project for a tunnel under the Channel, can awaken such visions of invasion as to insure the passage of any grant for strengthening the navy. This singular distrust was well known to the French. For many years the project of a descent on England had been the standard pretext of the Convention and of the Directory to extort money from office-holders and patriots; consequently the feasibility of the scheme had been a standard subject of debate. This Revolutionary, or rather traditional and national, inheritance was exploited by the First Consul to its full value. In general his preparation was doubtless a feint, but keeping, as ever, two strings to his bow, there were probably times when the scheme commended itself to him as an alternative. He told Whitworth that there was but one chance in a hundred of its success; he never seriously tried to execute it; and in the undiplomatic but apparently sincere effusion of October 23, to Otto, the whole stress of his argument is laid on the chances of Continental conquest.

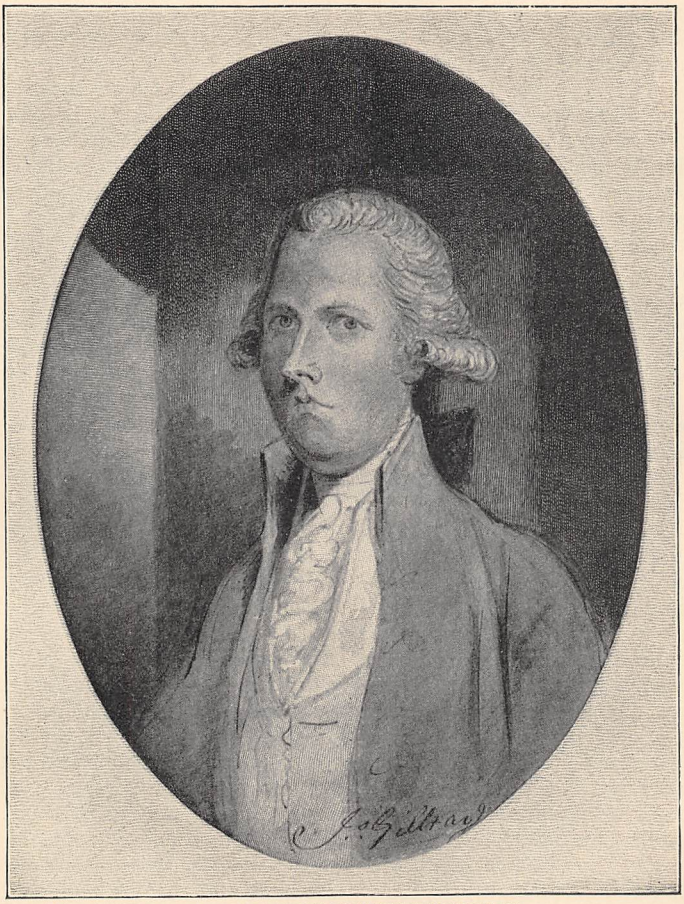
Nevertheless he made serious arrangements, accompanied by enormous outlays of money. Boulogne was the spot nearest to England which was available for the gathering and drill of a mighty force. Thither were summoned to form an Army of England the flower of the troops, 150,000 veterans and recruits, commanded by Soult, Ney, Davout, and Victor. For the first time Bonaparte could work his will in the construction of a fighting-machine. The result was the best machine so far constructed. Tactics were improved, the system of organization was reformed, equipment was simplified, discipline was strengthened, and enthusiasm was awakened to the highest pitch. In addition to the ordinary drill, the soldiers were trained in the management of great flat-boats, from which they were taught to disembark with military precision and skill, both in stormy weather and in the face of opposition. Some were also instructed in the duties of a sailor in order that their services might be available if needed aboard men-of-war. In a letter to Decrès, minister of marine, dated September 13, 1805, the First Consul admitted that his success in these respects had not been striking: he found that his great floats were nearly unmanageable in the currents and tides of the Channel, and that a three days' calm would be necessary for the crossing. It also became clear in the end that under no circumstances could the attempt succeed without the coöperation of a fleet. The chief advantage of the camp at Boulogne, as he then saw it, was that he could there keep from 80,000 to 100,000 men in a wholesome situation, where they could easily be maintained and held ready at a moment's notice to be transferred to Germany.

But the effect in England at the inception of the enterprise was electrical. Her standing army was already 130,000 strong, the militia



DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

PITT DRILLING MILITIA AT WALMER CASTLE IN 1803.



FROM THE DRAWING BY JAMES GILLRAY, IN THE ENGLISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

numbered 70,000, and the reserve 50,000. In addition to these forces, there was armed and drilled a body of volunteers which eventually reached the number of 380,000 in England and of over 80,000 in Ireland. A system of signals was arranged between vessels of observation in the Channel and stations on the shore, beacons were ready on every hilltop, and the whole land was turned into a military encampment. The navy was not less strengthened: the number of men was raised from 80,000 to 120,000, and a hundred vessels of the line, a hundred or more frigates, and hundreds of smaller vessels, such as cruisers and gunboats, were gathered to protect the coasts. Pitt undermined the Addington ministry by votes calling for ever greater means of defense, and for a time appeared daily at the head of three thousand volunteers raised on or near his own estates. Even Fox, his great rival, laid aside his French sympathies for a while. Parliament authorized a loan of twelve millions sterling, which was promptly taken, and raised the taxes so as to double the revenue. The "nation of traders," as the First Consul sneeringly called them, again stood at ease ready to face her hereditary foe, under a burden of expense which her people the year before had believed would crush them. These were the "slight derangements" which at St. Helena Napoleon told Las Cases had permanently thwarted the invasion. It was easy for him then, with the perspective of years, to fortify the notion that he had continuously instead of intermittently entertained the project as a serious purpose. A medal was actually struck representing on the obverse Hercules strangling a Triton, with the effigy of the First Consul on the reverse. There was talk also, at the time when the costly preparations were ostentatiously urged forward, of the art objects to be brought from the conquered island, and of the measures to be taken for its administration. Further evidence that the whole movement was in the main a pretext for creating a great land force to be held in readiness against Austria and Russia

will be given in another connection, and on the whole it seems to outweigh that which indicates a definite, uninterrupted intention to invade England.

The Revolution, although it had failed in giving the French their political freedom, had culminated under Bonaparte in giving them civil rights. In view of the hatred felt by the dynastic powers for a movement which shook their thrones, it might easily be argued that nothing more was possible, and that to protect this immense gain political centralization like that of the consulate was essential. On whichever side of this question lies the truth, one thing is certain — that the nation as a whole felt as if moderate republicanism had triumphed; and much as they were likely to suffer, and did suffer, in trade, industry, and agriculture by the fresh outbreak of the war, they nevertheless were enthusiastic in upholding their leader and his measures. His bitterest enemies have admitted, and still admit, the national character of the support which he had in 1803. The government was popular, so much so that it even ventured to bestow a pension of thirty dollars a month on Mlle. Robespierre; and no class of the people needed an outlet for its feeling except the official channels. Addresses which promised willing assistance were numerous and sincere. The masses, not yet free from the old sense of security created by the leadership of a powerful man or of a family trained in the management of the public interests, were comforted by the presence and the work of their chief magistrate. In the tribunate a higher degree of the same spirit found expression in the significant phrase "consular majesty," with which an orator addressed the First Consul. There was no manifestation of discontent with the censorship of the press, which was regarded as a necessary war measure. Books could now not be published until after the censors had possessed a copy for seven days and had given their permission; the newspapers could reprint no news from foreign journals, and were mercilessly controlled in the contents of their columns. When the "Moniteur" and its kindred poured contempt on English perfidy and wrote of Punic faith, when they portrayed Albion as rushing madly on her fate, the readers liked it and applauded. Like a respectable minority of the French at the present time, the multitude considered Napoleonic France to surpass the France of any other epoch.

THE FALL OF MOREAU.

But there were still a very few sturdy men who saw one side of the Revolution falling into atrophy at the expense of the other — that which Bonaparte so ably represented. In spite of his disfavor, they made themselves heard; and Carnot even dared to remonstrate in the tribunate against the adulation shown by the majority to the second young Augustus who was using the forms of a commonwealth to found an empire. This little sect had a remnant of seven or eight members even in the Senate, which had been so carefully selected, and of which the First Consul was perpetual president. The power of these men lay not in themselves nor in their strict republican principles, but in the latent sympathies of many influential officers of the army. During the second campaign in Italy Moreau had manifested discontent when the Army of the Rhine was weakened at a critical moment by the transfer of 25,000 men into Italy in order to assure the glories of Marengo. An official journal falsely declared that his soldiers had been paid from the public coffers. Such was the state of public morality that the charge was considered by him and by his friends to be injurious, as in fact it was intended to be. The letter in which he retorted boasted that he had received but 18,000,000 francs from Paris, that he had levied 44,000,000 on Germany, and that of the total there was a surplus of 7,000,000 which had been distributed in gratifications among the soldiers and officers. This paper was pigeonholed in the ministry of war, and the newspapers were forbidden to print the copies sent to them. The writer's feelings may be imagined. If he and those who were otherwise discontented had shown the craft and readiness which Bonaparte did, their opposition would have been dangerous; but they were never ready for the conflicts they provoked, and could not parry the blows directed against them. They were, moreover, so carefully watched that their every movement was known beforehand and thwarted. Still further, they were by the wiles of their enemies insensibly led to the commission of foolish deeds and the utterance of rash words which put them within reach of the law.

In order to set its traps for the unwary, Bonaparte's government did not hesitate to use any means that came to its hand. The police had for some time been watching the efforts made by a certain Abbé David to effect, in the interests of royalism, a reconciliation between Moreau and Pichegru. When they judged that sufficient time had elapsed for Moreau to commit himself the agent was arrested. Among his papers letters of Moreau were indeed found; but, though kindly and considerate, they were those of a patriot unforgetful of the treason committed by his sometime friend; and though David was searchingly examined, nothing could be made of him. Recourse was then had to a man of quite



FROM THE PAINTING BY CLAUDE-MARIE DUBUFE, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

JOSEPH FOUCHÉ, DUKE OF OTRANTO.

another stamp, one of those persons with a genius for espionage, double-dealing, and disguise, who so often emerge from obscurity in times of public disturbance. This was a certain Méhée de la Touche who had been an acquaintance of the First Consul's during Bonaparte's adventurer days in Paris, but had ostensibly become a noisy opponent after the 18th Brumaire. Fouché was for a time his patron, but nevertheless he was banished, with others of his sort, first to Dijon and later to Oléron. Thence he mysteriously escaped, and found with apparent ease an undisturbed hiding-place in the capital. Not long afterward he set out by way of Guernsey for London. In both places he introduced himself as an enemy of Bonaparte, and became a partial confidant of the royalist emigrants. Although openly neglected by them, in private he secured enough influence to obtain the opportunity of laying indirectly before the French royalist leaders and some members of the English government — among whom was Pelham — the outline of a plot for reviving Jacobinism in France, and fomenting such internal disturbances as England and the Bourbons could make profitable.

According to his account, rendered soon afterward to the consular government, there was a counter-plot for priority of advantage between the English agents and the French princes, each party wishing to use the coming war for its own benefit, and in this contention, as he declared, he drew profit from both. The Bourbons would in any event have made what use they could of the renewal of hostilities, but

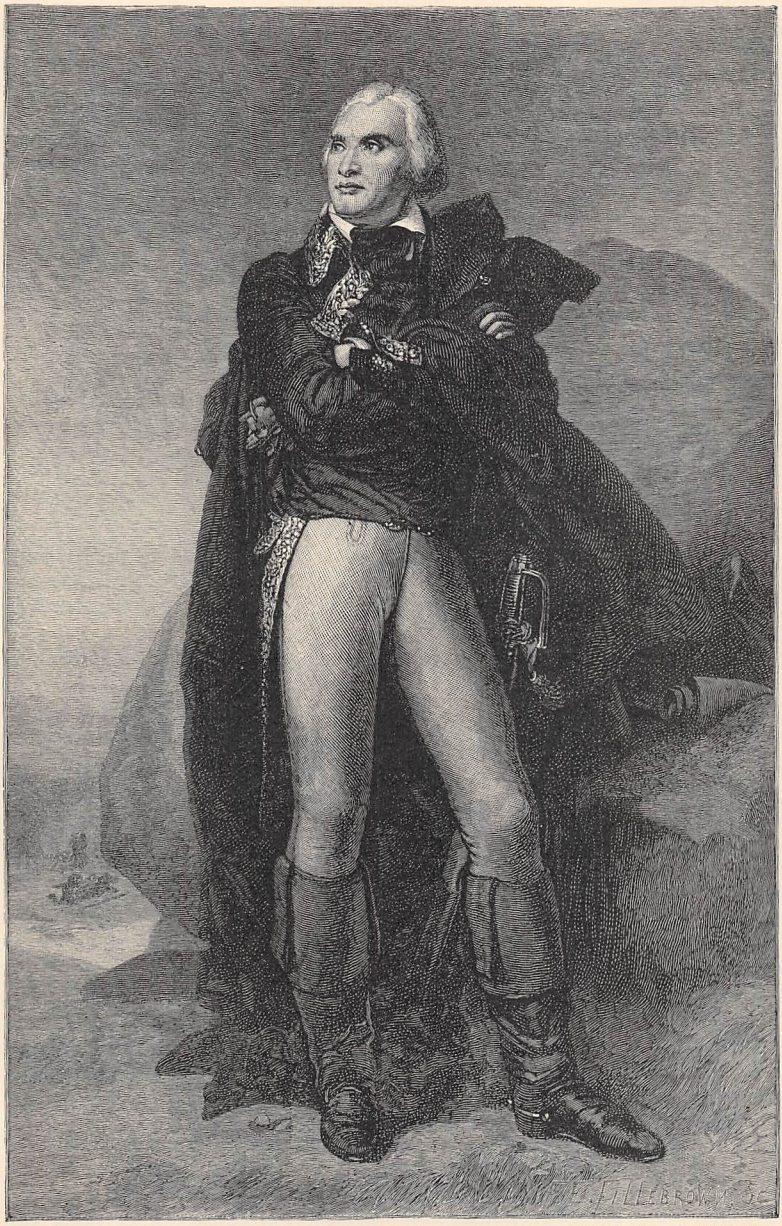
it was doubtless Méhée's influence which made them hasten in August, 1803, to despatch emissaries into France, and particularly to Vendée, the old focus of royalism. These persons embarked on an English ship under command of Captain Wright. Among them was the notorious Georges Cadoudal, the Chouan leader, who landed on August 21, 1803, and went direct to Paris, where he acted so indiscreetly that his presence was soon known to the police. It is suspected that Querel, one of his companions, who accompanied him from England, was an agent of that force. The Chouan leader at once began to make preparations for the seizure of Bonaparte.

Méhée's instructions from those with whom he had been plotting in England were to visit Munich before returning to France, and to secure the coöperation of Francis Drake, the British resident in the Bavarian capital. He therefore sailed to Germany, and landed at Altona. The French consul at that port was a familiar spirit, and through him the arch conspirator promptly opened communications with the consular government at Paris. He then wrote to the self-styled Louis XVIII. at Warsaw, offering his services in terms similar to those he had used in London to his brother Charles, Comte d'Artois, the rival pretender. A few days later he reached Munich, where he unfolded the story of his Jacobin committee, and received from the English representative both instructions and money. He appears also to have been in communication with Spencer Smith, the English envoy at Stuttgart.

Soon afterward the accomplished dissembler reached Paris, and at once began the most remarkable career of duplicity ever displayed to the world. Bulletins of the supposititious committee, pure fictions, were written and forwarded to Stuttgart, with letters containing equally mystifying but only half fictitious accounts of secret measures taken by the police. Every reply of Drake was put into Bonaparte's hands, and his published correspondence proves that the First Consul directed with the utmost zest the process of thus pumping information. He hoped to secure the names and addresses of the royalist agents in Paris, and dictated the language to be used by Méhée in order to convey the idea of a grand all-inclusive blow to be eventually struck by a combination of conspirators. With the expectation of obtaining such information, and perhaps the details of a great comprehensive plot, suspected but unknown, the official announcement of the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal, which had been discovered almost immediately, was postponed for a time. All that Méhée obtained from the English minister at Stuttgart was money and instructions for organizing a Jacobin rising. Drake and Smith were alike ignorant of Cadoudal's conspiracy. The Paris police, foiled in this plan, then turned to another, conducted by a man of the same stripe as Méhée de la Touche, though less picturesque in his rascality. Moreau's popularity had been rather heightened than diminished by the arrest of the Abbé David. He had since been living at his estate of Grosbois. Soon after his retirement, about the end of June, 1803, there came to his door one Lajolais, a former officer in the Army of the Rhine, but now an adventurer and discredited man, who humbly presented what purported to be a letter from Pichegru. Moreau was shy, but a few days later in Paris he and his visitor met again, apparently by accident, and again the conversation turned on Pichegru and his desire to return to France. The general expressed sentiments of personal good will, similar to those in the letters taken from the Abbé David, and Lajolais thought he would like to tell Pichegru in London what had been said. He got as far as Alsace, where he remained for five months. In that interval Fouché, who was soon to be restored to his office as minister of police, appears to have been consulted as to the further exploitation of the suspected wide-spread conspiracy.

In consequence of Méhée's letter to Louis XVIII. there had come from Warsaw a manifesto promising constitutional government and the sale of the public lands if the Bourbon throne should be restored to him. The wily intriguers of the police force saw in this an opportunity, and by the adroit use of this document a few old Jacobins were lashed to frenzy. From among them the committee which had hitherto existed only in the imagination of Méhée was actually created and put into relations with the committee of royalist agents in Paris. These two strangely assorted juntas held a joint meeting, and (of course without his knowledge) chose Moreau as their leader. Thereupon Lajolais returned to Paris, and found means to set out forthwith for London. It is believed, but not proved, that he saw Fouché and received detailed instructions from him. Another emissary was sent to Warsaw, but his mission, whatever it was, remained fruitless.

Pichegru had now been long associated with Charles of Artois, and recognized the weakness of the pretender's character. He himself had covered the republican arms with glory, and then, ignorant of how strong were the ideals behind them, had made a fatal blunder, and gone over to the emigrants. Long years of banishment had not increased his worldly wisdom. Secret applications were made to the First Consul for his pardon, but they were steadily refused. He had now come to believe, with Charles, that the French nation was



FROM THE PAINTING BY BARON STEUBEN, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY F. E. FILLEBROWN.

CHARLES PICHEGRU.

weary of Bonaparte. It was therefore with a willing ear that he heard the same idea expounded by Lajolais, and in perfect good faith he likewise accepted the specious story that Moreau, his own pupil in the art of war, whose letters, taken from David, had once before given assurances of friendship, would gladly vent his hatred of the First Consul in a conspiracy to overthrow him, and was well disposed to all the Consul's foes, especially to a man so important as himself. The result of this embassy was that on January 14, 1804, about a month after the first interview, both Pichegru and Lajolais, the dupe and the decoy, with the chief military leaders of the emigrants, disembarked from the vessel of Captain Wright at a spot under the lonely cliffs of Biville, some eight or nine miles from Dieppe, where the same English officer had already landed two cargoes of conspirators. Charles himself, whose pretensions were only slightly veiled under the legitimist title of "Monsieur"

formerly given to the Dauphin, was to come later with his son the Duc de Berry.

In a few days Lajolais presented himself to Moreau, told him that Georges was in Paris and Pichegru in France, and without difficulty arranged for a meeting between the two generals. When, a few days later, the time arrived, Georges and Pichegru presented themselves together at the appointed place; but Moreau had a presentiment that Georges would come, and passed by on the opposite side of the street. Seeing Georges in the moonlight, he did not cross. The police believed that they had really met, but awaited further developments. A week later the two officers did meet, but Moreau's glimpse of Georges had revealed the trap set for him, and accordingly he refused what Pichegru asked, a temporary asylum. Very soon afterward the latter requested a second interview, which was also granted, but with great reluctance. Their conversation occurred on the street in the presence of Lajolais. No doubt there was talk of overthrowing Bonaparte, but Moreau's friends declared that the propositions made to him were so vague and absurd that his answers were necessarily non-committal. Such as they were, he repeated them a second time to an envoy sent by Pichegru. This man—Rolland, a friend of Lajolais—afterward declared on oath that Moreau had refused to lead a movement, but had said that if Pichegru should do so (in which case it was necessary that the consuls and the governor of Paris should be disposed of), he believed he had influence enough in the Senate to secure its confidence. He would use this power to protect Pichegru's friends, and then public sentiment should dictate his further conduct.

Such was the state of affairs when the First Consul determined to arrest the leaders of the movement, and expose the whole matter to the public. On February 1, 1804, the grand judge Regnier received as coadjutor Réal, the shrewdest inquisitor of Fouché's department. Two weeks later, after the most careful precautions, a formidable troop presented itself in the early morning at Moreau's door, and, finding him absent at his country place, seized his papers and put the household under supervision. Shortly afterward they arrested the victor of Hohenlinden as he entered the city. That night he was examined by the grand judge, and weakly, pusillanimously, denied every charge. Next day the walls were placarded with the announcement that "fifty scoundrels," the foul residuum of the civil war, having at their head Georges and Pichegru, had entered the capital. "Their arrival was instigated by a man still reckoned one of us,—by General Moreau,—who was yesterday remanded to national justice." Many of these men were already in prison, but both the chief culprits had eluded the police. It was not until some weeks later that an informer who received 100,000 francs from Murat, military commander of the city, gave information which led to Pichegru's arrest.

The daring of Georges filled Paris with uneasiness. A law of public safety was passed suspending juries in important cases, the thunders of the existing statutes were promulgated anew against those who harbored criminals, and rewards were offered for information. The "Moniteur" published a list and description of the "scoundrels charged by the English ministry to attempt the life of the First Consul." In short, the whole city and nation were in a frenzy of outraged loyalty to the person of Bonaparte when, on March 9, 1804, at seven in the evening, the Chouan leader was finally captured in the streets, after having killed one police officer and seriously wounded another. Soon the most popular picture in the streets of Paris was a cheap engraving giving portraits of the fifty "scoundrels," in the midst of which was an unmistakable likeness of Moreau.

Such appear to be the facts concerning this famous conspiracy. Torture was used by the police to extort evidence of doubtful character from some of the accomplices; and Moreau, instigated, it is claimed, by a hint which Fouché gave to his wife's friend, Mme. Récamier, wrote from his cell a letter to Bonaparte, which in its plea to the First Consul as a judge seemed to suggest guilt, and was laid as compromising evidence before the court which tried him. This letter produced a profound sensation, even though nothing incriminating was proved. In spite of the energetic protest of Georges that his object was not to kill Bonaparte, but to seize him as he rode through the streets in the midst of his guards, he and a number of his accomplices, after a long trial which much inflamed public opinion in the Consul's favor, were condemned and shot. Pichegru was found dead in his cell, having almost certainly committed suicide. There is no evidence to the contrary except that royalist prisoners in the next cell declared afterward that they had heard a scuffle during the fatal night. Moreau had so suffered in the general estimation by even his slight connection with the Bourbon conspiracy that his popularity disappeared. Many addresses denouncing him as a royalist were sent in from the army. Some of them were probably not spontaneous, but the populace needed no spur in their enthusiasm for the object of what they believed was a second attempt at assassination. In the First Consul's opinion the prisoner was, however, most leniently judged by the court. The first decision was for acquittal, but the government insisted

on a reconsideration, and after a heated discussion a sentence of two years' imprisonment was pronounced. Bonaparte had expected one of death, and insisted that at least the accused should sell his goods and leave France. He did so, and, sailing from Cadiz to the United States with his wife and children, lived in retirement on the banks of the Delaware until 1813, when he returned at the invitation of the czar Alexander, and made the plans for the campaign of that year against the French. Toward the close of August in the same year he received before Dresden a terrible wound from a cannon-ball, and soon afterward died.



FROM THE PAINTING BY HORACE DE CALLIAS. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED. ENGRAVED BY LESTER COHN.

THE ARREST OF GEORGES CADOUDAL.

"I have incurred no real danger," wrote Bonaparte to Melzi on March 6, 1804; "for the police had their eyes on all these machinations." The verdict of history implicates that ubiquitous agency in fostering by its spies and agents, for political ends, many of those same machinations, but leaves no doubt of the willing and desperate character of the ringleaders. What England really and the Bourbons ostensibly wanted was a Jacobin insurrection; many of their infuriated agents would certainly not have stopped at assassination. The general opinion in France was not wrong in condemning the extreme measures taken by the Bourbons to gain their ends, and for the moment royalists of all three factions were silent and discredited. They felt that their cause had received a staggering blow from which it might never recover. As to the moderate republican party, it was temporarily extinguished both in the nation and in the army by the fate of Moreau. Skilful as a general and sincere as a democrat, his career had been short-sighted and contradictory. Friendship had led him to conceal his knowledge of Pichegru's dealings with the royalists of 1797. Ambition led him to assist at Brumaire, but he had miscalculated the consequences, and would not accept them. Indecision led him into the trap set for him, but even then he might have escaped but for the letter he wrote by the advice of his proud and foolish wife.

MURDER OF THE DUC D'ENGHIEN.

THE closing scenes of this confusing drama of plot and counter-plot, of assassination and murder, of falsehood, treachery, and execution,

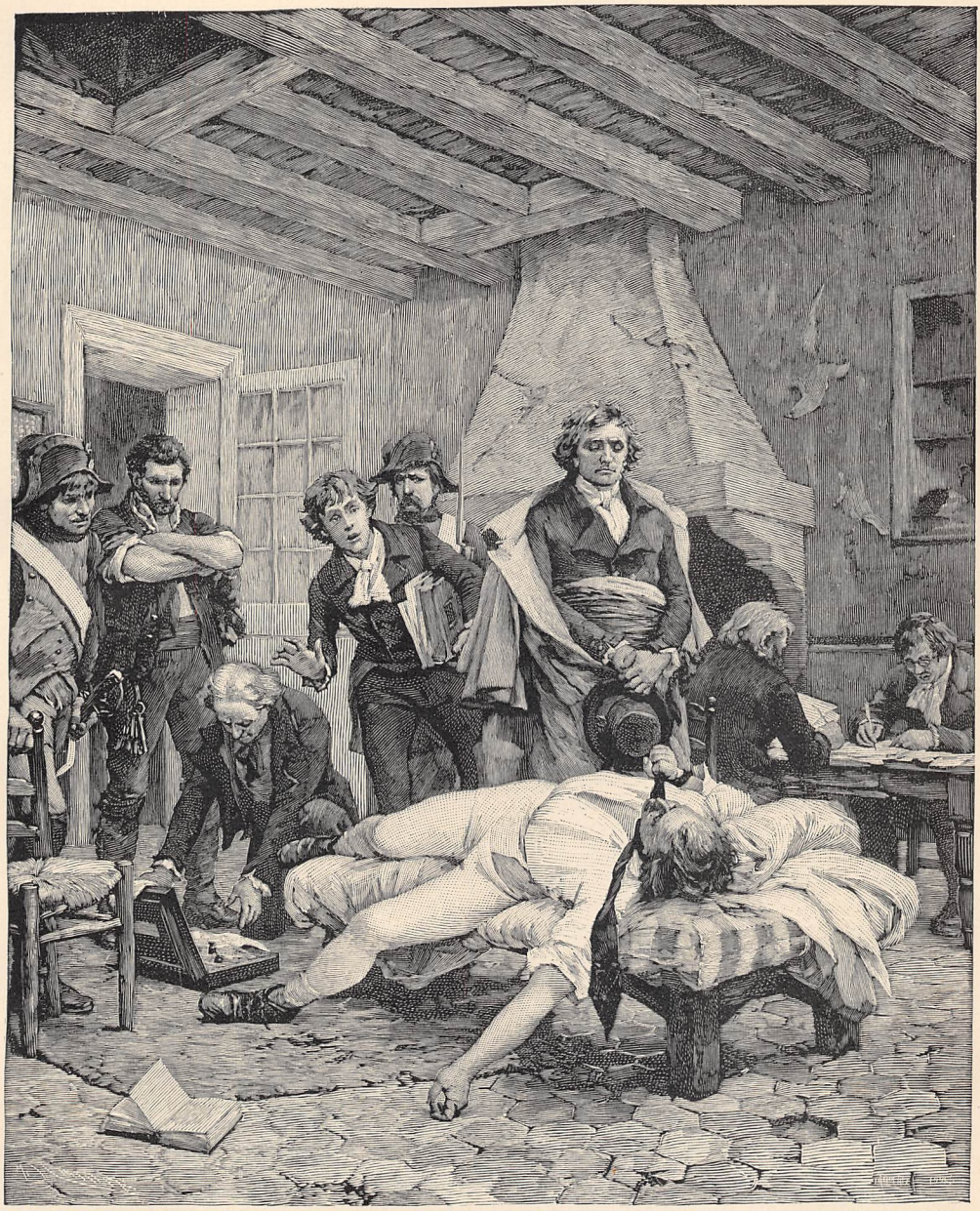
formed a fitting dénouement to the piece. Transition epochs are marked by ambition, passion, ruthlessness, and violence. This age had seen and condoned acts of revenge which in quieter times would have been considered unpardonable. Nelson had but lately sanctioned the judicial assassination of Caraccioli, the Neapolitan admiral, whose crime was that in the interest of the Parthenopean Republic he had fought the English fleet. Austria's skirts were not clean of the murders perpetrated at Rastatt. A little later the Bourbons, with the assent of the allied sovereigns, ordered the execution of Ney for deserting them to support his former chief at Waterloo. In all these acts there was a fury which sprang from human weakness under intense excitement. Something of the same demoniac inflexibility had been engendered in Bonaparte by the entanglement of plots which led to the fall of Moreau and the execution of Georges Cadoudal. Although himself a conspirator of conspirators, Bonaparte came in the end to deceive himself, not only as to the true character of what had happened, but also as to the influence these plots had exerted both in France and in Europe. Relying on a conviction that every one regarded him as a harried and innocent man acting in self-defense, and apparently unconscious of how utterly the royalist agitation had been discredited by Cadoudal, he determined to strike a blow which would so stun the already prostrate Bourbons as to render them harmless for years to come.

Neither Artois nor his son Berry had entered France; the self-styled Louis XVIII. was in distant Warsaw. Both these pretenders were more eloquent than courageous. Even the royalists of Paris were doubtful about the leadership of either one, and the partizans of constitutional monarchy had for some time been disposed to rally about a third Bourbon, the Duc d'Enghien, heir apparent to the glories of the house rendered so illustrious by Louis XIV.'s famous general known as "the Great Condé." The young duke was both fearless and clever. He burned to take arms in honorable warfare for the cause of his house, and consulted both English and emigrant agents as to how best that could be accomplished. However, he had been innocent of all conspiring for assassination.

For some time he had lived in close proximity to the French frontier at Ettenheim, a castle in Baden, some sixteen miles from Strasburg, where Cardinal Rohan had resided with his niece since his resignation of the bishopric of Strasburg after the Concordat. The duke had for some time been secretly married to this lady, the Princess Charlotte of Rohan-Rochefort, and for that reason, though repeatedly warned of his danger, would not take refuge in the distant but safe asylum of England. Before the treaty of Amiens he had been the friend and confidant of the Swiss reactionaries and the patron of the royalists in Alsace; after the rupture of the peace he was active in strengthening their attachment to the Bourbon cause. In March, 1803, in response to the manifesto of the self-styled king, his relative at Warsaw, he declared that he was still faithful. When war began he sought permission to enter the English service and repel the expected invasion; but England would not permit a Bourbon to draw sword on her soil.

At this crisis the publication of the Warsaw manifesto and of the duke's adhesion to Louis made his continued residence at Ettenheim a subject of still greater inquietude to his friends; but he was impatient of their remonstrances, and spent much energy in forming plans to invade France through Alsace. As the probabilities of war on the Continent grew stronger, he again applied to the English court for a commission, this time through Stuart, the British envoy to Vienna. He now desired employment on the mainland, either in an allied army or with the first English troops which should disembark on the Continent. Meantime the activity of Drake and the other English residents at the minor German courts intensified his purpose to raise a regiment of men from the anti-Bonaparte elements of central Europe, to be officered by those few and scattered veterans who had formerly fought under the second Condé, but had been dismissed from the Austrian service after the treaty of Lunéville. The news of Moreau's arrest and of Cadoudal's conspiracy came like a thunderbolt, and the duke, though conscious of no guilt, made ready to withdraw to Freiburg in the Breisgau; but in order to mask his uneasiness he instituted a hunt and other festivities which lasted a whole week.

Bonaparte's first intention had been to seize Charles of Artois on his arrival in France; but a thorough supervision of the shore made it evident that the prince's caution had again got the better of his courage. Disappointed in this quarter, the police agents began to develop an intense activity on the German frontier. They professed to have discovered in Offenburg, with which the Duc d'Enghien was in constant communication, the existence of a body of emigrants who were not there. They reported that the young prince sometimes came down to Strasburg to attend the theater; they represented two harmless visitors at Ettenheim to be officers of the Prince of Condé arrived from England; still worse, they declared an emigrant friend of the duke who lived near by — the aged Marquis of Thuméry, whose name in German mouths had a



FROM THE PAINTING BY MOREAU DE TOURS. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE DEATH OF PICHEGRU.

remote resemblance to that of Dumouriez — to be that dangerous general himself. This occurred a few days before March 9, and almost simultaneously Bonaparte received from an agent in Naples an extract from one of Dumouriez's letters to Nelson, urging a concerted plan, not merely of defense, but of offense. No one doubted that this was Dumouriez himself on the banks of the Rhine, busy with Enghien in perfecting this very plan.

Rumors of every sort became rife. It was known that the old intriguer General Willot was again in the South. Men falsely declared that Berry was coming to Brittany, that Charles of Artois was perhaps already in Paris, that Enghien and Dumouriez were on the eastern frontier. It was a perfect investment of plots. When Georges was captured he asserted that he was the associate of princes, and then relapsed into a profound silence which he did not

again break. His servant deposed that he had seen his master in communication with a distinguished-looking youth in the suburb of Chaillot. The police remembered that in January the Duc d'Enghien had solicited from the French ambassador at Vienna a passport to cross France, and, recalling the festivities at Ettenheim, believed they were but a pretext to cover the host's absence in Paris at a time which would coincide with the mysterious interview asserted to have taken place between Georges and the unknown stranger. This was the chain of evidence which convinced Bonaparte of Enghien's guilty participation in the plot for his assassination. True, he had not been in actual danger, for the police had been alert; but did that alter the enormity of the Bourbon intrigues against his life? And here at hand was one of the foremost of the princely conspirators. It was only too natural that the terror, hate, and fury accumulated in the mind of the First Consul should concentrate on an object within his reach.

The passion for revenge could thus be gratified in the man, the First Consul could plead reasons of state, while the general would consider that discipline must be reëstablished by example. Réal, Fouché, and Talleyrand were all consulted. As yet their personal interests were bound up with their ruler's welfare, and alike they urged prompt and ruthless action to end the schemes and complots of the time. On March 10 the council heard, and as a body approved, Bonaparte's plan, although Lebrun was evasive and Cambacérès demurred, asserting that its execution would change the busy imbecility of the Bourbons into a dangerous influence. That night one column of a double expedition was despatched to the Rhine; it was commanded by Ordener and destined for Ettenheim. The other, under Caulaincourt, set out next day for Offenburg with a diplomatic note to the court of Baden. The latter commander was utterly ignorant of what his colleague had in hand, being instructed merely to disperse the reported company of emigrants and demand the extradition of a notorious intriguer, the Baronne de Reich. Ordener was to seize the Duc d'Enghien. The two columns proceeded by way of Strasburg without delay. Finding the baronne already a prisoner, and the police report unfounded, the generals then carried out the minute instructions of their chief as to the other part of their task.

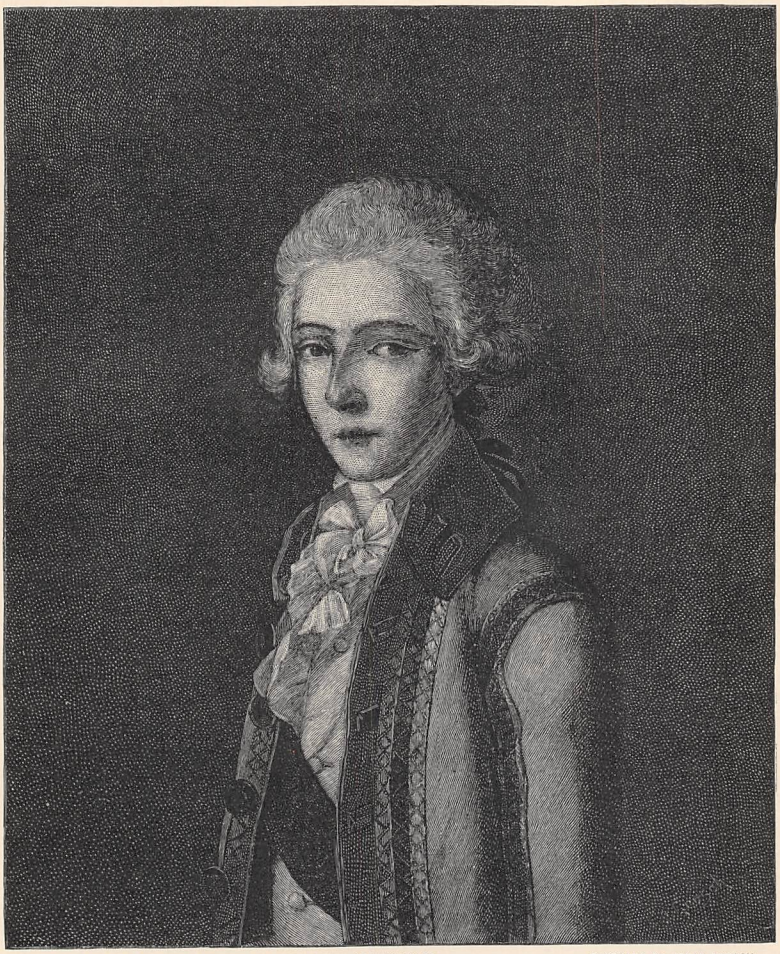
On the 12th, Enghien had been warned of his danger; but he was not to be intimidated, and on the 13th he sent again to observe how immediate the danger was. On the 14th a French spy was despatched from Strasburg; he was recognized as such at Ettenheim, and was pursued, but escaped to report everything favorable. Still the rash young duke refused to move, but determined to remain with arms at his bedside, and have another day's hunting. On the morning of the 15th he awoke to find the house surrounded by French troops; every avenue of escape was closed, and he surrendered. The house was searched and all his papers were seized. The same night he found himself a prisoner with his household and friends in the citadel of Strasburg, where he was detained for two days. Couriers were promptly despatched to Paris, and the court at Karlsruhe received a formal notification of what had been done, signed by Talleyrand. Bonaparte knew by the despatches received on the 17th from these expeditions that Dumouriez was not on the Rhine, and on the 19th he himself examined the duke's papers, which had been inventoried in their owner's presence, and then forwarded at once to Malmaison.

On the night of the 17th orders (written of course while Bonaparte still believed the reports concerning Dumouriez to be true) arrived for the immediate departure of the prisoners — that is, of Enghien and Dumouriez — for Paris. In pursuance of these the duke was awakened at midnight, placed in a post-chaise, and driven rapidly toward his destination. He arrived at eleven in the morning of the 20th, and was immediately taken to Vincennes. His seizure had created the deepest sorrow and consternation in Baden, and the French minister at Karlsruhe not only despatched a letter direct to Paris declaring that the duke's conduct had always been "innocent and moderate," but went in person to notify the prefect that there was neither an assembly of emigrants nor a conspiracy at Ettenheim. Talleyrand was afterward charged by Napoleon with having suppressed this despatch of Massias; and it is not known whether the prefect sent a report to the same effect or not.

On the 12th, the First Consul had withdrawn to the seclusion of Malmaison. It was evident that under the surface there were tumultuous and conflicting feelings, but in his expression there was an icy calm. At times he recited scraps of verse on the theme of clemency, but his chief occupation was consulting with the police agent Réal and his own aide-de-camp Savary. It was arranged that the castle of Vincennes should be the prison, that the court should be military, composed of colonels from the Paris garrison, and that the main charge against the duke should be that he had borne arms against his country. He was to be asked whether the plot for assassination was known to him, and if, in case it had succeeded, he were not himself to have entered Alsace.

The court-martial was modeled on those pitiless tribunals created by the Revolution

and continued in existence, but not in activity, by the Directory. The Revolutionary statute that any Frenchman taking up arms against his country was a traitor and worthy of death had never been repealed. The consulate restored the activity of these military commissions in order to tame refractory conscripts and prisoner, on the plea that both he and his father had served in the royalist regiment named D'Enghien, and that he had therefore tender memories incompatible with the service required of him. General Hulin, an old-time Jacobin, made no excuses, and was appointed. To judge a Bourbon taken in the act of con-



FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES RAUCH, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY OSCAR GROSCH.

LOUIS-ANTOINE-HENRI DE BOURBON-CONDÉ, DUC D'ENGHIEN.

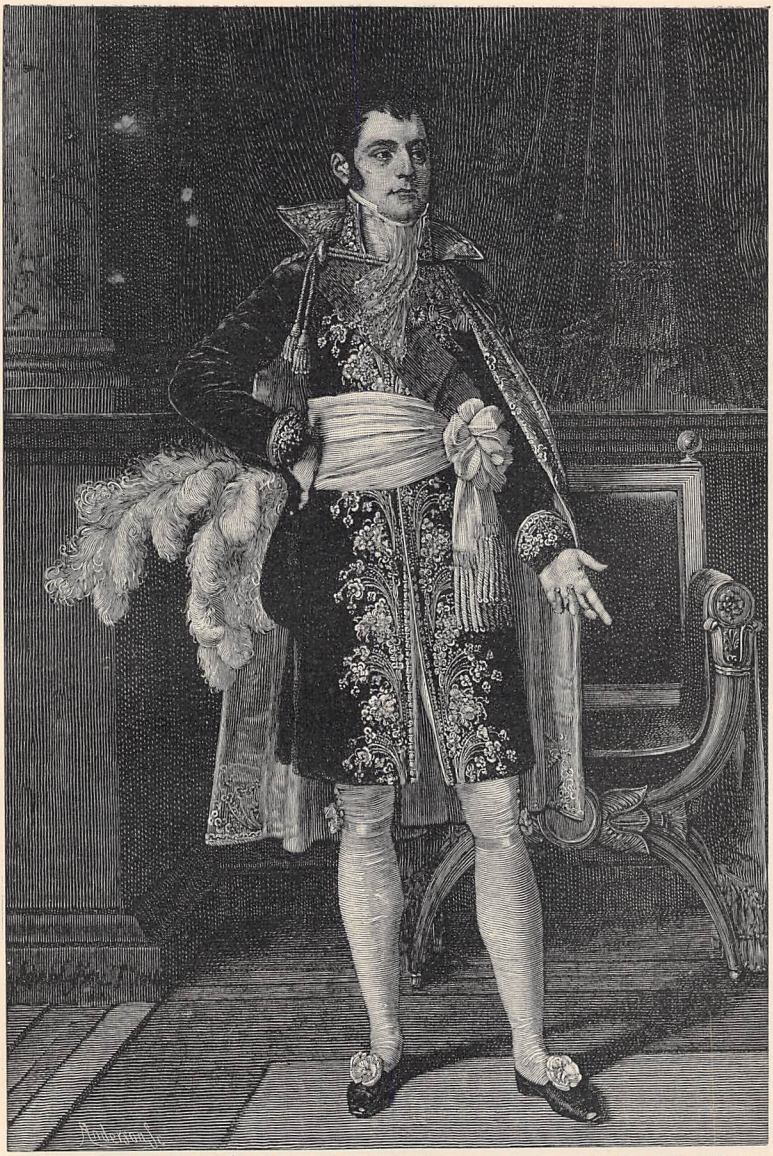
condignly to punish tamperers, conspirators, and spies. These courts or commissions had from the days of the Revolution onward been accustomed to take their cue as to severity or leniency from the government for the time being, whatever it was. There was therefore but little difficulty in constituting such a body expressly for the condemnation and punishment of any offender. In this instance none of its members but the president and judge-advocate (*rapporteur*) knew the station of the accused. Préval, who had been chosen to preside, refused when he heard the name of the spiracy would not be an ungrateful task for such a man. He understood what was expected, and was invited to report the verdict direct to the First Consul.

During these days Bonaparte had also constantly before him all the papers of Drake and the inflammatory, untruthful reports of the police agents. He both studied these and reviewed the measures taken to guard the eastern frontier against the emigrants and their hostile sympathizers, who were making demonstrations in Swabia. Until the evening of the 17th he believed that Dumouriez had been at

Ettenheim; but though informed of his mistake, the resolution already taken became iron, and the papers of the duke were read on the 19th, evidently with the determination to construe them into evidence of his guilt. They afforded no proofs of direct complicity with Georges, but they contained two phrases which, wrested from the true sense of the correspondence and taken alone, were of awful significance — one in which he qualified the French people as "his most cruel foe," the other in which he declared that during his "two years' residence on the frontier he had established communications with the French troops on the Rhine." These were included in the interrogatories for the trial and intrusted to Réal for his use. If the duke were tampering with the loyalty of the troops, what need of proof that he was participator in the plot?

Mme. Bonaparte learned with intense sorrow of the determination taken by her husband. In the main his measures and his convictions had been kept a secret, but she confided both to Mme. de Rémusat, and the First Consul himself had told them to Joseph. On the 20th the decree for the duke's imprisonment and trial was dictated by the First Consul from the Tuileries, and in the early afternoon he returned to Malmaison, where at three o'clock Joseph found him strolling in the park, conversing with Talleyrand, who limped along at his side. "I 'm afraid of that cripple," was Josephine's greeting to her brother-in-law. "Interrupt this long talk if you can." The mediation of the elder brother was kindly and skilful, and for a time the First Consul seemed softened by the memories of his own and his brother's boyhood, among which came and went the figure of the Prince of Condé. But other feelings prevailed: the brothers had differed about Lucien's marriage and the question of descent if the consular power should become hereditary; the old coolness finally settled down and chilled the last hopes in the tender-hearted advocates for clemency. To Josephine's tearful entreaties for mercy, her husband replied: "Go away; you 're a child; you don't understand public duties." By five it was known that the duke had arrived at Vincennes, and at once Savary was despatched to the city for orders from Murat, the military commandant. On his arrival at Murat's office, from which Talleyrand was in the very act of departing, he was informed that the court-martial was already convened, and that it would be his duty to guard the prisoner and execute whatever sentence was passed.

The scenes of that awful night defy description. The castle of Vincennes was beset with guards when finally, at about an hour before midnight, the various members of the court assembled. Their looks were dark and troubled as they wondered who the mysterious culprit might be. None knew but Hulin the president, the judge-advocate, and Savary the destined executioner. In a neighboring room was the duke, pale and exhausted by his long journey, munching a slender meal, which he shared with his dog, and explaining to his jailer his doleful thoughts at the prospect of a long imprisonment. It would be ameliorated if only he could gratify his passion for hunting, and surely they two, as prisoner and keeper, might range the forest in company. But at last he fell asleep from sheer fatigue. The jailer, Harel, a picked man who had kept guard over Arena and his fellows (who, it will be recalled, had been executed on unproved charges of conspiracy to assassinate Bonaparte), was a sometime fiery Jacobin. He could not well encourage the expectations of his new prisoner, dreary as they were, for he had that very morning supervised the digging of a grave in the castle moat. At midnight the duke was awakened and confronted with the judge-advocate. Réal was unaccountably absent, and the interrogatory so carefully prepared by the chief magistrate was not at hand. To the rude questions formulated by Hulin, with the aid of a memorandum from Murat, the prisoner, in spite of repeated hints from the members of the court-martial as to the consequences, would only reply that he had a pension from England, and had applied to her ministers for military service; that he hoped to fight for his cause with troops raised in Germany from among the disaffected and the emigrants; that he had already fought against France. But he stoutly denied any relations with Dumouriez or Pichegru and all knowledge of the plot to assassinate the First Consul. He was then called to the bar in the dimly lighted sitting-room where the commission sat. To the papers containing questions and answers he was ironically permitted to affix a demand for an audience with the First Consul. "My name, my station, my mode of thought, and the horror of my situation," he said, "inspire me with hope that he will not refuse my request." The Revolutionary tribunal followed its instincts: its members, knowing well the familiar statutes under which such bodies had acted since the days of the Convention, but not having at hand the words or forms of a verdict as prescribed by the pitiless laws concerning those who had borne arms against France, left in the record a blank to be filled out later, and pronounced their judgment that the "regular sentence" be executed at once. They were actually engaged in composing a petition for clemency to the First Consul when Savary entered the room and informed himself of what had been done and what they were then doing. Snatching the pen from



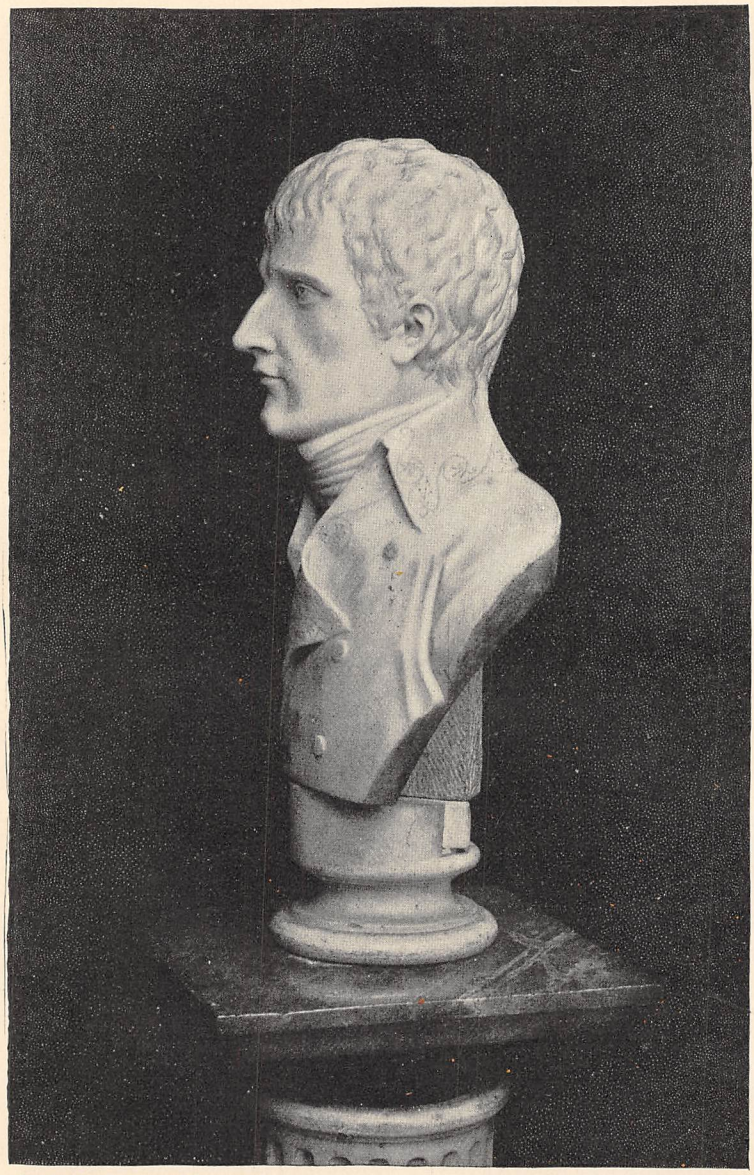
FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT LEFÉVRE, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

ANNE-JEAN-MARIE-RENÉ SAVARY, DUKE OF ROVIGO.

Hulin's hand, he exclaimed, "The rest is my affair," and left the room.

It was now two in the morning of the 21st. "Follow me," said the taciturn Harel, "and summon all your courage." A few paces through the moat, a turn of a corner, and the flare of torches displayed a file of troops not far from an open grave. As the adjutant began to read the sentence, the victim faltered for a moment and exclaimed, "Oh, God! what have I done?" But in an instant he regained the mastery of himself. Calmly clipping a lock of his hair, and drawing a ring from his finger, he asked that they might be sent to the Princess Charlotte. A volley — and in an instant he was dead.

Savary put spurs to his horse to carry the news to Malmaison. At the gate of Paris he met the carriage of Réal, who seemed astounded and almost overpowered by what he heard in reply to his eager questions. Intrusted with the conduct of the trial as he had been by Bonaparte, his interrogatory might have gleaned precious intelligence from the duke, papers which he was carrying would have insured greater regularity in the proceedings, and — who knows? — the sentence, once passed, perhaps might have been commuted. At least such was the possible interpretation of his manner. The magistrate seemed terrified by his own remissness, which has, however, if it really were



FROM THE BUST BY RAYMOND TRENTANOVE. OWNED BY ALFRED M. MAYER.



FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOHN BOYD THACHER.

PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF BONAPARTE AS FIRST CONSUL.

such, been considered due to a misunderstanding and not to lack of zeal, which never was a fault of the skilful police officer.

As for Bonaparte, he believed to the end that his victim was a guilty conspirator. For a time he had recourse to some unworthy subterfuges tending to show that the execution was the result of a blunder; but later he justified his conduct as based on reasons of state, and claimed that the act was one of self-defense. "I was assailed," he was reported to have said —"I was assailed on all hands by the enemies whom the Bourbons raised up against me. Threatened with air-guns, infernal machines, and deadly stratagems of every kind, I had no tribunal on earth to which I could appeal for protection; therefore I had a right to protect myself, and by putting to death one of those

whose followers threatened my life I was entitled to strike a salutary terror into others." When Napoleon was on his death-bed a maladroit attendant read from an English review a bitter arraignment of him as guilty of the duke's murder. The dying man rose, and catching up his will, wrote in his own hand: "I had the Duc d'Enghien seized and tried because it was necessary to the safety, the interest, and the honor of the French people, when by his own confession the Comte d'Artois was supporting sixty assassins in Paris. Under similar circumstances I would again do likewise." Nevertheless he gave himself the utmost pains on certain occasions to unload the entire responsibility on Talleyrand. To Lord Ebrington, to O'Meara, to Las Cases, to Montholon, he asseverated that Talleyrand had checked his impulses to clemency.

The perpetrator of this bloody crime had not read aright the signs of the times. In this act he represented the Revolution too well to suit the new society. A shudder crossed the world on receipt of the news. But the only European monarch who dared to protest was the Czar Alexander. Though he broke off diplomatic relations and put his court into mourning, he could go no further; for he could find no one on the Continent to join with him in declaring war. Prussia remained neutral and her king silent. Austria withdrew her troops from Swabia, and sent a courier to say at Paris that she could understand certain political necessities. In the autumn, however, when they had gained time to observe France and mark Bonaparte's policy, Russia and Austria began to draw together. Dynastic politics therefore rendered the public expression of popular opinion impossible; but in France, as in the length and breadth of Europe, the masses were aroused. Was the age of violence not passed? Were they merely to exchange one tyranny for another more bloody? The morality of the nineteenth was changed from that of the eighteenth century, and the same men who years before had looked on in a dumb stupor and with consenting approval at the events of the Terror in Paris were now alert and alarmed at the possibility of its renewal. The First Consul was mortified and angry. Many of those nearest to him had opposed his course from the outset, and he felt deeply their ill-disguised disapproval. The only remedy was arbitrary prohibition of all discussion, and to this he had recourse. He had intended to produce a result diametrically opposite, to fix the blame of conspiracy and assassination on England and the Bourbons; instead, the world was moved by the measures he had taken for that purpose to regard their author as himself little else than a murderer. A Richelieu could execute a Montmorency with impunity, but not so could a Bonaparte murder a Condé. Long afterward he dictated to Méneval, "The merited death of the Duc d'Enghien hurt Napoleon in public opinion, and politically was of no service to him." But the masses are proverbially fickle, and easily diverted for the moment from serious thoughts. Three days after the execution Talleyrand gave a successful ball.

The Parisian world was in fact very fickle. Society had been much exercised over the execution of Enghien; rumors of coming war furnished interesting topics of conversation. The giddy majority had a few passing emotions, gossiped about one theme and the other alternately, and then went on with its amusements. The grave men who sincerely desired their country's welfare were profoundly moved, and whispered serious forebodings to each other. The world at large was sensitive to both currents of thought, but in the main the masses considered the coming coronation ceremonies, the splendors of empire, and the prospects for unbounded glory opened by Napoleon's unhampered control; vastly more entertaining as the subject of speculation than anything else. They were not deceived in some portions of their dreams: the time of imperial grandeur was at hand, the influence of French civilization was marching over Europe, the dazzling vision of France as supreme in prestige and renown was opening on their view.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

SONG.

THE song we never sung
The pine-trees sigh in chorus;
The eyes our eyes must shun
Our hearts keep still before us.

The rose we gathered not
Blooms in the soul forever,
And hands ne'er joined in life
Death has no power to sever.

Lilla Cabot Perry.

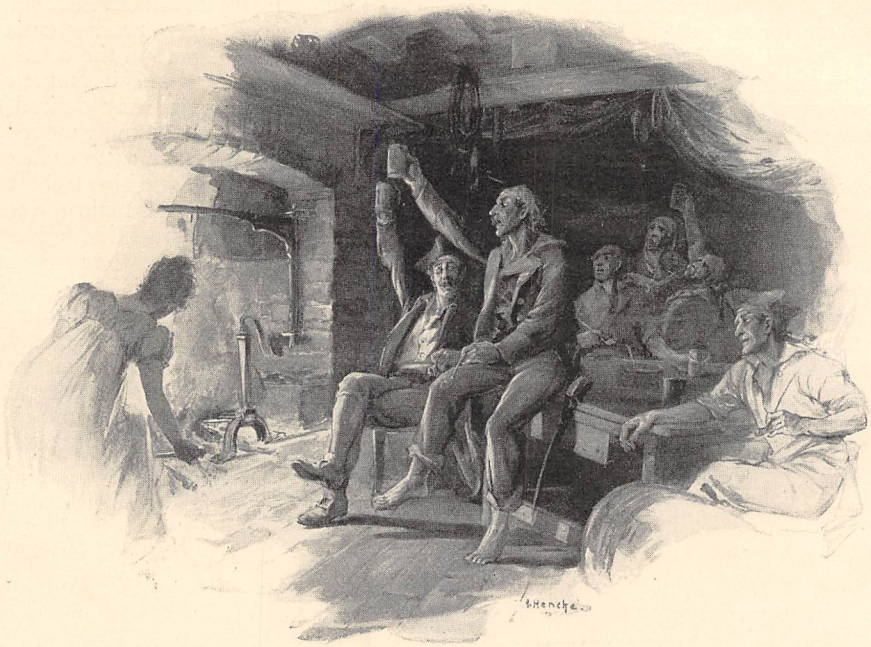
THEODOSIA BURR.

THE WRECKER'S STORY.

By the Author of "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

WITH PICTURES BY A. HENCKE.

ON December 30, 1812, Theodosia, the beautiful, accomplished, and devoted daughter of Aaron Burr, and wife of Governor Alston of South Carolina, stunned by the ruin of her father and the death of her boy, took passage on the *Patriot*, a pilot-boat, to rejoin her father in New York. The vessel never came to port. It is known that a storm raged on the Carolina coast on New Year's day, 1813, and the circumstantial evidence seems conclusive that the *Patriot* fell into the hands of "bankers." These were wreckers and pirates who infested the long sand-bars that fence the coast outside of Currituck, Albemarle, and Pamlico sounds, and reach as far south as Cape Lookout. It was their practice, on stormy nights, to decoy passing craft by means of a lantern swinging from the neck of an old nag, which they led up and down the beach. Thus, vessels were stranded on the banks off Kitty Hawk and Nag's Head, and plundered, after the crews and passengers had been slain with hangers, or compelled to "walk the plank." Long after the disappearance of the *Patriot*, two criminals executed at Norfolk, Virginia, confessed to having had a hand in the death of Theodosia Alston. They were, they said, members of a gang of "bankers," who wrecked and pillaged the *Patriot*, forcing her people to walk the plank.



IN revel and carousing
We gave the New Year housing,
With wreckage for our firing,
And rum to heart's desiring,
Antigua and Jamaica,
Flagon and stoup and breaker.
Full cans and a ranting chorus;
Hard hearts for the bout before us:
To brave grim death's grimaces
On dazed and staring faces.
With dirks and hangers bristling,
We for a gale went whistling,



Inlet and sound confounding.
Hatteras roared and rumbled,
Currituck heaved and tumbled;
And the sea-gulls screamed like witches,
And sprawled in the briny ditches.
Shelter and rest we flouted,
Jorum and pipe we scouted,
Fiddler and wench we routed.
"Fetch out the nag!" we shouted;
For a craft in the offing struggled.
"Now for a skipper juggled;
Now for a coaster stranded,
And loot in the lockers landed!"
With lantern cheerly rocking

Tornado or pampero,
To swamp the host of Pharaoh;
To goad the mad Atlantic,
And drive the skippers frantic;
To jar the deep with thunder,
And make the waste a wonder,
And plunge the coasters under,
And pile the banks with plunder.
Then the wild rack came skirling,
Ragged and crazed, and whirling
Sea-stuff and sand in breakers,
Frothing the shelvy acres,
Over the banks high-bounding,





On the nag's head, we went mocking,
Lilting of tipsy blisses,
And Bonnibel's squandered kisses.
Straight for that hell-spark steering,
Drove the doomed craft careering;
Men on her fore-deck huddled,
Sea in her wake all cruddled,
Kitty Hawk sheer before her,
And the breakers booming o'er her;
Till the rocks in their lurking stove her,
And her riven spars went over,
And she lay on her side and shivered,
And groaned to be delivered.



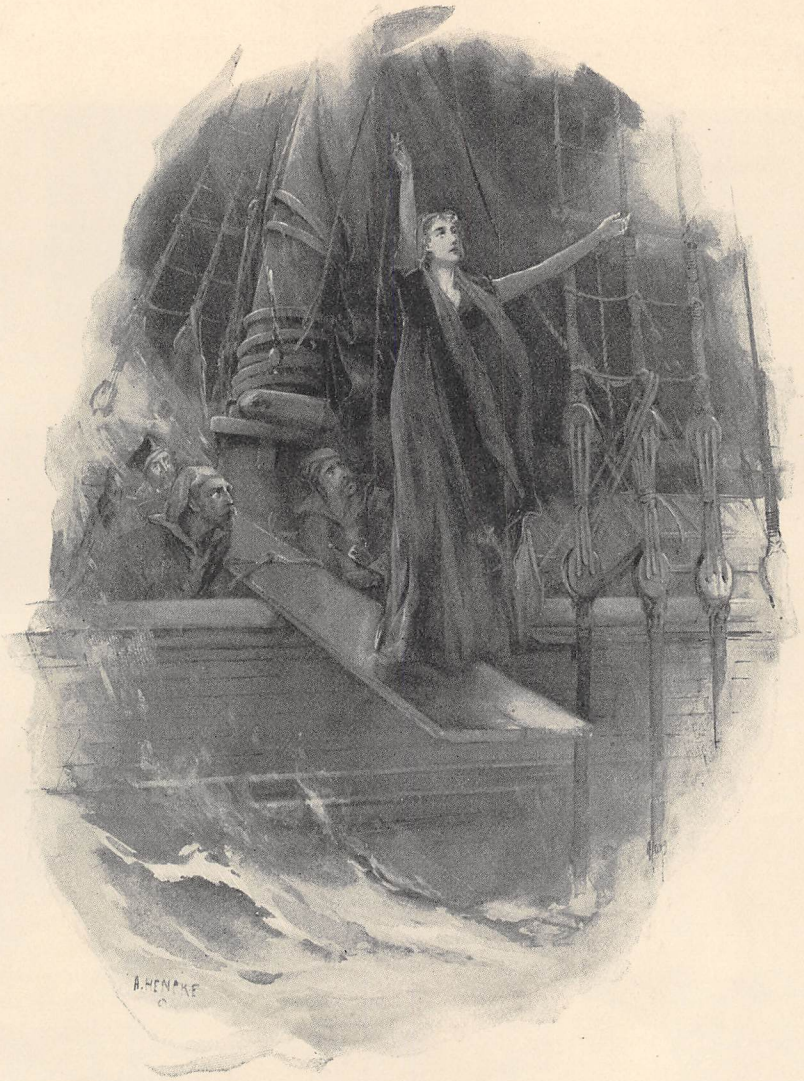
Gruesome in death's grimaces;
And God's wrath overpast us,
With never a bolt to blast us!

By the brunt of our doings daunted,
We crouched where the fore-deck slanted,
Scanning each other's faces,
Graved with that horror's traces.
One, peering aft, wild-staring,
Points through the torches flaring:
"Spook of the storm, or human?
Angel, or wraith, or woman?"
Havoc and wreck surveying,
Imploring not, nor praying,
Nor death nor life refusing;
Stony and still — accusing!

Boats through the black rift storming,
Foes on her quarter swarming;
Dirks in the torchlight flashing,
And the wicked hangers slashing;
Lips that were praying, mangled;
Throats that were screaming, strangled;
Souls in the surges tumbling,
Vainly for foothold fumbling;
Horror of staring faces,

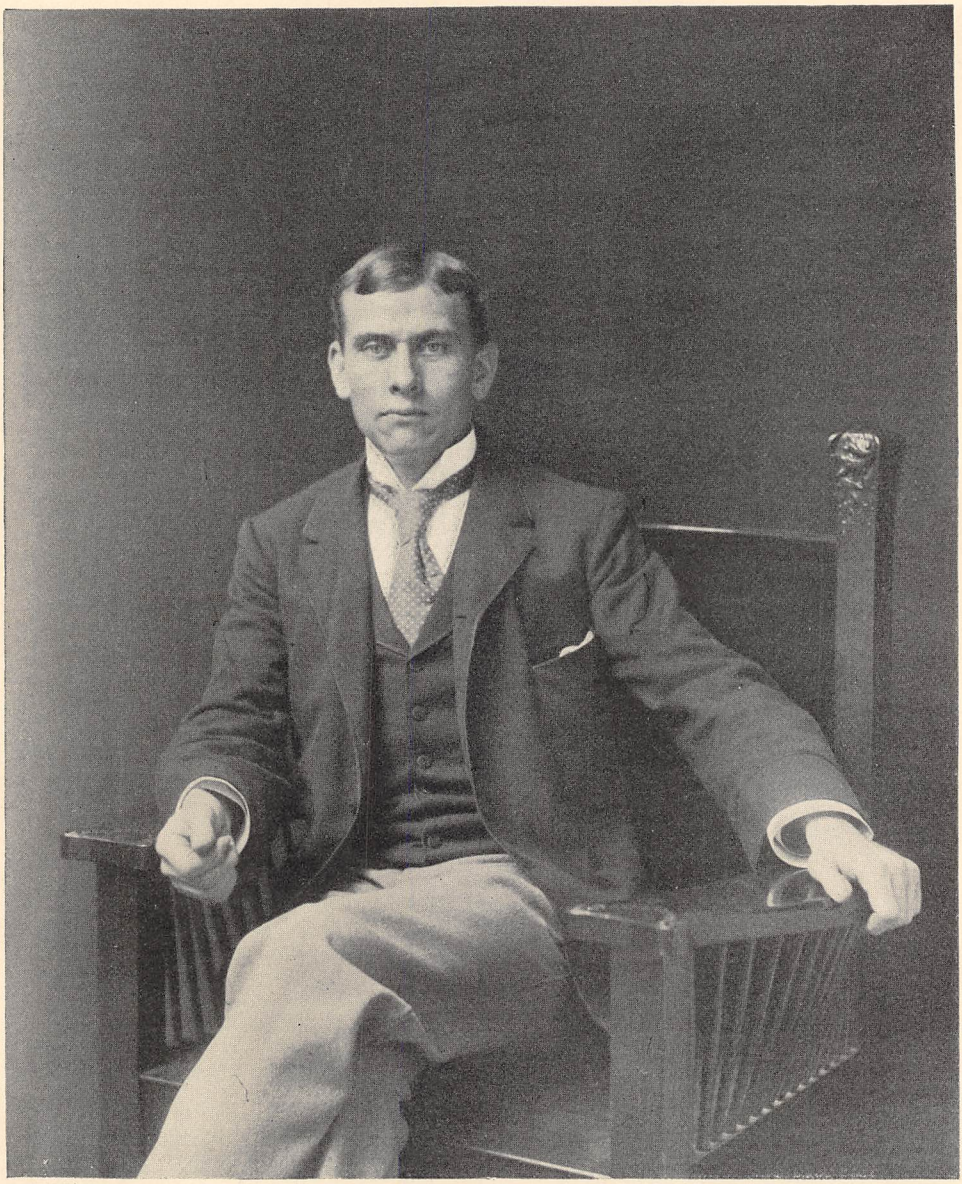
Black as our hearts the creature's
Vesture; her matchless features
White as the dead. Oh! wonder
Of women high heaven under!
So she moved down upon us
(Though Death and the Fiend might
shun us),
And we made passage, cowering.





Rigid and mute and towering,
Never a frown she deigned us,
Never with curse arraigned us.
One, trembling, dropped his hanger,
And swooned at the awful clangor;
But she passed on, unharking,
Her steps *our* doom-strokes marking,
Straight to the plank, and mounted.
"One, two, three, four!" we counted;
Till she paused, o'er the flood suspended,
Poised, her lithe arms extended—
And the storm stood still, and waited
For the stroke of the Lord, belated.

John Williamson Palmer.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE C. COX.

E. J. Glave

BORN SEPTEMBER 13, 1862. DIED MAY 12, 1895.

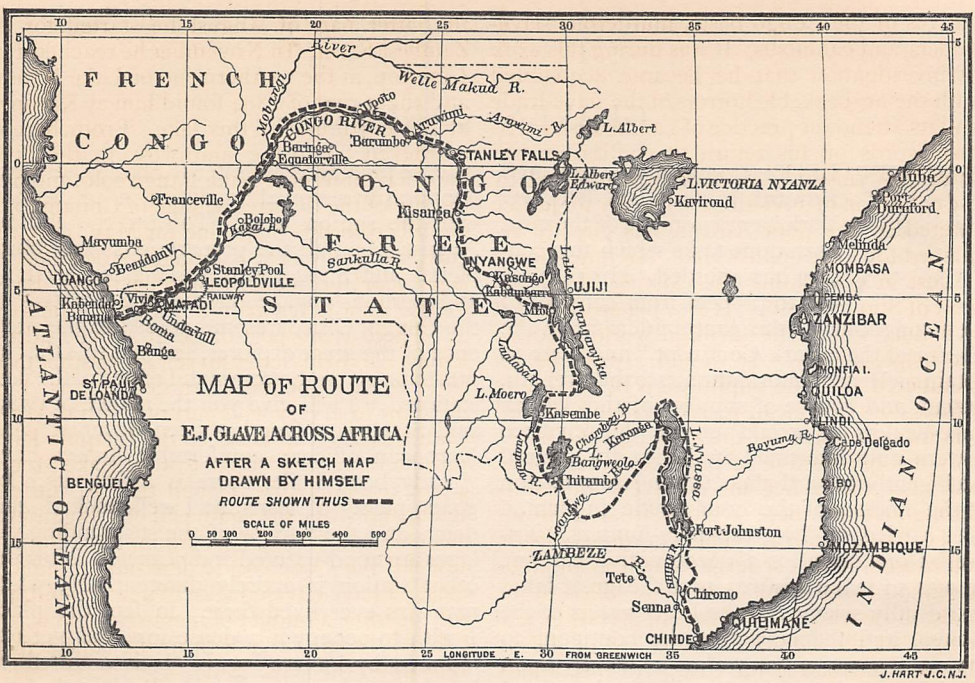
GLAVE'S CAREER.

A LITTLE over two years ago Edward James Glave left New York, bent upon one of the most hazardous tasks which this century has afforded. His purpose was to proceed from Zanzibar to the strongholds of the Arab raiders far in the interior of the "Dark Continent," and there to obtain such exact information as to the strength, system, and source of supplies of the African slave-dealers as would enable the civilized powers now interested in Africa to proceed intelligently toward the eventual suppression of the horrors of the cruel traffic in human lives carried on by Arab man-hunters. Entirely alone, save for a dozen native carriers, he was to make his way past the great lakes and deadly swamps to the head waters of the Congo, and thence across the continent to the west coast, relying almost entirely upon his skill with the rifle to provide food for himself and his followers; for it was only by going in this way, in the guise of a hunter, that he hoped to obtain the information he wished: the Arabs would not be likely to molest a single hunter, whereas they might attack and destroy a small armed force coming among them, or flee from a superior force, in either case defeating the ends of the expedition.

The young Englishman who was to venture upon this perilous undertaking was not without sufficient experience to qualify him even for an adventure of such magnitude. From his boyhood he had studied with eager interest the pages of Stanley's search for Livingstone, following with breathless attention the thrilling narrative of the journey "through the Dark Continent." After leaving school, a brief experience in a London counting-house only whetted his appetite for travel and adventure; so he patiently laid siege to the secretary of L'Association Internationale Africaine, whose offices were at Brussels, and fairly bombarded him with letters and applications. When at length the secretary did reply it was only to say, "No vacancies"; but finally through his persistency he gained his point; and a few weeks afterward, in the spring of 1883, he had bid good-by to London and his friends, and was steaming down the Mersey, bound for the mouth of the Congo, with a letter in his pocket instructing him to proceed to Central Africa and place himself under the orders of Stanley, who was then about to start up the river to establish some new stations. On arriving at Leopoldville, he presented his letter to Stanley, and was temporarily assigned to duties in connection with the station work. Toward the end of August, when all the preparations were completed and Stanley was leaving for his long and perilous voyage on the upper waters of the Congo, Glave was summoned to the presence of the great explorer, and was told that he was to be given the command of one of the new stations. "I will give you the choice of two," said Stanley. "One has been occupied by a European officer; comfortable houses have already been built; there is a fine flock of goats, plenty of fowls, and well-stocked gardens; and the natives of the surrounding villages are good-natured and peaceful. Now the other station is entirely different. No white man has ever lived there; in fact the place I wish to occupy is a dense forest as yet untouched by human hands. It is about three hundred miles from Stanley Pool, in the district of Lukolela. It will require a lot of hard work to make a settlement there, as you will have to commence right at the beginning. Now, Glave," said Stanley, "make your choice."

"I prefer the latter, sir," replied the young man, unhesitatingly. How well he fulfilled the trust can best be shown in Stanley's own words of commendation, written in 1892.

> Mr. E. J. Glave is one of those young Englishmen who in 1883 were sent to me for service on the Congo by the Chief of the Bureau of the International Association of Brussels. I soon recognized in Mr. Glave those qualities for which I was eagerly searching in the applicants for service, and which were absolutely necessary in a pioneer. He was tall, strong, and of vigorous constitution, with a face marked by earnestness and resolve; and when I began questioning him I was agreeably surprised to find his sentiments equal to his appearance. His period of probation at Stanley Pool was therefore short; I was in need of a chief for a new station that was to be built at Lukolela, a place about three hundred miles above the pool, and I selected him.
>
> On reaching the locality, I pointed out to Mr. Glave the site of the future station; and certainly nothing could be more unpromising and more calculated to damp mere effervescent ardor than the compact area of black forest raising its tall head two hundred feet above the bank, and shadowing so darkly the river's margin; but Mr. Glave regarded it with interest and a smile of content, and accepted the responsibilities then and there entrusted to him with a pleasure not to be suppressed. We landed and made fast under the broad, leafy shadows, turned to, and commenced



to chop the forest giants down in order that a little sunshine might be let in upon the site. When this was done we prepared to advance up the river, leaving the debris of the forest littering the ground, and with the stern patriarchs seeming to challenge the slight, pale-faced young man and his little following to attack them.

I was absent for a few months up river, and as I descended my mind often reverted to young Glave, left in the woods of Lukolela; for in those early days of Congo pioneers it was rare to meet a man who could tackle work for the pleasure in work. Most men found that work was a bore, and took the earliest opportunity to sail home again after their too brief visit; and I more than suspected that possibly the young Englishman had by this discovered that the climate did not agree with him, or that pioneering had lost its charms. But when I came opposite Lukolela woods I curiously examined the extent of tree-clad bank; and long before we came to the landing-place we found that the clearing had been vastly increased, and a large sunny area was revealed, and a commodious house, flanked by rows of neat huts, was approaching completion. It was not, however, until we stood in the middle of the clearing, and roughly computed the huge stumps of the trees and looked narrowly into the details, that we could quite realize what energy and good will had been devoted to effect the change. From the view I then obtained I always regarded Mr. Glave as one who in the future would surpass his opportunities. . . . His conscientiousness, his inflexible determination to do the most that can be done in a given period, the love with which he sets about it, and the absorbing interest it has for him, make me, who know his worth, feel sorry that he cannot find the peculiar hard task for which he is so fitted, and wherein he could be so happy. Many people have called me hard, but they are always those whose presence a field of work could best dispense with, and whose nobility is too nice to be stained with toil. Glave is not one of these, but a man who relishes a task for its bigness, and takes to it with a fierce joy.

Early in 1884 Stanley proceeded on his way down to the coast, leaving Glave in command of Lukolela station, and entirely alone except for the society of the natives. Here Glave remained for nearly three years, until the foundation of the Congo Free State, when his station, which had been established in order to secure certain rights to territory, was abandoned, and he proceeded to the coast.[1]

In June, 1886, Glave returned to England for a brief visit of a few weeks, but the following September found him again at the mouth of the Congo under the auspices of the Sanford exploring expedition; and shortly after he established himself at Equator Station, in the district of Bukute, a hundred miles beyond his old station of Lukolela. From this point he made many journeys into the surrounding districts, and with a diminutive stern-wheel steamer, the *New York*, explored the Ikelemba, Ruki, and Oubangi rivers, pushing into the very heart of the districts peopled by the wildest

[1] During the first period of Glave's stay at Lukolela he was called by the natives "Mwana Tendélé," or "son of Stanley"; but he soon developed such skill in the hunting-field that they rechristened him "Makula," or "Arrows," a name bestowed only upon their most distinguished hunters.

natives of the Congo basin, murderous slave-raiders and cannibals. It was during this work of investigation that he became acquainted with the unspeakable horrors of the slave-trade and its attendant practice of cannibalism. His own words on his return to civilization will show how sincerely his heart was touched by the condition of its victims. "The cry for justice uttered by the poor African has already remained too long unanswered. No time should be lost in eradicating the existing bloodshed west of Stanley Falls. It is a big work, but it is a duty which the civilized world owes to the helpless slave. It should always be remembered that the suppression of slavery in Africa does not mean merely striking the fetters from the limbs of the slave; its end is not only the substitution of paid for forced labor, but also the relief of enslaved humanity throughout all these regions from a life of unspeakable horror. The enormous death-roll caused by this scourge to Africa cannot be imagined — the number of those killed in the raids, those who die of sickness, privation, and hunger at the camps, and the loss of life on the caravan road to the east. All this cruelty exists — homes are destroyed and pillaged, husbands cruelly shot while defending their wives and children, and slaves captured, sold to be eaten, or sacrificed for tribal ceremony. All these atrocities are committed to enrich the white-robed Arab of Stanley Falls."

Early in 1887 Stanley arrived at Equator Station on his way up the river on the Emin Bey relief expedition, bringing with him old Tippoo Tib, the well-known Arab chief, who was returning to his headquarters at Stanley Falls. Stanley remained at Equator Station for two days, and then resumed his journey, leaving Glave to pursue his work of exploration of the surrounding districts.

In the fall of 1889 Glave returned to England, and shortly afterward came to America on a lecturing tour. He was always ready to undertake a new project of exploration, and the spring of 1890 found him in Alaska at the head of an expedition. In the following year, with one companion, he penetrated to the almost unknown region of the interior with a train of pack-horses which he had taken from Oregon for the purpose. He constructed snow-shoes for his horses, and trained them in the use of this novel footgear, and thus succeeded in reaching the coast with all his belongings.[1]

His last journey in Africa was undertaken in the interest of this magazine. Leaving New York in May, 1893, he proceeded to Zanzibar, where he engaged a few native carriers. In the latter part of August he started for the Zambesi River. In November he reached Fort Johnston, at the southern end of Lake Nyassa, and the spring of 1894 found him at Karonga, at the north end of this lake. From here he journeyed far to the southwest, to the little-known regions near Lake Bangweolo, and near the site of the deserted village of Chitambo, as described in this magazine for May, 1895. In July, 1894, he was at Kabongo's stockaded village, near the western shore of Lake Bangweolo. In a letter written from there he says:

"There is no post-office at above address. I must carry this letter myself for another three hundred miles before I can despatch it. I am just now in a very wild part of Central Africa. I am traveling up between the Luapula River and the Bangweolo Lake toward Lake Moero. Upon reaching this, I shall turn to the east again, and strike the south end of Tanganyika; thence I cannot say for certain, but I hope to descend the Congo and come out on the west coast. I have covered a lot of new ground, and got together a budget of manuscript, new, and I think of some value as throwing considerable light upon the slave-trade.

"I have had splendid hunting — bagging lion, zebra, eland, and all sorts of buck and antelope. I have kept fifty men supplied with fresh meat for three months, besides feeding many a hungry native. My journey has thus far been most successful, in so far that I have not had the slightest trouble with any chief or his people. I have succeeded in making friends everywhere. My men, a rag-tag-and-bobtail lot, have behaved splendidly; but I am not out of the woods yet.

"I shall have a fine collection of photographs if I get out all right — some of considerable value. I feel confoundedly lonely at times without a white companion, and I have not spoken any English for months. My object all along has been to do a share toward the suppression of slavery, and the information I have gathered on this trip in regard to the subject will to some extent aid the cause. I should like to return to Africa, to this section of the continent, and take some active part in the suppression of slavery. I have now only four rifles besides my personal weapons; but with three hundred rifles I could rid the whole land between Lake Nyassa on the east and Lakes Moero and Bangweolo on the west of lawless slave-raiders. With my present information I know where the murderous crews could be hit the hardest.

"The cattle plague has played dreadful havoc among the domestic and wild animals throughout Central Africa. A year or two ago vast herds of buffalo roamed throughout the country I have traversed, but I have not seen

[1] See THE CENTURY for September and October, 1892: "Pioneer Pack-horses in Alaska," by E. J. Glave.

a single one. I have also been unfortunate in failing to see a rhinoceros, although I have seen their tracks dozens of times, some quite fresh, which I have followed, but with no success.

"Twice in the journey the grass has been covered with frost in the morning — very miserable for my poor blacks, with their bare feet and legs, and only a flowing rag around their loins; but as soon as the sun is up the air becomes more genial. I have enjoyed remarkably good health, and I feel that I am as tough as piano-wire. . . .

"To be constantly among these native tribes is not a cheerful existence for a lone white man. They are a cruel, merciless lot, grasping in all their dealings, and absolutely untruthful; yet withal they are a poor, persecuted people, and when subjected to humane government they may be wonderfully improved."

In the middle of August, 1894, Glave reached Rhodesia, on the Kalungwizi River, near Lake Moero; in September he arrived at the south end of Lake Tanganyika; and in November he was at Mtoa, a settlement on the west shore of this lake, and about three hundred miles from the Congo. A letter sent from there by him on the 24th of November did not reach New York until the middle of the following May, the mail being carried over a thousand miles to the east coast on the heads of carriers. Later letters reported his progress down the river to Leopoldville, and late in April, 1895, he reached Matadi, near the mouth of the Congo, and arranged to sail on the Belgian steamship *Coomassie;* but here, at the very end of his long and perilous journey, during which he had successfully contended against the terrible fevers of the lake regions and the hardships of his prodigious march, he was taken ill with pernicious intermittent fever, and on the 12th of May, after three days' illness at the little mission station at Underhill, Matadi, he died. He was faithfully nursed through his short illness by the Rev. Lawson Forfeitt, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, in whose house he died; and the English consul at Boma, Mr. W. Clayton Pickersgill, kindly undertook to carry out his dying wishes in regard to the disposal of his papers and effects.

So perished, at the very opening of his career, one of the simplest and bravest men of his time, whose fearless and transparent nature impressed itself upon every one with whom he came in contact, and won for him not only the esteem of his friends, but the devotion and trust of his black followers and of all the other natives with whom he had to do.

The map of Glave's route which accompanies this article is made from a careful sketch which he sent from Matadi under date of April 25 of this year. Shortly before sailing on his last voyage he drew on a little piece of paper a map of that part of the Congo with which he was familiar, and there, inked in with a firm hand, is the same little village of Matadi where he hoped to embark after the accomplishment of his arduous task. He little knew at the time that he was marking his burial-place; but even had he known it, there is no doubt in the minds of those who knew him that he would have undertaken his nobly conceived mission just as unhesitatingly.

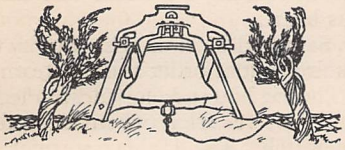
Robert Howard Russell.

GLAVE.

THIS day I read in the wise scholar's page
That the old earth is withered and undone;
That faith and great emprise beneath the sun
Are vain and empty in our doting age:
'T were best to calm the spirit's noble rage,
To live in dreams, and all high passion shun,
While round and round the aimless seasons run,—
Pleasured alone with dead art's heritage.
Then as I read outshone thy face of youth,
Hero and martyr of humanity,
Dead yesterday on Afric's shore of doom!
Ah, no; Faith, Courage fail not, while lives Truth,
While Pity lives, while man for man can die,
And deeds of glory light the dark world's gloom.

VENICE. *R. W. Gilder.*

THE RIVALRIES OF LONG AND SHORT CODIAC



SAM'S SURRENDER

"SAM 'LL git ketched one of these days, I 'm tellin' ye now; an' serve him right too," said the ex-roadmaster, leaving the group of fishermen assembled in the try-house, and walking over to the window looking toward the harbor, which was hidden by the thick fog.

The ex-roadmaster had a curious and unpleasant habit of jerking his head sidewise at intervals, especially when he was undergoing the process of using his mind, an act he but rarely indulged in, fortunately, or one might have feared a dislocation at the top of his spinal column. The ex-roadmaster had not a very pleasant disposition at best, and now that he spoke of Sam, the keeper of the fog-signal,—an office to which he had himself aspired for upward of ten years, and which had regularly slipped by him,—he was more unpleasant than ever.

Now, there was hardly a man on either of the Codiacs, save perhaps the justice, who would not have jumped at the prospect of being appointed keeper, although the salary was only six hundred a year. And when old "Cap'n Ed'ard Petty," the former incumbent, went to that bourn toward which all good sailors look with awe and certain hope, both Long and Short Codiac sat up, so to speak, in expectancy. Then, what was the dismay of the rival communities when the government tender dropped anchor off the Spindle outside the harbor, and sent ashore a cutter in which the sharp-eyed fishermen and their wives discerned, seated in the stern with the quartermaster, the lithe figure of Sam Salter, who had been in the marine hospital at the Harbor for several months, where he had had his leg amputated in consequence of injuries due to clumsiness in hauling a can-buoy on the sparboat. Then the news spread that Sam Salter had been appointed, and the disappointed ones pretended that they never cared particularly for the job — all except the ex-roadmaster, who made no concealment of his disgust at the appointment of a Stone Harbor man. But Sam, easily divining the hostility of the Codiacs, passed it lightly over, and endeavored to get along with as little friction as possible. Time passes with winged feet on the Codiacs, and soon Sam was, to all appearance, a member of the community. It was only on foggy days, when the men could do little but rearrange their trawls or split hoops for the lobster-traps, that the exchange of ideas upon doctrine, or the price of salt, always ended in discussions of the policy of the Government in appointing aliens to the light and the signals. At such times the voice of the ex-roadmaster would be raised in denunciation, and he would hyphenate his words with spasmodic jerks of his head.

Such an occasion was this, and the try-house held most of the men of Long Codiac, who for the most part idly looked on, while a few of the more industrious used the time in repairing nets and weaving rope-work about the glass floaters which hung like huge bunches of soap-bubbles from convenient nails on the walls. At regular intervals the long-drawn deep note of the siren at the fog-station opposite punctuated the conversation, always beginning unexpectedly, and ending in that curious sound which can only be written "flup."

The ex-roadmaster was greatly excited, for had not a three-masted vessel nearly run on the Horsehead rock because Sam had let the steam run down in the boiler, and had neglected to ring the bell while hauling his fire to build afresh? The three-master was so close in that the creak of her wheel-ropes was

plainly heard as the man at the wheel put her about; and it was quite a minute afterward by the school commissioner's watch before Sam rang the bell.

"He 'll git ketched, I tell ye. The *Violet's* a-layin' over to Georgetown, an' they 's on the watch sence the complaint was lodged ag'in' Ram's Head whistle. 'T ain't none o' *my* business, though, an' *I* ain't goin' to say nawthin'."

"'Pears to me ye 've got a pile o' talk, Hen'y, about somethin' ye hain't goin' to say nawthin' about," said the treasurer, a small man with a dyed chin beard and a nose out of harmony with the rest of his face. He looked about him for support. There was laughter from the men at this thrust, and the treasurer wagged his head with elation.

"I cal'late ye would swear *his* way if any trouble shed come along of the whistle not being blowed," snarled the ex-roadmaster, smarting under the laugh at his expense. "An' ye 'd go ag'in' the idee of makin' a complaint, would n't ye? Why, b' Davy! I 'll bate ye 'd swear ag'in' our affidavids gi'n on oath, would n't ye? Why, sakes alive! I cal'late ye 'd better go an' jine hands with him, seein' 's ye 're so fond of him."

"No, I can't say I 'm any fond of Sam," said the treasurer, uneasily crossing his legs; "but I 'm for fair play every time, and I hain't no call to backbite a man ahint his back, hey, Unc' Ed?" he said, catching the eye of the deacon, who suddenly looked up.

"I d' know," said the latter, diplomatically. "I cal'late they hain't been no backbitin' here, as I knows on. Jest hand me that there net-needle, will ye? No, not that — t' other one — that 's it. I cal'late —"

The whistle here cut in on the deacon's speech, and whatever he was about to say was forever lost, for an uncouth-looking boy, who had been impaling flies and offering them generously to a huge spider at the window, said:

"Dinner 's ready. Mam's a-knockin' on the shed." So the gathering broke up.

Sam Salter was a rather good-looking fellow, and not over-fond of work. His missing leg was replaced by a wooden, brass-bound peg strapped to his knee, and he used it well. One might see him day after day against the sky on the top of Bald Head, looking toward the birthplace of the fog, which was liable to come down at any moment when the wind was from that quarter. He was a picturesque figure, and well agreed with the landscape. He lived alone in the house attached to the signal, and there was no neater house on either of the Codiacs, so the women said.

It was not long before I discovered that Sam was part and parcel of a little romance. Sam was in love with the deacon's daughter Hetty; and Mollie, the buxom daughter of the post-master justice, was in love with Sam. Hetty would not look at Sam, and Sam ignored Mollie; and there was trouble enough for two, at any rate. Now, from my point of view, Mollie was worth sixteen Hettys; but Sam did not see it in that light. Hetty was fair-haired, petite, and freckled, and had an over-modest way of casting down her eyes when one passed her on the road. Mollie was dark, and her manner was earnest and frank. She would look you straight in the eyes when you spoke to her, and it was fine to see her carrying water from the well up the hill, every line of her showing youth, grace, and strength. But Sam was a dreamer, and Hetty's delicate airs had captured his heart.

Now, Sam had been caught once by the fog with his fires out of order and no steam in the boiler. The fog had suddenly descended in the night, and Sam was asleep when he should have been on watch. The Halifax steamer, which passed Codiac at eleven o'clock, had crept up to the Spindle, and lay there tooting for an answer from Sam. It was a mile and a half from Bald Head to the Spindle, and the water this side of the latter was full of half-submerged rocks, altogether one of the most dangerous spots thereabouts. The Codiac people heard the short, quick blasts from the steamer's whistle, and listened eagerly for some response from Sam; but none came, at which there was great excitement among the people, some of whom were about to go over to the Head to see what was the trouble, when, just as Joe Allbaw was about to shove off his dory, there came the heavy boom of the bell from the headland, ringing in quick, short beats, which after an interval was responded to by the whistle of the steamer, which had got its bearings, and was slowly feeling its way past the islands.

For many days there was much speculation as to the outcome of the happening, and then, when an official-looking envelop came in the mail, addressed to "Sam'l Salter, D. G. F. S. S.," it speedily became known that the steamship company had complained to the Light-house Board, and Sam had been asked for a complete report of the occurrence, and warned that if it occurred again he might consider his place vacant. For a time Sam was very watchful, but he became careless again, and had several narrow escapes, to the ill-disguised joy of the ex-roadmaster. Meantime the little romance was going on, and whenever Sam came over to the post-office for his mail, which was not heavy, so sure would Mollie appear, and manage to meet him face to face, generally on the bridge crossing the sunken meadow. But

although Sam would always greet her pleasantly, one could see that his heart was still untouched by her evident affection for him. Then Mollie began to go over to Short Codiac rather often, ostensibly to visit the Sibley girl, who was a cripple; but, you see, Bald Head, with the signal-station, is on Short Codiac, although not in sight of the houses.

The summer passed slowly, and then came one week of fog so thick that one could not see across the harbor. Sam was fairly regular in his attention to the siren, the blasts of which came monotonously through the heavy mist both night and day. There was no assistant appointed, but, according to regulations, after thirty-six hours of duty Sam was allowed to hire a man to stand watch and watch with him. Sam chose Rodney. At night, about the time that the Halifax steamer was due, I generally met the ex-roadmaster prowling somewhere about the beach or the rocks. It was plain that he was on watch for any lapse of duty upon the part of Sam, but in this he was disappointed, for all went well at the signal-station.

Upon the evening with which this story particularly deals, the fog seemed even thicker than usual. A schooner had come ashore on the other side of the island, where the blast of the signal could not be heard, and had gone to pieces in the bold water under the headland. No one was lost, however, and the sailors were all seated about a crackling wood fire in the store, drying their clothes, telling their experiences, and more besides. I was on the way home, and passed on the road a muffled figure, which gave no response to my salutation. Thinking this somewhat strange, I quietly followed. The figure turned between the try-house and the salt-house, and went down to the beach, where I saw it drag a punt to the water's edge; then I walked down to it quickly, and found —Mollie.

"What, sir?" she said. "Oh, I 'm goin' over on Short Codiac to see Nell. She 's been poorly, I hear, an' I hain't been over there to-day," she added in her rich contralto. "What, sir? Oh, I can git over easy; I know the way —been over there a good many times, you know — can't git lost."

I tried to dissuade her, or at least to accompany her; but she refused, in some confusion, I thought, and so I pushed off the punt for her. In a moment she rowed back, and said in a whisper: "Please don't say as how you see me goin' over. Father he don't know I 'm a-goin'." I promised, and then she disappeared in the fog.

While I was wondering at her request, I heard a crunching on the stones behind, and the ex-roadmaster joined me.

"Pooty thick, ain't it?" he said, with a disagreeable jerk of his neck. "I call it reg'lar thick dungeon fawg. I cal'late the steamer 'll have a jawb a-gittin' along the coast to-night, p'tic'ly ef thet ar Sam critter lets hees steam go down. I arsked Rodney's wooman, an' she said thet Sam was on watch until twelve o'clock to-night. Then Rodney goes on. Say," he said suddenly, "who was that I see settin' out int' the harbor jest as I come down? Hey? No, 't waan't, neither; for I left Allbaw a-settin' in the store. Oh, *Jorn* Allbaw? Why, I *want* to know! I did n't 'spect he was on here. When did he come on, hey?"

I made some answer, and left him standing there working his neck, while I pretended to go home; but I stepped into the try-house instead, and from the window, although I could see nothing for the blanket of fog that covered all, I could hear him walking about on the beach.

Here I waited. Why, I could not have explained at the time; but I smoked two cigars before I heard afar off the sound of the steamer's whistle. I looked at my watch by the light of the cigar end, and saw that it wanted fifteen minutes of eleven. Then it was that I missed the sound of the siren. I waited for the regular interval, but no sound came. I held my cigar to the face of my watch, and counted the seconds, but still no sound. If the steam had run down, why did not Sam ring the bell? Why, unless he was asleep, and on his watch? I knew that he was tired out, that he had been on watch since noon, and that he had had to make some repairs on the trumpet of the siren in the morning, when he really should have been resting. On came the steamer, her whistle sounding at regular intervals of half a minute. I knew that she had made Ram's Head signal, which must have been blowing, and then steered directly for Bald Head on Short Codiac. I knew also that she generally stopped off the Spindle; but what if she could not find the Spindle, and came on? At this thought my heart rose in my throat, for I saw in my mind the huge white steamer run up on the ledges. I listened again. *Toot! toot! toot!* came the sound of the whistle, but no answer from Sam. Then all at once the men seemed to gather on the beach; there was the dim, watery glow of many lanterns, and above the other voices I heard that of the ex-roadmaster saying: "By gosh! they 's two of 'em over there. Why 'n thunder don't they ring the bell, or suthin'?" Even as he spoke, and as if in reply, came the heavy, rapid boom of the bell on the signal-house, and Sam was safe again. I joined the throng on the beach. In the middle of the crowd of men was the justice, who was saying:

"I 'm ag'in' informers — ahem! — an' I want it understood that I hope they ain't no one of us here on the Codiacs as would make a complaint a-namin' Sam as bein' onregardless of his plain duty to the Government — ahem! But I will say, for the credit of the islands, we should see haow Sam kin — ahem! — explain thisher."

At this the ex-roadmaster thrust forward his head, and, jerking his neck, ejaculated:

"Shucks! I 'm a-goin' to complain, an' I 'm a-goin' to say haow thisher 's what comes of giving sech po-sitions to them what don't belong here, an' what don't keer haow the work 's did, so 's the money 's drawed every three months. That 's what I 'm goin' to do, an' I ain't goin' ter wait ter be *arsked*, neither." At this plain defiance of his judicial advice, the justice grew dark in the face. He shot out a brawny, hard hand, and caught the ex-roadmaster by the arm, and drew him to his side. For an instant he peered down into the other's eyes, then he slowly said:

"Look ye, Hen'y Ball; ye know me for a peaceable man — ahem! — a man not allowin' to be a *quorlsome* man; but, by the great horn! if I ketch ye openin' yer ugly trap ag'in' Sam, I 'll shake ye up so 's ye wun't know yer collar-bone from yer toe-nails! Naow git off 'n the beach, or I 'll hev ye commit for contempt of court!"

"An', I sights!" said one of the men, relating the occurrence afterward in my hearing, "I never see the jedge so riled afore or since. I 'll bate ye he 'd 'a' had Hen'y took up ef Hen'y 'd a-sassed back a mite; but Hen'y he knowed enough to make hisself sca'ce, 'cause they ain't a man here on Codiac thet sympathizes into any sech low-down business as backbitin'. Sam he ain't done nawthin' to us, an' the Gov'ment 's able to take keer of its own, 'thout us. Seems es ef it 's proved thet, fer none of us ain't never hed no chance to work fer it. An' Sam, I cal'late, 'll hev trouble enough on hees hands with this. For I 'll bate the company 'll send in a new complaint."

By the following morning the fog had entirely disappeared, and the water shone clear in the bright sunlight. The fish were schooling offshore, and all the men were out on the fishing-grounds. I saw Rodney coming down the road. We went into the try-house for a smoke, and I asked about the occurrence of the night before.

"Wull, yaas; they was some trouble with the signal, I cal'late. Haow? Oh, *we* was *both* tuckered aout, an' steam got a leetle mite low. Wull, yaas; ye might say it gin aout. Gits that way sometimes. Ye see, I 'd turned in, leavin' Sam at the machine; an' it did n't seem to be ten minutes afore I thought I heard the steamer whistle. But I was fagged aout with bein' on watch for twelve hours; so, knowin' thet Sam was there, I jest lay still, a-waitin' for the blast of the signal; but, I gorry! I never heard none. Then I cal'lated ter hear the bell, but nary bell sounded. Then I was scaart, and run aout to the signal-house, and there I see Sam a-layin' on the bench asleep, and the fire nigh aout, and steam down to nawthin'. The steamer was a-tootin', and my hair fair riz, when all to once I heard the bell a-ringin', and I hauled Sam on to the floor, and hollered aout. He was wide awake in a minute, and we both run to the door; but Sam he says, lookin' white in the face, 'Rodney,' says he, 'git the fire drawed. I 'll see who 's at the bell,' and run down the bridge to the bell-frame. I could n't make aout nawthin' in the black fog, an' I jest hauled the ashes aout, an' made a new fire the quickest I was able. I 'll bate I hove a gallon of kar'sene on to the kindlin', and she was a-roarin' in three minutes, and the bell a-ringin' like all possessed. Then, when I hed things shipshape, I run aout down the bridge to the bell-haouse, and there, by the great horn! was Sam an' *Mollie*. Yaas, yaas; Mollie a-standin' there, an' her with the bell-rope wropped around one hand, and Sam a-holdin' on to t' other; an' jest as I got there I heard Sam say: 'Mollie, ye hev saved me! Will ye hev what ye 've saved?' So, as I see I had no call to stop there, a-bein' a third party, so to speak, and knowin' the machine wanted 'ilin', I jest cal'lated to git back; but Sam he kinder hopped a step or two an' says, 'Rodney,' says he, 'ef they 's any talk of Mollie's bein' here at the signal,' says he, 'I want it understood thet Mollie and me is goin' to be ma'ied,' says he; and I says, 'Sam, I hope ye may hev joy,' I says; 'an' you too, Mollie,' I says; an' *then* I jest lit aout."



THE TREASURE OF PIGEON HEAD

"LUCK!" snorted the justice, contemptuously, and turning ponderously upon the salt-cask from which he was lending dignity to the symposium in the try-house, and transfixing Sile Gannet, who had just delivered an aphorism of his own manufacture upon the subject — "luck! Why, soul and body! I 'm sick of hearin' of the word. They ain't no sech thing in natur' as luck. It 's jest a pop'lar supersti-

tion. They is people as 'll hev ye believe thet every event into history is jest luck, but I call it jest pop'lar superstition. They ain't no sech thing, I tell ye."

"Ain't no sech thing?" repeated Sile, feeling that the eyes of the symposium were upon him, and resolved to hold his own. "Why, Sam, don't ye believe it! I kin talk all day, and give ye samples into the subject. 'T ain't everybuddy what knows it, but I take it thet everybuddy hes luck for or ag'inst him, ter help or ter hinder him."

The men settled themselves more comfortably into the piles of nets, and puffed their pipes expectantly; for if Codiac loves anything, it is an argument, and here was the justice, the oracle, pitted against the constable.

"Oh, git!" began the justice, but stopped, remembering the dignity of his office, and resumed: "Why n't ye study into the question 'fore ye set aout to opinionate and orate? Why n't ye read Blackstone, the greatest othority the world 's p'duced, hey? It 's es clear es daylight to me, hevin' studied into thet there book, which I hev owned sence I begun to set on the bench. Ye want to take an' investigate into the subjec', an' ye 'll see thet everything is conterrolled by certian forces thet any schoolboy kin explain."

"It kin, kin it?" excitedly exclaimed the constable. "I want to know. Well, jest eloocidate — er — a — into jest what kind of nateral force it were thet worked on me so 's I did n't heave my nets on the right side o' thet there school o' mack'rel yisterday, hey?" The constable glared about him with his coffee-colored eyes, glancing in turn at each of the men, who severally evaded his look, or wagged a head by way of reply.

"Why?" said the justice, with one of his rare grins; "'cause ye hed n't sense, thet 's why. They waan't no luck-lack in that ar. It 's the force of yer non-sense thet worked ag'in' ye."

The discomfited constable could not stand the triumph of the justice and the mirth of his associates, so he arose from the trawl-tub upon which he had been sitting, and, affecting a sudden interest in something visible to himself alone in the mist outside, vanished through the door.

"Thet there Sile Gannet —" began the justice, with ill-concealed gratification in his manner; but was interrupted by the ex-roadmaster, who, with a preparatory jerk of his neck, said: "Hey, jedge, what d' ye make aout of thet there prophesy of thet there fortune-teller over to Georgetown, which says that they 's Cap'n Kidd treasure on Codiac? D' ye think they 's anything into it? They say thet she 's got a chaart of the spot all laid aout, and is willin' to sell it."

The justice turned to the speaker, for whom it was plain to see he nourished a contempt, and regarded him for a moment before speaking. "What do I think of it?" he said. "I think it 's all tomfoolishness; they ain't no man nor woman on this humble footstool of the Almighty as kin tell offhand what they is buried into the earth, 'thout they hes the knowledge by them thet 's buried it; and 't ain't likely thet if they hes the knowledge, and knows they is treasure buried, and jest where 't is buried, thet they 'd go an' tell of it. They 'd jest go an' dig it aout, and hold their gab. Thet 's what I think."

It was plain that the justice was not in good humor, so the symposium broke up. Rodney and I went up on Pigeon Head to look out for mackerel. Pigeon Head is on the north end of Long Codiac, a rugged, bald rock. The side facing the island is full of thickets of dwarf pine, and soft pockets of rich black soil, the wash of the hill. A few sheep were feeding on the sparse grass, and scurried away wildly at our approach. There was no other living thing to be seen, for the Head is out of sight of the town. Here are the graves of some sailors who were washed ashore years before, a little rough cross marking the head of each mound. There is no approach to the top of the Head save by way of the narrow tracks made by the sheep; and it is hard climbing, because of the loose shale, which crumbles and gives underfoot. Huge boulders dot the top and sides of the Head, which seem to need only a touch to send them rolling and bounding to the base; but they are deeply embedded, and nothing but the frost of winter dislodges them.

At the top the panorama is a grand one. North and east the sea stretches away boundlessly, dotted here and there with the sails of the fleet; south and west lies the rugged island of Codiac, rolling away for a mile or so; and unless one knew that the town lay in the hollow, one would hardly believe that it was inhabited. Here the sound of the sea rose to us, as it sobbed and boomed in the innumerable caves and hollows under the Head.

I was startled by an exclamation from Rodney as he ducked behind a rock. "Hey! down with ye! They 's a strange boat heading for the Head."

I dropped instantly, without knowing why. We had gained the crest, I a little in the rear of Rodney, when he called out to me. I crawled up to where he lay behind a huge jagged boulder. "What say?" he said in a half whisper. "Why, they 's a ship's long-boat painted black headin' for the rock. I d' know what they be; they 's ten men in her. She 's all black. Crawl here, and ye can see for yourself." I laid my head where his had been, and,

sure enough, I saw a long black boat headed for the rock.

Rodney's eyes were starting from his head as he watched the motions of the boat. "What in thunder!" he exclaimed. "Why, I sights! if they ain't goin' to come ashore!" The boat was skilfully guided to a bare-topped rock where the water rose and fell giddily with the incoming swell; and some of the men jumped out on the slippery seaweed and scrambled up on the rocks. We saw those in the boat throw out shovels and picks, and then all but one left the boat. The remaining man seated himself, and pulled away a short distance. We could see him carefully scan the rock, and for an instant I held my breath, for fear of discovery. Rodney worked his way carefully backward, and, turning, glanced round the other side of the boulder where we lay.

"What be they doin' of?" he whispered. "They 've got a spy-glass rigged up. Look aout ye don't set none of them little stuns a-rollin' daown on 'em." Even as he spoke an unlucky movement of my foot sent a shower of small shale noisily hurtling down the steep side of the rock, and we both crouched breathlessly in suspense; but the men below paid no attention to the noise.

Finally we looked carefully, and saw that one of the men had a surveyor's instrument, which he was operating, while another was holding a pole at some distance from him. The rest of the men were standing in a group, with a large roll of paper which they were scanning. Their voices reached us easily, but we could not make out the words. One of the men appeared to be the leader, and it was he who pointed out a spot to the others, who immediately stretched a tape-measure. There was much running up and down the rocks on the part of the men, but at length they began to dig with the picks, to the dismay of Rodney, who, I thought, would discover himself to them.

After ten minutes of hard picking, and rolling out of stones, the men, to our amazement, threw aside the picks and shovels, and began to pull at something that they had uncovered. In less than half an hour they had succeeded in hauling out some rough, round objects, and these they carried down to the place where they had landed. One of the men slipped and fell, so that the object he carried rolled from his arms, and was broken in several pieces. We distinctly heard the crash, where we lay at the top of the Head, and we saw the man scoop up that which came from the broken pot or jug, and, taking off his coat, gather up the stuff by the double handful until his coat was filled, when he carried it like a bag, and with an effort, as if it were heavy.

The man in the boat rapidly sculled it toward the rock, where all the men were waiting. We saw them carefully take their places in the boat, after stowing their burdens forward in the bow. When this had been done, one of the men who had remained pushed off the boat, which was grating and pounding noisily against the barnacle-covered rock, and in a few moments we lost sight of them in the fog which was beginning to cover the water. Then Rodney jumped to his feet and ejaculated:

"Well, I 'll be snummed to Halifax! Here we 've been layin' here, while a passel of critters from some'eres out yonder come on here and shake our treasure from under aour hands!" And down the hill he jumped and bounded, amid showers of shale and small rock. I followed more carefully, and came upon Rodney on his hands and knees at the edge of the hole.

"Treasure!" he cried. "Sights! if it waan't treasure — mebbe thaousands of dawlers; an' it a-layin' here on Codiac, an' me not knowin' nawthin' abaout it! Why, sights and saounds! mebbe they 's thaousands more a-layin' raound here now. I cal'late thet fortune-teller hed the rights of it; and to think thet I 'd hed the charnce of gittin' it, and hed n't sense enough to take it up! Hey? Look at them holes where they tuck it up. Pots of dawlers, and I not gittin' any of it!

"Hey? No, I did n't recognize any of the critters; they looked to me like Portogees men, bein' dark-colored. Jest lemme git thet there stick there. I 'm a-goin' to dig. Mebbe them critters took and left some of them pots."

Soon Rodney, by the help of a piece of dead pine-root, succeeded in dislodging a fragment of some sort of tattered, moldy cloth, and with it, to his intense excitement, a coin which, when examined, proved to be a silver dollar. While we were handling it we were startled by a voice saying, "What be ye a-doin' of? Diggin' wums?" and there, on the sheep-path behind, was the ex-roadmaster, jerking his neck at us. We both dissembled, and succeeded in getting the intruder voluble about a school of fish which we pretended to have seen. Luckily, the man had not seen the hole, or if he had, he did not speak of it on the way back to the town.

When we succeeded in getting rid of him, Rodney whispered that he was going to get a shovel and dig in the hole that night, and would I accompany him? Nothing loath, I consented. At dark we met at the top of the lane, and together took our way over the rough hill to the Head. Rodney had a lantern, pick, and shovel. I held the light, while Rodney worked with the pick, and with an exclamation turned over in the hole a rough, round object, similar to those which we had seen the men

carry to the boat during the afternoon. Rodney gave a yell of delight as he broke it with a blow of his pick, and there in the loose dirt was more money than he had ever seen before in his life.

"Gosh to Jordan!" he yelled, "I 'm a rich man. Hey? I 'm — I 'm —" Speech failed him, and his eyes rolled and glistened in the light of the lantern. He filled his tarpaulin hat, his pockets, and finally took off one of his boots, in which he stowed what remained of the coin, which seemed to be as fresh and bright as when minted. All at once we heard a crackling of the bushes behind, and Rodney instantly seized the lantern, and with a motion well known to fishermen extinguished the flame. We remained motionless, and at length we thought we heard sounds, as if some one was endeavoring to creep away with as little noise as possible.

"Hey," said Rodney, in a whisper, "I cal'late 't waan't nawthin' but one of them dratted sheep come to see what the light were. What say? Well, it might ha' be'n Hen'y Ball: he 's allus sneakin' raound, a-jerkin' thet there long neck of hisn. It might ha' be'n. If it were, then the whole population o' both islands 'll be over here to-morrow; for Hen'y 'll yalk it all aout, p'tic'lar'y as he hain't no likin' for Rodney, and then, ag'in, his tongue runs like molasses in hot weather." We listened, but heard no other sounds, and finally Rodney said: "Le' 's git along hum, naow; I 'll come over here by daylight, and see if I kin dig up some more. Whatever I git, harf of it 's yourn. What say? Well, if we don't, of course I 'll keep it. Hey? Oh, well, if they 's more 'n a thaousand, then of course half is yourn, as you say, 'cause ye 've got equal rights into it; but if they ain't but less 'n a thaousand, then, as ye say, I 'll keep it, thanky."

We thought we heard the noise behind us as we came away from the treasure-hole; but as Rodney is rather superstitious, we did n't stop to investigate. When we came in sight of the houses not a light was to be seen anywhere, save that in the lighthouse on the headland. We passed a flock of sheep lying down in the shadow and shelter of a stone wall. The rams snorted at us, but as we did not stop, they lay quietly, looking so like the granite boulders of the wall that, but for the movement of their heads, one would have believed them such.

We parted at the top of the lane. When I was in my room I took out several of the coins, and placed them on the table. They were bright trade dollars, bearing the date of 1883. Accidentally I dropped one on the floor. It fell with a heavy, dull sound that aroused my suspicion. I tried it with my pocket-knife, and found that it was *lead*. Then I went to bed.

I did not go over to Pigeon Head after breakfast, and I did not see Rodney again until the evening of the following day, when I went after the mail. In the store was the usual gathering of the men. Rodney came in while the mail was being distributed by the justice. I caught his eye. He grinned. We both became aware that the ex-roadmaster was watching us from behind the stove.

After the few letters and papers had been passed out, and while the men were quietly smoking, the justice came out from behind the little counter. He had a letter in his hand. He seated himself upon the cracker-barrel, and, clearing his throat, delivered himself as follows:

"I jest received this communication from Jedge Hornbee over to Jonasport. It gives certian startlin' information a-concernin' into certian onlawful p'ceedin's what 's be'n goin' on ag'in' the Gov'ment, to wit. Jedge Hornbee writes as follows into this letter — ahem!

'DEAR SIR: I have to inform you that the revenue cutter *Woodbury* arrived here yesterday, hevin' in tow a black boat, and on board a number of men belonging to [ahem!] a band of counterfeiters that have bothered the authorities for some time by circulating bogus silver dollars among the fishermen along the coast. The cutter reported at the custom-house that the boat was captured in the vicinity of the Codiacs, from which, or toward which, the men were bound. I am [ahem!] directed to notify you, as the propier officer [ahem!] of Codiac, of the existence of the counterfeit dollars in large numbers bearing the date of 1883. You will at once proceed to in-ves-ti-gate [ahem!], and report to the propier author-i-ties here at the custom-house if any such should be found on the islands.

'Respectfully,

'EBENEZER HORNBEE, J. P.'"

The justice looked about severely at the assemblage as he finished. "Naow," said he, "I want all thet hev silver dawlers here to lay 'em aout so 't we kin see if they 's any of the unlawful things among us — ahem! The good name of the Codiacs is at stake, and the eyes of Jonasport is upon us, so to speak. We want a clean bill of mo-rality — ahem! — to show to the world."

The men moved uneasily on the boxes and barrels, and hands sought trousers' pockets and brought forth various sorts of bags and purses, such as sailors carry, all girt about with strings and straps, and as shapeless as may be imagined; and one by one the men emptied their store of coin on the counter, where it was examined by the justice. Nothing suspicious was found, however, and the justice, after each had claimed his own, and stowed it away in his pocket, said: "I cal'late aour record 's pooty

good. They ain't no onlawful coin a-bearin' any sech date here, I cal'late; so they can't nawthin' trouble us."

Rodney had replaced his small store of coin in his pocket, and as he turned from the little counter he caught my eye, and winked solemnly.

"Bears aout what I said 'bout luck t' other day in the try-haouse, I cal'late," said the justice, reseating himself upon the cracker-barrel: "thet they waan't no sech thing. Them counterfittin' fellers hes found it aout too — ahem! They makes their dawlers o' lead pipes, and they spends them, considerin' 'emselves lucky; but then comes the day when they gits ketched by the revenue cutter, and where 's the luck o' thet, hey?" he said, glaring about him. "I want to know where 's the luck in thet?" he repeated, fixing his eye upon the ex-roadmaster, who uneasily jerked his neck behind the stove.

Rodney got up and, stretching himself, said with a yawn that he "cal'lated" he 'd go and split some "kindlin'" for his woman. I followed in a few moments, and overtook him on the bridge, where he was awaiting me. "Hey?" he said in answer to a question. "Oh, I jest hove 'em into Hen'y Ball's salt-bin es I kem along by larst night. Haard luck, waan't it?"



UNC' SIME'S FAITH

It was a windy, blustery day, and the packet coming from St. John was under reefed mainsail and jib, burying her blunt bow at nearly every sea. I was just forward of the after deckhouse, wrapped to the nose in a heavy ulster, and Jim Peet, the skipper, was at the wheel, in the palest of yellow oilskins, upon which stood the glistening spray in pearl-like drops. After we had passed the bell-buoy on the triple ledge, and left it swaying to and fro, its boom smothered now and then in the foam, I heard above the gurgle of the rapidly moving water under the packet's counter the unmistakable sound of a man's voice. It seemed to strike against the sail, and to be carried down to me. I called out to Jim Peet, who hollowed his hand at his ear, and squinted his black, beady eyes at me. I went aft to him.

"What say? Hear a human voice?" He waited a moment, his hard, red hands gripping the wheel. "Yaas, yaas, I heard it then. I cal'late it 's Unc' Sime aout on the turnip-patch. Hey? Oh, that 's the name we give it. It 's a rawk with about fifteen fathoms on to it, an' the fishin' 's most ginerally good in rough weather. Hey? Oh, Unc' Sime? Oh, he 's a curious sort o' critter. When the fish is a-bitin' ye can hear him two or three mile a-hollerin' Scripter. Favors mostly Deuteronomy, but ain't allus partic'lar, pervidin' it 's strong an' good doctrine. Why, I 've heard him yell a whole chapter over a school o' mack'rel; but if the fish is sca'ce — why, b' Davy! ye wun't hear a sound aouten him. We 'll be up ter him in ten or fifteen minutes, an' I 'll hail him fer ye."

Louder and louder grew the voice, and finally, through the mist and spray to windward, we made out the shape of a boat rising and falling, and in the bow the standing figure of a man dressed in oil-clothes. I could plainly see the motion of his arms as he hauled in the fish, and banged them down in the bottom of the boat. His back was toward us, and he did not know of our presence until I hailed him. Then he turned, and I saw, for the first time, the face of Uncle Sime, the patriarch of Codiac, brilliantly pink in color, and surrounded by a halo of snow-white beard and wind-blown hair.

The skipper hailed him at once as we passed swiftly by. "Haow be ye findin' 'em, Sime? Ketchin' airy one?" — as if he did not plainly see the bottom of the old reach-boat filled with the glistening fish. But the old man simply waved his hand to us, and borne upon the breeze came the words:

"Send 'em along, Lord! Let 'em come to thy servant, Master — thou faith in Israel, wouldst thou lighten the burden of Jacob! That 's what the Book says; an' furthermore, hear ye!" — the voice rose to a hoarse yell — "hear ye, and fail not," as he hauled in a huge cod and whacked it with the heavy gaff at the boat side. The packet sped on, and there we left the patriarch at his richly rewarded devotions.

I seated myself in the cuddy door, where I could talk to the skipper at the wheel.

"Wull, what d' ye think of Unc' Sime? What say? Wull, yaas, he 's pooty lively fer a patteryarch, ain't he? Wull, yaas, he 's allus lived on Codiac. An' he 's a great hand at Scripter. Why, when he used to lead meetin' he 'd wake 'em up on Codiac, I tell ye. I 've seen the mourners' bainch chock-full on Sunday night; but sakes! he wun't never go into the meetin'-haouse now, no more. Hey? Oh, 'cause o' the time the tide carried away his fish-haouse an' two hunnerd dawlers' wuth o' hake. Ye see, that was the year of the great easterly storm — month of September — e-quy-nockle wind-storm. Unc' Sime he 'lowed on the beach that the Lord pertected the righteous man, the upright liver; an' Unc' Sime he 'lowed that he would n't move his hake, for if the Lord thinked him a righteous-livin' man, he would

pertect hees fish an' proppitty. Wull, the rest o' the fishermen they 'lowed that a man must take keer o' hees proppitty hisself, an' then the Lord 'u'd look aout fer him. But Unc' Sime cal'lated that ef the Lord thinked thet he 'd done right by hees feller-man, he 'd see thet they waan't no harm come ter him or hisn. Wull, the winds blowed, and the storm be't, and sights and bodies! they jest bu'sted Sam Hill aouten Unc' Sime's fish-haouse. Why, they waan't enough left ter fill a mack'rel kit; an' there was Unc' Sime a-standin' on the hill a-wavin' his arms and hollerin' Scripter while his fish-haouse was goin' aout to sea at a twenty-knot pace. Wull, Unc' Sime he tuck ter the haouse and hees bed fer a spell, and to them what went over ter cheer him up a mite he said that he 'd been a sinner, and thet the Lord hed punished him by the sp'ilin' of his proppitty. But sights! Why, they ain't none on Codiac es hes lived sech a Christian life as Unc' Sime. Why, ef a man wunt to borry money, don't make no differ ef he ain't got no s'curity to give, Unc' Sime 'll let him hev it, an' I will say thet they ain't never been no one es hes cheated him. Sime! Why, you let Sime know es a man 's haard up, an' he 'll go an' give him money hisself, 'thout never requirin' no askin'. Thet's the kind of a Christian Sime is. But he wun't never go inside the meetin'-haouse, 'cause he lets on es the Lord 's been offended with him, an' hes shown his anger by settin' loose his fish-haouse.

"Oh, yaas, Unc' Sime 'll set on the step of the meetin'-haouse an' 'll jine in with the singin', but thet 's es far as he 'll go. Says he ain't fittin' to enter the Lord's haouse, an' that 's haow."

Afterward, for many Sundays, I saw Unc' Sime sitting on the meeting-house steps, rain or shine, and heard his still vigorous voice raised in the Lord's praise. I had many talks with him, and when we became intimate he confided to me his hope that some sign would be given to him that his offenses had been forgiven. At break of day one might find him at work in his flake-yard, turning his hake to the sun, but silently, for he reserved his quotations and exhortations for the fishing-ground, while the fish were biting. The summer slowly passed, and it required only one more day's sun to complete the curing of the fish. The hillside was covered with the flakes, and all the men were busy laying the white fish on the laths, the women and children lending eager hands. The freighter from Boston lay at anchor in the harbor, ready to take away the summer's catch, and prosperity seemed to smile upon the Codiacs.

All at once the lookout on the top of Thumb Cap Hill gave the signal that schools of mackerel were off the point, and there was a scurry among the men, who hurriedly launched the heavy seine-boats, and then ensued a race as to which should first reach the schools of fish, the track of which could now be plainly seen outside the harbor. Heavy thunder-heads had been gathering all day, and from the westward, where there was a huge pile of ruddy-looking cumulus cloud, came an occasional mutter of thunder; but the men gave no heed to the warning, for when the mackerel schools all else is forgotten. The freighter had brought news that "number one" mackerel were scarce, and bringing twenty cents in the Boston markets—the highest price of the summer. As the line of boats reached the spot where the school was playing, the fish disappeared as if by magic, and soon the point of land hid the last of the boats from view.

Large drops of rain began falling, and Unc' Sime, who alone had remained ashore, seated with me on an upturned cask, ejaculated sententiously: "We 're goin' to hev a heavy rain, I 'm sayin'."

"Had we not better begin to get some of the fish under cover?" I asked. He looked at me a moment, then an inspiration seemed to strike him. "Look ye," he said, "I 'm goin' to see ef the Lord 's forgive me."

As he spoke the women and children began hurriedly to sweep the fish into barrows and place them in stacks in the fish-houses. They worked so swiftly that in a short time only the bare racks remained on the hillside. But Unc' Sime continued to mutter to himself, and walk up and down between the rows of flakes which held his summer's work. When the women and boys had finished their labor they came over to the old man.

"Don't ye want a hand, Unc' Sime, to help git yer fish under kiver?" But he gave no answer.

Now the rain came down in earnest, the thunder rolled overhead, the fish were drenched. It seemed as though the water came from a cataract. The men came ashore, the school having sounded, as they sometimes do, and there was loud talk among the men at the foolhardiness of Unc' Sime in leaving his fish on the flakes.

"They 'll spot an' burn," said one, "an' wun't be wuth a dawler a thaousand."

"Seems like Sime 's in his childishness," said another. "There was a hunnerd dawlers' wuth of as fine hake as I ever see, an' Sime 's hove the money away. I wish, I gorry! I 'd 'a' be'n here. I 'd 'a' put 'em under kiver myself, ef Sime hed n't sense enough."

"You let Sime alone," said another. "Unc' Sime he 's got some plan or other into hees haid, I 'll bate, an' ye 'll see it too, bumby."

The rain stopped as suddenly as it began, and the following day, which was Saturday, dawned clear and sunny. All day the fish lay on the flakes, but Unc' Sime kept to his house in the cove. In the afternoon I went over to look at the fish. There were groups of men standing about, talking together.

"I never knowed nothin' like it to happen," said the deacon to the justice. "I sights! why, they hain't sp'ilt a mite. Sime 's got luck! Why, when I got my fish a leetle mite wet last summer, they wus all mildered, an' I hed ter heave 'em all away."

Then I saw Unc' Sime calmly come down the hill and begin to feel the fish. The men followed him from flake to flake, and when they reached the end, Unc' Sime turned to the deacon, and, raising his hands above his head, cried out: "A mericle! I 'm forgive! I tell ye I know it! I feel it! The Lord's forgive me for what I done, and the proof 's been give!"

He swayed this way and that, and would have fallen had not the deacon supported him. Then in a moment he was led to the squatty red house in the cove, and the door closed on him.

THE next morning I saw Unc' Sime walk boldly up the three steps of the meeting-house, and enter the door ahead of all the rest.

George Wharton Edwards.

AN EARLIER MANNER.

By the author of "Their Exits and Their Entrances," "The Whirligig of Time," etc.

"YOU don't know how I dread it," said Winifred Clarges.

"Why?" asked Clarges, idly catching thongs with a four-in-hand whip which he had just taken from Miss Gerty Tiverton after that young lady, the only guest in the house, had succeeded in breaking two of the large glazed jars that stood along the balustrade of the veranda, and in nearly frightening the love-birds out of their very limited intelligence.

"Why?" she repeated helplessly. "I have n't seen him for years, and I used to know him so well."

"I should think you would be rather interested — want to find out what sort of fellow he 'd got to be."

"I know," she replied doubtfully.

"There is something in this air of dismay," he continued, putting down the whip after swinging a series of perfect loops along its graceful length, "some mystery. Come — out with it!"

They had been married, as it seemed to them, for a very long time. Indeed, it was rather hard for them to realize that there had been a period when they had been unmarried; for their later life had completely driven all the interests and incidents of their former existences from their minds, so vivid was the present, so dim and uncertain that part when they had not been together. Actually it had been only a year before the June just past — it was now July — that the wedding had taken place. Still, it appeared to them that they were very old married people; and in truth they had lost something of the feeling of excitement that had been the inevitable accompaniment of the first months. In fact, they had passed the first matrimonial stage, and were entering the even more critical second period, when the success or failure of such a venture is really proved, when novelty has worn off, and two people are left with a truer realization of circumstances and of each other. It is the time that is most dangerous, and, passed fortunately, the future is assured; but even when the conditions are the best there are innumerable small adjustments that have to be made which must have a lasting influence, and it is a doubtful season. They were both intelligent young people, and typical enough, and their lives had been the lives of many others. Their courtship had been, as they thought, in no wise remarkable; and although their friend Mrs. Outton always maintained that they had had nothing at all to do with it, in their hearts they believed that they had been made for each other, and had consciously sought each other over land and sea until they finally found each other, loved, and were married. But Mrs. Outton would not listen to this romantic theory, and always contended that the marriage was, like everything else, merely a matter of fate. To a large extent they could do what they pleased and go where they pleased, and this summer it had pleased them to rent a cottage on the Long Island shore, where there was a club near by, which was generally a bore, and a number of other country houses not far off, which were sometimes amusing.

"I will tell you," she broke forth at length: "I think — I am not sure — but I think Jim Van Horn was rather fond of me at one time."

"Oh!" exclaimed Clarges.

"You need not be so astonished," she said

stiffly. "You were yourself; or at least you led me to believe that you were."

"Do you know," he replied slowly, "that I don't think you were so awfully clever to find that out. Really, when I look back, it must have been rather evident."

She glanced at him gratefully, for it was one of the things she liked about him, that he never saw fit to make use of the matrimonial "chaff" that in her heart she considered common, although it was a practice with so many of her friends.

"It was long—long ago," she confessed. "But really he may have been a little in love with me, and—I thought that he was very nice."

"In fact," said Clarges, "it was one of those times that you told me about, when—you 'played.'"

"Yes," she replied resolutely; "Jim Van Horn and I did 'play' a great deal. You see, it happened this way. I 'd always known him. He was the brother of the dearest friend I had, and as I was at the house a great deal, I saw Jim very constantly. All one winter—it must have been the winter you were in India—we 'played' together; and all one summer we 'played' even more in the country, for I was at the Van Horn house with Marion a very great deal."

"And Jim was perhaps in love with you, and you thought that you might perhaps be in love with Jim."

"I don't know about the first," she replied; "but you may be a little right about the last."

"That all seems quite regular," he said composedly. "Jim always was an attractive enough sort of rudimentary savage, and I don't wonder you liked him."

"I liked him a great deal," she insisted.

"Very well—a great deal," assented Clarges.

"And then," she went on, "Marion was married to Saxmundham, though he never expected to have the title then, and Jim was poor and went to the West,—for it was as long ago as the time of 'ranching,'—and I never have seen him from that time to this."

"And now," said Clarges, musingly, "he 's coming over from the Kempshotts', where he is staying, to call upon you?"

"Yes," she said.

"And some old ashes are going to be raked over, and, as every one knows, that is a thing it is n't wise to do."

"It is n't that," she said; "but I had n't thought of him for a long time."

"And you don't know what you may think?"

"It is n't that, either—exactly," she replied weakly.

"I don't suppose it is—exactly," he went on. "Still, we always have a tenderness for our early loves, especially when they have been cut off in the bloom of their youthfulness. An early love that has been allowed to hang upon the tree becomes sorely shriveled and dried up, but when it has been destroyed early, you never know how fine the fruit might have become."

"I believe," she said in a low voice, "that I liked him much better than I ever did *any* of the others."

"It was a very perfect blossom," commented Clarges. "Naturally you remember it."

"It was a long time ago," she repeated; "and indeed for a good while I did think about him a great deal. It does n't seem right."

"What?" he asked.

"That I should ever have been thinking of any one else," she murmured.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "*Then*, probably, you would n't have liked me in the least." And he added, "I am assuming that you do now."

"You know," she said, raising her eyes to his for a moment, and then letting them fall.

"Very likely," he continued, "if I had known you even three years—two years—earlier, you would never have listened to me at all."

"What a terribly unsatisfactory theory!" she exclaimed. "It seems to make everything so uncertain—so unsubstantial."

"Not in the least," he said. "We all change continually; and really, true consistency is nothing but change."

"Cuthbert!" she exclaimed.

"If you like, I 'll put it in another way," he continued. "It 's like the 'White Queen.' Really, it takes all the running around that one can do to stand in the same place—a great philosophical truth that has never been sufficiently understood."

"Honestly," she said, "I think that is horrible."

"Not a bit," he responded. "I only say that if we don't adapt ourselves, we are out of relation; or, in other words, if we don't change we are n't consistent."

"It appears very unsettling," she remonstrated.

"It is n't," he replied briskly. "Everything 's moving—growing—developing, and we 've got to move too."

"I suppose," she assented slowly, "that honestly we are different at different times. I know I have changed tremendously in ways. There is no use in denying that—I—" and she laughed softly. "You can't imagine that there was ever a time when I was like Gerty Tiverton."

"It 's difficult," he agreed.

"I was," she insisted. "I was just as thoughtless, and as careless, and as eager. I hate myself when I think of it. Really, you don't know what absurd things I used to do—such silly,

young things. I find myself turning red with mortification when I remember them, although I used to believe they were so magnificent. Indeed I am not sure," she concluded, "but that I was worse than Gerty."

"Oh, come!" said Clarges.

"I was," she insisted. "I was positively vulgar. I—I—what do you think I once did?"

"Give it up," replied Clarges, promptly.

"I will tell you," she said, "if you will agree never to refer to it again. I can't bear to think of it, and I should hate you if you spoke of it."

"All right," he answered; "I 'll promise."

"I—I—" said Winifred, beginning hesitatingly and going on with a rush—"I proposed to a man."

Clarges looked up, and laughed as he noticed her great earnestness.

"It was n't so very shocking, for of course I did n't mean it," she added hastily; "and yet it was. He was a very good, proper young man who was staying at a house where I was. I don't remember his name, but I think he was a professor or something, and he was very gentle and fearfully conceited. Every woman hated him, and really he was perfectly fair game, for his vanity was unbearable. I thought that I should amuse myself, and one afternoon, when all the other men had gone to see some horses, and it had begun to rain, and I was alone with him in the library, I proposed to him. I thought that he would be so startled and terrified!"

"Yes," said Clarges, interestedly.

"Well, he was n't," she said, the color mounting in her face—"not the least bit in the world. He took the whole affair very much in earnest—and—Cuthbert—he refused me!"

Clarges sent up a shout of laughter that caused the fox-terrier sleeping on the veranda steps to raise his head and look about alertly.

"You need not laugh," she said, half laughing herself, but with her lips trembling. "When I think about it now it seems awful. But really it was funny. He was serious and pompous. As I told you, he was a good young man, and he informed me that his prospects would not permit him to think of marriage, no matter what his personal feelings might be. I really think in my heart that the last was only a vague concession to politeness, and that nothing in the world would have induced him to have anything to do with me."

"And was that all?" asked Clarges.

"No," she said. "He was very conscientious, and he consulted a friend—without giving any names, of course—as to what he ought to do in such distressing circumstances. The friend guessed at once it was I, and was so delighted with his acuteness that he told some one, and it all came out—and—Cuthbert—then I thought that it was a tremendous joke, and was amused."

"It was a joke," said Clarges, slowly—"in a way."

"In a way—yes," she repeated; "but think of the person I must have been then to do such an undignified thing; and think of the state of mind that could have considered it diverting! Now, when I think of it, my cheeks fairly burn."

"It was an earlier manner," he said.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Have n't you noticed in art criticisms and catalogues of sales that some picture by a great master is often written up or down as being in his earlier, his later, or his last manner? Now it seems that this little episode was in your earliest manner—that is all."

"I was just out, and was n't any age at all."

"That 's it," he continued. "You see, I was right when I said that we all changed, and that then you would n't have liked me in the least."

"Oh, Cuthbert!" she cried, with a little remonstrant exclamation, "it does make everything seem awfully shifting!"

"As I said," he replied, "we have to shift to preserve a true adjustment. If you had n't grown out of yourself, and I had n't grown out of myself, we 'd never have suited each other now—and where should we have been? In fact, just now I was n't laughing altogether at what you told me. I was laughing a little at myself."

"What can you mean?" she demanded.

"That man," Clarges went on. "Was n't his name Dwinnells?"

"Yes," she replied; "I really believe that it was."

"And now he 's the Right Rev. Arthur Dwinnells, Bishop of Arapago."

"I don't know," she said; "but how did you ever hear of him?"

"I happened to know him then; his people had a place near us one summer in the country."

"But I don't see anything amusing—" she began.

"He told me the story."

"Really?" she exclaimed breathlessly. "*Really?*"

"Of course confidentially," resumed Clarges, "and, as you say, without a name. I remember thinking—and, I think, saying loftily—that such young women were good enough fun, but that he was perfectly right, as no man ever did marry that kind."

"Cuthbert!" she exclaimed. "And you married that young woman yourself!"

"I 'm not sure," responded Clarges. "You say that you 're not the same."

"I 'm the same person," she said.

"Are you?" he asked.

"Yes—no—I 'm not sure," she replied;

"it 's very perplexing. Honestly, I think I am beginning to wonder who I am, at all."

"You certainly would n't do now what you did then, nor anything like it."

"I should think not," she said decidedly, and again the color flushed across her face. "I have n't been like that for years and years."

"And I have n't been the same for years and years."

"How do you mean?" she asked.

"It 's a great many years since I should have considered such a thing seriously," he continued. "When we 're very young everything means a great deal or nothing at all. Now at that time I was a good deal overborne with the sense of my own importance, and everything meant a great deal. It was *my* earlier manner. I rather fancy I must have been a good deal of a prig, and that 's one reason among others that makes me say we should n't have suited each other."

"I can't believe it," she maintained stoutly.

"It would have been," he continued, "as it so often is when two people are very young. We would, as it were, have asserted our personalities too much, and never have agreed."

At that instant Miss Tiverton, clearly in a state of great excitement, appeared in the window.

"Oh!" she exclaimed quickly, "I 've got such a scheme! See!" and, advancing along the veranda, she held up something in her hand. "See what I have got. I noticed a little boy with one yesterday. It 's a sling made with a piece of rubber, and it works beautifully."

And in proof of the excellence of her contrivance Miss Tiverton descended to the walk, picked up a pebble, and, inserting it in her sling, shot with great accuracy and effect at the heavy head of a nodding rose.

"Gerty!" said Winifred, as the petals strewed the neat garden beds.

"I 'll tell you what we 'll do," Miss Tiverton went on, disregarding her hostess. "We 'll each of us have one, and we 'll get out the break, and go along the roads, and shoot at every dog that comes out to bark at us. It 'll teach them not to frighten horses, and will be such fun!"

"An earlier manner," observed Clarges, turning to Winifred.

"What does he mean?" asked the girl, ascending to the veranda and seating herself.

"He means," said Winifred, "that you are very young."

"I may be in years," said Miss Tiverton, sharply; "but I know a lot. Why, otherwise, do all the old gentlemen want to talk to me?"

"I suppose they find your extreme infancy a refreshing change," answered Winifred.

"I don't care," continued Miss Tiverton. "They are not all patriarchs, either. I met a man only a little while ago — before I left town, and he was n't old in the least — was exactly right, and he said that he liked a girl with spirit and animation and brightness and—"

"Meaning you, of course," said Clarges.

"And if he did," replied Miss Tiverton, irritably. "He was very nice, and had a great deal of experience, and knew. He said there was a time when he should n't have understood me."

"Oh!" laughed Winifred.

"That 's all right," agreed Clarges. "He meant that he knows enough to make allowances."

"I think you are extremely insulting," asserted the girl. "But I can tell you one thing. He said that he had once known a girl that was exactly like me, and that then he had thought her fearful, but that now he was n't sure but that he was in love with her."

"That seems tolerably direct," commented Clarges.

"You need not try to tease me," said the girl. "He did like me, and I don't pretend he did n't. He said that once he could have only thought me good fun, as he did the other, and nothing else —"

"And he thought that now you were something more?" demanded Clarges.

"I did n't say that," replied Miss Tiverton, modestly.

"It 's another case of the same thing," he remarked thoughtfully.

"What?" asked the girl.

"We were saying," he answered, "that we are never the same."

"But I am, I 'm sure," said the girl. "I don't change," she went on indignantly; for with all her sportive proclivities, as is often the case with those so disposed, Miss Tiverton was exceedingly sentimental; "I 'm very constant."

"Constancy," said Clarges, "is adjustment."

Both Winifred and Miss Tiverton exclaimed together.

"It 's true," he maintained; "and the only reason why you find any constancy in people is because they change together, make mental adjustments, like lovers who are really suitable, or people fortunately married."

"That is better," approved Winifred.

"This has all come," continued Clarges, turning to Miss Tiverton, "because Winifred has some one coming to see her for whom she once had a fancy."

"Oh," cried the girl, delightedly, "a romance!"

"Not at all," answered Winifred, severely. "It 's only a man that I liked very much when I was younger, and whom I have not seen for a long time."

"I should rather call that a romance," said Miss Tiverton, decidedly. "I know! You are wondering what he will think of you, and what you will think of him, and whether it is n't possible that you might, after all, have liked him better than Cuthbert."

"A rival!" ejaculated Clarges, melodramatically. "The inevitable 'other man' at last!"

"I wish you would n't say such things," exclaimed Winifred, hotly, and with rising color, as she turned to her friend. "It 's absurd and outrageous, and I don't like it!"

"It 's true; it 's true!" crowed Miss Tiverton. "See how she 's blushing!"

"No," contended Winifred, decidedly; "I know it is n't—that is, not exactly." She hesitated a moment, and then continued uncertainly; for she was an uncompromisingly truthful person, and was always anxious to convey exactly the idea she had in her mind. "Of course there could n't be any chance of that, really. But I was thinking it would seem changeable if, when I liked him so very much once, I did n't like him as much now. And as I really liked him a great deal — I believe I had a silly sort of girlish fancy about him — I thought it would be — strange now. I was just thinking along — theoretically."

"But," insisted Miss Tiverton, "if you thought about it at all, there must have been something in it, for a man is n't an abstract idea."

"I don't believe you are right," continued Winifred, earnestly. "It 's nonsense, and — I wish he was n't coming."

"It is awfully inconsiderate," said Clarges. "The people who belong to another time don't know how awkward they make it when they intrude themselves upon the present. Everything is all settled, and they come, ghost-like, as a disturbing element. A *revenant* is always a very awkward quantity."

Although Miss Tiverton looked at him inquisitively, she was utterly unable to satisfy herself as to the spirit in which he spoke. She should have liked to consider that he was jealous, but there was nothing in his utterance or his manner to encourage her in such an attractive and exciting fancy.

"It is very trying," said Winifred, decidedly. "One ought not to change, you know; and yet if one does n't — "

Clarges laughed. "It would be very complicated," he suggested.

"I don't know what to think about it, at all," she said impatiently. "It is very humiliating and contemptible, and I wish I were sure — "

"That you did n't like the man?" asked Miss Tiverton, still bent upon some discovery.

"Gertrude," began the other, severely; but before she could say more a servant appeared with a card, at which she glanced hurriedly. "I shall have to go," she continued, rising; "he is here."

"And my fate is to be decided," said Clarges.

"Don't you tremble?" said Miss Tiverton. "Think what it may mean!"

"I know," replied Clarges, shaking his head, "it is a critical moment. What will be the impression?"

"You may laugh," said Winifred, facing them; "but it is always a serious thing seeing a person whom you once knew very well, and on whom you have not set eyes for years."

"Especially when there has been a little romance in it," Miss Tiverton called, as her hostess retreated down the veranda.

The fox-terrier mounted the steps, but neither noticed him.

"Who is this man?" asked the girl.

"Winifred will tell you. It 's her affair," replied Clarges.

The fox-terrier, standing in front of him, claimed his attention, and, bending over, he meditatively crumpled the soft ears.

NEITHER Clarges nor the young girl had spoken for some time, but both idly sat still, listening to the dull, hot summer sounds. Miss Tiverton was distinctly becoming bored.

"Do you think Winifred will be long?" she asked at length, realizing that such a long calm was becoming monotonous.

"That depends," replied Clarges.

"On whether she is interested," said the girl. "Are n't you afraid? Just think — an early adorer! You ought to be very anxious."

"I am — " began Clarges, with a laugh.

He did not finish, for Winifred appeared at the door, and walked slowly toward them over the rugs scattered along the dark-stained floor.

"Here she is now!" cried Miss Tiverton, looking up delightedly. "Winifred, tell me at once about the interview. Did n't you find him all that your fancy painted?"

"He was exactly the same," replied the other, slowly; "if anything, a little better-looking — "

"Was he nice?" continued Miss Tiverton.

"He was charming," said her friend.

"You ought to be jealous!" exclaimed the girl, turning to Clarges.

"Rather," he answered. "Handsome — charming — "

"Gertrude," said Winifred, sharply, "don't be ridiculous! And I wish you would go to the drawing-room at once. I told Mr. Van Horn that you were staying with us, and he asked at once to see you."

"Mr. Van Horn!" exclaimed Miss Tiverton.

"Of course; and he seems to know you very well."

"Why," replied Miss Tiverton, springing up, "he is the man about whom I was telling you!"

"Who once did n't like the girl who was exactly like you," said Clarges, as he threw back his head with a shout.

"Yes," answered the girl. "But why are you amused?"

"Never mind," he answered. "Run along and see Van Horn, for he must be getting impatient; and be sure that you ask him to luncheon."

"I will," cried Miss Tiverton, as she speedily vanished. "Oh, I 'm so glad he has come!"

The summer sounds continued with a slumberous monotony that was more lulling than complete silence. Winifred sat down in the chair which she had before occupied, and gazed out on the lawn with tightened lips, and with a thoughtful wrinkle across her forehead.

"It must have been me that he meant," she said at length.

"Undoubtedly," said her husband.

"And he thought I was only good fun! Well, really, I suppose he was right."

"You should be satisfied when he announced that he was not sure but that now he could be in love with you."

"As I was then," she said.

"Of course, as you were then," he assented.

"That is just it," said Winifred.

"What do you mean?" he said, perplexed and interested.

"Do you know," she replied slowly, "I think he has been troubled, after a fashion, in the same way that I have been — by a memory."

"Oh!" ejaculated Clarges.

"Yes," she went on; "I am not sure but that, remembering me, he has been afraid that he might like me more than Gerty, and he has been afraid."

"To ask her to marry him?" asked Clarges.

"Yes," she said.

Again he laughed.

"What troublesome things these memories and other selves are!" he said. "Here we have been all the morning bothered with them."

"Yes," she said, laughing with easy amusement. "Do you know, I really was bothered."

"I saw it," he answered.

"And did n't you care?"

"Of course I did," he replied.

"How foolish it was of you!" she said softly.

"Possibly," he said.

"Of course it was," she insisted.

"Of course it was," he agreed.

"You see, he did n't approve of me at all at the time," she continued. "Don't you think I ought to feel fearfully incensed and humiliated to discover that really he did n't care about me, after all?"

"But since he has grown into seeing the error of his ways —"

"But they were n't errors," she said decidedly. "I think I 'm nicer than I was then, just as Gerty will be nicer some day than she is now."

"Yes," he assented.

"And if that is so," she said, rising, "don't you see the difficulty?"

"No," he confessed.

"Why," she said excitedly, "the trouble is not so much that we change — the trouble really is that people who have known us at another time always think of us as we were at that time, and treat us accordingly. Oh, it is unbearable, and I dislike him, and I know he hated me!"

"What happened?" asked Clarges.

"Nothing," she answered.

"Really?" he said. "There is something else. I have n't heard the last word. There 's still the answer to the enigma."

"It was unpardonable!" she exclaimed, walking to and fro, and speaking as if she had not denied there was anything further. "The very first thing, almost, that he did was to ask me, with a laugh, about the man to whom I proposed. I had forgotten that he knew about it. And — and he treated it just as if it were the most natural thing for me to do, and as if it were a tremendous joke. I told you I should hate you if you spoke of it, and you may imagine how I hated him. It seemed to take me back years, and put me on quite another plane. I don't want to see him. The sight of him only makes me think of myself as I was, and I don't want to think of that; and — and one of the reasons I love you is because you take me for what I am now — what I have become — and because with you I can be my real self — my latter self, which is my real self — Cuthbert — do you understand?"

"I think I do," he said quietly.

"Oh," she exclaimed, with a slight shudder, "that horrid man! He only thinks of me in — what did you call it? — my earlier manner; and I hate — hate — hate that and him!"

Clarges rose, and put his hand on hers where it rested for a moment on the balustrade.

"Come!" he said. "Gerty will want Van Horn to stay for luncheon."

"Must we ask him?" she begged.

"Gerty will want it, and" — Clarges smiled — "since you have destroyed his ideal, he may want to stay on her account."

"Very well," she sighed. "But, oh, Cuthbert, I am so glad that we did n't know each other always!"

George A. Hibbard.

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

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WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

XLV.

IT was past midday when Paul Griggs reached the Palazzetto Borgia and inquired for Donna Francesca. He was told that she was out. It was her custom, the porter said, always to breakfast on Sundays with her relatives the Prince and Princess of Gerano. Griggs asked at what time she might be expected to return. The porter put on a vague look, and said that it was impossible to tell. Sometimes she went to St. Peter's on Sunday afternoon to hear vespers. Vespers began at twenty-two o'clock or half-past twenty-two—between half-past three and four by French time—at that season of the year.

Griggs turned away, and wandered about for half an hour in the vicinity of the palace, uncertain as to what he should do, and yet determined not to lose sight of the necessity for immediate action of some sort. At last he went back to the Piazza di Spagna, intending to write a word of warning to Lord Redin, though he knew that the latter would pay very little attention to anything of such a nature. Like most foreigners, he would laugh at the idea of being attacked in the streets. Even in an interview it would not be easy to persuade him of the truth which Griggs had discovered more by intuition and through his profound knowledge of the Roman character than by any chain of evidence.

Lord Redin had gone out, he was told. It was impossible to say with any certainty whether this was true or not, and Griggs wrote a few words on his card, sealed the latter in an envelop, and left it to be delivered to the Scotchman. Then he went back to the Via della Frezza, determined to renew his attempt to see Francesca Campodonico at a later hour.

At the door of the little wine-shop Stefanone was seated on one of the rush stools, his hat tilted over his eyes, and his white-stockinged legs crossed. He was smoking and looking down, but he recognized Griggs's step at some distance, and raised his eyes. Griggs nodded to him familiarly, passing along on the other side of the narrow street, and he saw Stefanone's expression. There was a look of cunning and amusement in the contraction of the pale lids which the younger man did not like. Stefanone spoke to him across the street.

"You are well returned, Signore," he said, in the common phrase of greeting after an absence.

The words were civil enough, but there was something of mockery in the tone. Griggs might not have noticed it at any other time, but his thoughts had been occupied with Stefanone during the last two hours, and he resented what sounded like insolence. The tone implied that he had been on a fool's errand, and that Stefanone knew it. He said nothing, but stood still and scrutinized the man's face. There was an unwonted color about the cheek-bones, and the keen eyes sparkled under the brim of the soft hat. Stefanone had a solid head, and was not given to drinking, especially in the morning; but Griggs guessed that to-day he had drunk more than usual. The man's next words convinced him of the fact.

"Signore," he said, slowly rising, "will you favor us by tasting the wine I brought last week? There is no one in the shop yet, for it is early. If you will, we can drink a glass."

"Thank you," answered Griggs. "I have not eaten yet."

"Then Sor Angoscia did not ask you to breakfast!" laughed Stefanone, insolently. "At midday, too! It was just the hour! But perhaps he invited you to his supper, for it is ordered."

And he laughed again. Griggs glanced at him once more, and then went quietly on toward his own door. He saw that the man had drunk too much, and the idea of bandying words in the attempt to rebuke him was distasteful. Griggs had very rarely lost his temper so far as to strike a man even in former days, and it had seemed to him of late that he could never be really angry again. Nothing could ever again be of enough importance to make it worth while. If a man of his own class had insulted him he would have directed his double, as it were, to resent the offense, but he himself would have remained utterly indifferent.

The one-eyed cobbler was not in his place, as it was Sunday. If he had been there Griggs would very probably have told him to watch Stefanone, and to try and keep him in the wine-shop until he should grow heavy over his wine and fall asleep. In that state he would at least

be harmless. But the cobbler was not there. Griggs went up to his rooms to wait until a later hour, when he might hope to find Francesca.

Stefanone, being left alone, sat down again, pulled his hat over his eyes once more, and felt in his pocket for his clasp-knife. His mind was by no means clear; for he had eaten nothing, he had swallowed a good deal of strong wine, and he had made up his mind that he must kill his enemy on that day or never. The intention was well defined, but that was all. He had put off his vengeance too long. It was true that he had not yet caught Dalrymple alone in a quiet street at night — that is to say, under the most favorable circumstances imaginable; but more than once he might have fallen upon him suddenly from a doorway in a narrow lane, in which there had been only a few women and children to see the deed, if they saw it at all. He knew well enough that in Rome the fear of being in any way implicated in a murder, even as a witness, would have made women, and probably men too, run indoors or out of the way rather than interfere or pursue him. He told himself, therefore, that he had been unreasonably cautious, and that unless he acted quickly Lord Redin, being warned by Griggs, would take measures of self-defense which might put him beyond the reach of the clasp-knife forever. Stefanone's ideas about the power of an "English lord" were vague in the extreme.

He had not been exactly frightened by Griggs's sudden accusation that morning, but he had been made nervous and vicious by the certainty that his intentions had been discovered. Peasant-like, not being able to hit on a plan for immediate success, he had excited himself and stimulated his courage with drink. His eyes were already a little bloodshot, and the flush on his high cheek-bones showed that he was in the first stage of drunkenness, which under present circumstances was the most dangerous, and might last all day with a man of his age and constitution, provided that he did not drink too fast. And there was little fear of that, for the Roman is cautious in his cups, and drinks slowly, never wishing to lose his head, and indeed very much ashamed of ever being seen in a helpless condition.

By this time he was well acquainted with Lord Redin's habits; and though Griggs had been told that the Scotchman was out, Stefanone knew very well that he was at home, and would not leave the hotel for another hour or more.

Leaning back against the wall and tipping the stool, he swung his white-stockinged legs thoughtfully.

"One must eat," he remarked aloud to himself.

He held his head a little on one side, thoughtfully considering the question of food. Then he turned his face slowly toward the low door of the shop, and sniffed the air. Something was cooking in the back regions within. Stefanone nodded to himself, rose, pulled out a blue-and-red cotton handkerchief, and proceeded to dust his well-blacked low shoes and steel buckles with considerable care, setting first one foot and then the other upon the stool.

"Let us eat," he said aloud, folding his handkerchief again and returning it to his pocket.

He went in and sat down at one of the trestle-tables, a heavy board, black with age. The host was nodding on a chair in the corner, a fat man in a clean white apron, with a round, red face and fat, red prominences over his eyes, with thin eyebrows that were scarcely perceptible.

Stefanone rapped on the board with his knuckles; the host awoke, looked at him with a pleased smile, made an interrogatory gesture, and, having received an affirmative nod for an answer, retired into the dark kitchen. In a moment he returned with a huge earthenware plate of soup, in which a couple of large pieces of fat meat bobbed lazily as he set the dish on the table. Then he brought bread, a measure of wine, an iron spoon, and a two-pronged fork.

Stefanone ate the soup without a word, breaking great pieces of bread into it. Then he pulled out his clasp-knife and opened it; the long blade, as keen as a razor and slightly curved, but dark and dull in color, snapped to its place as the ring at the back fell into the corresponding sharp notch. With affected delicacy, Stefanone held it between his thumb and one finger, and drew the edge across the fat boiled meat, which fell into pieces almost at a touch, though it was tough and stringy. The host watched the operation approvingly. At that time it was forbidden to carry such knives in Rome unless the point were round and blunt. The Roman always stabs; he never cuts his man's throat in a fight or in a murder.

"It is a prohibited weapon," observed the fat man, smiling, "but it is very beautiful. Poor Christian, if he finds it between his ribs! He would soon be cold. It is a consolation at night to have such a toy."

"Truly, it is the consolation of my soul," answered Stefanone.

"Say a little, dear friend," said the fat man, sitting down, and resting his bare elbows upon the table; "that arm, has it ever sent any one to paradise?"

"And then I should tell you!" exclaimed Stefanone, laughing, and he sipped some wine and smacked his lips. "But, no," he added presently; "I am a pacific man. If they touch me — woe! But I, to touch any one? Not even a fly."

"Thus I like men," said the host: "serious,

full of scruples, people who drink well, quiet, quiet, and pay better."

"So we are at Subiaco," answered Stefanone.

He very carefully cleaned his knife on a piece of bread, laid it open beside him, and threw the crust to a lean dog that appeared suddenly from beneath the table, as though it had come up through a trap-door; the half-famished creature bolted the bread with a snap and a gulp and disappeared again as suddenly and silently, just in time to avoid the fat man's slow, heavy hand.

When he had finished eating, Stefanone produced his little piece of oilstone, which he carried wrapped in dingy paper, and having greased it, proceeded to draw the blade over it slowly and smoothly.

"Apoplexy!" ejaculated the host. "Are you not contented? Or perhaps you wish to shave with it?"

"Thus I keep it," answered the peasant, smiling. "A minute here, a minute there. The time costs nothing. What am I doing? Nothing. I digest. To pass time I sharpen the knife. I am like this. I say it is a sin to waste time."

Every now and then he sipped his wine, but there was no perceptible change in his manner, for he was careful to keep himself just at the same level of excitement, neither more nor less.

Half an hour later he was smoking his pipe in the Piazza di Spagna, lounging near the great fountain in the sunshine, his eyes generally turned toward the door of the hotel. He waited a long time, and replenished his pipe more than once.

"This would be the only thing wanting," he said impatiently and half aloud: "that just to-day he should not go out."

But Lord Redin appeared at last, dressed as though he were going to make a visit. He looked about the square, standing still on the threshold for a moment, and two small open cabs drove up. But he shook his head, consulted his watch, and strode away in the direction of the Propaganda.

Stefanone guessed that he was going to the Palazzetto Borgia, and followed him as usual at a safe distance, threading the winding ways toward the Piazza di Venezia. There used to be a small café then under the corner of that part of the Palazzo Torlonia which has now been pulled down. Lord Redin entered it, and Stefanone lingered on the other side of the street. A man passed him who sold acqua-vita and melon-seeds, and Stefanone drank a glass of the one and bought a measure of the other. The Romans are fond of the taste of the tiny dry kernel which is found inside the broad white shell of the seed. Presently Lord Redin came out, wiping his mouth with his handkerchief, and went on. Stefanone followed him again, walking fast when his enemy had turned a corner, and slackening his speed as soon as he caught sight of him again.

Francesca was out. He saw Lord Redin's look of annoyance as the latter turned away after speaking with the porter, and he fell back into the shadow of a doorway, expecting that the Scotchman would take the street by which he had come. But Dalrymple turned down the narrow lane beside the palace, in the direction of the Tiber. Stefanone's bloodshot eyes opened suddenly as he sprang after him; with a quick movement he got his knife out, opened it, and thrust his hand, with it open, into the wide pocket of his jacket. Lord Redin had never gone down that lane before, to Stefanone's knowledge, and it was a hundred to one that at that hour no one would be about. Stefanone himself did not know the place.

Dalrymple must have heard the quick and heavy footsteps of the peasant behind him, but it would not have been at all like him to turn his head. With loose, swinging gait he strode along, and his heavy stick made high little echoes as it struck the dry cobblestones.

Stefanone was very near him. His eyes glared redly, and his hand with the knife in it was half out of his pocket. In ten steps more he would spring and strike upward, as Romans do. He chose the spot on the dark overcoat where his knife should go through, below the shoulder-blade, at the height of the small ribs on the left side. His lips were parted and dry.

There was a loud scream of anger, a tremendous clattering noise, and a sound of feet. Stefanone turned suddenly pale, and his hand went to the bottom of his pocket again.

On an open door-step lay a copper *conca* (the Roman water-jar), a wretched dog was rushing down the street with something in its mouth in front of Lord Redin, a woman was pursuing it with yells, swinging a small wooden stool in her right hand, to throw it at the dog, and in a moment the neighbors were on their door-steps. Stefanone slunk under the shadow of the wall, grinding his teeth. The chance was gone. The streets beyond were broader and more populous.

Lord Redin went steadily onward, evidently familiar with every turn of the way, down to the Tiber, across the bridge of Quattro Capi, and over the island of St. Bartholomew to Trastevere, turning then to the right through the straight Lungaretta, past Santa Maria and under the heights of San Pietro in Montorio, and so to the Lungara and by Santo Spirito to the Piazza of St. Peter's. He walked fast, and on the way Stefanone twice wiped the perspiration from his forehead, for he was ner-

vous from the tension and the disappointment, and felt suddenly weak.

The Scotchman never paused, but crossed the vast square and went up the steps of the basilica. He was evidently going to hear the vespers. Then Stefanone, instead of following him into the church, sat down outside the wine-shop on the right, just opposite the end of the Colonnade. He ordered a measure of wine and prepared to wait, for he guessed that Lord Redin would remain in the church at least an hour.

XLVI.

Lord Redin lifted the heavy leathern curtain of the door on the right of the main entrance to the basilica, and went into the church. For some reason or other, the majority of people go in by that door rather than by the other. It may be that the reason is a very simple one, after all. Most people are right-handed, and of any two doors side by side leading into the same place will instinctively take the one on the right. The practice of passing to the left in the street, in almost all old countries, was for the sake of safety, in order that a man might have his sword hand toward any one he met.

The air of the church was warm, and had a faint odor of incense in it. The temperature of the vast building varies but little with the seasons: going into it in winter, it seems warm; in summer it is very cold. On that day there were not many people in the nave, though a soft sound of unceasing footsteps broke the stillness. Very far away an occasional strain of music floated on the air from the Chapel of the Choir, the last on the left before the transept is reached. Lord Redin walked leisurely in the direction of the sound.

The chapel was full, and the canons were intoning the psalms of the office. At the conclusion of each one the choir sang the "Gloria" from the great organ-loft on the right. It chanced that there were a number of foreigners on that day, and they had filled all the available space within the gate; and there was a small crowd outside, pressing as close as possible in order to hear the voices more distinctly. Lord Redin was taller than most men, and looking over the heads of the others he saw Francesca Campodonico's pale profile in the thick of the press. She evidently wished to extricate herself, and she seemed to be suffering from the closeness, for she pressed her handkerchief nervously to her lips, and her eyes were half closed. Lord Redin forced his way to her without much consideration for the people who hindered him. A few minutes later he brought her out on the side toward the transept.

"Thank you," said Francesca. "I should like to sit down. I had almost fainted—there was a woman next to me who had musk about her."

They went round the pillar of the dome to the south transept, where there are almost always a number of benches set along the edges of a huge green baize carpet. They sat down together on the end of one of the seats.

"We can go back by and by, and hear the music, if you like," said Francesca. "The psalms will last some time longer."

"I would rather sit here and talk, since I have had the good luck to meet you," answered Lord Redin, resting his elbows on his knees, and idly poking the green carpet with the end of his stick. "I went to your house, and they told me that you would very probably be here."

"Yes; I often come. But you know that, for we have met here before. I only stay at home on Sundays when it rains."

"Oh! Is that the rule?"

"Yes; if you call it a rule," answered Francesca.

"I like to know about the things you do, and how you spend your life," said the Scotchman, thoughtfully.

"Do you? Why? There is nothing very interesting about my existence, it seems to me."

"It interests me. It makes me feel less lonely to know about some one else—some one I like very much."

Francesca looked at her companion with an expression of pity. She was lonely, too, but in a different way. The little drama of her life had run sadly and smoothly. She was willing to give the man her friendship, if it could help him, rather because he seemed to ask for it in a mute fashion than because she desired his.

"Lord Redin," she said, after a little pause, "do you always mean to live in this way?"

"Alone? Yes. It is the only way I can live at my age."

"At your age—would it make any difference if you were younger?" asked Francesca. She dropped her voice to a low key. "You would never marry again, even if you were much younger."

"Marry!" His shoulders moved with a sort of little start. "You do not know what you are saying!" he added, almost under his breath, though she heard the words distinctly.

She looked at him again, in silence, during several seconds, and she saw how the color sank away from his face, till the skin was like old parchment. The hand that held the heavy stick tightened round it, and grew yellow at the knuckles.

"Forgive me," she said gently. "I am very thoughtless—it is the second time."

He did not speak for some moments, but she understood his silence and waited. The air was very quiet, and the enormous pillar of the dome

almost completely shut off the echo of the distant music. The low afternoon sun streamed levelly through the great windows of the apse, for the basilica is built toward the west. There were very few people in the church that day. The sun made visible beams across the high shadows overhead.

Suddenly Lord Redin spoke again. There was something weak and tremulous in the tone of his rough voice.

"I am very much attached to you for two reasons," he said. "We have known each other long, but not intimately."

"That is true. Not very intimately."

Francesca did not know exactly what to say. But for his manner and for his behavior a few moments earlier, she might have fancied that he was about to offer himself to her; but such an idea was very far from her thoughts. Her woman's instinct told her that he was going to tell her something in the nature of a confidence.

"Precisely," he continued. "We have never been intimate. The reason why we have not been intimate is one of the reasons why I am more attached to you than you have ever guessed."

"That is complicated," said Francesca, with a smile. "Perhaps the other reason may be simpler."

"It is very simple, very simple indeed, though it will not seem natural to you. You are the only very good woman I ever knew who made me feel that she was good instead of making me see it. Perhaps you think it unnatural that I should be attracted by goodness at all. But I am not very bad, as men go."

"No; I do not believe you are. And I am not so good as you think." She sighed softly.

"You are much better than I once thought," answered Lord Redin. "Once upon a time—well, I should only offend you, and I know better now. Forgive me for thinking of it. I wish to tell you something else."

"If it is something which has been your secret, it is better not told," said Francesca, quietly. "One rarely makes a confidence that one does not regret it."

"You are a wise woman." He looked at her thoughtfully. "And yet you must be very young."

"No. But though I have had my own life apart, I have lived outwardly very much in the world, although I am still young. Most of the secrets which have been told me have been repeated to me by the people in whom others had confided."

"All that is true," he answered. "Nevertheless—" He paused. "I am desperate!" he exclaimed, with sudden energy. "I cannot bear this any longer—I am alone, always, always. Sometimes I think I shall go mad! You do not know what a life I lead. I have not even a vice to comfort me!" He laughed low and savagely. "I tried to drink, but I am sick of it—it does no good! A man who has not even a vice is a very lonely man."

Francesca's clear eyes opened wide with a startled look, and gazed toward his averted face, trying to catch his glance. She felt that she was close to something very strong and dreadful which she could not understand.

"Do not speak like that!" she said. "No one is lonely who believes in God."

"God!" he exclaimed bitterly. "God has forgotten me, and the devil will not have me!" He looked at her at last, and saw her face. "Do not be shocked," he said, with a sorrowful smile. "If I were as bad as I seem to you just now, I should have cut my throat twenty years ago."

"Hush! Hush!" Francesca did not know what to say.

His manner changed a little, and he spoke more calmly.

"I am not eloquent," he said, looking into her eyes. "You may not understand; but I have suffered a great deal."

"Yes; I know that. I am very sorry for you."

"I think you are," he answered. "That is why I want to be honest and tell you the truth about myself. For that reason, and because I cannot bear it any longer. I cannot, I cannot!" he repeated in a low, despairing tone.

"If it will help you to tell me, then tell me," said Francesca, kindly. "But I do not ask you to. I do not see why we should not be the best of friends without my knowing this thing which weighs on your mind."

"You will understand when I have told you," answered Lord Redin. "Then you can judge whether you will have me for a friend or not. It will seem very bad to you. Perhaps it is. I never thought so. But you are a Roman Catholic, and that makes a difference."

"Not in a question of right and wrong."

"It makes the question what it is. You shall hear."

He paused a moment, and the lines and furrows deepened in his face. The sun was sinking fast, and the long beams had faded away out of the shadows. There was no one in sight now, but the music of the benediction service echoed faintly in the distance. Francesca felt her heart beating with a sort of excitement she could not understand; and though she did not look at her companion, her ears were strained to catch the first word he spoke.

"I married a nun," he said simply.

Francesca started.

"A Sister of Charity?" she asked, after a moment's dead silence. "They do not take vows—"

"No; a nun from the Carmelite Convent of Subiaco."

His words were very distinct. There was no mistaking what he said. Francesca shrank from him instinctively, and uttered a low exclamation of repugnance and horror.

"That is not all," continued Lord Redin, with a calm that seemed supernatural. "She was your kinswoman. She was Maria Braccio, whom every one believed was burned to death in her cell."

"But her body — they found it! It is impossible!" She thought he must be mad.

"No; they found another body. I put it into the bed and set fire to the mattress. It was burned beyond recognition, and they thought it was Maria. But it was the body of old Stefanone's daughter. I lived in his house. The girl poisoned herself with some of my chemicals — I was a young doctor in those days. Maria and I were married on board an English man-of-war, and we lived in Scotland after that. Gloria was the daughter of Maria Braccio, the Carmelite nun — your kinswoman."

Francesca pressed her handkerchief to her lips. She felt as though she were losing her senses. Minute after minute passed, and she could say nothing. From time to time Lord Redin glanced sideways at her. He breathed hard once or twice, and his hands strained upon his stick as though they would break it in two.

"Then she died," he said. When he had spoken the three words, he shivered from head to foot, and was silent.

Still Francesca could not speak. The sacrilege of the deed was horrible in itself. To her, who had grown up to look upon Maria Braccio as a holy woman cut off in her youth by a frightful death, the truth was overwhelmingly awful. She strove within herself to find something upon which she could throw the merest shadow of an extenuation, but she could find nothing.

"You understand now why, as an honorable man, I wished to tell you the truth about myself," he said, speaking almost coldly in the effort he was making at self-control. "I could not ask for your friendship until I had told you."

Francesca turned her white face slowly toward him in the dusk, and her lips moved, but she did not speak. She could not in that first moment find the words she wanted. She felt that she shrank from him, that she never wished to touch his hand again. Doubtless, in time, she might get over the first impression. She wished that he would leave her to think about it.

"Can you ever be my friend now?" he asked gravely.

"Your friend —" She stopped, and shook her head sadly. "I — I am afraid —" She could not go on.

Lord Redin rose slowly to his feet.

"No; I am afraid not," he said.

He waited a moment, but there was no reply.

"May I take you to your carriage?" he asked gently.

"No, thank you. No — that is — I am going home in a cab. I would rather be alone — please."

"Then good-by."

The lonely man went away and left her there. His head was bent, and she thought that he walked unsteadily, as she watched him. Suddenly a great wave of pity filled her heart. He looked so very lonely. What right had she to judge him? Was she perfect, because he called her good? She called him before he turned the great pillar of the dome.

"Lord Redin! Lord Redin!"

But her voice was weak, and in the vast, dim place it did not reach him. He went on alone, past the high altar, round the pillar, down the nave. The benediction service was not quite over yet, but every one who was not listening to the music had left the church. He went toward the door by which he had entered. Before going out he paused, and looked toward the little chapel on the right of the entrance. He hesitated, and then went to it, and stood leaning with his hands upon the heavy marble balustrade, that was low for his great height as he stood on the step.

A single silver lamp sent a faint light upward that lingered upon the Pietà above the altar, upon the marble limbs of the dead Christ, upon the features of the Blessed Virgin, the Addolorata — the sorrowing mother.

Bending a little, as though very weary, the friendless, wifeless, childless man raised his furrowed face and looked up. There was no hope any more, and his despair was heavy upon him whose young love had blasted the lives of many.

His teeth were set — he could have bitten through iron. He trembled a little, and as he looked upward two dreadful tears — the tears of the strong, which are as blood — welled from his eyes and trickled down upon his cheeks.

"Maria Addolorata!" he whispered.

XLVII.

FRANCESCA had half risen from her seat when she had seen that Lord Redin did not hear her voice calling to him. Then she realized that she could not overtake him without running since he had got so far, and she kept her place, leaning back once more, and trying to collect her thoughts before going home. The music was still going on in the Chapel of the

Choir, and though it was dusk in the vast church, it would not be dark for some time. The vergers did not make their rounds to give warning of the hour of closing until sunset. Francesca sat still, and tried to understand what she had heard. She was nervous and shaken, and she wished that she were already at home. The great dimness of the lonely transept was strangely mysterious, and the tale of the dead girl, burned to take the place of the living, was gruesome, and made her shiver with disgust and horror. She started nervously at the sound of a distant footstep.

But the strongest impression she had was that of abhorrence for the unholy deeds of the man who had just left her. To a woman for whom religion, in its forms as well as in its meaning, was the mainstay of life on earth and the hope of life to come, the sacrilege of the crime seemed supernatural. She felt as though it must be in some way her duty to help in expiating it, lest the punishment of it should fall upon all her race. And as she thought it over, trying to look at it as simply as she could, she surveyed at a glance the whole chain of the fatal story, and saw how many terrible things had followed upon that one great sin, and how very nearly she herself had been touched by its consequences. She had been involved in it, and had become a part of it. She had felt it about her for years in her friendship for Reanda. It had contributed to the causes of his death, if it had not actually caused it. She, in helping to bring about his marriage with the daughter of her sinning kinswoman, had unconsciously made a link in the chain. Her friendship for the artist no longer looked as innocent as formerly. Gloria had accused him of loving her, Francesca. Had she not loved him? Whether she had or not, she had done things which had wounded his innocent young wife. In a sudden and painful illumination of the past she saw that she herself had not been sinless; that she had been selfish, if nothing worse; that she had craved Reanda's presence and devoted friendship, if nothing more; that death had taken from her more than a friend. She saw all at once the vanity of her own belief in her own innocence, and she accused herself very bitterly of many things which had been quite hidden from her until then.

She was roused by a footstep behind her, and she started at the sound of a voice she knew, but which had changed oddly since she had last heard it. It was stern, deep, and clear still, but the life was gone out of it. It had an automatic sound.

"I beg your pardon, princess," said Paul Griggs, stopping close to her behind the bench. "May I speak to you for a moment?"

She turned her head. As the sun went down the church grew lighter for a little while, as it often does. Yet she could hardly see the man's eyes at all as she looked into his face. They were all in the shadow and had no light in them.

"Sit down," she said mechanically.

She could not refuse to speak to him, and, indeed, she would not have refused to receive him had she been at home when he had called that day. Society gave her no right to treat him rudely because she disapproved of his past life. For the rest, she had liked him in former times, and she believed that there was much more good in him than at first appeared.

She was almost glad that he had disturbed her solitude just then, for a nervous sense of loneliness was creeping upon her; and though there had been nothing to prevent her from rising and going away, she had felt that something was holding her in her seat — a shadowy something that was oppressive and not natural, that descended upon her out of the gloomy heights, and that rose around her from the secret depths below, where the great dead lay side by side in their leaden coffins.

"Sit down," she repeated, as Griggs came round the bench.

He sat down beside her. There was a little distance between them, and he sat rather stiffly, holding his hat on his knees.

"I should apologize for disturbing you," he began. "I have been twice to your house today, but you were out. What I wish to speak of is rather urgent. I heard that you might be here, and so I came."

"Yes," she said, and waited for him to say more.

"What is it?" she asked presently, as he did not speak at once.

"It is about Dalrymple — about Lord Redin," he said at last. "You used to know him. Do you ever see him now?"

Francesca looked at him with a little surprise, but she answered quietly, as though the question were a natural one.

"He was here five minutes ago. Yes; I often see him."

"Would you do him a service?" asked Griggs, in his calm and indifferent tone.

He was forcing himself to do what was plainly his duty, but he was utterly incapable of taking any interest in the matter. Francesca hesitated before she answered. An hour earlier she would have assented readily enough, but now the idea of doing anything which could tend to bring her into closer relations with Lord Redin was disagreeable.

"I do not think you will refuse," said Griggs, as she did not speak. "His life is in danger."

She turned quickly, and scrutinized the expressionless features. In the glow of the sun-

set the church was quite light. The total unconcern of the man's manner contrasted strangely with the importance of what he said. Francesca felt that something must be wrong.

"You say that very coolly," she observed, and her tone showed that she was incredulous.

"And you do not believe me," answered Griggs, quite unmoved. "It is natural, I suppose. I will try to explain."

"Please do. I do not understand at all."

Nevertheless, she was startled, though she concealed her nervousness. She had not spoken with Griggs for a long time, and as he talked, she saw what a great change had taken place. He was very quiet, as he had always been, but he was almost too quiet. She could not make out his eyes. She knew of his superhuman strength, and his stillness seemed unnatural. What he said did not sound rational. An impression got hold of her that he had gone mad, and she was physically afraid of him. He began to explain. She felt a singing in her ears, and she could not follow what he said. It was like an evil dream, and it grew upon her second by second.

He talked on in the same even, monotonous tone. The words meant nothing to her. She crossed her feet nervously, and tried to get a soothing sensation by stroking her sable muff. She made a great effort at concentration, and failed to understand anything.

All at once it grew dark, as the sunset light faded out of the sky. Again she felt the desire to rise, and the certainty that she could not if she tried. He ceased speaking, and seemed to expect her to say something, but she had not understood a word of his long explanation. He sat patiently waiting. She could hardly distinguish his face in the gloom.

The sound of irregular, shuffling footsteps and low voices moved the stillness. The vergers were making their last round in a hurried, perfunctory way. They passed across the transept to the high altar. It was so dark that Francesca could only just see their shadows moving in the blackness. She did not realize what they were doing, and her imagination made ghosts of them, rushing through the silence of the deserted place, from one tomb to another, waking the dead for the night. They did not even glance across, as they skirted the wall of the church. Even if they had looked, they might not have seen two persons in black, against the blackness, sitting silently side by side on the dark bench. They saw nothing, and passed on, out of sight and out of hearing.

"May I ask whether you will give him the message?" inquired Griggs at last, moving in his seat, for he knew that it was time to be going.

Francesca started at the sound of his voice.

"I—I am afraid—I have not understood," she said. "I beg your pardon—I was not paying attention. I am nervous."

"It is growing late," said Griggs. "We had better be going—I will tell you again as we walk to the door."

"Yes—no—just a moment!" She made a strong effort over herself. "Tell me in three words," she said. "Who is it that threatens Lord Redin's life?"

"A peasant of Subiaco called Stefanone. Really, princess, we must be going; it is quite dark—"

"Stefanone!" exclaimed Francesca, while he was speaking the last words, which she did not hear. "Stefanone of Subiaco—of course!"

"We must really be going," said Griggs, rising to his feet, and wondering indifferently why it was so hard to make her understand.

She rose to her feet slowly. Lord Redin's story was intricately confused in her mind with the few words which she had retained of what Griggs had said.

"Yes—yes—Stefanone," she said in a low voice, as though to herself, and she stood still, comprehending the whole situation in a flash, and imagining that Griggs knew the whole truth and had been telling it to her as though she had not known it. "But how did you know that Lord Redin took the girl's body and burned it?" she asked, quite certain that he had mentioned the fact.

"What girl?" asked Griggs in wonder.

"Why, the body of Stefanone's daughter, which he managed to burn in the convent when he carried off my cousin! How did you know about it?"

"I did not know about it," said Griggs. "Your cousin? I do not understand."

"My cousin—yes—Maria Braccio—Gloria's mother! You have just been talking about her—"

"I?" asked Griggs, bewildered.

Francesca stepped back from him, suddenly guessing that she had revealed Lord Redin's secret.

"Is it possible?" she asked in a low voice. "Oh, it is all a mistake!" she cried suddenly. "I have told you his story—oh, I am losing my head!"

"Come," said Griggs, authoritatively. "We must get out of the church, at all events, or we shall be locked in."

"Oh, no," answered Francesca. "There is always somebody here—"

"There is not. You must really come."

"Yes—but there is no danger of being locked in. Yes—let us walk down the nave. There is more light."

They walked slowly, for she was too much confused to hasten her steps. Her inexplica-

ble mistake troubled her terribly. She remembered how she had warned Lord Redin not to tell her any secrets, and how seriously she, the most discreet of women, had resolved never to reveal what he had said. But the impression of his story had been so much more direct and strong than even the first words Griggs had spoken, that so soon as she had realized that the latter was speaking approximately of the same subject, she had lost the thread of what he was saying and had seemed to hear Lord Redin's dreadful tale all over again. She thought that she was losing her head.

It was almost quite dark when they reached the other side of the high altar. Griggs walked beside her in silence, trying to understand the meaning of what she had said.

The gloom was terrible. The enormous statues loomed faintly like vast ghosts, high up between the floor and the roof, their whiteness glimmering where there seemed to be nothing else but darkness below them and above them. A low, far sound that was a voice but not a word trembled in the air. Francesca shuddered.

"They have not gone yet," said Griggs. "They are still talking. But we must hurry."

"No," said Francesca; "that was not any one talking." Her teeth chattered. "Give me your arm, please — I am frightened."

He held out his arm till she could feel it in the dark, and she took it. He pressed her hand to his side and drew her along, for he feared that the doors might be already shut.

"Not so fast! Oh, not so fast, please!" she cried. "I shall fall. They do not shut the doors —"

"Yes, they do. Let me carry you. I can run with you in the dark — there is no time to be lost!"

"No, no! I can walk faster — but there is really no danger —"

It is a very long way from the high altar to the main entrance of the church. Francesca was breathless when they reached the door, and Griggs lifted the heavy leathern curtain. If the door had been still open he would have seen the twilight from the porch at once. Instead, all was black and close and smelled of leather. Francesca was holding his sleeve, afraid of losing him.

"It is too late," he said quietly. "We are probably locked in. We will try the door of the sacristy."

He seized her arm and hurried her along into the south aisle. He struck his shoulder violently against the base of the pillar he passed in the darkness, but he did not stop. Almost instinctively he found the door, for he could not see it. Even the hideous skeleton which supports a black marble drapery above it was not visible in the gloom. He found the beveled edge of the smoothly polished panel and pushed. But it would not yield.

"We are locked in," he said, in the same quiet tone as before.

Francesca uttered a low cry of terror, and then was silent.

"Cannot you break the door?" she asked suddenly.

"No," he answered. "Nothing short of a battering-ram could move it."

"Try," she said. "You are so strong — the lock might give way."

To satisfy her he braced himself and heaved against the panel with all his gigantic strength. In the dark she could hear his breath drawn through his nostrils.

"It will not move," he said, desisting. "We shall have to spend the night here. I am very sorry."

For some moments Francesca said nothing, overcome by her terror of the situation. Griggs stood still, with his back to the polished door, trying to see her in the gloom. Then he felt her closer to him, and heard her small feet moving on the pavement.

"We must make the best of it," he said at last. "It is never quite dark near the high altar. I dare say, too, that there is still a little twilight where we were sitting, At least there is a carpet there, and there are benches. We can sit there until it is later. Then you can lie down upon the bench. I will make a pillow for you with my overcoat. It is warm and I shall not need it."

He made a step forward, and she heard him moving.

"Do not leave me!" she cried, in sudden terror.

He felt her grasp his arm convulsively in the dark, and he felt her hands shaking.

"Do not be frightened," he said, in his quiet voice. "Dead people do no harm, you know. It is only imagination."

She shuddered as he groped his way with her toward the nave. They passed the pillar, and saw the soft light of the ninety little flames of the huge golden lamps around the central shrine below the high altar. Far beyond, the great windows showed faintly in the height of the blackness. They walked more freely, keeping in the middle of the church. In the distant chapels on each side a few little lamps glimmered like fireflies. Before the last chapel on the right, the Chapel of the Sacrament, Francesca paused, instinctively holding fast to Griggs's arm, and they both bent one knee, as all Catholics do who pass before it. But when they reached the shrine Francesca loosed her hold and sank upon her knees, resting her arms upon the broad marble of the balustrade. Griggs

knelt a moment beside her, by force of habit, then rose and waited, looking about him into the depths of blackness, and reflecting upon the best spot in which to pass the night.

She remained kneeling a long time, praying more or less consciously, but aware that it was a relief to be near a little light after passing through the darkness. Her mind was as terribly confused as her companion's was utterly calm and indifferent. If he had been alone he would have sat down upon a step until he was sleepy, and then he would have stretched himself upon one of the benches in the transept. But to Francesca it was unspeakably dreadful.

The strangeness of the whole situation forced itself upon her more and more when she thought of rising from her knees and going back to the bench. She felt a womanly shyness about keeping close to her companion, her hand on his arm, for hours together; but she knew that the terror she should feel of being left alone, even for an instant, or of merely thinking that she was to be left alone, would more than overcome that if she went away from the lights. She would grasp his arm and hold it tightly.

Then she felt ashamed of herself. She had always been told that she came of a brave race. She had never been in danger, and there was really no danger now. It was absurd to remain on her knees for the sake of the lamps. She rose to her feet and turned. Griggs was not looking at her, but at the ornaments on the altar. The soft glimmer lighted up his dark face. A moment after she had risen he came forward. She meant to propose that they should go back to the transept, but just then she shuddered again.

"Let us sit down here, on the step," she said suddenly.

"If you like," he answered. "Wait a minute," he added, and pulled off his overcoat.

He spread a part of it on the step, and rolled the rest into a pillow against which she could lean, and held it in place while she sat down. She thanked him, and he sat down beside her. At first, as she turned from the lamps, the nave was like a fathomless black wall. Neither spoke for some time. Griggs broke the silence when he supposed that she was sufficiently recovered to talk quietly, for he had been thinking of what she had said, and it was almost clear to him at last.

"I should like to speak to you quite frankly, if you will allow me," he said gravely. "May I?"

"Certainly."

"The few words you said about Lord Redin's story have explained a great many things which I never understood," said Griggs. "Is it too much to ask that you should tell me everything you know?"

"I would rather not say anything more," answered Francesca. "I am very much ashamed of having betrayed his secret. Besides, what is to be gained by your knowing a few more details? It is bad enough as it is."

"It is more or less the story of my life," he said almost indifferently.

She turned her head slowly and tried to see his face. She could just distinguish the features, cold and impassive.

"I came to you to ask you to warn Dalrymple of a danger," he continued, as she did not speak. "I knew that fact, but not the reason why his life was and is threatened. Unless I have mistaken what you said, I understand it now. It is a much stronger one than I should ever have guessed. Lord Redin ran away with your cousin, and made it appear that he had carried off Stefanone's daughter. Stefanone has waited patiently for nearly a quarter of a century. He has found Dalrymple at last, and means to kill him. He will succeed unless you can make Dalrymple understand that the danger is real. I have no evidence on which I could have the man arrested, and I have no personal influence in Rome. You have. You would find no difficulty in having Stefanone kept out of the city. And you can make Dalrymple see the truth, since he has confided in you. Will you do that? He will not believe me, and you can save him. Besides, he will not see me. I have tried twice to-day. He has made up his mind that he will not see me."

"I will do my best," said Francesca, leaning her head back against the marble rail, and half closing her eyes. "How terrible it all is!"

"Yes. I suppose that is the word," said Griggs, indifferently. "Sacrilege, suicide, and probably murder to come."

She was shocked by the perfectly emotionless way in which he spoke of Gloria's death — so much shocked that she drew a short, quick breath between her teeth, as though she had hurt herself. Griggs heard it.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing," she said.

"I thought something hurt you."

"No — nothing."

She was silent again.

"Yes," he continued, in a tone of cold speculation; "I suppose that any one would call it terrible. At all events, it is curious, as a sequence of cause and effect, from one tragedy to another."

"Please — please do not speak of it all like that —" Francesca felt herself growing angry with him.

"How should I speak of it?" he asked. "It is an extraordinary concatenation of events. I look upon the whole thing as very curious,

especially since you have given me the key to it all."

Francesca was moved to anger, taking the defense of the dead Gloria as almost any woman would have done. At the moment Paul Griggs repelled her even more than Lord Redin. It seemed to her that there was something dastardly in his indifference.

"Have you no heart?" she asked suddenly.

"No; I am dead," he answered in his clear, lifeless voice, that might have been a ghost's.

The words made her shiver, and she felt as though her hair were moving. From his face, as she had last seen it, and from his voice, he might almost have been dead, as he said he was, like the thousands of silent ones in the labyrinths under her feet, and she alone alive in the midst of so much death.

"What do you mean?" she asked, and her own voice trembled in spite of herself.

"It is very like being dead," he answered thoughtfully. "I cannot feel anything. I cannot understand why any one else should. Everything is the same to me. The world is a white blank to me, and one place is exactly like any other place."

"But why? What has happened to you?" asked Francesca.

"You know. You sent me those letters."

"What letters?"

"The package Reanda gave you before he died."

"Yes. What was in it? I told you that I did not know when I wrote to you. I remember every word I wrote."

"I know. But I thought that you at least guessed. They were Gloria's letters to her husband."

"Her old letters, before —" Francesca stopped short.

"No," he answered, with the same unnatural quiet; "all the letters she wrote him afterward — when we were together."

"All those letters?" cried Francesca, suddenly understanding. "Oh, no — no! It is not possible! He could not, he would not, have done anything so horrible!"

"He did," said Griggs, calmly. "I had supposed that she loved me. He had his vengeance. He proved to me that she did not. I hope he is satisfied with the result. Yes," he continued, after a moment's pause, "it was the cruelest thing that ever one man did to another. I spent a bad night, I remember. On the top of the package was the last letter she wrote him, just before she killed herself. She loathed me, she said; she hated me, she shivered at my touch. She feared me so that she acted a comedy of love, in terror of her life, after she had discovered that she hated me. She need not have been afraid. Why should I have hurt her? In that last letter she put her wedding-ring, with a lock of her hair wound in and out of it. Reanda knew what he was doing when he sent it to me. Do you wonder that it has deadened me to everything?"

"Oh, how could he do it! How could he!" Francesca repeated, for the worst of it all to her was the unutterable cruelty of the man she had believed so gentle.

"I suppose it was natural," said Griggs. "I loved the woman, and he knew it. I fancy few men have loved much more sincerely than I loved her, even after she was dead. I was not always saying so. I am not that kind of man. Besides, men who live by stringing words together for money do not value them much in their own lives. But I worked for her. I did the best I could. Even she must have known that I loved her."

"I know you did. I cannot understand how you can speak of her at all." Francesca wondered at the man.

"She? She is no more to me than Queen Christina, over there in her tomb in the dark. For that matter, nothing else has any meaning either."

For a long time Francesca said nothing. She sat quite still, resting the back of her head against the marble, in the awful silence under the faint lights that glimmered above the great tomb.

"You have told me the most dreadful thing I ever heard," she said at last in a low tone. "Is she nothing to you — really nothing? Can you never think kindly of her again?"

"No. Why should I? That is —" he hesitated. "I could not explain it," he said, and was silent.

"It does not seem human," said Francesca. "You would have a memory of her — something — some touch of sadness. I wonder whether you really loved her as much as you thought you did?"

Griggs turned upon Francesca slowly, his hands clasped upon one knee.

"You do not know what such love means," he said slowly. "It is God — faith — goodness — everything. It is heaven on earth, and earth in heaven, in one heart. When it is gone there is nothing left. It went hard. It will not come back now. The heart itself is gone. There is nothing for it to come to. You think me cold, you are shocked because I speak indifferently of her. She lied to me. She lied and acted in every word and deed of her life with me. She deceived herself a little at first, and she deceived me mortally afterward. It was all an immense, loathsome, deadly lie. I lived through the truth. Why should I wish to go back to the lie again? She died, telling me that she died for me. She died, having written to Reanda

that she died for him. I do not judge her. God will. But God himself could not make me love the smallest shadow of her memory. It is impossible. I am beyond life. I am outside it. My eternity has begun."

"Is it not a little for her sake that you wish to save her father?" asked Francesca.

"No. It is a matter of honor, and nothing else, since I injured him, as the world would say, by taking his daughter from her husband. Do you understand? Can you put yourself a little in my position. It is not because I care whether he lives or dies, or dies a natural death, or is stabbed in the back by a peasant. It is because I ought to care. I do many things because I ought to care to do them, though the things and their consequences are all one to me now."

"It cannot last," said Francesca, sadly. "You will change as you grow older."

"No. That is a thing you can never understand," he answered. "I am two individuals. The one is what you see, a man more or less like other men, growing older — a man who has a certain mortal, earthly memory of that dead woman, when the real man is unconscious. But the real man is beyond growing old, because he is beyond feeling anything. He is stationary, outside of life. The world is a blank to him and always will be."

His voice grew more and more expressionless as he spoke. Francesca felt that she could not pity him as she had pitied poor Lord Redin when she had seen him going away alone. The man beside her was in earnest, and was as far beyond woman's pity as he was beyond woman's love. Yet she no longer felt repelled by him since she had understood what he had suffered. Perhaps she herself, suffering still in her heart, wished that she might be even as he was, beyond the possibility of pain, even though beyond the hope of happiness. He wanted nothing, he asked for nothing, and he was not afraid to be alone with his own soul, as she was sometimes. The other man had asked for her friendship. It could mean nothing to Paul Griggs. If love were nothing, what could friendship be?

Yet there was something lofty and grand about such loneliness as his. She could not but feel that, now that she knew all. She thought of him as she sat beside him in the monumental silence of the enormous sepulcher, and she guessed of depths in his soul like the deepness of the shadows above her and before her and around her.

"My suffering seems very small, compared with yours," she said softly, almost to herself.

Somehow she knew that he would understand her, though perhaps her knowledge was only hope.

"Why should you suffer at all?" he asked. "You have never done anything wrong. Nothing of all this is your fault. It was all fatal, from the first, and you cannot blame yourself for anything that has happened."

"I do," she answered in a low voice. "Indeed I do."

"You are wrong. You are not to blame. Dalrymple was — Maria Braccio — I — Gloria — we four. But you! What have you done? Compared with us, you are a saint on earth."

She hesitated a moment before she spoke. Then her voice came in a broken way:

"I loved Angelo Reanda. I know it now that I have lost him."

Griggs barely heard the last words, but he bent his head gravely, and said nothing in answer.

XLVIII.

THE stillness was all around them and seemed to fold them together as they sat side by side. A deep sigh quivered and paused and was drawn again almost with a gasp that stirred the air. Suddenly Francesca's face was hidden in her hands, and her head was bowed almost to her knees. A moment more and she sobbed aloud, wordless, as though her soul were breaking from her heart.

In the great gloom there was something unearthly in the sound of her weeping. The man who could neither suffer any more himself nor feel human pity for another's suffering turned and looked at her with shadowy eyes. He understood, though he could not feel, and he knew that she had borne more than any one had guessed.

She shed many tears, and it was long before her sobbing ceased to call down pitiful, heartbreaking echoes from the unseen heights of darkness. Her head was bent down upon her knees as she sat there striving with herself.

He could do nothing, and there was nothing that he could say. He could not comfort her, he could not deny her grief. He only knew that there was one more being still alive and bearing the pain of sins done long ago. Truly the judgment upon that man by whom the offense had come should be heavy and relentless and enduring.

At last all was still again. Francesca did not move, but sat bowed together, her hands pressing her face. Very softly Griggs rose to his feet, and she did not see that he was no longer seated beside her. He stood up, and leaned upon the broad marble of the balustrade. When she at last raised her head she thought that he was gone.

"Where are you?" she asked in a startled voice.

Then, looking round, she saw him standing by the rail. She understood why he had moved — that she might not feel that he was watching her and seeing her tears.

"I am not ashamed," she said. "At least you know me now."

"Yes; I know."

She also stood up, and leaned upon the balustrade, and looked into his face.

"I am glad you know," she said, and he saw how pale she was, and that her cheeks were wet. "Now that it is over, I am glad that you know," she said again. "You are beyond sympathy, and beyond pitying any one, though you are not unkind. I am glad that if any one was to know my secret, it should be you. I could not bear pity. It would hurt me. But you are not unkind."

"Nor kind — nor anything," he said.

"No. It is as though I had spoken to the grave — or to eternity. It is safe with you."

"Yes; quite safe. Safer than with the dead."

"He never knew it. Thank God! He never knew it! To me he was always the same faithful friend. To you he was an enemy and cruel. I thought him above cruelty, but he was human, after all. Was it not human that he should be cruel to you?"

"Yes," answered Griggs, wondering a little at her speech and tone; "it was very human."

"And you forgive him for it?"

"I?" There was surprise in his tone.

"Yes," she answered. "I want your forgiveness for him. He died without your forgiveness. It is the only thing I ask of you. I have not the right to ask anything, I know, but is it so very much?"

"It is nothing," said Griggs. "There is no such thing as forgiveness in my world. How could there be? I resent nothing."

"But then, if you do not resent what he did, you have forgiven him. Have you not?"

"I suppose so." He was puzzled.

"Will you not say it?" she pleaded.

"Willingly," he answered. "I forgive him. I remember nothing against him."

"Thank you. You are a good man."

He shook his head gravely, but he took her outstretched hand and pressed it gently.

"Thank you," she repeated, withdrawing hers. "Do not think it strange that I should ask such a thing. It means a great deal to me. I could not bear to think that he had left an enemy in the world, and was gone where he could not ask forgiveness for what he had done. So I asked it of you for him. I know that he would have wished me to. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Griggs, thoughtfully. "I understand."

Again there was silence for a long time as they stood there. The tears dried upon the woman's sweet, pale face, and a soft light came where the tears had been.

"Will you come with me?" she asked at last, looking up.

He did not guess what she meant to do, but he left the step on which he was standing and stood ready.

"It must be late," he said. "Should you like to try and rest? I will arrange a place for you as well as I can."

"Not yet," she answered. "If you will come with me —" she hesitated.

"Yes?"

"I will say a prayer for the dead," she said in a low voice. "I always do every night since he died."

Griggs bent his head, and she came down from the step. He walked beside her down the silent nave into the darkness. Before the Chapel of the Sacrament they both paused and bent the knee. Then she hesitated.

"I should like to go to the Pietà," she said timidly. "It seems so far. Do you mind?"

He held out his arm silently. She felt it, and laid her hand upon it, and they went on. It was very dark. They knew that they were passing the pillars when they could not see the little lights from the chapels in the distance on their left. Then by the echo of their own footsteps they knew that they were near the great door, and at last they saw the single tiny flame in the silver lamp hanging above the altar they sought.

Guided by it, they went forward, and the solitary ray showed them the marble rail. They knelt down side by side.

"Let us pray for them all," said Francesca, very softly.

She looked up to the marble face of Christ's mother, the Addolorata, the mother of sorrows, and she thought of that sinning nun, dead long ago, who had been called Addolorata.

"Let us pray for them all," she repeated. "For Maria Braccio, for Gloria — for Angelo Reanda."

She lowered her head upon her hands. Then presently she looked up again, and Griggs heard her sweet voice in the darkness repeating the ancient Commemoration for the Dead, from the canon of the mass.

"Remember also, O Lord, thy servants who are gone before us with the sign of faith, and sleep the sleep of peace. Give them, O Lord, and to all who rest in Christ, a place of refreshment, light, and peace, for that Christ's sake, who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Spirit. Amen."

Once more she bent her head and was silent for a time. Then, as she knelt, her hands moved silently along the marble and pressed



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

"AS HE STOOD THERE REPEATING THE NAME."

the two folded hands of the man beside her, and she looked at him.

"Let us be friends," she said simply.

"Such as I am, I am yours."

Then their hands clasped. They both started and looked down, for the fingers were cold and wet and dark.

It was the blood of Angus Dalrymple that had sealed their friendship.

The swift, sure blade had struck him as he stood there repeating the name of his dead wife. There had been no one near the door, and none to see the quick, black deed. Strong hands had thrown his falling body within the marble balustrade, that was still wet with his heart's blood.

There Paul Griggs found him, lying on his back, stretched to his length in the dim shadow between the rail and the altar. He had paid the price at last—a loving, sinning, suffering, faithful, faultful man.

But the friendship that was so grimly consecrated on that night was the truest that ever was between man and woman.

THE END.

F. Marion Crawford.

KEATS IN HAMPSTEAD.

He hath quaffed
Glory and Death in one immortal draught;
Surely among the undying men of old
Numbered art thou, great Heart.
—*Aubrey de Vere.*



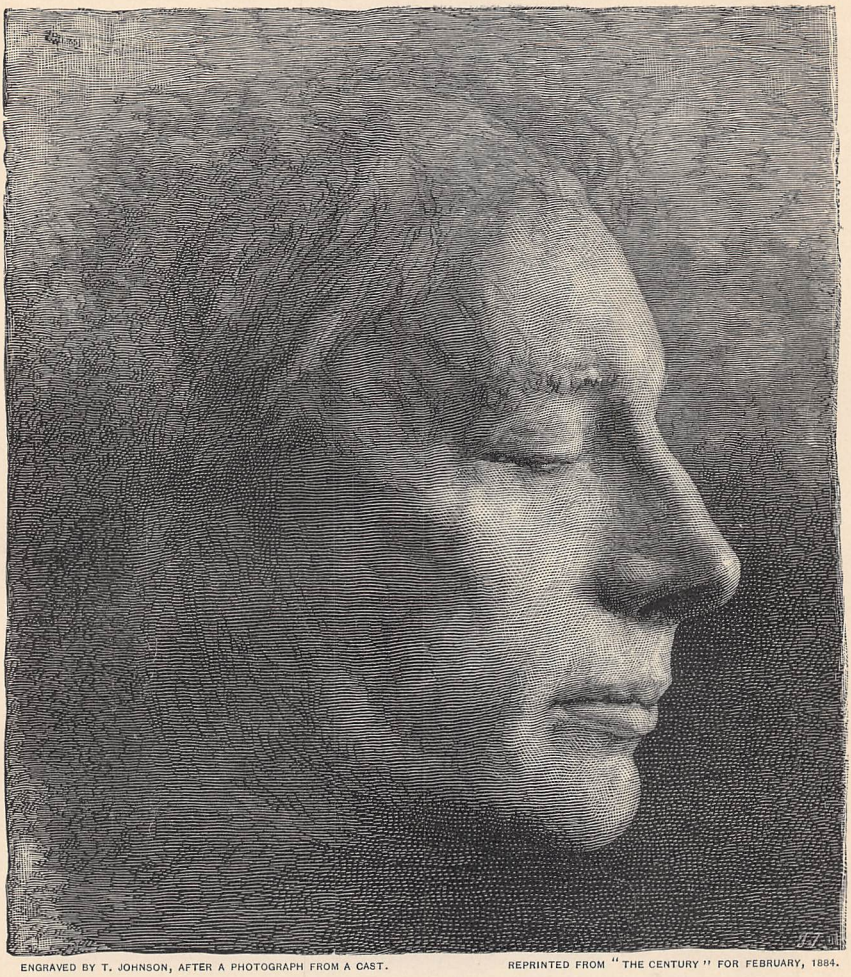
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE ELECTROTYPE MASK IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON, FOR KENYON WEST, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.

FRONT VIEW OF THE LIFE-MASK OF KEATS, BY HAYDON.

THE 29th of October, 1895, marks the centenary of the birth of John Keats, and affords a fitting occasion for lovers of his poetry to pay tribute to his fame.

In 1820, when Keats went to Rome to find a grave beside the old Aurelian Wall, he left behind in England scarcely a dozen people who believed in his genius, and who felt that he would be, according to his own wish and prophecy, "among the English poets after his death." Moreover, these few people were personal friends who had felt the charm of his magnetic sincerity, and whose sympathies had been stirred by the many attractive as well as pathetic phases in his career. But, as the years passed, the name of Keats began to be heard more and more; the poetry he had written began to interest and charm an ever-widening circle of readers, appealing with special power to minds of the highest order. Not only was admiration shown for the rare product of Keats's genius, but the personal tradition of the poet began to excite attention. Lord Houghton, having met Charles Armitage Brown in 1833 at Walter Savage Landor's villa at Fiesole, and received from him the invaluable records which Brown had cherished in the hope of sometime being himself the biographer of Keats, felt not only inspired to write his famous "Life of Keats," published in 1848, but was convinced that his book, containing as it did so many of the poet's remarkable letters, would receive a warm welcome. He had his wish. Every student of literature welcomed it for its authentic records of a poet every day growing dearer, and every lover of Keats welcomed it, as it corrected many current misconceptions, and showed Keats to be —what he truly was—not only a rare poet, but a man of strenuous character, clear judgment, dignity and power.

Since 1848 the story of Keats's life has been told over and over again, and as a rule in a



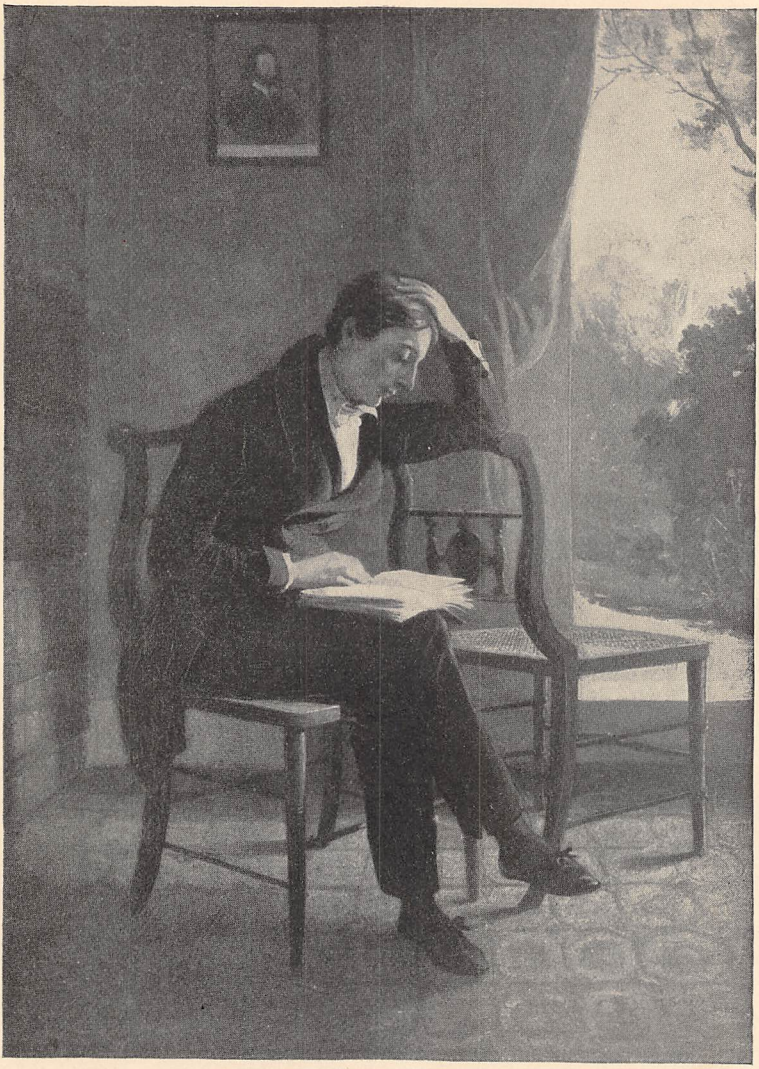
ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH FROM A CAST. REPRINTED FROM "THE CENTURY" FOR FEBRUARY, 1884.

PROFILE VIEW OF THE LIFE-MASK OF JOHN KEATS, BY HAYDON.

spirit of sympathetic justice; and following in the footsteps of Leigh Hunt, John Hamilton Reynolds, and other friends of Keats, the poet's works have been edited or interpreted by such eminent men as Matthew Arnold, David Masson, Aubrey de Vere, Buxton Forman, Sidney Colvin, William T. Arnold (the first, I believe, to analyze thoroughly the peculiarities of Keats's style), Mrs. F. M. Owen (whose book is of rare value), William Michael Rossetti, and James Russell Lowell.

In 1867, Lord Houghton brought out a "new and revised" edition of his book. From it he omitted his former forcible preface, and also the sympathetic tribute to Jeffrey embodied in the dedication. This in my opinion is a distinct loss. Some very fine letters of Keats were also omitted.

In 1817, when Keats had such enthusiasm of life, and his vision took in with such eagerness the beauty and the glory of the outward world, he seemed to be haunted by a conviction that he must crowd his days full, that he would never have time for all his glowing thoughts to find expression. The "ten years" he prayed for were not granted, but how full he did make his few months of health is proved by his work. When the glorious vision which had irradiated and gladdened him became dimmed by disease and passionate pain, he felt that that work would be as perishable as his own hopes; and yet he never became wholly unaware of his own power and the possibilities of his genius. "Let me have another opportunity of years before me," he wrote, "and I will not die without being remembered." He little knew how vividly he would be remembered, how near he would come to the hearts of those who grasp the full beauty and scope of his matchless verse, and who are capable of feeling the sincerity, the singleness of purpose, and the honest strength, as well as the pathos, of his brief, arrested life.



JOHN KEATS AT WENTWORTH PLACE, HAMPSTEAD.

Painted in Rome from memory, by his friend Joseph Severn, 1821-23. Now in the National Portrait Gallery. Photographed for Kenyon West by Henry Dixon & Son, photographers to the Society for Photographing Relics of Old London, by special permission of Sir George Scharf, C. B. (Permission countersigned by the Secretary of the Department of Arts and Sciences, August, 1894.)

Every student of Keats associates Hampstead with him even more than the place of his birth, or the distant city where he found a quiet grave. The time when Keats lived in Hampstead (from 1817 to 1820) was that in which his genius took its most glorious flight, and it marked also the beginning of that ill health and mental unrest which finally took away his gladness in his art, and obscured for him the brightness of the sun.

Keats first visited Hampstead in 1816. He was then living in London. Leigh Hunt had a pretty cottage in the Vale of Health, and Charles Cowden Clarke took to him some of Keats's verses, which excited his surprise and admiration. In Keats's visits to Hunt's cottage he sometimes slept on a bed in the library, and one of his most important poems, "Sleep and Poetry," published in 1817, mentions some of the objects which first met his eyes on awaking in the morning. Many other poems are connected with these pleasant visits to the Vale of Health. Keats loved Hampstead for its many beauties of woods and lanes and fields, for its inspiring views, and also for the many friendships there formed. It was not surprising, then, that after different visits to the Isle of Wight, to Margate, and to Canterbury, he should decide to live for a time in Hampstead. Early in the summer of 1817 he and his brothers, George and Tom, the former of whom went the next year to America, found rooms with

Bentley, the postman, who had a pleasant house in Well Walk. Here Keats worked at "Endymion." Haydon and Severn never forgot the charm of listening to his recitals of certain passages in the poem which pleased him best. It is easy for us, even at this distance of time, to see in imagination the joyous, impetuous youth as he was when Haydon and Severn first knew him. As the three take their way across the heath, or toward the woods near Highgate, we can see the erect figure of the poet, the backward toss of his fine head, the intensity of his glance, that peculiar expression of rapture which shines in every feature and reveals the ardent lover of nature's manifold and changing forms. He sees everything; he hears the note of every bird, even the "undernote of response from covert or hedge"; he watches the passing of every cloud and its shadow on the path. The stirring of the grasses or the grain in the softly flowing air about him, or the swaying of the foliage in the swift-coming wind from the forest, has for him a special charm. Oh, that it might last, this vision of this glorious youth, with his thronging thoughts of "verse and fame and beauty intense indeed," when life has for him such richness, such full delight and joy!

Near the lower end of Hampstead Heath, at the foot of what is now known as John street, lived Brown and Dilke, two other friends of Keats. Their house, called Wentworth Place, was a double one, Brown living in one half and Dilke in the other. Later Dilke rented his house to Mrs. Brawne, to whose daughter Keats was engaged to be married. Keats's sojourn in Hampstead was interrupted by frequent visits elsewhere, the most important journey being the walking-tour in Scotland with Brown He returned in time to nurse his brother Tom, after whose death, Brown, knowing how lonely Keats would be, insisted on his leaving Well Walk and coming to live with him at Wentworth Place. This was Keats's Hampstead home till his departure for Italy.

There have been many striking changes in Hampstead since Keats's time, and many cherished landmarks have been swept away. In



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

LAWN BANK, FORMERLY WENTWORTH PLACE, HAMPSTEAD.

Photograph made for Kenyon West by Henry Dixon & Son, by special permission of the present owners, August, 1894.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR KENYON WEST BY HENRY DIXON & SON, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, AUGUST, 1894.

BUST OF JOHN KEATS, BY ANNE WHITNEY, IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. JOHN'S, HAMPSTEAD.
THE INSCRIPTION READS:

"TO THE EVERLASTING MEMORY OF JOHN KEATS THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED BY AMERICANS, MDCCCXCIV."

August, 1894, wishing to gain information in regard to the present condition of some of these places associated with Keats, I asked my friend Mr. M—— of New York, who was going to England, to visit Hampstead. His investigations proved to be of interest.

He first went to the parish church of St. John's, in which has been recently placed the first memorial to Keats on English ground. "By nothing," said Matthew Arnold, "is England so glorious as by her poetry." Is it not a significant proof of our country's sincere love for the higher forms of poetry and art that this memorial should have been bestowed on England by Americans?

In one of his most charming letters, full of gaiety and humor, Keats wrote to his brother in America, "If I had a prayer to make, it should be that one of your children should be the first American poet." The prayer has not been granted; but, as Mr. Edmund Gosse says, "the prophecies of great poets are fulfilled in divers ways, and in a broader sense all the recent poets of America are of Keats's kith and kin."

As my friend found his way up the quiet, shadowy aisles of the quaint little church, and stood before this latest representation of the poet's visible form, he realized in some degree what an attraction for his friends must have

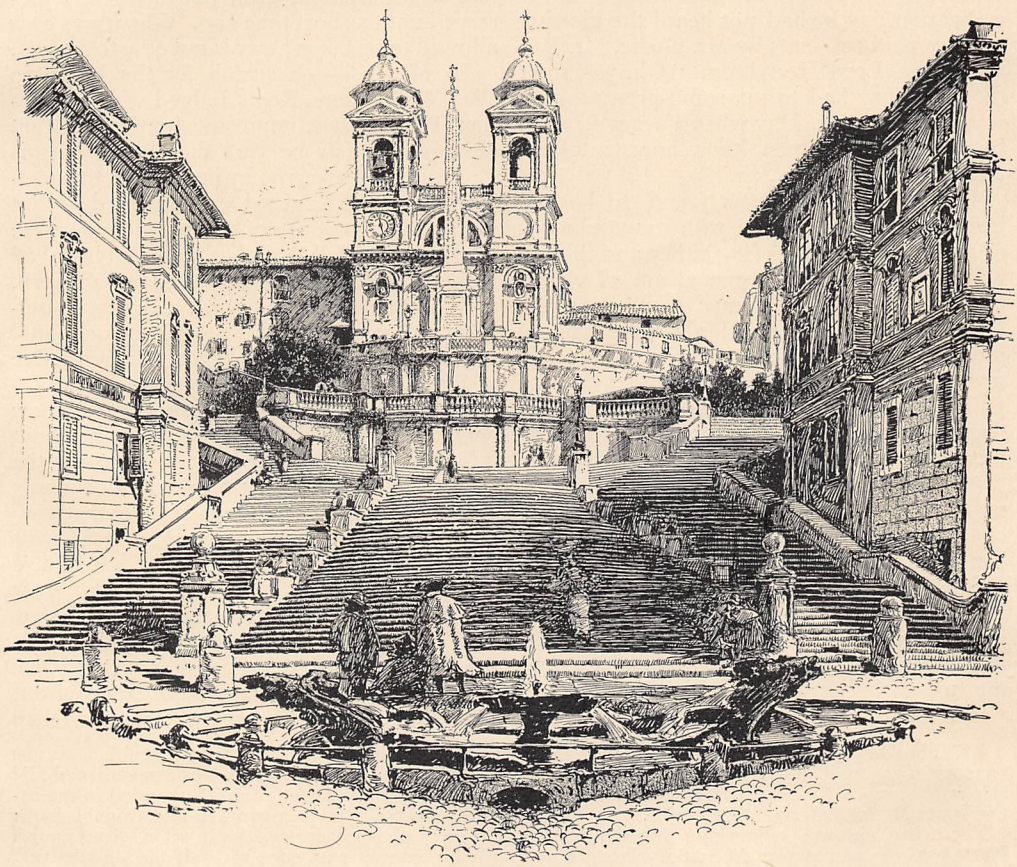
been Keats's lovable, magnetic personality. Miss Whitney's work is noble and impressive, though the poet's expression is somewhat idealized, with something, also, austere and stern, which is more a prophecy of what Keats might perhaps have become than what he really was. The laurel wreaths which on the dedication day were suspended from the bracket beneath the bust were still clinging to it, and also some sweet peas, withered indeed, but retaining much of their fragrance, and bringing vividly to mind Keats's own inimitable line:

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight.

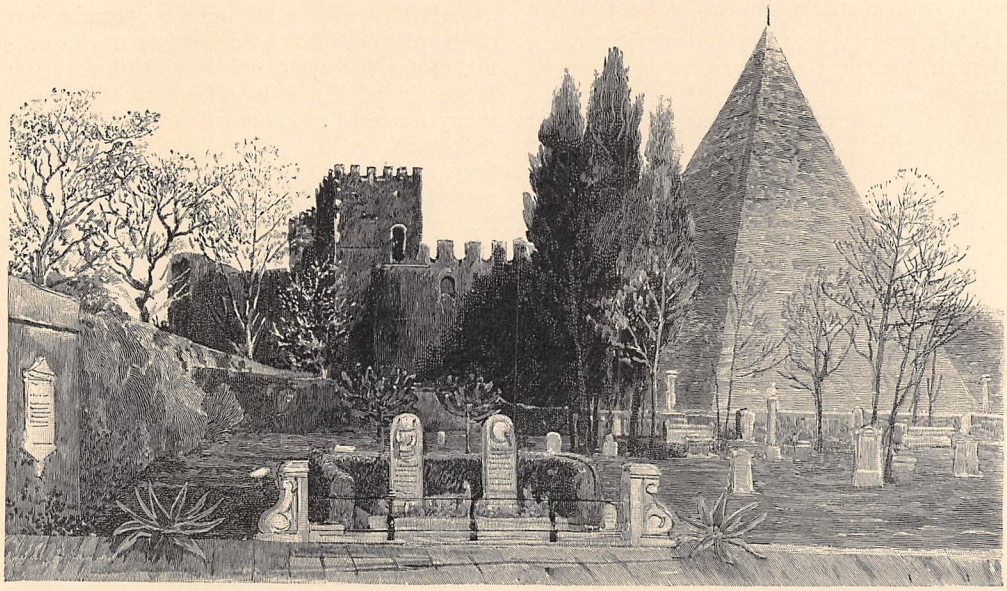
The pictures of Miss Whitney's work which we have seen in America are all of the full face. Feeling that the profile would be more like Keats, more like the eager, sensitive face of Severn's portraits, I had asked that a photograph of the profile be taken for me. The sexton opened a window somewhere in the roof, and a flood of light poured down upon the bust, bringing out into relief the massive, intellectual brow, the strong, yet tender mouth.

The effect of this light from above was most beautiful, as will be seen in the reproduction of the photograph. A comparison of this profile of the Hampstead bust with the famous life-mask of Keats by Haydon will reveal many interesting points of resemblance and difference. It will prove also how conscientious a sculptor our countrywoman is. The mask has in a marked degree an expression of humor about the mouth. Only a faint suggestion of this appears in the bust. Both show "a sensitiveness, a sweetness, and a hint of eloquence"; but in the bust there is more the appearance of health, the mask being the truer to nature in rendering faithfully the prominence of the cheek-bones and the hollowness of the cheeks.

As the sexton shut the church door he said to my friend, with a good-natured laugh: "Well, sir, it 's beyond me what you Americans see in that Keats to admire so. I don't believe we English think much of him now; we never thought it worth while to put up a bust of him." He was evidently ignorant of the feeling which men and women of culture all over England have for the poetry of Keats.



STEPS TO SANTA TRINITÀ DEI MONTI, ROME, SHOWING THE HOUSE, AT THE RIGHT, WHERE KEATS DIED. ON THE WALL IS A TABLET TO THE POET'S MEMORY.



FROM A WATER COLOR BY WALTER SEVERN. REPRINTED FROM "THE CENTURY" FOR FEBRUARY, 1884.

THE GRAVES OF KEATS AND SEVERN, IN THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY IN ROME.

Mr. M—— could not help asking if on the dedication day he had not heard the glowing tributes paid to Keats by Mr. Gosse, Mr. Palgrave, and Lord Houghton. "Oh, yes, sir, I did; but they had to say some pretty things, you know, to Mr. Day when he gave us the bust. We Englishmen know how to take a gift kindly, you know, sir."[1]

Hampstead Heath was found to be still beautiful and picturesque, with its undulations of ground, its paths leading hither and thither, its patches of furze all one gleam of yellow in the sunshine, its clumps of trees in the branches of which the birds were singing gloriously. Leading from the heath are still many typical English lanes, but many of the paths in which Keats once loved to walk, dreaming his beautiful dreams, are now obliterated by brick and mortar.

"Winding south from the Lower Heath," wrote William Howitt, years ago, "there is a charming little grove in Well Walk, with a bench at the end, whereon I last saw poor Keats, the poet of the 'Pot of Basil,' sitting and sobbing his dying breath into a handkerchief, glancing parting looks toward the quiet landscape he had delighted in so much, and musing, as in his 'Ode to the Nightingale.'"

The bench on which Keats so often sat to rest as his strength grew daily less was preserved until a short time ago. Why it was ever allowed to be taken away is not easy to answer.

In Mr. M——'s search for the house in Well Walk where Keats lodged with his brother Tom, he was impressed by the fact that although it may be true that by nothing is England so glorious as by her poetry, the common people of England are very blind to that glory. The majority of the people who were asked about Well Walk had not even heard of Keats. At last Mr. M—— entered a tavern, and inquired of the landlord. He was a pompous, self-satisfied man who seemed delighted to have an opportunity to reveal his knowledge of Keats.

"The 'ouse in Well Walk yer want ter know about, eh? My woman in 'ere knows all about it; 'er kitchen is just over the place where the 'ouse once was. The 'ouse was torn down only a short time ago. We was glad ter get the property; our business is prosperin'. . . There 's an old chap wot often comes in 'ere, and 'e says 'e sold papers ter Keats an' a lot of 'is friends. 'E 's most ninety year old if 'e 's a day, an' 'u'd be about nine or ten year old when 'e saw Keats wanderin' round Wentworth Place and over the 'eath. Ef yer want ter find out more about these liter'y gents of 'Ampstead than

[1] Within this parish church there is a tablet to the memory of Joanna Baillie, and in the churchyard outside is her grave. Near her rest all that is mortal of Sir James Mackintosh and of Constable.

There is a pleasure in knowing that the bust of Keats has been placed near the resting-place of a man who felt such thorough sympathy with him as did Sir James Mackintosh. He openly protested against the infamous attacks upon Keats's "Endymion," and said that they would interest every liberal mind in the author's success. He then wrote to Keats's publishers: "Have you any other novelties in verse? I very much admire your young poet, with all his singularities. Where is he, and what high design does he meditate?"

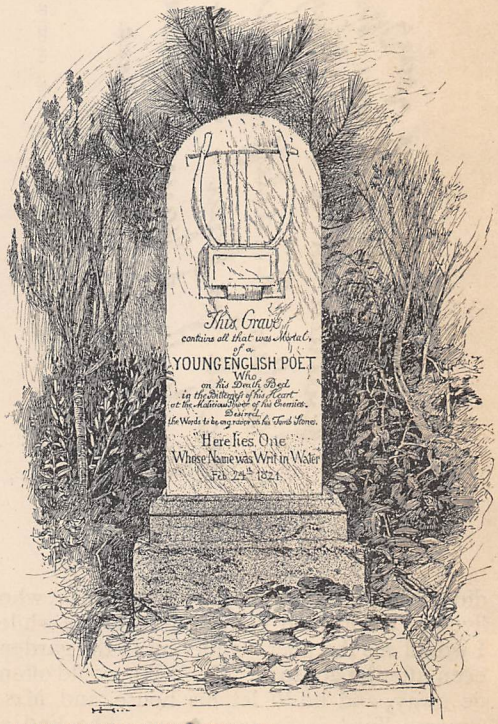
what *I* know, go an' find this chap what lives on the way ter the Vale o' 'Ealth 'otel. Tha' 's a public-'ouse, yer know, over a place where another liter'y gent named Leigh 'Unt 'ad 'is 'ouse. 'E 'll tell yer a pile about Keats, an' tell yer 'e never amounted to much till 'e went ter furrin shores an' 'ad got some verses printed, more 's the pity."

Acting on the landlord's suggestion, Mr. M—— went to look up the old man who had known Keats so long ago. On the way he passed through the Vale of Health. It is now a bustling, noisy place, with tea-gardens, merry-go-rounds, and troops of holiday-seekers, and the Vale of Health hotel now stands where Hunt's cottage once stood.

The old man was found living in a neat little cottage in the midst of a pretty garden. He was working in the garden as his visitor opened the gate, and after giving him a cordial greeting, seemed glad to sit in the shade and talk. He was about eighty-six years old, he said, though he looked younger. He spoke with few traces of the dialect prevalent among the common people of Hampstead; indeed, he seemed to be a man of some education and considerable experience. He evidently liked to talk, and showed much of the garrulity of age. At first he gave the impression that many trivial things to which he would never have attached importance took on significance and value after he once found that the obscure youth whom he had known had become one of the great poets of modern times, and it seemed possible that he might remember more than he actually saw and heard; but on second thought this suspicion was dismissed, because of the fact that age remembers with peculiar vividness things that have happened in childhood, while often intermediate events are forgotten. His talk, as recorded in Mr. M——'s notes, is given for what it may be worth. It ran like this:

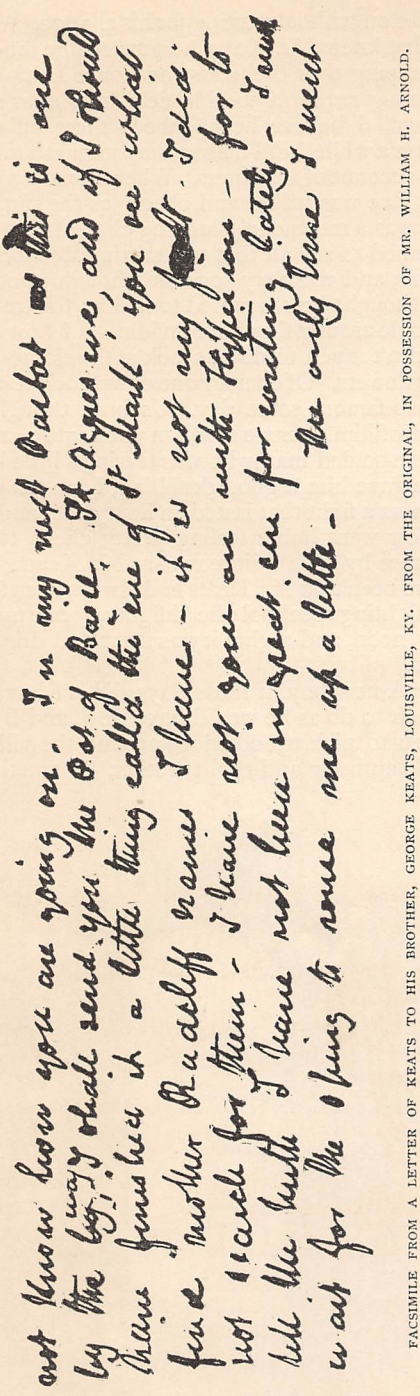
"Why, certainly, sir, I remember John Keats very well. To be sure, I was pretty young, but I have always had a good memory. I sold papers to him and his friends as well as to most of the people in the village. I often used to meet him as the evening would be falling as I went my rounds. He and his friends would be coming through the village after a long tramp over the Kilburn meadows, or through the woods beyond the heath. There 's nothing to be seen of those meadows now, and the woods are pretty scanty; but in those days — well, sir, you can imagine it well, I fancy. We used to have many a highwayman around, and a little chap like me used to suffer a good bit, being out so often after dark; but I always got a cheery greeting from Mr. Keats, and when he 'd buy a paper he 'd often stalk on without waiting for his change. When I first knew Mr. Keats he was terrible fond of tramping over the fields; and once I saw him coming across a stubble field long after sundown. I believe he had been there all day. After a while I did n't see him around so much, on account of his illness. When I first saw him his face was bright and cheery as the sun, but he was a melancholy-looking chap at last. He seemed to see all that was stirring, acted cleverish, and was very sociable, though none of us thought he amounted to much; the tradespeople around thought him idle—a fellow that had n't much to do but look at the clouds and the flowers. Of course none of us thought he 'd be so famous some day. Us boys thought a pile of him after we saw him pitch into a cruel, mean-souled man who was teasing a little boy. He gave him a good drubbing, I can tell you. It was a fight that lasted an hour or so, and the fellow went home feeling pretty cheap to be beaten by such a little man as Mr. Keats. But I 've been told Mr. Keats had always been fond of fighting at school; he 'd fight any one morning, noon, and night; it was meat and drink to him.

"A newsboy in those days did n't have as much to do as he would have now, and I had often to pick up odd jobs around the village to keep body and soul together. I sometimes



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE GRAVE OF KEATS



FACSIMILE FROM A LETTER OF KEATS TO HIS BROTHER, GEORGE KEATS, LOUISVILLE, KY. FROM THE ORIGINAL, IN POSSESSION OF MR. WILLIAM H. ARNOLD.

did errands for Mr. Brown and Mr. Dilke, who lived at Wentworth Place, and once in a while I would see the poet wandering in the garden even after he got so ill. Mr. Dilke would often go away, and he 'd let his house, and Mrs. Brawne lived in it, you know. She had a daughter that Mr. Keats wanted to marry, you know. Beautiful, was she, do you ask? Well, I can't say as I remember much about how she looked. She was very young. She wore mourning for the poet, but she married, and I fancy she forgot her lover soon enough. Her mother lived at Wentworth Place many years, and finally was burned to death right at her own door. Nobody knew how it came about, but she was all aflame before any help could come. Miss Fanny never paid any attention to a little chap like me, and of course I was too shy to look at her much, and after Mr. Keats went away I did n't have occasion to go to the house often. Mr. Keats and Mr. Dilke thought me a likely little chap, and once Mr. Keats took me home with him, and gave me a jolly hot tea in his sitting-room. Mr. Brown came in a few times as I was there, and would put his hand on Mr. Keats's shoulder, and laugh in his hearty, jovial way. He seemed terrible fond of Mr. Keats. I don't wonder at it, either, now. Mr. Keats was a fine-looking young man, his face was so bright, his eyes wonderful, so piercing and yet so full of laughter. I would n't have dared to tell a lie to him, for he 'd find it out by simply looking at me.

"After a while any one with half an eye could see Mr. Keats was n't long for this world. One evening, after a busy day, I was going home. I saw I was just near Wentworth Place. I could n't resist going around to the kitchen door to ask after Mr. Keats, for I had n't seen him for a long time tramping around. It was September, and the back door was half open, and just inside was Miss Brawne herself talking to one of the maids. I stammered out my words, not feeling sure of my welcome, someway. Her answer was curt enough, but I have always fancied she 'd been crying. She said that Mr. Keats had that very morning gone to London to sail for Italy."

This quaint old man spoke of the present with visible effort; indeed, seemed to have little comprehension or knowledge of it. Fearing to tax his patience, Mr. M—— took his leave.

Every student of Keats knows of Mr. Forman's investigations of the locality of Wentworth Place, and that they resulted in an identification of it with the house now known in Hampstead as Lawn Bank. It may, however, be of interest to state that my friend's study of the locality and of the proofs adduced by Mr. Forman brought forth the same result: in Lawn Bank we have the immortalized Wentworth Place from which Keats set out for Italy. The house then was divided into two parts, Keats and Brown living in one and Mrs. Brawne and her daughter in the other. A number of years ago the house was altered, and the two parts were united. There is a thick growth of trees directly in front, and the only way that Mr.

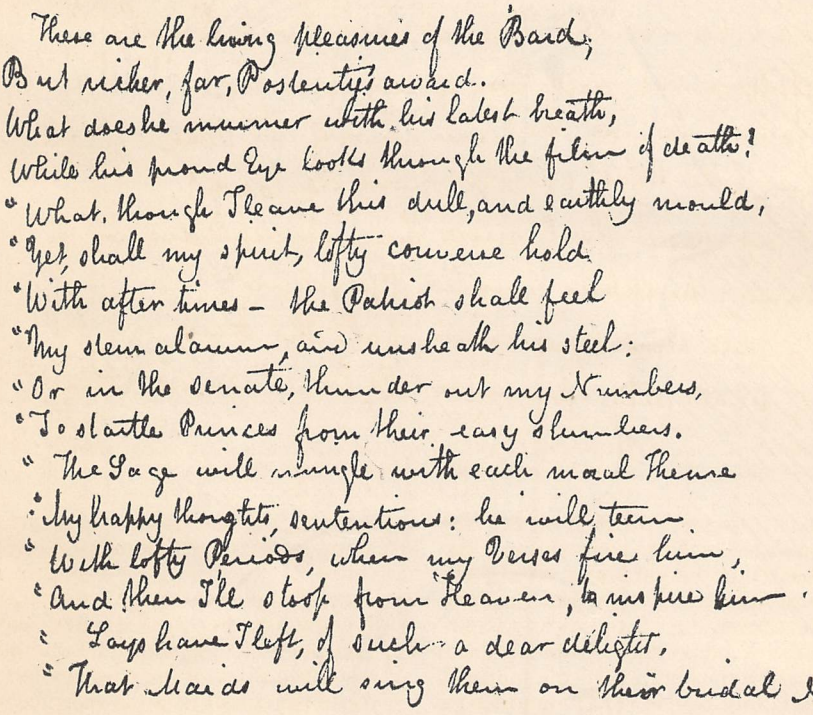


FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF HAYDON'S JOURNAL, SHOWING PROFILE SKETCHES OF JOHN KEATS BY B. R. HAYDON. ALSO A NOTE IN HAYDON'S HANDWRITING BELOW THE PICTURES. SKETCHES DATED NOVEMBER, 1816. FROM VOL. III OF H. BUXTON FORMAN'S "LIFE OF KEATS," PUBLISHED BY REEVES AND TURNER, 1883. (REPRINTED BY PERMISSION.)

M—— could get a photograph of the house was to have the camera placed between these trees and the house. He had asked all over the village if a picture of Lawn Bank could be obtained, but he could not learn that any had ever been taken.

How quiet and serene was the air that memorable afternoon spent in the garden of Wentworth Place! The sunshine flickered down through the branches of the trees, making strange, fantastic shadows on the lawn; the birds were singing joyously overhead; the poet's presence seemed to haunt the place 'great divorcer forever' from all he held most dear."

Among the thronging memories of Wentworth Place are many connected with Keats's friends: the genial Charles Armitage Brown, who showed such faith in his genius, and while cherishing him faithfully was one of his best advisers; John Hamilton Reynolds and B. R. Haydon, who came out occasionally from London; Joseph Severn, who was destined to render him the greatest and most sacred service of all; Fanny Brawne, the girl whom the poet loved. Was she as beautiful as Keats believed


These are the living pleasures of the Bard;
But richer, far, Posterity's award.
What does he murmur with his latest breath,
While his proud Eye looks through the film of death?
"What, through Pleasure, dull, and earthly mould,
"Yet, shall my spirit, lofty converse hold
"With after times — The Patriot shall feel
"My stern alarum, and unsheath his steel:
"Or in the senate, thunder out my Numbers,
"To startle Princes from their easy slumbers.
"The Sage will mingle with each moral Theme
"My happy thoughts, sententious: he will teem
"With lofty Periods, when my Verses fire him,
"And then I'll stoop from Heaven, to inspire him.
"Lays have I left, of such a dear delight,
"That Maids will sing them on their bridal Night.

FACSIMILE OF PART OF KEATS'S "EPISTLE TO MY BROTHER GEORGE." FROM THE ORIGINAL, IN POSSESSION OF MR. WILLIAM H. ARNOLD.

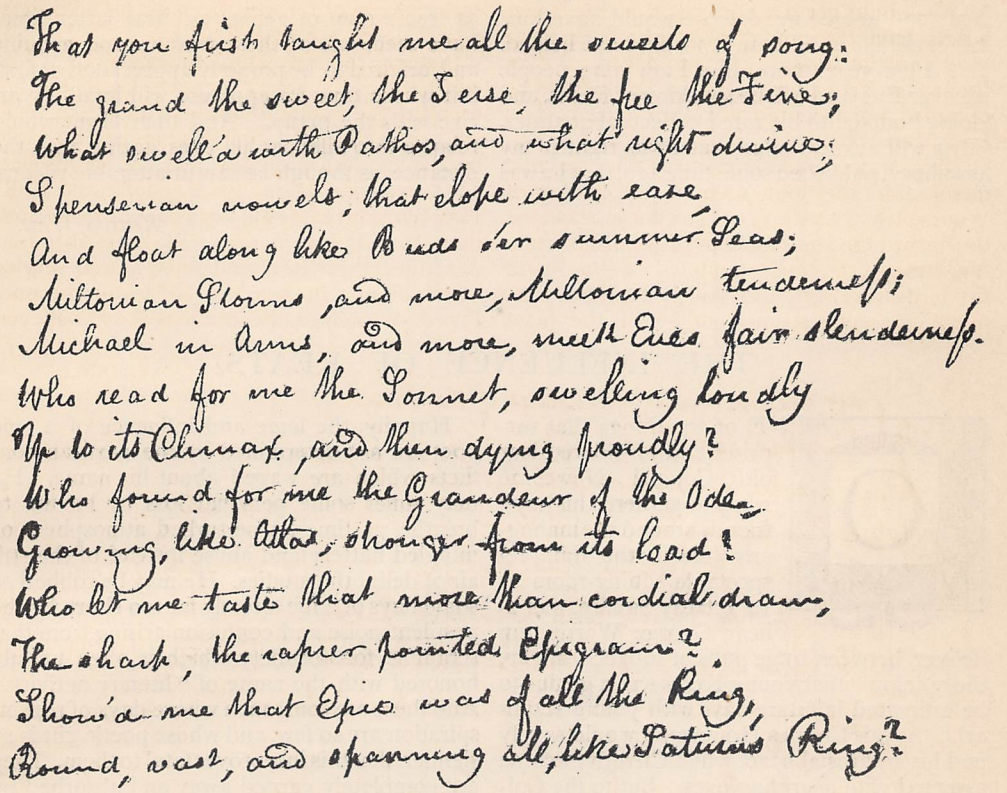
like a visitant from a near and vivid past. "I fancied," says Mr. M——, "I could identify the very tree under which he placed his breakfast chair to listen entranced to the song of the nightingale, and write his imperishable ode. Then would come a vision of the last sad days spent in this sheltered garden, when the poet was waging such a desperate fight with his swift, inevitable fate, and looking forward to that death which he had called 'soft names in many a musèd rhyme,' but which in his agony of soul he now felt to be the

her to be? Not if she looked like the only sketch of her extant, the silhouette by Édouart; beautiful, indeed, if she was like the draped figure in Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," which Severn thought she resembled.[1]

Two years after Keats's death Severn finished a portrait of him, which is now in the National Portrait Gallery, London, and which is here reproduced, it is believed, for the first time.[2] The coloring of the original is very pleasing, with its contrasts of light and shade. The hair is a deep, rich auburn,—yellow-brown, as the

1 Readers may be interested to know that an engraving by Mr. Cole of this beautiful figure will be printed in the November number of THE CENTURY.—EDITOR.

2 In August, 1894, when permission was granted to photograph this portrait for me, Sir George Scharf appeared to be strong and well, but in April of this year came news of his death. An authority in matters of art, his loss will be keenly felt.


That you first taught me all the sweets of song:
The grand the sweet, the Terse, the free the Fine;
What swell'd with Pathos, and what right divine;
Spenserian vowels, that elope with ease
And float along like Birds o'er summer Seas;
Miltonian Storms, and more, Miltonian tenderness;
Michael in Arms, and more, meek Eves fair slenderness.
Who read for me the Sonnet, swelling loudly
Up to its Climax, and then dying proudly?
Who found for me the Grandeur of the Ode,
Growing, like Atlas, stronger from its load?
Who let me taste that more than cordial dram,
The sharp, the rapier pointed Epigram?
Show'd me that Epic was of all the King,
Round, vast, and spanning all, like Saturn's Ring?

FACSIMILE OF PART OF KEATS'S EPISTLE "TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE." FROM THE ORIGINAL, IN POSSESSION OF MR. WILLIAM H. ARNOLD.

catalogue has it,—the expression of the face thoughtful and intent. The view through the open window is into the garden of Wentworth Place. Severn asserted that the room, the open window, the carpet, the chairs, were all portraits, even to the mezzotint portrait of Shakspere hanging on the wall. "On the morning of my visit to Hampstead in 1819 I found Keats sitting with the two chairs as I have painted him. After this time he lost his cheerfulness, and I never saw him like himself again."

The book open upon Keats's knee is probably Shakspere. About two years before he had written to Haydon: "I never quite despair, and I read Shakspere. Indeed I shall, I think, never read any other book much. . . . I am very near agreeing with Hazlitt that Shakspere is enough for us."

Before I end these rambling notes of this Hampstead visit, it may be of interest to mention that once I had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman who had known Leigh Hunt in his later years, and had often heard him speak of Keats and that "heart of hearts," Shelley. "I loved them both," Hunt would say in his tender, sympathetic way, "Keats not so well as Shelley, but he was very dear to me. I can never forget the manner in which his genius first impressed me. Of all men I have met, he had most of the true poetic spirit. Shelley was largely a politician and a reformer, Wordsworth a philosopher and teacher, but Keats was pure poet. In the midst of London streets he was in the thick of the wild-woods; in the woods he never looked at an oak-tree without seeing the dryad. He lived with all those beautiful fancies and dreams which made the earth once so divine a place to the old Greeks. . . . In character he was strong and manly, had a masterful and earnest spirit. I respected him as well as loved him. . . . At the last, when he was so sensitive, so suspicious, so miserably restless, we all knew it was not a revelation of his real character, but a manifestation of his disease."

My informant told me that once he was with Hunt when Mary Shelley, accompanied by her son, visited him. In the midst of their tender reminiscences, he remembered that Hunt spoke of Keats, and regretted that he had not more strenuously taken his part against his infamous reviewers. "He did not need my help," Hunt would say, "for he bore the shafts from those cowardly hunters with smiling cour-

age; and indeed my defense would have hurt his cause far more than it would have helped. . . . A few years more, after I am gone, people all over England will be speaking of Keats, and doing homage to his rare intellectual qualities. They will acknowledge that I was right in my prophecy, published some time ago, that he was as true a man of genius as these latter times have seen, one of those who are too genuine and original to be properly appreciated at first, but whose time for applause will infallibly arrive with the many." And then Hunt would relapse into silence, his eyes gazing into the distance, as though he saw unutterable visions.

Kenyon West.

THE INFLUENCE OF KEATS.

ONE of the things that surprised and bewildered dear old Colonel Newcome when he gathered his boy's friends around the mahogany tree in the dull, respectable dining-room at 12 Fitzroy Square, was to hear George Warrington deliver, between huge puffs of tobacco smoke, the opinion "that young Keats was a genius to be estimated in future days with young Raphael." At this Charles Honeyman would sagely nod his ambrosial head, while Clive Newcome assented with sparkling eyes. But to the Colonel, sitting kindly grave and silent at the head of the table, and recalling (somewhat dimly) the wigged and powdered poetry of the age of Queen Anne, such a critical sentiment seemed radical and revolutionary, almost ungentlemanly.

But how astonished he would have been sixty years later if he had taken up Mr. Sidney Colvin's "Life of Keats," and read in the concluding chapter of that vivacious work the deliberate and remarkable judgment that "by power, as well as by temperament and aim, he was the most Shaksperian spirit that has lived since Shakspere"!

In truth, from the beginning the poetry of Keats has been visited too much by thunderstorms of praise. It was the indiscriminate enthusiasm of his friends that drew out the equally indiscriminate ridicule of his enemies. It was the premature salutation offered to him as a supreme master of the most difficult of all arts that gave point and sting to the criticism of evident defects in his work. "The Examiner" hailed him, before his first volume had been printed, as one who was destined to revive the early vigor of English poetry. "Blackwood's Magazine" retorted by quoting his feeblest lines and calling him "Johnny Keats." The suspicion of log-rolling led to its usual result in a volley of stone-throwing.

Happily, the fame and influence of a true poet are not determined by the partizan conflicts which are waged about his name. He may suffer some personal loss by having to breathe, at times, a perturbed atmosphere of mingled flattery and abuse instead of the still air of delightful studies. He may be robbed of some days of a life already far too short, by the pestilent noise and confusion arising from that scramble for notoriety which is often unduly honored with the name of "literary activity." And there are some men whose days of real inspiration are so few, and whose poetic gift is so slender, that this loss proves fatal to them. They are completely carried away and absorbed by the speculations and strifes of the market-place. They spend their time in the intrigues of rival poetic enterprises, and learn to regard current quotations in the trade journals as the only standard of value. Minor poets at the outset, they are tempted to risk their little all on the stock exchange of literature, and, losing their last title to the noun, retire to bankruptcy on the adjective.

But Keats did not belong to this frail and foolish race. His lot was cast in a world of petty conflict and ungenerous rivalry, but he was not of that world. It hurt him a little, but it did not ruin him. His spiritual capital was too large, and he regarded it as too sacred to be imperiled by vain speculations. He had in Chaucer and Spenser, Shakspere and Chapman, Milton and Petrarch, older and wiser friends than Leigh Hunt. For him

> The blue
> Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
> Of summer nights collected still to make
> The morning precious: beauty was awake!

He perceived, by that light which comes only to high-souled and noble-hearted poets,

> The great end
> Of poesy, that it should be a friend
> To soothe the cares and lift the thoughts of man.

He gave to that end the best that he had to give, freely, generously, joyously pouring himself into the ministry of his art. He did not dream for a moment that the gift was perfect. Flattery could not blind him to the limitations and defects of his early work. He was his own best and clearest critic. But he knew that so far as it went his poetic inspiration was true. He had faithfully followed the light of a pure and elevating joy in the opulent, manifold beauty of nature, and in the eloquent significance of old-world legends, and he believed that it had already led him to a place among the poets whose verse would bring delight, in far-off years, to the sons and daughters of mankind. He believed also that if he kept alive his faith in the truth of beauty and the beauty of truth it would lead him on yet further, into a nobler life and closer to those immortal bards whose

> Souls still speak
> To mortals of their little week;
> Of their sorrows and delights;
> Of their passions and their spites;
> Of their glory and their shame;
> What doth strengthen and what maim.

He expressed this faith very clearly in the early and unequal poem called "Sleep and Poetry," in a passage which begins

> Oh, for ten years, that I may overwhelm
> Myself in poesy! so I may do the deed
> That my own soul has to itself decreed.

And then, before four years had followed that brave wish, his voice fell silent under a wasting agony of pain and love, and the daisies were growing upon his Roman grave.

The pathos of his frustrated hope, his early death, has sometimes blinded men a little, it seems to me, to the real character of his work and the true quality of his influence in poetry. He has been lamented in the golden verse of Shelley's "Adonaïs," and in the prose of a hundred writers who have shared Shelley's errors without partaking of his genius, as the loveliest innocent ever martyred by the cruelty of hostile critics. But, in fact, the vituperations of Gifford and his crew were no more responsible for the death of Keats than the stings of insects for the death of a man who has perished of fever on the coast of Africa. They added to his sufferings, no doubt, but they did not take away his life. Keats had far too much virtue in the old Roman sense — far too much courage, to be killed by a criticism. He died of consumption, as he clearly and sadly knew that he was fated to do when he first saw the drop of arterial blood upon his pillow. Nor is it just, although it may seem generous, to estimate his fame chiefly by the anticipation of what he might have accomplished if he had lived longer; to praise him for his promise at the expense of his performance; and to rest his claim to a place among the English poets upon an uncertain prophecy of rivalry with Shakspere. I hear a far sounder note in Lowell's manly essay, when he says: "No doubt there is something tropical and of strange overgrowth in his sudden maturity, but it *was* maturity nevertheless." I hear the accent of a wiser and saner criticism in the sonnet of one of our living American poets:

> Touch not with dark regret his perfect fame,
> Sighing, "Had he but lived he had done so";
> Or, "Were his heart not eaten out with woe
> John Keats had won a prouder, mightier name!"
> Take him for what he was and did — nor blame
> Blind fate for all he suffered. Thou shouldst know
> Souls such as his escape no mortal blow —
> No agony of joy, or sorrow, or shame.
>
> . . . . . .

"Take him for what he was and did" — that should be the key-note of our thought of Keats as a poet. The exquisite harmony of his actual work with his actual character; the truth of what he wrote to what his young heart saw and felt and enjoyed; the simplicity of his very exuberance of ornament, and the naturalness of his artifice; the sincerity of his love of beauty and the beauty of his sincerity — these are the qualities which give an individual and lasting charm to his poetry, and make his gift to the world complete in itself and very precious, although — or perhaps we should even say because — it was imperfect and unfinished.

Youth itself is imperfect: it is impulsive, visionary, and unrestrained; full of tremulous delight in its sensations, but not yet thoroughly awake to the deeper meanings of the world; avid of novelty and mystery, but not yet fully capable of hearing or interpreting the still, small voice of divine significance which breathes from the simple and familiar elements of life. And yet youth has its own completeness as a season of man's existence. It is justified and indispensable. Alfred de Musset's

> We old men of yesterday

are simply monstrous. And the poetry which expresses and represents youth, the poetry of sensation and sentiment, has its own place in the literature of the world. This is the order to which the poetry of Keats belongs.

He is not a feminine poet, as Mr. Coventry Patmore calls him, any more than Theocritus or Tennyson is feminine; for the quality of extreme sensitiveness to outward beauty is not an exclusive mark of femininity: it is found in men

as often as in women, but it is always most keen and joyous and overmastering in the morning of the soul. Keats is not a virile poet, like Dante or Shakspere or Milton; and that he would have become one if he had lived is only a happy and loving guess. He is certainly not a member of the senile school of poetry, which celebrates the impotent and morbid passions of decay, with a *café chantant* for its temple, and the smoke of cigarettes for incense, and cups of wormwood for its libations, and for its goddess not the immortal Venus rising from the sea, but the weary, painted, and decrepit Venus sinking into the gutter.

He is in the highest and best sense of the word a juvenile poet—"mature," as Lowell says, but mature, as genius always is, within the boundaries and in the spirit of his own season of life. The very sadness of his lovely odes, "To a Nightingale," "On a Grecian Urn," "To Autumn," "To Psyche," is the pleasant melancholy of the springtime of the heart. "The Eve of St. Agnes," pure and passionate, surprising by its fine excess of color and melody, sensuous in every line, yet free from the slightest taint of sensuality, is unforgettable and unsurpassable as the dream of first love. The poetry of Keats, small in bulk and slight in body as it seems at first sight to be, endures, and will endure, in English literature, because it is the embodiment of the spirit of immortal youth.

Here, I think, we touch its secret as an influence upon other poets. For that it has been an influence — in the older sense of the word, which carries with it a reference to the guiding and controlling force supposed to flow from the stars to the earth — is beyond all doubt. The "History of English Literature," with which Taine amused us some twenty-five years ago, nowhere displays its narrowness of vision more egregiously than in its failure to take account of Gray, Collins, and Keats as fashioners of English poetry. Our American critic, Mr. Stedman, shows a far broader and more intelligent understanding of the subject when he says that "Wordsworth begot the mind, and Keats the body, of the idyllic Victorian School." We can trace the influence of Keats not merely in the conscious or unconscious imitations of his manner, like those which are so evident in the early poems of Tennyson and Procter, in Hood's "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" and "Lycus the Centaur," in Rossetti's "Ballads and Sonnets," and William Morris's "Earthly Paradise," but also in the youthful spirit of delight in the retelling of old tales of mythology and chivalry; in the quickened sense of pleasure in the luxuriance and abundance of natural beauty; in the freedom of overflowing cadences transmitting ancient forms of verse into new and flexible measures; in the large liberty of imaginative diction, making all nature sympathize with the joy and sorrow of man,—in brief, in many of the finest marks of a renascence, a renewed youth, which characterize the poetry of the Victorian era. I do not mean to say that Keats alone, or chiefly, was responsible for this renascence. He never set up to lead a movement or to found a school. His genius is not to be compared with that of a commanding artist like Giotto or Leonardo or Michelangelo, but rather with that of a painter like Botticelli, whose personal and expressive charm makes itself felt in the work of many painters who learned secrets of grace and beauty from him, though they were not his professed disciples or followers.

Take for example Matthew Arnold. He called himself, and no doubt rightly, a Wordsworthian. But it was not from Wordsworth that he caught the strange and searching melody of "The Forsaken Merman," or learned to embroider the laments for "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar-Gypsy" with opulence of such varied bloom as makes death itself seem lovely. It was from John Keats. Or read the description of the tapestry on the castle walls in "Tristram and Iseult." How perfectly that repeats the spirit of Keats's descriptions in "The Eve of St. Agnes"! It is picturesque poetry.

Indeed, we shall fail to do justice to the influence of Keats unless we recognize also that it has produced direct and distinct effects in the art of painting. The English Preraphaelites owed much to his inspiration. Holman Hunt found two of his earliest subjects for pictures in "The Eve of St. Agnes" and "The Pot of Basil." Millais painted "Lorenzo and Isabella," and Rossetti "La Belle Dame sans Merci." There is an evident sympathy between their art, which insisted that every detail in a picture is precious, and should be painted with truthful care for its beauty, and the poetry of Keats, which is filled, and even overfilled, with minute and loving touches of exquisite elaboration.

But it must be remembered that in poetry, as well as in painting, the spirit of picturesqueness has its dangers. The details may be multiplied until the original design is lost. The harmony and lucidity of a poem may be destroyed by innumerable digressions and descriptions. In some of his poems — in "Endymion" and in "Lamia"— Keats fell very deep into this fault, and no one knew it better than himself. But when he was at his best he had the power of blending a hundred delicate details with his central vision, and making every touch heighten and enhance the general effect. How wonderful in its unity is the "Ode on a

Grecian Urn"! How complete and magical the opening lines of "Hyperion":

> Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
> Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
> Far from the fiery Noon, and eve's one star,
> Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
> Still as the silence round about his lair;
> Forest on forest hung about his head
> Like cloud on cloud.

How large and splendid is the imagery of the sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer"! And who that has any sense of poetry does not recognize the voice of a master in the two superb lines of the last poem that Keats wrote? — the sonnet in which he speaks of the bright star

> watching, with eternal lids apart,
> Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
> The moving waters at their priestlike task
> Of pure ablution round earth's human shores.

The poets of America have not been slow to recognize the charm and power of Keats. Holmes and Longfellow and Lowell paid homage to him in their verse. Lanier inscribed to his memory a poem called "Clover." Mr. R. W. Gilder has two sonnets which celebrate his "perfect fame." And there are many of our younger poets who would join with Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman in twining a garland for Keats among

> The poets nine
> Whose verse
> I love best to rehearse.

But I seem to find an even deeper and larger tribute to his influence in the features of resemblance to his manner and spirit which flash out here and there, unexpectedly and unconsciously, in the poetry of our New World. Emerson was so unlike Keats in his intellectual constitution as to make all contact between them appear improbable, if not impossible. And yet no one can read Emerson's "May-Day," and Keats's exquisitely truthful and imaginative lines on "Fancy," one after the other, without feeling that the two poems are very near of kin. Lowell's "Legend of Brittany" has caught, not only the measure, but also the tone and the diction of "Isabella"; the famous introduction to "The Vision of Sir Launfal," with its often quoted line,

> What is so rare as a day in June?

finds a parallel in the opening verses of "Sleep and Poetry" —

> What is more gentle than a wind in summer?

and Lowell's "Endymion," which he calls "a mystical comment on Titian's 'Sacred and Profane Love,'" is full of echoes from Keats, like this:

> My day began not till the twilight fell
> And lo! in ether from heaven's sweetest well
> The new moon swam, divinely isolate
> In maiden silence, she that makes my fate
> Haply not knowing it, or only so
> As I the secrets of my sheep may know.

In Sidney Lanier's luxuriant and melodious "Hymns of the Marshes" there are innumerable touches in the style of Keats; for example, his apostrophe to the

> Reverend marsh, low-couched along the sea,
> Old chemist, wrapped in alchemy,
> Distilling silence,—

or his praise of the

> Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire,
> Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
> Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of leaves.

One of the richest and most sustained pieces of elegiac verse that have yet been produced in America, Mr. George E. Woodberry's noble poem called "The North Shore Watch," has many passages that recall the young poet who wrote

> A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Indeed, we hear the very spirit of Endymion speaking in Mr. Woodberry's lines:

> Beauty abides, nor suffers mortal change,
> Eternal refuge of the orphaned mind.

And now one more poet — and I think a true one — comes to add his name to those who have seen the bright star of immortal youth in the poetry of Keats. Father Tabb, in one of his delicately finished little poems, imagines Sappho, amid the Olympian throng, listening to the "Ode to a Nightingale," and hearing in it

> The pantings of her heart.

Yes; the memory and influence of Keats endure, and will endure, because his poetry expresses something in the heart that will not die so long as there are young men and maidens to see and feel the beauty of the world and the thrill of love. It is complete, it is true, it is justified, because it is the fitting utterance of one of those periods of mental life which Keats himself has called "the human seasons."

But its completeness and its truth depend

upon its relation, in itself and in the poet's mind, to the larger world of poetry, the fuller life, the rounded year of man. After all, we find it impossible truly to understand the performance of Keats without considering his promise; we cannot appreciate what he did without remembering that it was only part of what he hoped to do. He was not one of those who believe that the ultimate aim of poetry is loveliness, and that there is no higher law above the law of "art for art's sake." The poets of arrested development, the artificers of mere melody and form, who say that art must always play and never teach, the musicians who are content to remain forever

The idle singers of an empty day,

are not his true followers. He held that "beauty is truth," but he held also another article that has been too often left out in the repetition of his poetic creed: he held "truth beauty," and he hoped one day to give a clear, full utterance to that higher, holier vision. Perhaps he has, but not to mortal ears.

Henry van Dyke.



HAROLD.

UP from the trodden sand lift his red plume;
Shoot his maimed stallion, and sheathe his red sword:
Bury him there where the cliffs make a gloom
And the cedars hang desolate over the ford.

Helmet and cuirass and scabbard of steel,
Gauntlets and top-boots and clatter of spur,—
Dumb now the clashing from thigh-bone to heel,
And harmless as dragon-fly mocking them there.

Such a great fight there will never be more:
Harold alone there, with pistols and sword,
Shooting them down when they rode to the shore,
Cutting them down when they rode from the ford;

Twenty long minutes he held it, and then
Shouting came down from the pass overhead;
He turned in his saddle to cheer on his men,
And the gray rocks that saw it were splattered with red.

Bury him there where the waters swing by,
And the gloom of the mountain hangs over the ford;
With his feet to the rock and his face to the sky,
And the grip of his hand on the hilt of his sword.

Bury him there where the winds in the pass
Will cry him the dirges the sere cedars know.
No tear will awake him of comrade or lass,
Where we leave him to dream in the grass and the snow.

Only the flare of his surging red plume
Like the flag of a hero will challenge the ford,
Till the last great "To horse!" will blare over his tomb,
And he 'll lead us again with his hand on his sword.

G. E. Theodore Roberts.

LIFE IN THE TUILERIES UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE.[1]

BY AN INMATE OF THE PALACE.

ONE of the most remarkable men of the court of Napoleon III. was the Duc de Morny, who was known to be a son of the Emperor's mother, Queen Hortense: a very questionable honor, which, however, he put forward on every possible occasion in a manner showing a complete absence of all innate delicacy of feeling. His gentlemanlike demeanor and perfect courtly grace were unsurpassed; but nevertheless he placed significantly on the panels of his carriage the flower of the hydrangea, called by the French "Hortensia," and in general omitted nothing that could recall his birth.

After his special embassy to Russia, on the occasion of the coronation of Alexander II., he married a young Princess Troubetskoi, to whom public rumor ascribed an origin of the same kind as his own (attributed to the Emperor Nicholas); on which Morny said cynically: "I am the son of a queen, the brother of an emperor, the son-in-law of an emperor—*et c'est tout naturel.*"

Even at the court of Napoleon III., where there was not much austerity of principle, the effrontery of this speech caused disgust. Morny was very like Napoleon III., but much better looking, of taller and finer figure, with more elegance and charm of manner. He was guided only by self-interest, and was esteemed by no one, but his natural cleverness, his determined spirit, and his wonderful power of attracting the most unwilling, made him a valuable auxiliary to the Emperor, to whom his loss was an irreparable misfortune.

His wife was one of those strange beings—of whom there were several in the society of that day—whose tempers, whims, and caprices would have required energetic repression in the case of children of six years old, and were absolutely astonishing in women supposed to have reached years of discretion. Mme. de Morny was very pretty, but her figure was little, fragile, and thin. Her features were delicate, and her pale complexion was of dazzling fairness; her tiny nose was sharp, and her dark eyes had a fierce expression, the reverse of attractive, and were in startling contrast to her flaxen hair, so light as to be almost silvery—so that she was called "La Souris Blanche" (the white mouse).

At the Empress's fancy ball she figured in a dance of sixteen ladies representing the four elements, and of course was one of those personifying air, being dressed with floating streamers of gauzy blue and white. When the dance was over, it was followed by another representing the characters of the fairy-tales of our childhood, and Mme. de Morny sat down by the Comtesse de Tascher and myself to see the dance. But the Duc de Dino, who had chosen the extraordinary disguise of the "stump of a tree," swathed like a mummy in bands of dark-brown linen, with all the supposed young shoots standing out like a bush round his head, brought his unwelcome figure just before us, and, being a small man, was just on our level, his bushy head forming a complete screen. We were all annoyed, though naturally silent; but Mme. de Morny, addressing him in a haughty, imperious tone, cried, "Ôtez-vous de là!" (Go away from here!) He turned, looked at her from head to foot with ineffable disdain, and did not move. She uttered a fierce growl, and, like a small tigress, flew at him, seizing him by the branches about his head, and trying to pull him forcibly aside. He took no notice, and, failing in her attempt, she was forced to sit down, in a state of fury.

Such an exhibition of temper in a court ballroom may give some idea of the home delights which she provided for her husband. I remember a large official dinner-party where the de Tascher family were among the guests, and where the Duc de Morny was obliged to do the honors alone, because in a fit of temper and caprice his wife refused to appear. He was quite equal to the occasion, and to others of the same kind, playing his part of host with his usual charming grace and apparently unruffled equanimity.

A great contrast to Morny was found in Comte Walewski, another of the celebrated men who figured at the court and councils of Napoleon III. Here, too, was a "bend sinister," sufficiently revealed by his striking likeness to Napoleon I., but a more agreeable version of the well-known face than that of Prince Napoleon. The Comte de Tascher

[1] See THE CENTURY for September, page 709.

had, among many others, a small portrait of the great Emperor which, he told me, was the best likeness he had seen. This portrait seemed reproduced in Comte Walewski: the features, the peculiar pallor, the shade of the gray-blue eyes, and their expression, were strikingly similar. But, unlike Morny, he had the good taste to keep the explanation in the background. At a court reception he happened to hear a lady say to another, "How wonderfully like his father!" He turned, and with that stiff, rather haughty demeanor which made him in some degree unpopular, gravely remarked: "I was not aware, madame, that Comte Walewski had the honor of being personally known to you."

He was not considered agreeable, showing too much of the statesman even in private life; but he was a gentleman and more esteemed than Morny, although not so much liked. His wife, however, by her particularly graceful and amiable manners, greatly assisted him in retaining some popularity. Every one was attracted by the Comtesse Walewska, who never lost an opportunity of doing a kind act, or of obliging others in those small things of daily life which are so pleasing and so valuable. She was also quiet and ladylike. Her beauty was much extolled; but this seemed more due to a general impression of a very charming and most agreeable woman than to beauty taken in a literal sense.

The Princesse Clotilde, whom every one watched with pitying interest, had now settled down into her regular life, and it soon became evident to all that it would have been impossible to choose anywhere a wife more utterly uncongenial to Prince Napoleon. She was, and is still, a princess of medieval times, a Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, neither very highly educated nor very clever, caring only for her religious practices and her works of charity. She soon ceased to pay much attention to her toilet, reaching even the point of carelessness, which greatly annoyed her husband. It must be acknowledged that the devotion of the Princesse Clotilde went perhaps beyond what was quite judicious, but no one had any influence over her, and what she considered her duty was performed with a sort of gentle, placid stubbornness which allowed of no expostulation.

At first she showed particular graciousness to my elder pupil, the future Princess Thurn und Taxis, who was about her own age, and whose manners evidently pleased her. Had this first sympathetic intercourse been encouraged, they might have reached friendly intimacy, but the de Tascher de la Pageries, being on the Beauharnais side of the imperial family, were never on very cordial terms with the Bonapartes, and the Princes Napoleon and Jerome were particularly disliked by the Duc de Tascher; consequently the intercourse with the Palais Royal was limited to strict courtly etiquette and politeness.

The ladies who had been first appointed to attend the Princesse Clotilde were treated with such rudeness by Prince Napoleon that one after another sent in her resignation, so that finally the princess had about her only ladies chosen out of the circle composed of his friends and their wives, whose ways and opinions were in opposition to all her own. The style and language of her sister-in-law, the Princesse Mathilde, could only shock her feelings, and she was not attracted by the gay doings of the imperial court, where she appeared only on necessary occasions. Being accustomed to traditional etiquette, she combined the pride of rank, which she considered proper dignity, with Christian humility. "She is a true princess," was commonly said of her. At the present time she attends the poor, like a hospital sister, wearing a hospital apron, and shrinking from no act of charity, however repulsive; and although upon rising, she dresses without assistance, her attendants are required to be within reach and in readiness to give their services, because it is proper that such should be the case. No usage of etiquette is overlooked, because it is right that she should be treated as a royal princess.

During the Empire, even in her early youth, no one dared to show the least familiarity in the presence of the Princesse Clotilde; but the stiff decorum of her circle did not make home life agreeable. During the day her ladies accompanied her to the churches, where they unwillingly awaited her pleasure for hours. In the evening they were seated about a table with their work, while the princess herself diligently plied her needle, speaking very little, and not encouraging any one else to talk. Some ladies, accustomed more to the "brusque" ways of the master of the house than to the tact required in the presence of a king's daughter, tried to speak of public affairs, wondering, for instance, how matters would end between Victor Emmanuel and Pope Pius IX., which must evidently have been most displeasing to the Princesse Clotilde. Scarcely looking up, she replied very gently, but so as to silence effectually the indiscreet talkers: "The intentions are good; matters are in God's hands, and what is his will must happen." But never to any one did she express her private opinions, or utter anything more definite than such truisms. She lived alone, and had no confidential friends. That such a home should have been unutterably wearisome to Prince Napoleon is not surprising, though it is doubtful

whether any wife, however gifted, could have retained a hold upon his affections.

At the time of the marriage the Empress Eugénie had hoped to find a friend in the young and interesting bride; but she soon discovered that intimacy would be impossible. The princess was cold, dignified, and not devoid of a perceptible shade of haughtiness, and withal intensely devout; while the Empress, notwithstanding all that has been said of her "clerical" tendencies, was at that time only moderately religious, a victim to ennui, and ready for anything that could diversify the monotony of her life.

One of the chamberlains told me that as he preceded the Emperor and Empress on one occasion he heard the Emperor remonstrating on her love of pleasure, and the fatigue which it often caused her. She answered that she could not help it, as she was dying of ennui, and concluded with an earnest entreaty to be taken with him to the camp at Châlons. The Emperor strongly objected: a camp of soldiery would be no place for her, and she would be very uncomfortable; besides, what possible attraction could she find there?

As usual, the Empress had her own way. She went to the camp, and slept in a tent with an umbrella over her bed because the rain came through; she walked about among the troops with mud up to her ankles, protected by gaiters, and was delighted. Anything for a change. But such a proceeding had no precedent in former reigns, and was much criticized. The lofty enmity of the aristocrats of the Faubourg St. Germain, who looked down contemptuously upon everything said or done by "Mlle. de Montijo" (for they did not even vouchsafe to call her "Mme. Bonaparte"), especially stung her to the quick; and after shrinking at first from their criticism, she became irritated even to recklessness. "Those people all seem to despise me, and to look down upon me as an inferior," she said bitterly; "and yet surely the 'blue blood' of Spain is worth something!"

"High life below stairs!" was the remark made to me, in English, by a leader of fashion in the dreaded Faubourg, where I had retained friends and family connections, many of whom would not at first visit me in my new abode at the Tuileries. "Why do you keep bad company?" was their answer when I expostulated.

The arrival of ambassadors extraordinary from Oriental lands brought some diversion to the monotony of the imperial court, which the Empress welcomed with delight. In those days a sultan or a shah did not show his sacred person in giaour regions, and but little was known of their distant countries, which seemed to belong to the world of the "Arabian Nights." When the arrival of an ambassador from Persia was officially announced the Empress Eugénie had but one thought — that of dazzling his Oriental mind by a wonderful display of European magnificence. Usually a queen-consort never appeared officially on such occasions; but the Empress decided that she would be present in state, with all her ladies about her in full court dress, which she herself would also wear, with a profusion of jewels. Everything was settled according to her wishes: she was present at the reception of the embassy, seated in imperial state, and looking very beautiful. When the Persian ambassador retired, one of the French gentlemen who had escorted him into the imperial presence asked what he thought of the Empress.

"The Empress!" he exclaimed, with contemptuous astonishment. "I did not look at her. It is beneath my dignity to look at a woman. I saw only the Emperor."

This result of so much trouble was rather disconcerting for those concerned, and there was a good deal of suppressed laughter among the officials who had witnessed the ceremony.

Next came the embassy of Siam, described to us by the Bavarian minister as "a set of fellows in long silk dressing-gowns, looking as if they had been molded in greenish chocolate," and who were to bring to the Emperor the presents sent by the King of Siam, which they were to offer on their hands and knees. The Emperor, who had decided to receive them in the gallery of Henry II. at the palace of Fontainebleau, earnestly wished to dispense with this part of the ceremony; but he was told that he would only lose all majesty in their appreciation, and all claim to their respect.

The Empress was also present in full imperial state, with her ladies about her. The latter had been particularly requested not to yield to any temptation to laugh during the performance; indeed, the sight of human beings crawling on the floor like animals was so painful that no one felt any inclination even to smile. The unfortunate ambassador carried above his head a large gold cup or bowl containing the presents, and was consequently obliged to use his elbows to work his way forward on his knees. When he reached the throne, panting and gasping, the Emperor could bear the sight no longer, and stepped down to save him the ascent, taking the presents from him, and raising him to his feet.

I remember seeing the Siamese, who were the great "lions" of the day, at the opera, and thinking the description of the Bavarian minister graphic and accurate. The opera represented was Félicien David's "Herculaneum," and the alarm of the Siamese at the final conflagration was amusing to witness. They were,

not unnaturally, convinced that the theater was on fire, and insisted on leaving the building, pointing to the stage with the greatest terror, rushing to the door of the box, and most reluctantly returning with the French who escorted them. They were evidently much relieved when the curtain fell and they were allowed to retire.

On official occasions, such as the preceding and others, an important part in the preparations fell to the share of a functionary who, though unnoticed, was not unknown — the hair-dresser of the Empress, named Leroy. Of course all fashionable ladies wished to have their hair dressed by Leroy; but on great occasions only those of high rank or prominent positions could aspire to the care of the great man himself. All others had to be satisfied with the skill of his assistants. He was a stout, middle-aged man, who came in his carriage at the hour he pleased, and who rushed in like a conqueror, waving his comb, dressed in a brown linen over-suit, ordering the servants about, and desiring the presence of their mistress immediately, for he could not be kept waiting. Duchesses and princesses who had spent the day in white wrappers to be ready for his offices then flew to their dressing-rooms with all due submission and alacrity. In two minutes their hair was disheveled on their shoulders, and with marvelous rapidity gathered up and arranged according to his taste and fancy, while he talked incessantly, principally of the Empress, lauding her to the skies; then, reverting to Marie Antoinette and *her* hair-dresser, he would say that if *he* had filled that post she would never have been guillotined. Oh, no; he would have found means to prevent that! He would guarantee that nothing could happen to the Empress Eugénie! — and so forth. Meanwhile the hair in his hands would become really beautifully adorned, and as he put in the jewels he would say proudly: "No fear of their coming out. No lady ever lost a diamond that *I* had fastened!"

And truly they were wonderfully secure. The result of his rapid manipulation was always perfect, but it was dearly paid for by hours of waiting. I have seen the Duchesse de Tascher with her hair dressed for a ball at eleven o'clock in the morning, and sitting motionless during the whole day that nothing should be disturbed in her head-dress.

When the King of Prussia[1] visited Napoleon III. at Compiègne, the Empress of course considered the presence of Leroy indispensable, and he was summoned to Compiègne for the whole of the king's visit. But it so happened that some important wedding festivities at Berlin had caused lucrative offers to be addressed to Leroy, who explained the case to the Empress, imploring her to dispense with his services. Too kind to refuse, yet considerably vexed, and engrossed by that one thought, the Empress came to the Emperor's private room, where he was deeply engaged in political cogitations, caused by the visit of the king and the matters to be discussed.

"Can you imagine anything more tiresome?" she said to the Emperor. "Here is Leroy, who has been apologizing and entreating my forgiveness because he has been summoned to Berlin and must go immediately!"

The Emperor, to whom the sound "Leroy" could mean only *'le roi'* (the king), and who thought only of the King of Prussia, exclaimed in great alarm: "Le roi summoned to Berlin! But this is most serious! How is it that I have not been informed? You say he is going immediately! What can have happened?"

The Empress, surprised at the extreme interest shown by the Emperor in the proceedings of Leroy, continued her lamentations till at last the Emperor discovered that the important departure was that — of her hair-dresser!

The fourth year of my residence at the palace was marked by a family event — the "golden wedding," or fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of the Comte and Comtesse de Tascher de la Pagerie, which was celebrated at Baden-Baden in the presence of all their children and grandchildren.

A curious circumstance occurred on this occasion which is worthy of mention. The (Princesse) Comtesse de Tascher had lost, many years before, her wedding-ring, to her great distress, and it had never been found. Shortly before the festivities of the golden wedding, the Duchess of Hamilton, on looking over the jewels left by her mother, the Grand Duchess of Baden, whose death had occurred during the preceding winter, found a small packet labeled, "The wedding-ring of Amélie von der Leyen, sold by a Jew peddler as having belonged to the Empress Josephine. To be returned." It was evident that the grand duchess, who was the most forgetful of women, had put this away carefully and entirely forgotten it. The Duchess of Hamilton, seeing the inscription engraved inside, "Louis de Tascher de la Pagerie — Amélie von der Leyen," with the date of their marriage, sent it to the count with the above explanation. He kept the matter secret till the "golden wedding," when the ring which had been lost for so long was again placed on the finger of the Princess Amélie von der Leyen on the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage which had taken place under the sad circumstances already related.[2]

[1] Afterward William I., Emperor of Germany.

[2] See THE CENTURY for September, page 709.

I was much moved on this occasion by the kindness of the old count, who called me to him, saying, "My dear, in commemoration of my fiftieth wedding-day I have had rings made for all my children, and here is yours." I have always worn it since as a precious memorial.

The golden wedding was closely followed by the marriage of my elder pupil, Eugénie de Tascher de la Pagerie, to Prince Maximilian von Thurn und Taxis; and, alas! a few months later, by the death of her dear grandfather, for whom I mourned as if I had indeed been one of his children.

The Emperor and Empress visited him constantly during his illness, the Empress herself undertaking various small cares of the sick-room, as a daughter might have done. The Emperor was deeply moved when he saw that the end was at hand; the tears, which he could not repress, were running down his face as he stood by the bed of his old and faithful friend. I was much struck by the gentleness of his manner and the softness of his voice, in great contrast with the somewhat harsh tones of the Empress. Napoleon III. retained his hat, according to royal privilege, but it seemed strange under such circumstances; the Empress Eugénie wore nothing on her hair, and was in home toilet of mourning for her sister, the Duchess of Alva.

The death of the venerable Comte de Tascher de la Pagerie was that of a sincere and fervent Christian, leaving memories of peace and religious hope to all who were present. The duke, his son, replaced him in his court duties, but his title of "grand master" remained in abeyance.

The Emperor and Empress came together to visit his widow, and here a painful scene took place. The body of the count was laid out in state, and, according to German custom, all visitors were at once shown into his room. This was quite unexpected by the Empress, who was so startled and shocked that she fell into violent hysterics. She was carried immediately into a room belonging to one of the ladies of the family, who hastened to offer their assistance, while the Emperor stood by helpless, like most men on such occasions, repeating, "My poor Eugénie!" in tones of consternation. But the annoyance caused by the consequences of such an unfortunate mistake left a painful impression on the mind of the Empress, and in some measure chilled her kind sympathy.

The death of her sister, the Duchess of Alva, had thrown the Empress into a very nervous and excitable state. At the same time she had serious domestic sorrows, into the cause of which the world was only too completely initiated, but which she could not discuss with her ladies, while her sister was a natural confidante in the terrible moral isolation of her high position. The Duchess of Alva, calmer, perhaps more reasonable, than the Empress Eugénie, had a soothing influence over her violent feelings and impulsive resolutions, to which she yielded without resistance after the death of her sister. Every one knew that her violent grief, her incessant weeping, had other causes besides her recent loss, although officially it was supposed to be the only one. The Emperor was as gentle and kind as ever in his intercourse with her, but never seemed to understand the real motive of her persistent affliction, to which he attached no importance. He loved the wife he had chosen in spite of all the opposition shown by his best friends; but he was attentive to others, and very unscrupulously indulged his many fancies, as all knew; and to this his wife could never be resigned. She had not to endure the public insults which his predecessors inflicted on their consorts, but what took place in private was not the less known by the world, for monarchs live in a glass case, observed by all.

At this time the Empress began to take an interest in political matters, and it was thought advisable to humor her in this new fancy as a means of diverting her mind from other problems of a more inconvenient kind. She had held the nominal office of regent during the Italian war of 1859, and as she might be called upon to do so again, she was now allowed to be present at the councils, and she began to interfere in matters concerning affairs of state. This again was most unwelcome to the nation, always averse to female influence, and by no means willing to be governed by "Mlle. de Montijo." The nature of the Empress was particularly unfitted for political interference. She was essentially impulsive, vehement in the expression of her preferences or views, and easily worked upon by those who contrived to win her confidence. She was too sincere and straightforward to understand diplomatic intrigues or to suspect secret motives, and thus she was unknowingly induced to favor the various private interests of those by whom France and Napoleon III. were drawn into the Mexican war, with its miserable results — the beginning of the Emperor's downward career. Unhappily, the Empress Eugénie continued to interfere in political questions, and ended by taking a passionate interest in public affairs. She was surrounded by flatterers, who made her their tool for the advantage of their own views, while she mistook her own high spirit and her visions of romantic heroism for the genius of a Maria Theresa or a Catherine. At first the Emperor resisted, and while assisted by his first supporters — Morny, Walewski, even Persigny,

who, though erratic, was at least energetic and devoted — he had his own way in what was essential; but as these counselors died off, and his own health became seriously affected, he yielded more and more to an ever-increasing yearning for domestic peace.

After the Italian war there were necessarily diplomatic changes, and Baron von Hübner, best known to the general public by his interesting travels, which show great acuteness of observation, was replaced by Prince Richard Metternich. A great name is often an inconvenient inheritance, and the agreeable, well-bred Austrian gentleman who bore this one at the court of Napoleon III. was scarcely equal to the expectations which it awakened. His wife, who was in every respect too young for such a position as that of ambassadress, soon attracted much notice of an unfavorable kind by her strange ways and fancies, which at first astonished Parisian society, and then provoked severe criticism, but finally produced bad results in the court circle.

She was merely a wayward, spoiled child, who imagined that her high rank authorized her to defy all rules of decorum, and that, so long as she abstained from what was absolutely wicked, she could do anything she pleased.

At that time there was a sort of intoxication in the very atmosphere of Paris — a fever of enjoyment, a passion for constant amusement, for constant excitement, and, among women, for extravagance of dress. This was encouraged by the court, with the intention of giving an impetus to trade and of gaining popularity by favoring constant festivities, and consequently constant expense. In the days of Louis Philippe there had been great moderation in all matters of luxury. The king and queen were aged, sensible, and economical; the princesses were kept within rigid bounds by the example above them. But when the Emperor came to the throne, after a period of revolution and consequent commercial stagnation, he wished to revive trade and also to give the prestige of splendor to a court which so many did not seem to take in earnest. His beautiful wife, suddenly raised to a supreme position for which nothing in her previous life had prepared her, finding what seemed unlimited means within her reach, keenly enjoyed the possibility of procuring everything that pleased her, and enhanced her remarkable personal attractions by all the advantages of exquisite "toilette," without consideration of cost. Everything that she wore suited her admirably; others tried to imitate her, and the general tone was raised. She had the art of constantly choosing something new and unusual which attracted attention, so that, instead of being satisfied with conventional types of silks and satins, which formerly had been considered sufficient for all occasions, every one tried to invent something different from others, and to improve upon what had been seen before. Consequently, in all matters of taste and luxury there was an eager struggle to outvie others, to reach a higher degree of splendor, and extravagance became universal. Paris was a sort of fairyland where every one lived only for amusement, and where every one seemed rich and happy. What lay underneath all this would not bear close examination — the dishonorable acts of all kinds which too often were needed to produce the glamour deceiving superficial observers.

Into this hotbed of "pomps and vanities" came the young and thoughtless Princess Metternich, with all the pride characterizing the high aristocracy of her native land, and fully disposed both to enjoy and to despise what awaited her. She had been accustomed to the restricted society of Vienna, composed of distinct circles, wheels within wheels, according to rank and social privileges; each circle keeping aloof from all others, marrying only among their equals, and associating exclusively together. As a natural consequence the quintessence of the aristocracy, forming the most limited among these circles, becomes a sort of large family: all are more or less related to one another, all are intimate from childhood. In such society the hoidenish ways of "Pauline" were only smiled at, and were not of much consequence. But when she came to a cosmopolitan city like Paris, full of observant enemies who did not care in the least for her quarterings or her faultless pedigree, and did not admit any superiority, the case was very different. Her husband ought to have understood this, and to have interposed his authority; but he was indolently indifferent, and when his wife exceeded all social limits the strongest reproof was a languid "Aber, Pauline!" which in no way acted as a check.

In the Princess Metternich was an inexplicable mixture of innate high breeding and acquired tastes of lower degree. When she appeared in society, at her very entrance there could be no mistake: from head to foot she was the high-born lady — the "grande dame." Yet she had an extraordinary inclination for walking on the edges of moral quagmires, and peeping into them, with a proud conviction that her foot could never slip. There are stories of her imprudent adventures; but she escaped unscathed, and had no other motive in seeking them than curiosity — foolish, morbid curiosity — as to people and matters which should never have been even mentioned in her presence. She acted with a degree of rashness and folly which would have ruined most women,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE SPINGLER.

EMPRESS EUGÉNIE IN 1863.

yet no one ever really attacked her reputation: all allowed that, according to the expression of a lady of the court, "she had never crossed the Rubicon."

Notwithstanding all her follies, the Princess Metternich was far from being silly; on the contrary, she had considerable wit and great sharpness of repartee. As she did not care for anything she said, her retorts were often very clever and amusing, but too free to be easily repeated. She delighted in singing songs from music-halls and inferior theaters. Haughty as she was, she invited to her dinner-table a singer of equivocal celebrity at that time, whom no one else would have dared to receive; and even took lessons from her, so as to sing her songs with duly pointed emphasis.

The mischief done by the example of the Princess Metternich is indescribable. She threw down the barrier which hitherto had separated respectable women from those who were not, and led the way to a liberty of speech and liberty of action which were unknown before. She was much attached to her husband, and, in essentials, was a good wife; others less favorably situated may not have escaped as she did from the natural consequences of looking too closely over the frontier of the Debatable Land. It is not unlikely that the excessive pride of the Princess Metternich may have led her to imagine that in Paris she might do anything without compromising her dignity. For instance, she was intimate with a lady who, although received everywhere in Parisian society, did not seem to be sufficiently her equal in rank to become her friend. To a remark on the subject she carelessly answered: "Oh, it is all very well here; of course I could not see her in Vienna."

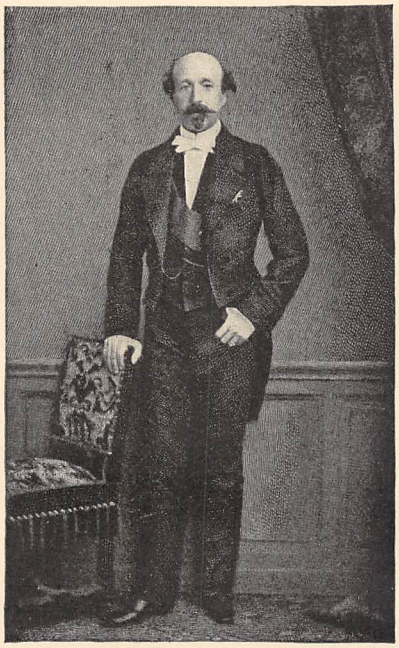
She is reported to have made a more impertinent speech while on a visit at Compiègne. The short, looped-up skirts were just beginning to be worn; the Empress had not yet adopted them, and the Princess Metternich had been urging her to do so, against the opinion of her ladies. When the Empress left the room one of the ladies in waiting said to the princess, "Would you give the same advice to *your* Empress?"

"Oh, no," replied the princess; "but the case is quite different—the Empress Elizabeth is a *real* Empress."

I have no positive information as to the absolute reliability of this report; but it is not unlike the style of the Princess Metternich, and was currently repeated.

On another occasion at Compiègne, in the presence of the Empress, on a rainy day which had brought some dullness into the circle, the Princess Metternich, by way of diversion, suddenly seized one of the ladies in waiting, tripped her up in school-boy fashion, and laid her flat on her back, prostrate on the floor. This was told to me by an eye-witness of the scene, which shocked every one present, and the more so because the victim chosen (the Comtesse de M——) was particularly ladylike, quiet, and unoffending.

The Empress, however, liked the Princess Metternich, whose oddities amused her, and



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN CLÉMENT & CO.

DUC DE MORNY.

whose talents were of great resource in all the entertainments prepared by the court. She sang and acted cleverly, she danced as if she had been trained for the ballet, she arranged charades, plays, tableaux vivants,—in short, anything that was required,—with a spirit and animation which never flagged, but with a degree of freedom which produced a bad effect and a bad influence as regards conventional propriety. Besides, matters did not always go on smoothly, and then she became much excited. On one occasion of this kind there was a memorable dispute with Mme. de Persigny, wife of the well-known statesman, who was equally well known for her caprices of temper. Though by no means sufficiently witty to be a match for the sharp tongue of the Princess Metternich, she was quite able by her unreasoning obstinacy to destroy the effect of all the arrangements planned by her opponent. The princess, though by nature far more good-humored, at last, having completely lost patience, appealed to the Empress, who, much annoyed at the dispute, was trying in vain to restore peace.

"Pray, pray, my dear princess, let the matter rest. Spare her—remember that her mother is mad."

"So her mother is mad? Well, madame, my father is mad, so why should I give in to her?"

The argument was irresistible, and the Empress could not help laughing; but the manner in which the princess had honored her father's peculiarities was received in general with more amusement than approbation.

Count Sandor, the father of the Princess Metternich, was noted for his eccentricities and wonderful adventures. He was a remarkable horseman, and performed all sorts of seemingly impossible feats on horseback, risking his life at each one, and escaping by what seemed a miracle, or rather a succession of miracles, though not without serious injuries, some of which, according to public rumor, had affected his brain.

A collection of drawings representing these strange performances had been engraved, and bound in a volume. I had an opportunity of examining this series of crack-brained exploits and hair-breadth escapes. One of the most amusing, though really the most pitiable, represented his housekeeper, a fat old woman, with an agonized expression of fright on her upturned face, held horizontally by two men, while her master leaped his horse backward and forward over her. The poor creature was evidently terrified out of her senses, and no wonder!

The Princess Metternich had no beauty; her face was absolutely of simian type, but redeemed by fine, intelligent eyes. Even her figure was more than slender, and devoid of all beauty of form; but owing to her remarkably high-bred elegance of demeanor, her richly fashionable dress, and her animated expres-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERI.

DUCHESSE DE MORNY.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERI.

COMTE DE WALEWSKI.

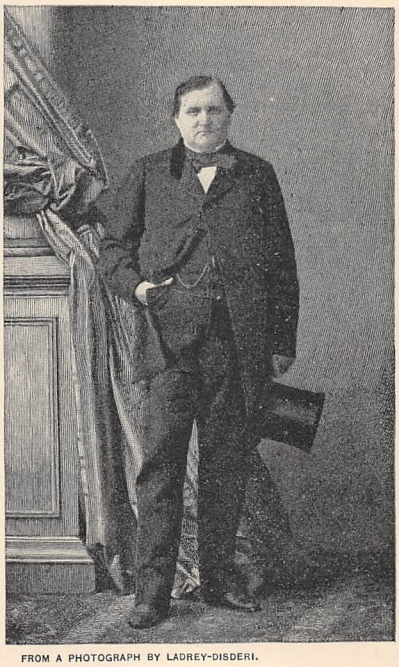
sion, she was considered attractive notwithstanding her physical disadvantages.

She was passionately fond of dress, and led the fashions regardless of expense. At the Austrian Embassy her rooms, her receptions, her carriages, her horses, were surpassed only by the Emperor's, and her example had a pernicious influence on the general mania for extravagance of all kinds, both at the court and in general society.

The "turnout" of the court carriages, horses, and liveries under the direction of General Fleury, who was more remarkable in this respect than as a military commander, was unsurpassed in Europe. In fact, Fleury would probably never have reached such high promotion had he not been the friend of the Emperor, and his auxiliary in the *coup d'état* when he was only Captain Fleury at the Elysée. He was neither liked nor esteemed in general, but he certainly performed admirably his duties as "Grand Écuyer," or what at the English court would be termed "Master of the Horse."

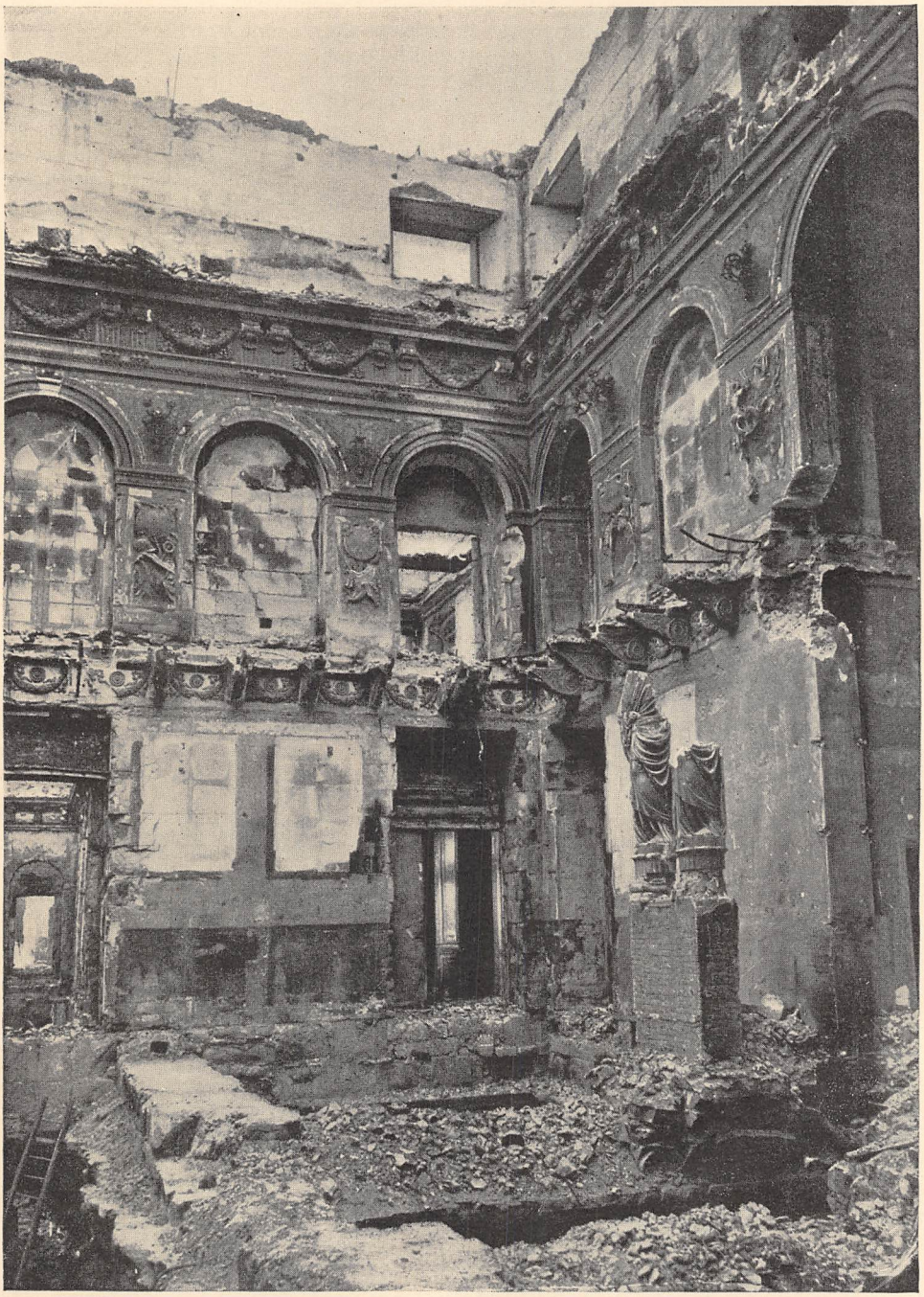
Nothing could be more magnificent than the appearance of everything appertaining to the court on all public occasions. The balls, especially, in the various splendid rooms, particularly in the immense "Salle des Maréchaux," were a sight not to be forgotten, from the first entrance, and ascent by the great staircase, adorned with flowers and shrubs, where on each step stood two of the "Cent-gardes" (the Emperor's body-guard) as motionless as statues. Nothing was more remarkable than the drill which enabled these men, on all occasions when on duty at the palace, to remain without moving a muscle. The fatigue of this immobility is said to be so great that it could not be endured beyond a certain time; but it was so complete, that to come suddenly on one of these guards in the palace was positively startling. It was scarcely possible to believe that they were alive. They were all remarkably fine men, sub-officers chosen out of various regiments; and when the war came they proved that they were not merely parade soldiers, for they figured among the best and bravest troops.

One day the little prince, when a young child, in the hope of making the sentinel move, poured a whole bag of sweets into his boot, but without eliciting any sign of life from the military statue before him. This play of the child being mentioned in the presence of Colonel Verly, who commanded the regiment, he declared that nothing could make one of his men move when on duty. The Empress would not believe this assertion, and finally laid a wager that she would contrive to make one of the guards move. Colonel Verly having accepted the wager, the Empress went with him into the neighboring gallery, where they walked backward and forward before the sentinel, the Empress trying by every means to attract his attention. The guard stood as if turned into stone. Colonel Verly



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERI.

PRINCE NAPOLEON.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

RUINS OF THE TUILERIES. THE HALL OF THE MARSHALS (SALLE DES MARÉCHAUX).

(THE CARYATIDES OF THE THRONE ARE SEEN ON THE RIGHT.)



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN CLÉMENT & CO.

DUC DE MALAKOFF.

smiled. The Empress, with her characteristic impetuosity, then went straight up to the soldier, and, according to familiar speech, "boxed his ears." Not a muscle moved. The Empress then acknowledged that Colonel Verly had won the day, and sent a handsome compensation to the soldier, who proudly refused it, saying that he was sufficiently compensated by having had his sovereign lady's hand on his cheek!

After the death of the Comte de Tascher, and the period of mourning which followed, the family resumed with some modifications the life previously described. The (princess) countess, however, now left social duties more exclusively to her daughter-in-law, the duchess, and went out only to the theaters and operas, still her favorite diversion, where I usually accompanied her. On other evenings visitors came: about nine o'clock a tea-table was brought in, at which I presided, assisted by Mlle. de Tascher de la Pagerie, and often by Mlles. de Bassano, who handed the cups with the sugar-basin and cream-jug — a graceful French custom modified only for large parties, when servants perform the offices usually left to the daughters of the house and their young friends. These quiet evenings were made particularly agreeable by the animated conversation of the distinguished visitors, the *causerie* in which the French excel, and which here had full play. Once a week the duchess held a large reception, to which all the fashionable society of the Empire came, and where first-rate amateurs and budding artistic celebrities played and sang without the formality of a regular concert. These evenings were much enjoyed, for liberty reigned supreme. As several rooms were thrown open, the guests could walk about and converse freely, no one who did not care for it being obliged to listen to the music.

Among the "heroes of the Crimea" who attracted great attention in the society of the court, the most prominent were Pélissier[1] and Canrobert, both marshals of France, both having had supreme command during the war, and each one having his own zealous partizans. Those of Pélissier extolled his energy



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERI.

DUCHESSE DE MALAKOFF.

[1] Aimable- (or Amable-)Jean-Jacques Pélissier was born in November, 1794, and died in May, 1864. He was the son of a family of peasants in comparatively comfortable circumstances; was brought up at the preparatory military school of La Flèche; then went to St. Cyr; and served afterward as sub-lieutenant in the Artillery of the Guard under Louis XVIII. He served in Algeria, and as lieutenant-colonel distinguished himself by his determined intrepidity; he became colonel in 1842, and performed an exploit in 1845 which caused great indignation in the civilized world — the well-known affair of Ouled Rhia, where the Arabs, having taken refuge in caves, were suffocated with smoke from fires at the entrance, so that they all perished. He was promoted to the rank of general of brigade in 1848, and general of division in 1850; he approved and supported the coup d'état, was sent to the Crimea to supersede Canrobert, and was made marshal of France and Duc de Malakoff after the taking of Sebastopol.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERI.

DUCHESS OF ALVA.

and military spirit, criticizing the slowness and indecision of Canrobert; the admirers of the latter dwelt on the inhumanity of Pélissier, and his reckless sacrifice of life to reach his end, attributing the indecision of Canrobert to his repugnance for unnecessary bloodshed. However, as his personal bravery was well known, all acknowledged that Canrobert had behaved nobly, and in a true soldierly spirit, when he was called upon to resign his command into the hands of Pélissier, which he did without showing a thought of selfishness or the least hesitation in his obedience; while the reckless brutality of Pélissier could not be denied, although his military energy was successful.

When the marriage of this rough soldier of fortune was officially announced, every one was astonished; for the bride was a young and beautiful Spaniard, Mlle. Sofia Valera de la Pañega, a distant relative of the Empress Eugénie, under whose patronage this ill-assorted union had been arranged. The Empress was fond of match-making, but she was not usually fortunate in the results of those which she suggested, for her impetuous nature did not allow her to examine both sides of the question, or to weigh objections. In this case, Mlle. de la Pañega was a poor relative who lived with the Comtesse de Montijo as a protégée. By marrying Pélissier she would become a *maréchale*, and Duchesse de Malakoff. What could be better? As to the life which she would lead when married to a man whose ways and manners were those of a common soldier,— with, besides, a violent temper,— no one stopped to consider. And so poor Mlle. de la Pañega, gentle, submissive, and fearing to offend, became the wife of Pélissier. She complained to no one, and always behaved with great propriety and dignity; but her face was sufficiently eloquent, and when she became a widow — which occurred a few years after her marriage — every one felt inclined to congratulate rather than condole.

The characteristic behavior of Pélissier, notably on the very day of his wedding, as he left the church, cannot be related in these pages. One instance, however, I may mention, which, though trifling, will give some idea of his uncivilized ways and manners. The Countess B—— related in my presence that while on a visit to her sister, the Duchess of Manchester, Pélissier, who was then ambassador in England, and among the guests, met her one day as she was going down-stairs.

"Stop, countess," said Pélissier; "you have a black mark on your forehead." Then, wetting his finger in his mouth, he obligingly rubbed the place, and removed the stain.

Canrobert was at that time a short, square-built man, with a large head out of proportion to his figure, proverbially ill-favored and ungainly; but though rather predisposed to gasconading and flourish, he was of a quite different stamp and education from Pélissier.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERI.

MARSHAL CASTELLANE.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

RUINS OF THE TUILERIES. THE GALLERY OF PEACE (GALERIE DE LA PAIX).

He married a very pretty and very distinguished Scotch lady,—a Miss Macdonald, of the great Scotch clan of that name,—whom he absolutely worshiped, and who was devoted to him, ill-assorted as they seemed to be. They were known in society as "Caliban and Ariel," but they were a most united couple and very happy together. The poor old marshal was absolutely heartbroken when his wife was taken from him in 1890. He died in the beginning of the present year (1895), having reached a great age,[1] universally respected as a most honorable and excellent man, apart from his military talents, which were very remarkable.

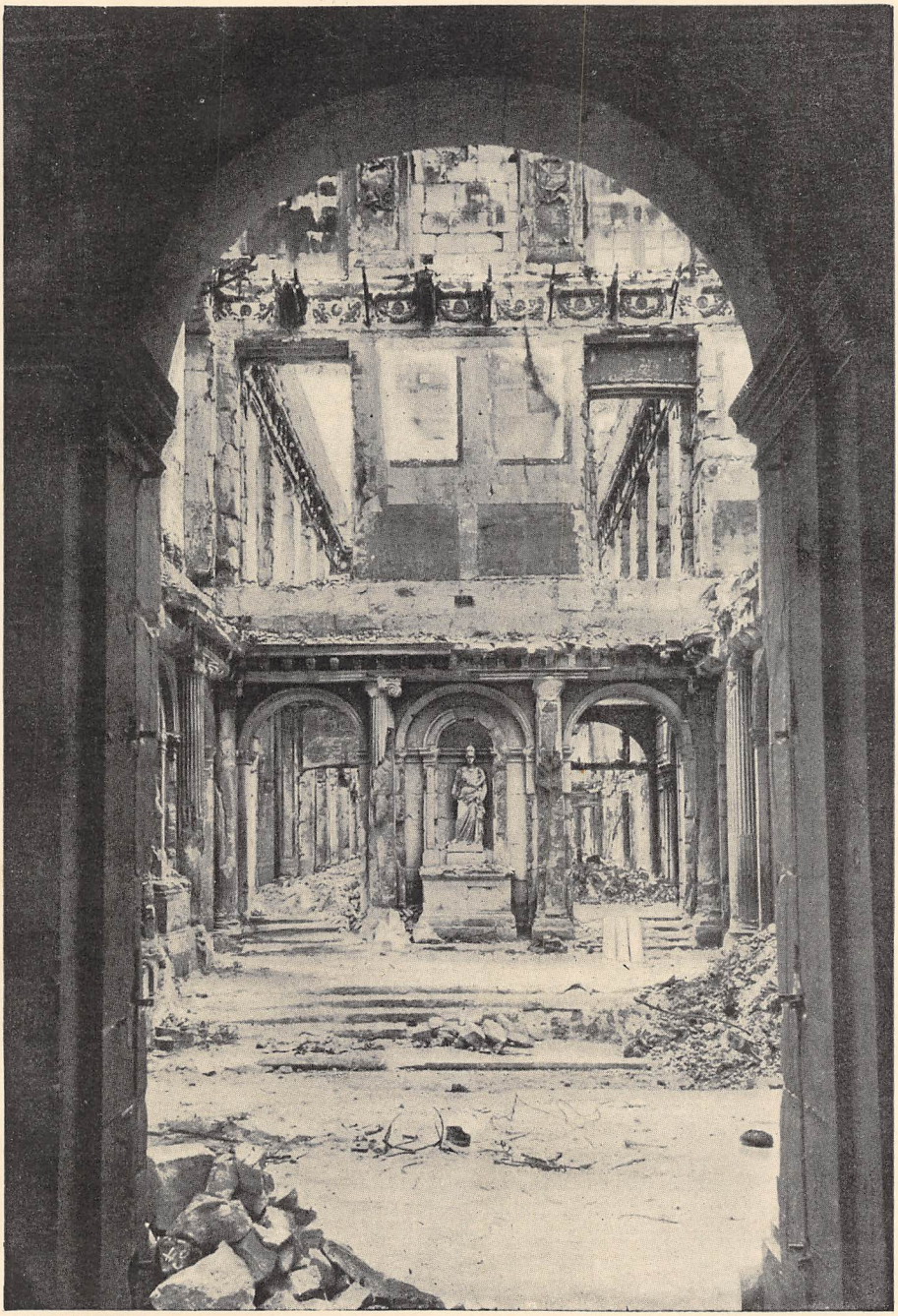
Mme. Canrobert was as intelligent as she was elegant and refined; she had a perfect appreciation of the duties which her high position involved, and during the disastrous war, as during the Empire, she performed them admirably. Soon after their marriage the marshal held the important command of the army corps at Lyons, and his exaggerated view of what was due to her as his wife, with his tendency to ostentation, caused at first some ill feeling among the military aristocracy and their wives, which became so marked as to oblige the Emperor himself to limit the privileges which the marshal claimed for Mme. Canrobert, and which encroached too much on those reserved for the Empress.[2] But this was only a passing cloud.

MacMahon had not attracted much notice before the Italian war, although his noble conduct at the taking of the Malakoff tower at Sebastopol deserved more fame. He was loaded with honors after Magenta, but he was not much seen in the society of the court, as he belonged to the Faubourg St. Germain by his own family ties, and especially by those of his wife, a daughter of the Duc de Castries. MacMahon was in all things strictly honorable and faithful in his duty to the Emperor, but he did not seek to do more, and made no demonstrations.

The other marshals were remarkable only for their military achievements, except Castellane, a distinguished man in every respect, noted for his energy, his determination, and his high military spirit, who commanded at Lyons in almost viceregal fashion. His daughter, the Countess Hatzfeldt, had married the Prussian minister, and was extremely popular. She afterward married the Duc de Valençay, of the Talleyrand-Périgord family.

1 Canrobert was born in 1809, and was the son of an officer of the "émigré" army of Condé. He was a pupil of the military school of St. Cyr; and was made colonel in 1849, general in 1853, and marshal of France in 1855. He and MacMahon were not friends.

2 Marshal Canrobert insisted on his wife having a military escort when she went out in her carriage, which the Empress did not have habitually, and he would not allow any one but himself to take her in to dinner.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

RUINS OF THE VESTIBULE OF THE TUILERIES.

THE WALL BACK OF THE STATUE OF MINERVA BELONGED TO THE HALL OF THE MARSHALS.

Marshal Magnan had helped in the coup d'état, and was consequently much favored by the Emperor; but there was a strong feeling against him because he belonged to the Freemasons, and was antagonistic to the clergy.

Marshal Vaillant was a man of low origin, betrayed by his manners. He boasted of being the son of a cobbler. Such a rise in life is certainly very honorable, but it was unnecessary to prove the assertion so continually and so evidently. He was at the head of the household, which he governed officially, and had apartments in the palace next to those of the Comte de Tascher. He was a very ordinary-looking man, and enormously stout.

Marshal Randon was considered very estimable in private life, but he played only a secondary part. He was looked upon as rather too prudent in military tactics. There were many jests on the inappropriate Christian names of the three marshals — Canrobert, Randon, and Pélissier. The "prudent" Randon's name was "César"; Canrobert, noted for his indecision, was called "Certain"; and Pélissier, whose rough brutality was proverbial, was christened "Aimable."[1]

M. Thouvenel, who was minister for foreign affairs after the Italian war, was an old and intimate friend of the de Tascher family, and I well remember his intense pride and delight when the great question of the annexation of Savoy and Nice was finally settled, and he had the satisfaction — which he desired beyond any other — of signing his name to the treaty which gave both to France.

"If I can only write 'Thouvenel' below that treaty, I shall die happy," he exclaimed in my presence.

When I first saw M. Thouvenel he was ambassador at Constantinople, and being in Paris on a diplomatic "congé," he came to dine at the Tuileries with the de Taschers. He had much to relate, for which we were in some degree prepared by the graphic account of a friend who had described a visit of M. Thouvenel to some aga or pasha, when, after having dined principally on a variety of luscious sweetmeats, he was obliged to spend the night in a magnificent apartment lighted brilliantly by an immense chandelier, with negro slaves lying before his door to guard his person, and snoring so loudly that sleep was impossible, while his rest was still further disturbed by the discomfort of his splendid bed, where white satin sheets set his teeth on edge, and a pillow covered with cloth-of-gold scratched his face and tore his hair.

My young charges had particularly enjoyed this picture of Oriental luxury, so that the presence of M. Thouvenel, with his animated conversation and all that he had to relate, was extremely welcome. He was a tall, powerful man, with rather a pompous demeanor, but a great talker; and as he unbent with the de Taschers more than usual, he was really very agreeable. Every one was listening with great interest to his graphic descriptions when, to his own astonishment and the intense amusement of the younger members of the family, his eloquence was suddenly cut short by the energetic protestations of a favorite parrot, which, being disturbed in his slumbers, vociferated, "Tais-toi, Édouard!" (shut up, Edward!)

The Christian name of the narrator being Édouard, the remark was decidedly personal, and no one could help laughing; while M. Thouvenel, utterly amazed, repeated, "Why, he is actually attacking *me!*"

The parrot had been brought from Pernambuco by a Spanish priest as a present to the Empress Eugénie, and had been taught pretty speeches in her honor. The Empress, having no fondness for parrots, gave this one, a particularly fine specimen, to the Duc de Tascher. But the family being absent from home, the duke did not know what to do with it, and put it to board with an old woman at St. Cloud, who took great care of the bird, but established it on her window-sill, where the street gamins held conversations with her charge, by no means to the improvement of its vocabulary. When the family returned to the Tuileries the parrot had learned French, but swore in most disreputable fashion, and held such language that he was not considered fit to be introduced into society. Gradually, however, new words blotted out the old ones, and the duke's daughters then delighted in teaching him sentences, which he picked up with the greatest facility. Every morning he began the day with energetic protestations of "Vive l'Empereur!" at the same time drilling imaginary squads in sonorous, officer-like tones which were indescribably ludicrous. He was a great favorite in the family, but after his attack on M. Thouvenel was banished from the drawing-room in the evening.

When M. Thouvenel became minister of foreign affairs he took the anti-papal side so warmly that the de Tascher family no longer approved of him; for they were sincere Catholics, and consequently averse to the spoliation of the Pope, which the Emperor at that time sincerely wished to avoid, while the Empress, with her usual ardor, strongly opposed it. This was the origin of the so-called "clerical views" attributed to the Empress, which, in fact, were limited to this sole point.

Finally M. Thouvenel went so far beyond the Emperor, and displeased the Empress to such a degree, that he was forced to send in

[1] These were their baptismal names.

his resignation, which, as he was an ambitious man, caused him great bitterness of spirit.

Shortly afterward the Emperor one morning was walking in the Bois de Boulogne with his aide-de-camp (*officier d'ordonnance*), when a young child ran his hoop against him. The Emperor caught the hoop and gave it back to the child, at the same time, with his usual kindness, stooping to kiss him. The boy pushed him away roughly, and the aide-de-camp exclaimed: "But the Emperor wishes to kiss you! You must kiss the Emperor!"

"No," cried the child; "I won't kiss him! He is a very bad man. My papa says so, and he hates him."

"What is your father's business?" asked the Emperor, quietly.

"Business! My papa has no business. He does nothing at all — he is a senator."

The senators being especially appointed by the Emperor himself from among those supposed to be most faithful to him, the revelation was startling. The aide-de-camp indignantly inquired:

"What is your father's name?" But the Emperor laid his hand on his arm:

"Hush! *La recherche de la paternité est interdite*" (Inquiry as to the father's name is forbidden). And he turned away without hearing the name so nearly betrayed.

But the story was repeated, and curiosity was awakened, the age of the child causing suspicion to point strongly toward Thouvenel, the senators being mostly old men. But the fact was never positively elucidated.

The generosity shown by the Emperor on this occasion was highly characteristic. I remember an instance of a different kind which came to my personal knowledge. A lady who was a friend of some of my cousins, having a favor to solicit, obtained a private audience of the Emperor. She was shown into his private cabinet, where he received her with the cold, calm courtesy which marked his habitual manner. She began with what seemed great boldness, but was in reality excellent diplomacy, by telling him that although she came to proffer a petition, she must first make a confession that all the members of her family were his political adversaries, being zealous Legitimists and devoted to that cause. The Emperor listened calmly, in silence. She then explained the favor that she had come to ask, and pleaded her cause. Still the Emperor listened with grave attention, asking a few questions, but without giving any indication of his feelings or of his decision. When she had finished her statement she looked anxiously toward him, but he simply made the usual motion indicating that she might retire. She moved toward the door, courteously followed by the Emperor, and then, suddenly turning to him, she said:

"Sire, may I take some hope with me?"

"Take certainty, madame," answered the Emperor, with that peculiarly charming smile which at rare intervals lighted up his grave face.

The appeal to the noble side of his nature was never made in vain. In general, it was said that when a favor was asked and the Emperor listened in silence, twirling his mustache, the petition might be looked upon as granted; but when he stroked his chin downward, and said seriously, "C'est bien difficile" (It is a difficult matter), then it was a case where hope must be given up.

Such were the variations of the court barometer, which everybody studied carefully.

My younger pupil, Hortense de Tascher de la Pagerie, was now gradually introduced into society, and finally, at the age of eighteen, she was admitted to the court balls and invited to the festivities of Compiègne and Fontainebleau — expensive and fatiguing pleasures, more dreaded than welcomed by those honored with invitations, the toilets being a formidable consideration. For a week's stay fifteen dresses were usually taken, and of these at least seven were evening toilets of the most expensive kind, the emulation among the visitors reaching the highest degree of extravagance.

The Emperor and Empress were exceedingly hospitable and kind hosts, anxious to amuse their guests; but for this purpose, unfortunately, romping games were often chosen, which, though certainly undignified and ill suited to those beyond school years, had not however, the character attributed to them by public report, nor the licentious freedom believed in by the Faubourg St. Germain, and contemptuously sneered at by its aristocratic inhabitants. The mistake lay in doing on a large scale what ought to be tolerated only among intimate friends and very young people. But the mean ingratitude of those who enjoyed all the generous kindness lavished on their guests by the imperial hosts, and then disfigured the truth to sneer at them with their enemies, was too contemptible to be even mentioned with patience.

I remained for two more years with my dear pupil Hortense de Tascher de la Pagerie, one of the sweetest beings I have ever met in the whole course of my life, to whom I was most deeply attached, and whose untimely death, which so soon followed her happy marriage with the Comte de l'Espine, was mourned as a sort of public calamity by all who knew her, even if only by name.[1]

My own health had suffered severely from

[1] Her daughter is now the Princesse Louis de Croy.

the consequences of a very serious carriage accident, and at the time of the marriage I left the palace, where I had spent nine years, still remaining on terms of the closest intimacy with all the family, and their guest whenever I returned to Paris from the health resorts where I had been undergoing medical treatment. My last visit was in the spring of the fatal year 1870, and I was then told by the ladies of the family that the Emperor caused them the greatest anxiety; that he had sunk into a state of mental and physical exhaustion, causing a strange apathy from which it seemed impossible to rouse him, and which indicated serious evils.

I left the palace with sorrowful forebodings; a sort of threatening cloud seemed to hang over it — nay, over Paris itself. As I saw it recede in the distance, on the day of my departure, I thought of the doomed cities in Scripture, and even expressed my fears in a letter to a near relative in America, who was greatly struck when events so terribly verified what now seem almost prophetic views.

The next time that I stood before the palace of the Tuileries it was in ruins. I could still discover the remains of my old apartments, which I longed to visit, but was told that the danger would be too great. I could discern what was left of the Salle des Maréchaux, where I had witnessed such splendid scenes of festivity. I could still see the place which had been my habitual seat in that chapel where my beloved Hortense had been married in the presence of Napoleon III. and the Empress. The Archbishop of Paris, who had officiated, had been foully murdered; the duke, her father, who had led her to the altar, was no more; the Emperor and Empress were exiles; the fair young bride was in her grave; and the very chapel where she had knelt at the altar was in ruins!

Who could wonder at the tears which I could not repress?

Anna L. Bicknell.

SONNY'S SCHOOLIN'.

A MONOLOGUE.



ELL, sir, we 're tryin' to edjercate him — good ez we can. Th' ain't never been a edjercational advantage come in reach of us but we 've give it to him. Of co'se he 's all we 've got, that one boy is, an' wife an' me, why, we feel the same way about it.

They 's three schools in the county, not countin' the niggers', an' we send him to all three.

Sir? Oh, yas, sir; he b'longs to all three schools — to *fo'*, for that matter, countin' the home school.

You see, Sonny he 's purty ticklish to handle, an' a person has to know thess how to tackle him. Even wife an' me, thet 's been knowin' him f'om the beginnin', not only knowin' his traits, but how he *come* by 'em,— though some is hard to trace to their so'ces,— why, sir, even we have to study sometimes to keep in with him, an' of co'se a teacher — why, it 's thess hit an' miss whether he 'll take the right tack with him or not; an' sometimes one teacher 'll strike it one day, an' another nex' day; so by payin' schoolin' for him right along in all three, why, of co'se, ef he don't feel like goin' to one, why, he 'll go to another.

Once-t in a while he 'll git out with the whole of 'em, an' that was how wife come to open the home school for him. She was determined his edjercation should n't be interrupted ef she could help it. She don't encour'ge him much to go to her school, though, 'cause it interrupts her in her housekeepin' consider'ble, an' she 's had extry quilt-patchin' on hand ever since he come. She 's patchin' him a set 'ginst the time he 'll marry.

An' then I reckon he frets her a good deal in school. Somehow, seems like he thess picks up enough in the other schools to be able to conterdic' her ways o' teachin'.

F' instance, in addin' up a colume o' figgers, ef she comes to a aught — which some calls 'em naughts — she 'll say, "Aught 's a aught," an' Sonny ain't been learned to say it that a-way; an' so maybe when she says, "Aught 's a aught," he 'll say, "Who said it was n't?" an' that puts her out in countin'.

He 's been learned to thess pass over aughts an' not call their names; and once-t or twice-t, when wife called 'em out that a-way, why, he got so fretted he thess gethered up his things an' went to another school. But seem like she 's added aughts that a-way so long she can't think to add 'em no other way.

I notice nights after she 's kept school for Sonny all day she talks consider'ble in her sleep, an' she says " aught 's a aught " about ez often ez she says anything else.

Oh, yas, sir; he 's had consider'ble fusses with his teachers, one way an' another, but they ever' one declare they think a heap of 'im.

Sir? Oh, yas, sir; of co'se they all draw their reg'lar pay whether he 's a day in school du'in' the month or not. That 's right enough, 'cause you see they don't know what day he 's li'ble to drop in on 'em, an' it 's worth the money thess a-keepin' their nerves strung for 'im.

Well, yas, sir; 't is toler'ble expensive, lookin' at it one way, but lookin' another, it don't cost no mo' 'n what it would to edjercate three child'en, which many poor families have to do — *an' more*, which in our united mind Sonny 's wuth 'em all.

Yas, sir; 't is confusin' to him in some ways, goin' to all three schools at once-t.

F' instance, Miss Bettie Mitchell, which she 's a single-handed maiden lady 'bout wife's age, why, of co'se, she teaches accordin' to the old rules; an' in learnin' the child'en subtraction, f' instance, she 'll tell 'em, ef they run short to borry one f'om the nex' lef' han' top figur', an' pay it back to the feller underneath him.

Well, this did n't suit Sonny's sense o' jestice *no way*, borryin' from one an' payin' back to somebody else; so he thess up an' argued about it — told her thet fellers thet borried nickels f'om one another could n't pay back that a-way; an' of co'se she told him they was heap o' difference 'twix' money and 'rithmetic — which I wish't they was more in my experience; an' so they had it hot and heavy for a while, till at last she explained to him thet that way o' doin' subtraction *fetched the answer*, which, of co'se, ought to satisfy any school-boy; an' I reckon Sonny would soon 'a' settled into that way 'ceptin' thet he got out o' patience with that school in sev'al ways, an' he left an' went out to Sandy Crik school, and it thess happened thet he struck a subtraction class there the day he got in, an' they was workin' it the *other* way — borry one from the top figur' an' never pay it back at all, thess count it off (that 's the *way* I 've worked my lifelong subtraction, though wife does hers payin' back), an' of co'se Sonny was ready to dispute this way, an' he did n't have no mo' tac' than to th'ow up Miss Betty's way to the teacher, which of co'se he would n't stand, particular ez Miss Betty 's got the biggest school. So they broke up in a row immejate, and Sonny went right along to Miss Clark's school down here at the cross-roads.

She 's a sort o' reformed teacher, I take it; an' she teaches her subtraction by a new route altogether — like ez ef the first feller thet had any surplus went sort o' security for them that was short, an' passed the loan down the line. But I noticed he never got his money back, for when they come to him, why, they docked him. I reckon goin' security is purty much the same in an' out o' books. She passes the borryin' along some way till it gits to headquarters, an' writes a new row o' figur's over the heads o' the others. Well, my old brain got so addled watchin' Sonny work it thet I did n't seem to know one figur' f'om another 'fo' he got thoo; but when I see the answer come, why, I was satisfied. Ef a man can thess git his answers right all his life, why nobody ain't a-goin' to pester him about how he worked his figur's.

I did try to git Sonny to stick to one school for each rule in 'rithmetic, an' havin' thess fo' schools, why he could learn the fo' rules by one settled plan. But he won't promise nothin'. He 'll quit for lessons one week, an' maybe next week somethin' else 'll decide him. (He 's quit ever' one of 'em in turn when they come to long division.) He went thoo a whole week o' disagreeable lessons once-t at one school 'cause he was watchin' a bird-nest on the way to that school. He was determined them young birds was to be allowed to leave that nest without bein' pestered, an' they stayed so long they purty near run him into long division 'fo' they did fly. Ef he 'd 'a' missed school one day he knowed two sneaky chaps thet would 'a' robbed that nest.

Of co'se Sonny goes to the exhibitions an' picnics of all the schools. Last summer we had a time of it when it come picnic season. Two schools set the same day for theirs, which of co'se was n't no ways fair to Sonny. He payin' right along in all the schools, of co'se he was entitled to all the picnics; so I put on my Sunday clo'es, an' I went down an' had it fixed right. They all wanted Sonny, too, come down to the truth, 'cause besides bein' fond of him, they know thet Sonny always fetches a big basket.

Trouble with Sonny is thet he don't take nothin' on nobody's say-so, don't keer who it is. He even commenced to dispute Moses one Sunday when wife was readin' the Holy Scriptures to him, tell of co'se she made him understand thet that would n't do. Moses did n't intend to *be* conterdicted.

An' ez to secular lessons, he ain't got no respec' for 'em whatsoever. F' instance, when the teacher learned him thet the world was round, why he up an' told him *'t war n't so*, less'n we was on the inside an' it was blue-lined, which of co'se teacher he insisted thet we was *on the outside*, walkin' over it, all feet todes the center — a thing I 've always thought myself was mo' easy said than proved.

Well, sir, Sonny did n't hesitate to deny it, an' of co'se teacher he commenced by givin' him a check — which is a bad mark — for conter-

dictin'. An' then Sonny he 'lowed thet he did n't conterdic' to *be* a-conterdictin', but he *knowed* 't war n't so. He had walked the whole len'th of the road 'twix' the farm an' the schoolhouse, an' they war n't *no bulge in it*; an' besides, he had n't never saw over the edges of it.

An' with that teacher he give him another check for speakin' out o' turn. An' then Sonny, says he, "Ef a man was tall enough he could see around the edges, could n't he?" "No," says the teacher; "a man could n't grow that tall," says he; "he 'd be deformed."

An' Sonny, why, he spoke up again, an' says he, "But I 'm thess a-sayin' *ef*," says he. An' teacher, says he, "We ain't a-studyin *efs;* we 're studyin' geoger'phy." And then Sonny they say he kep' still a minute, an' then he says, says he, "Oh, maybe he could n't see over the edges, teacher, 'cause ef he was tall enough his head might reach up into the flo' o' heaven." And with that teacher he give him another check, an' told him not to dare to mix up geoger'phy an' religion, which was a sacerlege to both studies; an' with that Sonny gethered up his books an' set out to another school.

I think myself it 'u'd be thess ez well ef Sonny was n't quite so quick to conterdic'; but it 's thess his way of holdin' his p'int.

Why, one day he faced one o' the teachers down thet two an' two did n't *have* to make *fo'*, wh'er or no.

This seemed to tickle the teacher mightily, an' so he laughed an' told him he was goin' to give him rope enough to hang hisself now, an' then he dared him to show him any two an' two thet did n't make fo', and Sonny says, says he, "Heap o' two an' twos don't make four, 'cause they 're kep' sep'rate," says he.

"An' then," says he, "I don't want my two billy-goats harnessed up with nobody else's two billys to make fo' billys."

"But," says the teacher, "suppose I *was* to harness up yo' two goats with Tom Deems's two, there 'd be fo' goats, I reckon, whether you wanted 'em there or not."

"No they would n't," says Sonny. "They would n't be but two. 'T would n't take my team more 'n half a minute to butt the life out o' Tom's team."

An' with that little Tommy Deems, why, he commenced to cry, an' 'stid o' punishin' him for bein' sech a cry-baby, what did the teacher do but give Sonny another check, for castin' slurs on Tommy's animals, an' gettin' Tommy's feelin's hurted! Which I ain't a-sayin' it on account o' Sonny bein' my boy, but it seems to me was a mighty unfair advantage.

Sonny's pets an' beasts has made a heap o' commotion in school one way an' another, somehow. Ef 't ain't his goats it 's somethin' else.

Sir? Sonny's pets? Oh, they 're all sorts. He ain't no ways partic'lar thess so a thing is po' an' miser'ble enough. That 's about all he seems to require of anything.

He don't never go to school hardly 'thout a garter-snake or two or a lizard or toad-frog somewheres about him. He 's got some o' the little girls at school that nervous thet if he thess shakes his little sleeve at 'em they 'll squeal, not knowin' what sort o' live critter 'll jump out of it.

Most of his pets is things he 's got by their bein' hurted some way.

One of his toad-frogs is blind of a eye. Sonny rescued him from the old red rooster one day after he had nearly pecked him to death, an' he had him hoppin' round the kitchen for about a week with one eye bandaged up.

When a hurted critter gits good an' strong he gen'ally turns it loose ag'in; but ef it stays puny, why he reg'lar 'dopts it an' names it Jones. That 's thess a little notion o' his, namin' his pets the family name.

The most outlandish thing he ever 'dopted, to my mind, is that old yaller cat. That was a miser'ble low-down stray cat thet hung round the place a whole season, an' Sonny used to vow he was goin' to kill it, 'cause it kep' a-ketchin' the birds.

Well, one day he happened to see him thess runnin' off with a young mockin'-bird in his mouth, an' he took a brickbat an' he let him have it, an' of co'se he dropped the bird an' tumbled over — stunned. The bird it got well, and Sonny turned him loose after a few days; but that cat was hurted fatal. He could n't ever no mo' 'n drag hisself around from that day to this; an' I reckon ef Sonny was called on to give up every pet he 's got, that cat would be 'bout the last thing he 'd surrender. He named him Tommy Jones, an' he never goes to school of a mornin', rain or shine, tell Tommy Jones is fed f'om his own plate with somethin' he 's left for him special.

Of co'se Sonny he 's got his faults, which anybody 'll tell you; but th' ain't a dumb brute on the farm but 'll foller him around — an' the nigger Dicey, why, she thinks they never was such another boy born into the world — that is, not no human child.

An' wife an' me — but of co'se he 's ours, an' we look at him diff'rent from other folks.

I don't doubt thet he ain't constructed thess exac'ly ez the school-teachers would have him, ef they had their way. Sometimes I have thought I 'd like his disposition eased up a little when he takes a stand against my jedgment or wife's.

Takin' 'im all round, though, the teachers has been mighty patient with him.

At one school the teacher did take him out be-

hind the school-house one day to whup him; an' although teacher is a big strong man, Sonny 's mighty wiry an' quick, an' some way he slipped his holt, an' 'fo' teacher could ketch him ag'in he had clumb up the lightnin'-rod on to the roof thess like a cat. An' teacher he felt purty sho of him then, 'cause he 'lowed they was n't no other way to git down (which they was n't, the school bein' a steep-sided buildin'), an' he 'd wait for him.

So teacher he set down close-t to the lightnin' rod to wait. He would n't go back in school without him, 'cause he did n't want the child'en to know he 'd got away. So down he set; but he had n't no mo' 'n took his seat sca'cely when he heerd the child'en in school roa'in' out loud, laughin' fit to kill theirselves.

He 'lowed at first thet like ez not the monitor was cuttin' up some sort o' didoes, the way monitors does gen'ally, so he waited a-while; but it kep' a-gittin' worse, so d'rec'ly he got up, an' he went in to see what the excitement was; an' lo and behold! Sonny had slipped down the open chimbly right in amongst 'em — come out a-grinnin', with his face all sooted over, an', says he, "Say, fellers," says he, "I run up the lightnin'-rod, an' he 's a-waitin' for me to come down." An' with that he went an' gethered up his books, deliberate, an' fetched his hat, an' picked up a nest o' little chimbly-swallows he dislodged in comin' down (all this here it happened thess las' June), an' he went out an' harnessed up his goat-wagon, an' got in. An' thess ez he driv' out the school-yard into the road the teacher come in, an' he see how things was.

Of co'se sech conduct ez that is worrisome, but I don't see no, to say, bad principle in it. Sonny ain't got a bad habit on earth, not a-one. They 'll ever' one o' the teachers tell you that. He ain't never been knowed to lie, an' ez for improper language, why he would n't know how to select it. An' as to tattlin' at home about what goes on in school, why he never does it. The only way we knowed about him comin' down the school-house chimbly was wife went to fetch his dinner to him, an' she found it out.

She knowed he had went to that school in the mornin', an' when she got there at twelve o'clock, why he was n't there, an' of co'se she questioned the teacher, an' he thess told her thet Sonny had been present at the mornin' session, but that he was now absent. An' the rest of it she picked out o' the child'en.

Oh, no, sir; she don't take his dinner to him reg'lar — only some days when she happens to have somethin' extry good, or maybe when she 'magines he did n't eat hearty at breakfast. The school-child'en they always likes to see her come, because she gen'ally takes a extry lot o' fried chicken thess for him to give away. He don't keer much for nothin' but livers an' gizzards, so we have to kill a good many to get enough for him; an' of co'se the fryin' o' the rest of it is mighty little trouble.

Sonny is a bothersome child one way: he don't never want to take his dinner to school with him. Of co'se thess after eatin' breakfas' he don't feel hungry, an' when wife does coax him to take it, he 'll seem to git up a appetite walkin' to school, an' he 'll eat it up 'fo' he gits there.

Sonny 's got a mighty noble disposition, though, take him all round.

Now, the day he slipped down that chimbly an' run away he was n't a bit flustered, an' he did n't play hookey the balance of the day neither. He thess went down to the crik, an' washed the soot off his face, though they say he did n't no mo' 'n smear it round, an' then he went down to Miss Blanche's school, an' stayed there tell it was out. An' she took him out to the well, an' washed his face good for him. But nex' day he up an' went back to Mr. Clark's school — walked in thess ez pleasant an' kind, an' taken his seat an' said his lessons — never th'owed it up to teacher at all. Now, some child'en, after playin' off on a teacher that a-way would 'a' took advantage; but he never. It was a fair fight, an' Sonny whupped, an' that 's all there was to it; an' he never put on no air about it.

Wife did threaten to go herself an' make the teacher apologize for gittin' the little feller all sooted up an' sp'ilin' his clo'es; but she thought it over, an' she decided thet she would n't disturb things ez long ez they was peaceful. An' after all, he did n't exac'ly send him down the chimbly nohow, though he provoked him to it.

Ef Sonny had 'a'fell an' hurted hisself, though, in that chimbly, I 'd 'a' helt that teacher responsible, sho.

Sonny says hisself thet the only thing he feels bad about in that chimbly business is thet one o' the little swallers' wings was broke by the fall. Sonny 's got him yet, an' he 's li'ble to keep him, cause he 'll never fly. Named him Swally Jones, an' reg'lar 'dopted him soon ez he see how his wing was.

Sonny 's the only child I ever see in my life thet could take young chimbly-swallers after their fall an' make 'em live. But he does it reg'lar. They ain't a week passes sca'cely but he fetches in some hurted critter an' works with it. Dicey says thet half the time she 's afeerd to step around her cook-stove less'n she 'll step on some critter thet 's crawled back to life where he 's put it under the stove to hatch or thaw out, which she bein' bare-feeted, I don't wonder at.

An' he has did the same way at school purty

much. It got so for a while at one school thet not a child in school could be hired to put his hand in the wood-box, not knowin' ef any piece o' bark or old wood in it would turn out to be a young alligator or toad-frog thawin' out. Teacher hisself picked up a chip, reckless, one day, an' it hopped up, and knocked off his spectacles.

It was on account o' her takin' a interest in all his little beasts an' varmints thet he first took sech a notion to Miss Blanche Clark's school. Where any other teacher would scold about sech things ez he 'd fetch in, why, she 'd encourage him to bring 'em to her; an' she 'd fix a place for 'em, an' maybe get out some book tellin' all about 'em, an' showin' pictures of 'em.

She 's had squir'l-books, an' bird-books, an' books on nearly every sort o' wild critter you 'd think too mean to *put* into a book, at that school, an' give the child'en readin'-lessons on 'em an' drawin'-lessons an' clay-moldin' lessons.

Why, Sonny has did his alligator so nach'l in clay thet you 'd most expec' to see it creep away. An' you 'd think mo' of alligators forever afterward, too. An' as to readin', he never did take no interest in learnin' how to read out 'n them school-readers, which he declares don't no more 'n git a person interested in one thing befo' they start on another, an' maybe start *that* in the middle.

The other teachers, they makes a heap o' fun o' Miss Clark's way o' school-teachin', 'cause she lets the child'en ask all sorts of outlandish questions, an' make pictures in school hours, an' she don't requi' 'em to fold their arms in school neither.

Maybe she is foolin' their time away. I can't say ez I exac'ly see how she 's a-workin' it to edjercate 'em that a-way. I had to set with my arms folded seven hours a day in school when I was a boy, to learn the little I know, an' wife she got her edjercation the same way. An' we went clean thoo f'om the a-b abs an' e-b ebs clair to the end o' the blue-back speller.

An' we learned to purnounce a heap mo' words than either one of us has ever needed to know, though there has been times, sech ez when my wife's mother took the phthisic an' I had the asthma, thet I was obligated to write to the doctor about it, thet I was thankful for my experience in the blue-back speller. Them was our brag-words, phthisic and asthma was. They 's a few other words I 've always hoped to have a chance to spell in the reg'lar co'se of life, sech ez y-a-c-h-t yacht, but I suppose, livin' in a little inland town, which a yacht is a boat, a person could n't be expected to need sech a word — less'n he went travelin'.

I 've often thought thet ef at the Jedgment the good Lord would only examine me an' all them thet went to school in my day in the old blue-back speller 'stid o' tacklin' us on the weak p'ints of our pore mortal lives, why, we 'd stand about ez good a chance o' gettin' to heaven ez anybody else. An' maybe he will — who knows?

But as for book-readin', wife an' me ain't never felt called on to read no book save an' exceptin' the Holy Scriptures an' the seed catalogues.

An' here Sonny, not quite twelve year old, has read five books thoo, an' some of 'em twice-t an' three times over. His "Robinson Crusoe" shows mo' wear 'n what my Testament does, I'm ashamed to say. I 've done give Miss Clark free license to buy him any book she wants him to have, an' he 's got 'em all 'ranged in a row on the end o' the mantel-shelf.

Quick ez he 'd git thoo readin' a book, of co'se wife she 'd be for dustin' it off and puttin' up on the top closet shelf where belongs a book, nach'ally; but seem like Sonny he wants to keep 'em in sight. So wife she 's worked a little lace shelf-cover to lay under 'em, an' we 've hung our framed marriage-c'tificate above 'em, an' the corner looks right purty, come to see it fixed up.

Sir? Oh, no; we ain't took him from none o' the other schools yet. He 's been goin' to Miss Clark's reg'lar now — all but the exhibition an' picnic days in the other schools — for nearly five months, not countin' off-an-on days he went to her befo' he settled down to it stiddy.

He says he 's a-goin' there reg'lar from this time on, an' I b'lieve he will; but wife an' me we talked it over, an' we decided we 'd let things stand, an' keep his name down on all the books till sech a time ez he come to long division with Miss Clark.

An' ef he stays thoo that, we 'll feel free to notify the other schools thet he 's quit.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.



NORDAU'S "DEGENERATION": ITS VALUE AND ITS ERRORS.

NOTHING is more difficult for me than to comment frankly on Nordau's strong book. After the author's kind dedication of it to me, if I had to disagree with him in opinion I could not in sentiment, that potent modifier of opinions. But, leaving this aside, it would be too difficult for me to speak of Nordau critically (when we criticize we are too easily led on to attack), because I have always had the greatest admiration for him, from the time when, in his "Conventional Lies," he broke away from the old shackles which bind the occidental world, and, above all, the Latin races. In the present book, also, he has the great merit of combating certain dominant influences, particularly that of mysticism, which, recrudescent in these latter days, thanks to certain errant geniuses, has led astray a vast throng of talents. In this book, too, he is ever the man of our century who has most felt the pulse of his times; and he has not only put his finger on our most open wound,—on that egotism which is sterilizing our moral sense and rendering us cruel to one another,—but he also has succeeded in finding its explanation in the special tendencies of the degenerate: whether it be the higher-class degenerate who invents the strangest freaks to catch the public eye,—as weddings in a balloon, or Cardinal Lavigérie's crusades,—or the imitative degenerates who deem themselves original in simply copying.

Finally, he has had the supreme merit of applying psychiatric research[1] to literary criticism. He has carried this reform to its utmost applicability, seeking, with that audacity, intrepid even to insolence, which he exhibited in his "Conventional Lies," to demolish the reputations most firmly established. And thus he has been able to overthrow the work of the French and German Symbolists and Decadents, who proclaim Science untrue because in a hundred years of toil she has not given them the key to all the mysteries. These pages of his are among the most splendid written in this century, such as could be wrested from an artist-thinker by the sight of four idlers, who insult a legion of tireless workers busy in searching and researching nature, even into her inmost recesses. And very just is his diagnosis of them: that they have for their characteristics a nebulosity of mental representation, a confused and motley ideation, too much eroticism, an abnormal emotional fabric, and an exaggerated egotism which causes them to observe things only in relation to their own selves. On one point alone he seems to me not to have insisted enough: on the archaism and atavism of the fundamental ideas of those schools which put them back to primitive times — now the Preraphaelites like Rossetti, who, returning to the middle age, proclaim as perfect the infantile art of Giotto and Botticelli in order to depreciate the art of Raphael in its full virility of form and force; or like Morris, who, in the fullness of the nineteenth century, travesties himself like the primitive bards, treats their themes, and uses only the words used by Chaucer and his predecessors; or the French Symbolists, repudiating science for faith, Darwin and Haeckel for Christ. Moreover, these are not even the insane, among whom may be found so many geniuses, but, as I have elsewhere shown, they belong to the *mattoids*,[2] who are imbeciles with the livery but without the fecund originality of genius. Nevertheless, Nordau deserves great credit for having synthetized the characteristics common to the most dissimilar modern neurotic geniuses, Wagner, Ibsen, Nietzsche, Leopardi, such as pessimism, egotism, eroticism.

Up to a certain point Nordau is also right when he combats certain exaggerations of Tolstoi and Ibsen, who, in a mad straining after depth, end by being incomprehensible, and too often deprive the majority of their readers of the most important aspect of the beautiful, which is pleasure: for, although to great geniuses the discovery of the significance of recondite symbols is a pleasure, to the majority it is too barren a task. Nor shall we, sworn enemies of all political and religious tyranny, find fault with him if, using and abusing psychiatric doctrines, he shows how, in Nietzsche's works,—in his idolatry of tyranny and crime,—there is more of madness than of reason.

NORDAU'S ERRORS.

NEVERTHELESS (and here begins the mournful note), even though starting from a new and just position, Nordau has gone astray:

[1] Or knowledge as to the treatment of mental diseases.

[2] Professor Lombroso uses the term *mattoid* — a mongrel combination of the Italian *matto* (crazy) and the Greek *oidos* (like) — to describe persons having many of the characteristics of the insane. — EDITOR.

convinced of the scope of the new psychiatric weapon which he had in his hands, he has so far overshot the mark as to impair the effect of his purpose. More alienist than the alienists, he no sooner finds a neurotic or maddish author than he thinks his work itself can be demolished. Thus, after having demonstrated by a very subtle analysis that in Wagner the philosophic ideas concerning life are contradictory or archaic,— such as the idea of the struggle between the flesh and the soul, or between the spirit and the senses,— he concludes that Wagner was therefore crazy, and not a genius. Likewise, because of Tolstoi's mysticism, or his destructive ideas on love and science, he deems Tolstoi insane and his books nonsense.

But probably all geniuses have the eccentricities, and even the delirious ideas, which he notices in Tolstoi, Wagner, and Ibsen. The last chapter of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" is more incomprehensible and extravagant than the ideas of Tolstoi; while Balzac's scientific opinions, and his innumerable fluids, would find mates in the literature of insane asylums. To demonstrate that geniuses are insane is not difficult, because, as I and others before me have shown, genius is a form of degenerative neurosis. Certainly Poictevin, Mallarmé, and Ghil are degenerates and even *mattoids*. Tolstoi, Wagner, and Swinburne may be mad or degenerate, but in addition to the qualities just named, and which belong to the ordinary insane, they have genius: this is what Nordau has too frequently forgotten. Degeneration, for one who follows my theories, instead of destroying, fortifies the diagnosis which proves them to be geniuses, and enlarges its range; because only the mediocre have not maddish forms, for the very reason that they lack fecund originality, which is the basis of genius.

The man of genius is a man who does better than his contemporaries, and in a different way; he is therefore an abnormal being, an exception. He is different from his environment, he is not completely sane as to his intellect, he has many physiological and psychological blemishes, he is afflicted either by the delirium of persecution, or by megalomania, or by religious delirium, more often by psychic epilepsy.

At eleven Pascal invented geometry and resuscitated physics. Is it not a strange and almost monstrous anomaly that a boy, at the age at which boys usually play at ninepins, should conceive more things, and grander and deeper things, than masters had done in twenty centuries? What wonder that he suffered from paranœa? Cardano at fifteen had invented and discovered more things than a hundred mediocre men. What wonder that he was unlike his fellows, that he had hallucinations, and that he was from his sixth year a prey to paranœa and megalomania? To be a Pascal or a Cardano one must needs be diseased, giving to the word "diseased" its true significance of "abnormal."

Thus we can understand that men of genius, not resembling other men, possess, like the insane, an intelligence unlike them; because not only is neurosis congenital with genius, but it has been observed that neurosis, sickness, and dreams are often a source of genius. Gérard de Nerval, in his book "Le Rêve et la Vie," confesses that he often wrote poetry in a state of diseased exaltation. From a theorist Béclard became an experimenter after an attack of epilepsy.[1] Dr. Halle knew men whose intelligence, average at the start, became extraordinary as a result of diseases of the marrow.[2] The unfortunate Heine, with a happy divination, wrote in one of his letters: "It is possible that spinal disease may have given a certain morbidness to my compositions. My exaltation of spirit is rather the effect of disease than of genius; and I have often dictated, in order to allay my sufferings a little." In connection with this, what Sylvester wrote a few years ago is curious: "Seized by a sudden attack of bronchitis, in the access of nocturnal fever I felt resolve itself in my mind the problem of the identification of the discriminant of the cube with that of the square."

So we can understand that men of genius, not resembling other men, have, like the insane, an intelligence unlike that of the others. Great men have, in fact, *idées fixes*, prejudices, manias, habits, moral perversities, constitutional vices, and sometimes hallucinations and delirium. But this they have besides: in the contents of their works you will find gaps and errors which you will never find in the calm and precise pages of the average man. Of this I have already noted curious examples in my "Homme de Génie." For example: "She did not know Latin, but she understood it perfectly" (Victor Hugo). "Dogs are almost always of different colors, a little lighter or darker, so that in whatever part of the house they happen to be, they may be distinguished upon the furniture, with the colors of which they might be confounded." "Melons are by nature herself divided into slices, so that they may be eaten in the family; a pumpkin, on the contrary, is bigger, so that it may be eaten with one's neighbors" (Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, "Les harmonies de la nature"). "Bonaparte," asserts Châteaubriand, "was not at all a winner of battles — far from that; the poorest general was abler than he; he believed that he had perfected the art of war, whereas he set it back into its infancy." "When the borders are

1 "Revue Scientifique," 1888.
2 "Journal of Mental Science," 1870.

passed, there are no more limits" (Ponsard Susse). It happened to Cicero to quote verses in his prose writings on the very page where he had pointed out that to do this is a blunder. One might multiply examples *ad infinitum.*

If Nordau picks to pieces in this fashion the works of the greatest men, it is natural that he should discover oddities and astounding slips. And thus we see how easy it is for him to demolish Wagner, Ibsen, and Zola in contrast with the bourgeois, because of that excess of originality, of morbidness, which neurosis creates in them. But this very craziness is a consequence and proof of their genius. Instead of suspecting that just because they were neurotic they were geniuses, Nordau concludes: "*They are insane; therefore they are not geniuses.*" Thus on one side he wanders from the natural path of genius, and on the other he ends by sacrificing a large number of geniuses like Ibsen, Zola, etc., and pretends that they are inferior to normal men — the mediocre men whom he does not criticize.

What Nordau ought to have done was to study the insanity of the geniuses singly, and to set it in relation to their works, so as to help us to interpret its most original characteristics and those which deviate most widely from the average, and to get the explanation of it. Thus, knowing the sexual psychopathy of Michelangelo,[1] one understands why he so rarely modeled women in his masterpieces, and above all why his women were so muscular and virile. Berlioz is a megalomaniac, and therefore one understands why, for the execution of his symphonies, which are, in spite of this, works of genius, orchestras of three hundred and sixty players do not suffice, and he lays under contribution all the most unlikely instruments, bells, and even cannon. Wiertz is another megalomaniac. He carries his megalomania into painting; he raises gigantic walls, since he has never space enough for his colossal frescoes of "The Ideas of a Beheaded Man." Dostoievsky is an epileptic, and this is surely the reason why epilepsy cuts a figure in all his books, and why he has given such an analysis and psychology of epilepsy as few alienists could give. Again, it is megalomania and epilepsy, always joined to an extreme lack of the moral sense, that explain the errors of Napoleon — that discontent because of which the dominion of half the world did not appear to satisfy him. It is *lipomania* which explains the excessive pessimism of Leopardi and Tolstoi, and the latter's excessive austerity. In like manner, it is most true that a sort of sexual psychopathy, or *coprolalia*, causes Zola to abuse smells, to see women's linen in an erotic sense, and to speak most often of filth and of vile persons and of improper things. But in these facts the psychiatric anomaly explains the special tendency of the genius, and does not suppress it. So true is it that in "La Terre," in "Germinal," and in "L'Argent," he has pages in which the most highbred persons speak in the purest language; and side by side with the passages in which he speaks foully he has others which make you tremble with grief ("Germinal"), or thrill with joy and sweetness ("Le Rêve").

In Tolstoi's books there are certain strange, and even maddish, ideas, but among these what splendor of observation and profundity of thought! And even though the theory of love developed in "The Kreutzer Sonata" is, as Nordau says, a delirious theory, still, when you have deducted from the book all that extravagant philosophy, there remains a stupendous psychology of marriage, though it be a little too pessimistic. And while only the degenerate and not normal man regards love and conjugal life in this fashion, there is left nevertheless a marvelous picture, albeit of a morbid state.

If the analysis of disease not less than of health is a characteristic of the degenerate artist, Nordau ought to put in this category, along with Tolstoi and the Symbolists, all the ancient writers of the world, with very few exceptions, because almost all of them have painted, or described, or sculptured diseased types. A new proof, this, of the pathological character of genius in general. Are Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Don Quixote, sane men, forsooth?

WAGNER.

For our better justification,—and when we have to confute a genius there cannot be too many proofs,—let us analyze minutely Nordau's opinion of Wagner, who is the most widely known artist of our times, and who is most assailed by Nordau.

It is true that Wagner was a megalomaniac and crazy. From some private letters in which he speaks of the King of Bavaria as "more than brother, more than friend, more than wife," and from some of his queer habits,—women's dressing-gowns of fabulous price, rooms fitted up as boudoirs,—there is much reason to suspect that he was a sexual psychopathic. I have shown, in my "Homme de Génie," that he seems in many of his letters not only mad but imbecile. It is true, too, that he often repeats the same concept; that he is often obscure and contradictory; that he delights in plays upon words; that, like the *mattoids*, he underlines the words which seem to him the most important in his works; that, when he wrote "Judaism in Music," he had a sort of delirium of persecution against the Jews. And certainly Wagner's musical *libretti*, which

[1] See "Homme de Génie."

his fanatics admire as wells of philosophy, are incomplete, even silly, and their verses are horrible. But that detracts nothing from the merit of the musician; the interweaving of even Shakspere's dramas is often puerile, worthy of puppet shows and street players; but the immense treasure of psychology stored in them does not on this account lose a thousandth part of its value. We smile at the general slaughter which puts an end to the last scene; but we close the book enthusiastic over the infinite power of the genius which fathoms the human soul down to its giddiest depths. What matters to us the philosophy which he has chosen to employ?

So we must regard Wagner as a great musician only, and not as a poet or a philosopher. His music is a great creation, and this suffices: a great creation, not because of the ideas which it tries to represent, but because it expresses, with extraordinary power, one of the most universal sentiments. Even the most positive man has a very strong inclination to embellish bygone ages in his imagination, with all those flowers lacking in his own time: seeing them from afar, he does not perceive all those innumerable vulgarities of life which make our existence so tedious; and he thinks that men must have been happier. Not otherwise, perhaps, arose the widely diffused legends of the Golden Age. Wagner has done no more than color this illusion vividly. He is only the musician of this universal sentiment, which he has been able to make objective, in forms precise and not evanescent. As to the accusation that Wagner is incapable of creating symmetrical melodies, and that he covered counterpoint with ridicule, and avoided all burdensome labor; that he invented the theory of the *Leitmotiv* because he was not able to differentiate the personages of his operas by giving to his music salient characteristics, these accusations vanish merely at the names of his operas — "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," etc.

Nordau pronounces atavistic, and therefore diseased, not only the coöperation of the various arts which Wagner dreamed of, but also the incomplete melody and the natural recitative of the Wagnerian personages. As to the first point, be it observed that Wagner tended not to obscure the specific characteristics of the various arts, in order to fuse them into one art, but to make them work together, each with its proper means, in the musical drama. Whence we perceive the distance which separates this ideal (which does not in its unity exclude diversity) from that "featureless jelly" into which, according to Nordau, Wagner would reduce melodrama. As to the unsymmetrical melody, even though Spencer's hypothesis be admitted, that primitive song was merely a discourse more animated than usual, it does not follow that the artistic attempt to make the actor sing as naturally as possible, with the greatest conformity to the text, is an atavistic retrogression: still less, if we bear in mind the marvelous concomitant development of the Wagnerian orchestra. We are willing to concede that the recitative of Wagner, as it is constituted, revives primitive vocal music; but that does not touch the slow artistic process which was necessary for understanding and using with an artistic purpose all the natural relations between the sung and the spoken words: for instance, between the affirmative and the melodic interval, observed by Helmholtz; between the interrogative and the ascending third; and, in a vaster field, the relations between the sentiments and harmony — those, for example, which suggest the use of consonant accords for simple and quiet states, and of dissonances for agitated violent states, and in short the most general relations between these two orders of phenomena, among which we will cite only that, so successfully employed by Wagner, by which, while the phrase that is being recited closes on the tonic, the harmonic discourse, in which the incessant wave of sentiment pours itself out, continues, destroying the effect of pause, of ending, with a broken cadence, or by superimposing on that tonic the perfect accord of the lower third major or minor.

Evolution does not always mean the destruction of old and the creation of new forms, but, on the contrary, the adaptation of the former to new contingencies. Progress is not achieved except by conquests of the past. And this is particularly true of music. Whoever reflects upon the complexity of the modern opera, and compares it with one of the few musical memorials which Greek art has left us, cannot deny the powerful imprint which evolution has stamped upon it, merely because it reproduces some element of the preceding antique forms.

Nordau says further that Wagner's music is an atavism, a Javanese music, because it repudiates melody, the last step in musical evolution. This may be true; but it is a characteristic of genius to combine extraordinary powers with extraordinary weaknesses, to achieve extraordinary results by imperfect means.

NORDAU'S PRUDERIES AND HATRED OF NOVELTY.

FAR from thinking with Nordau that by its books and works of art an epoch portrays its own ideal of morality and beauty, I think that precisely the opposite should be said — that artists draw their own esthetic ideal from the

characters, tendencies, and passions which predominate in their own historic climate. It was not seventeenth-centuryism which made the seventeenth century, just as it was not the Lutheran chorals which suggested to Protestants their esthetic and religious ideal. Admitting, therefore, the relativity of the artistic ideal, and its variability under the influence of its surroundings, it follows that, along with the pure formal examination based on those esthetic principles which are almost a fundamental datum of conscience, and along with the physio-psychic examination of the author, historical criteria should find a place: the examination, that is, of the correspondence between the condition of the surroundings and the work of art; and whether this has succeeded in gathering the symptomatic characteristics of the time, and in molding them in an artistic form with the aid of those means which its special nature permits.

If, for example, love assumes at times in Ibsen and in Wagner a spasmodic-morbid form, as in "Tristan and Isolde," this phenomenon is met more or less in every modern artistic manifestation. It is a reflex of our way of regarding love,— which is not that of the Greeks and the Troubadours,— and which is, in part, the fruit of all those causes of excitement and universal hysteria that Nordau himself, in the first chapter of his book, so splendidly illuminates. Nor do I agree with Nordau that the human document is to be despised merely because it is contained in a novel. Why should we refuse an observation when it comes from a thinker, merely because this thinker calls himself a novelist? If the age can see itself faithfully reflected in Zola, though it be in his morbid elements, why deny him the tribute of admiration? If Zola's "La Terre" gives us real modern French peasants, if "L'Argent" gives us its stock-jobbers and makes us shudder, why say they are not beautiful? And on the other hand, we men of science,— who strive so hard to popularize our ideas, and must sometimes wait thirty or forty years to see our discoveries acknowledged,— why should we not accept the aid, if it be solid, of any one of these? If a great painter, for instance, depicts Judas, or Christ's torturers, by a criminal type, why should we not gladly use this as a proof of the existence of the type itself, and of the public's consciousness of it? [1]

Nor can I approve Nordau's remedy (*terapia*), especially when he adopts the most clerical morals, against every attempt at innovation; when he screens us, too prudishly, against every artistic effort not perfectly chaste.

[1] See my "Homme de Génie," 2d ed., vol i.

[2] "I am one who, when love inspires, observe, and in what fashion it dictates within I make manifest."

The history of art teaches us that it is love — and love not simply Platonic — that has given the first stimulus to the fine arts and to poetry, beginning with the song of birds, which is renewed at their mating season, and ending with the youth in whom puberty inspires the first verses. With the abolition of every erotic trace, I know that morals would be purer, but I tremble for beauty which has not a direct relation with morals. Nordau joins the followers of Cromwell, of Savonarola, who burned the classic statues and works. From the "Venus de' Medici" to Boccaccio, from the poem of Dante:

> . . . . Io mi son un che quando
> Amore spira, noto, ed a quel modo
> Che detta dentro, vo significando [2]

to the most lovely words of Goethe's Marguerite, to all the attempts of Baudelaire and of Zola to make love felt through new forms, love has always been the most powerful inspirer of the beautiful. On the other hand, if, as he himself agrees, the source of every work of art is an emotion, we cannot exclude the emotion which springs from eroticism. Without saying that I coincide in the idea of the esthetic,— that a work of art should be beautiful, and nothing more,— I should like to know what moral idea Titian's "Bella," or the "Venus de' Medici," or Raphael's "Fornarina" can excite; and yet no one will deny that they are, and will be, forever beautiful.

Finally, he exaggerates a little too much the society which menaces us; if the fashion of his opponents should prevail, he says that admired volumes would be printed with one letter to a page. Since degeneration carried to excess ends in sterility, it is therefore its own remedy — as he himself recognizes, when he says truly that this society, just born, would disappear, suffocated by the hatred of innovation, which hinders every exaggeration of novelty; and because, above all, these currents which he describes as being so dangerous are but ripples on the surface, which lose themselves in the deep stagnant masses which constitute the traditional ideas.

In conclusion, although in "Degeneration" Nordau leaves the imprint of his genius, he has not been able to avoid the gaps and errors belonging to men of genius, which he often exaggerates to their harm. But the method he has created — he is the first to apply psychiatry to literary criticism — will not die, and, when skilfully handled, it will rid us of the remnants of those useless quibbles with which the philologists pelt us — the philologists, who seem in their investigations to wish to ignore human psychology.

Cesare Lombroso.

HOW MEN BECOME TRAMPS.

CONCLUSIONS FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE AS AN AMATEUR TRAMP.[1]



BODY of vagrants, twice as large as the standing army of the United States, has compacted itself together in this country by common aims, methods of action, and manner of speech. Little is known of it, in whole or in part; for it is like the Irishman's flea, or the "little joker" of the gambler—no sooner discovered than lost. To study it, one must become joined to it, part and parcel of its manifestations.

There can be no doubt that the tramp is, in a certain sense, the maker and chooser of his own career. The writer's experience with these vagrants has convinced him that, though they are almost always the victims of liquor and laziness, fully four fifths of America's voluntary beggars have begun their wild and restless ways while still in their teens, and have been furthered in their wrong tendencies by unwise treatment applied to them when young. Year after year, even month after month, trampdom is increased by squads of youths who will soon take and hold the places of their elders, who will naturally drop away with the years. These boyish roadsters are more often illegitimate than lawful children, and consequently proper subjects for state care and guardianship. And the fact that every tramp in the United States has spent some part of his youth in a reform school, or, worst of all, in jails, demonstrates that there is a failure somewhere in our system of correction and reformation, and makes it necessary and only fair that the sociologist as well as the reformer should know the tramp from boyhood to manhood. Superficial and unsympathetic studies of his character, with shallow theories about remedial measures, have so far failed signally in checking his malign influence upon society.

The best places in the United States in which to study tramps are the jails. The student of social statistics can learn here just where trampdom gets its recruits, and why it is so successful in drilling them into voluntary vagrancy. He can find here the full-fledged rover who for long years has never found anything more congenial to his soul than a haphazard, vagabond existence; the thief who, when discouraged, so often drifts into vagrancy as a last resort, either to hide his identity or to find companions; the "town rough," imprisoned perhaps for drunkenness or petty thieving—a pliable subject for a tramp to win over to the fraternity; and, saddest of all, the boy who is being tutored in all that is vile and contemptible. In fact, until the evils attendant upon the present jail system are eliminated, roving beggars will be plentiful in the United States.

The worst feature of the county prison life is the customary throwing together of offenders of all ages, opinions, and practices. The writer is familiar with more than a dozen jails, in as many States, and in every one of them young boys are to be found imprisoned with tramps, ex-convicts, and men who are awaiting their trials for all sorts of crimes. These youths soon become contaminated with criminal and vagrant ideas, and before they are released learn all that can be told them of a tramping and thieving life. They hear the tramps discuss the affairs "of the road," and more than once I have heard lads talking intelligently with their older comrades in the jail about prisons, noted tramps, easy railroads for dead-beats, good towns for beggars, the latest additions to the fraternity slang, how to beg money in the streets, how to get "kids" away from the reform schools and make "good travelers" of them, where the latest government job was started, and what chances a tramp had there, when the next "pay-days" with different railroads would occur, and whether the workmen receiving the wages were easy to beg from, and what men had been killed, or sentenced to long imprisonments. Plans are made also for going "on the bum" the moment they are free. Children are even branded, under the very eyes of the law, as tramps; for often there will be some man in a crowd of prisoners who understands tattooing; and if he has his implements with him he is only too willing to practise his art on his youthful companions.

Tramp slang is another apparent necessity in a jail. A general conversation of prisoners would in many instances be quite unintelligible to the uninitiated listener. But it may be depended upon that the boy is only too alert in gathering in a new phraseology, and it is not long after his entrance into the jail until he is as fluent in his newly acquired lingo as any professional. He learns all about "bumming on

[1] See previous articles by the same author in THE CENTURY for October and November, 1893, and February, March, and October, 1894.—EDITOR.

the roads," "battering for chewing," "hitting the Galway for punk," "rushing the growler for his jigger," "chewing the rag," and other eccentricities of language too numerous to mention. After becoming proficient in this, it is but a step to learn the tricks of the trade. His tutors tell him about "playing the light-fingered act," how to work the "jimmy" when prying open a window or door, how to escape from the reform school if he should ever be sent there, how to steal clothes from clothes-lines, how to play the "three-card trick," etc. Very often he will attempt deceptions and tricks before he regains his freedom. And, sad to relate, the chances for this are too frequent, because visitors to a jail appear to have no conception of judgment or tact in doing favors for the inmates. Besides, it often occurs in moderately large towns that the Young Men's Christian Association secretary is interested in jail work, and I have seen this man swindled time after time by boys who told him soft stories which he believed. Holding religious services on Sundays, as he does, and having, as a rule, too kind a heart, he soon becomes deeply interested in his unfortunate "brothers," and they become just as interested in him, though on widely differing grounds; and he must be clever, or else they will have him bringing them clothes, delicacies, tobacco, and other things quite foreign to jail fare. When the men fail in "working the man," they instruct the boy — if there is one in the prison — how to do it, and the child is soon an arch-beggar and deceiver.

With all respect to those men who have at heart the interests of their fellows who are in bonds, I nevertheless believe that very often more harm than good is done when they attempt the regenerating of jail-birds; for the very first impulse of these fellows is to fleece whoever comes nigh them. And if they can do it by being "converted," they will have no scruples; and youthful prisoners, seeing an older companion doing this, will soon find it a profitable business to be converted just as often as there is an opportunity.

The reader may wonder why it is that boys are allowed in jails, and not confined in institutions exclusively devoted to their needs. It certainly is a matter of surprise that the penologists in America have been so backward in instituting a plan by which young offenders can be separated from callous men waiting for trial or undergoing a short imprisonment. Especially is it astonishing that police justices are willing to confine a tramp and his "kid" in the same jail; yet this is nearly as frequent a procedure as sending a boy to the reform school. I have even known a justice to commit a tramp's "kid" to a jail, and two days after to grant him a discharge when the tramp had paid the boy's fine. And yet people wonder "where in the world all the tramps come from"! Carelessness in the strict enforcement of law is too often a trait of police justices and policemen. And it may be depended upon that tramps not only increase their numbers and strength when allowed to evade laws, but become all the more insolent and daring. During an eight months' sojourn with tramps, I have seen policemen and justices time after time simply order roving vagrants "out of town," when there was plenty of evidence to have punished the fellows in workhouses and jails. And the reader must not forget that whenever a tramp comes before a justice on a charge of begging or vagrancy, the taxpayer is mulcted even though the tramp is allowed to leave town.

The rougher elements of our larger towns, especially youths between fifteen and eighteen years of age, form another source from which trampdom draws life and sustenance. Whenever a tramp or a crowd of beggars stop for a short time in some good-sized town friendly to roadsters, the young roughs of the place invariably mix with the gathering, and as far as possible enter into the spirit of the meeting. I have never been in a town a day (with the exception of a few New England places) without becoming acquainted with some of the "town kids," who are probably termed by their neighbors "bad boys." For a long time it was a question with me why these young fellows found any interest in a tramps' meeting, as often it is impossible to get them to leave their homes and become beggars. While traveling out West, however, I noticed that they were much more easily persuaded to go on the road. I cannot explain this otherwise than that the Western youths are more adventurous. At any rate, they entered much more heartily into tramp conversations than did Eastern boys. As a rule, tramps make it their custom to spend Sundays in some town celebrated for its hospitality. They gather about the railway watering-tank or "section shanty," talk, gamble for pennies if they have any, read stray newspapers, and interest the town adventurers with tale after tale. Sometimes a member of the crowd will be a tattooer, and as the "town fellows" are usually anxious to be decorated, this man will very often pass away an entire Sunday in painting pictures of the most objectionable sort on their backs, breasts, legs, and arms. That the reader may understand more intelligently how youths are converted to trampdom at these Sunday meetings, I shall give a description of a "revival" held in Madison, Wisconsin, one Sunday, at which I was a hanger-on, although not an exhorter.

I had stopped here with Illinois Blackie (a

notorious tramp and lover of "kids"), to wait till Monday, if possible. My companion was very anxious to find a boy to travel with him and beg for him. So on Sunday morning, while looking for his breakfast, he was careful to suggest to every likely young "mucker" that he met to come over to the railway watering-tank, where a crowd of tramps were stopping. In the afternoon some thirteen boys appeared at the "hang-out." They were of all ages: the youngest was twelve and the oldest nineteen years old. As far as I could learn, they were the scum of Madison's lowest society. One of them had already been in a reform school, and all were probably candidates for that institution. They were very much interested in the stories and adventures, and most of them said that they were constant visitors at the watering-tank gatherings. The afternoon passed away in story-telling and lying. Blackie was so anxious to "snare" a colored boy that he told the most fanciful stories I have ever heard in my life. And it was ludicrous indeed to see with what wonder and credulity the little chap listened to them. It was clear that the old tramp made the greatest impression on the lad when telling him how he could ride on freight-trains for nothing, and explained to him all the intricacies of adventure, from a journey on the trucks of an express-train to a peaceful jaunt on top of a slow-going "way-freight." It is this possibility of "riding everywhere" that brings many a boy into trampdom.

A very definite proportion of the recruits gained every year by trampdom is traceable to the reform schools. In making this statement I do not by any means intend injustice to institutions which are capable of so much benefit to society; but it is a fact worthy of minute and earnest consideration that nearly all tramps have during some part of their lives been charges of the State in its reformatories. Before attempting a description of the defects of the present reform-school system, which directly and indirectly forces boys into trampdom, it seems best to find out what sort of boys are usually sent to these schools.

In America the moment a parent is willing to commit a boy to the care of the law — a justice or judge seems to have but one duty to perform — to send him to a reformatory. Perhaps the boy is an illegitimate one, and the mother, none too anxious to care for him, claims that he is incorrigible; maybe he is a truant at school and in every way mischievous, or perhaps he has committed some petty theft. It matters not; for when the parents cannot guide and protect him, the State must come to the rescue. As a rule, it is the boy who has teased and annoyed society, and not criminally offended it, that one finds in a reform school. It is, indeed, seldom that we find in such an institution lads who have done anything worthy of penitentiary punishment, even if their age forbids their going there. And the few instances which the criminal calendars afford us of boys perpetrating heinous crimes cannot show, as a rule, that there was malice aforethought in the act: so that to consider a reformatory boy a confirmed criminal is to do him the greatest injustice. In many instances, too, we find boys in reform schools who in reality have never broken a law — unless it be an offense to be a homeless child. For it is well known how often irresponsible parents simply turn their children into the streets, and make them find an existence as best they can. I think it can be safely said that more than half of the so-called young offenders have by no means sinned so much as they have been sinned against. Nevertheless, they are forced to run all the risks which a reform-school life offers. One of the greatest defects that I have found in reform schools is the apparent inability to hinder the inmates from using a criminal slang and from attempting to pose as penitentiary birds. I am not sure how popular the custom is; but I have found it in vogue in five different States. Many times I have seen boys between thirteen and fifteen years of age enter a school innocent of everything except homelessness and enforced vagrancy, who, when they had been four weeks in contact with those who were well acquainted with all the "ins and outs" of the institution knew nearly as much of tramp lingo as any youngster on the road to-day. When this criminal and vagrant vernacular is once learned, it is but a step to attempt deceptions in the very place where the boy is supposed to be reformed. It is almost impossible for a boy of spirit and companionable inclinations to keep from acquiring reformatory slang. For if the well-initiated inmates discover that he is unwilling to enter into all their schemes and customs, they call him a "sucker" or "softy," and shun his company for fear that he will "tattle on them" and tell the instructor or superintendent about their misdemeanors. Then there is the class called "tough," to be a member of which is the ambition of every mischievous boy. The newcomer must ally himself with one of these. If he is found with the "suckers" or "softies," his life will be miserable; and if he becomes a member of the tough crowd, he stands a fair chance of being demerited and punished until his hope of release before he is of age is almost extinguished. It is nearly impossible to huddle together all sorts of boys convicted of various nuisances and misdemeanors without injurious results; and the sociologist would do well to acquaint himself with the reform-school boy before he studies the tramp begging at his door.

In talking with lads on the road and in reformatories, I have often noticed an unbounded eagerness to discover, if possible, exactly what chances of success they might have either as tramps or thieves. And in every large gathering of tramps, accidental or arranged, the relation of experiences, and the discussion of prospects, hold fast the attention of the younger members of the crowd. They are bound to learn and understand both the failures and fortunes of their elders. Now, although it may momentarily frighten the moralist and the wise penologist, I would suggest that boys be taught in connection with their other studies at reformatories, all that is to be known about their chances for success in following crime or tramping as a vocation. The writer is well aware how contrary this is to present customs; but the chronicling of a few facts may lessen the apparent absurdity of the suggestion. In the first place, it cannot be overlooked that boys are already being informed in both jails and reformatories about roguery and rascality, by teachers qualified only by experiences in wrong-doing. Nothing will draw a crowd of reform-school boys together quicker, and keep them quieter, than a conversation about criminals and tramps; and among tramp "kids," of whom a great number go to reformatories, I have never found one who did not know as much about Jesse James and Blinkey Morgan as any second-rate thief. This being true, why should it be a startling innovation for the teachers themselves to explain all that is known about crime, its possibilities and its failures, pointing the lessons with practical and moral conclusions from which, if the work were well done, the lads must necessarily gather impressions favorable to a clean life? Before this can be done, it is of course necessary that the teacher make a thorough study of crime and its statistics, in order to treat the subject scientifically as well as popularly. He must know the life of the criminal thoroughly, must trace him back to his birth and early training, study his first mischievous offenses and petty crimes, his first imprisonments, know what he did with his ill-gotten gains, and how quickly all thieves run through their stolen money. He must be specially careful in telling his hearers just how long such men have their liberty. Nor would this be so difficult as is generally supposed, for tramps and thieves discuss these subjects in jails more than anything else. I remember a conversation that I heard in a jail in New York State concerning the length of time a thief can ply his trade successfully. Tramps, "kids," and men waiting for trial took part in the discussion. It seemed to be the general opinion of eight prisoners, with one exception, that six months was as long a time as a thief could naturally expect to be at liberty. One old fellow, who claimed to have been a criminal for over fifteen years, said that eight months had been his experience, but the others considered that phenomenal. When the conversation turned on the keeping of stolen money, I was indeed surprised. Although none of the prisoners were first-class thieves, yet apparently they had all attempted thefts, and were willing to tell what they did with stolen property. Each man declared that his money left him even quicker than it came; and one man, who had already served a term in the penitentiary, said that he could never keep stolen money long enough even to buy a suit of clothes. It went either in drink or gambling.

Let the sociologist acquaint himself with all such information in every possible way, and explain to boys who are being reformed what slim chances there are for criminal success. I am certain that it would do much to dispel the fascination of a roving and criminal life if vivid accounts of the lives and deaths of well-known contemporary scoundrels could be given by wise instructors to reform-school boys, and if they could be brought by such well-pointed lessons to see how overwhelmingly the odds are against a successful career in vagrancy and crime.

The foregoing suggestion of course is not intended to apply indiscriminately to the inmates of reform schools, for often these schools are graded, and some divisions are composed of children hardly yet in their teens. It is not necessary that these should be instructed and tutored on the same lines as boys from fourteen to eighteen years of age.

Simple fascination is also answerable for a good many vagabonds. There is something about a tramp's life which is remarkably attractive to certain people, and especially to people endowed with what the Germans call *Wanderlust*—the love of wandering. I have known men on the road who were tramping purely and simply because they loved to tramp. They had no appetite for liquor or tobacco, and, so far as I could find, also were quite out of touch with criminals and their habits; but, somehow or other, they could not conquer their passion for roving. In a way, this type of vagabond is the most pitiful that I have ever known; and yet it is the truest type of the genuine voluntary vagrant. The drunkard, in a certain sense, is sometimes an enforced vagabond; he cannot live in any other sphere of life. This is also quite true of certain criminals. There are men who have the criminal instinct, but not the criminal's skill, and they drop down into tramp life as a last resort. They find that they lack criminal wit, and take up with vaga-

bondage because it comes the nearest to their ideal. Such a man is occasionally an enforced tramp in the same way that the drunkard is; but the *Wanderlust* vagabond is far different. He is free from the majority of passions common among vagrants, and yet he is the most earnest vagrant of all. To reform him, it is necessary to kill his personality, to take away his main ambition. And this is a task almost superhuman. Even when he is reformed he is a most downcast person.

There is one other cause of vagrancy more potent than all I have described, and its name is — whisky. The love of liquor brings more men and women into trampdom than anything else, and until this fact is more conscientiously recognized there can be no thorough treatment of the tramp. There is no need to enter into details on this subject: all that I can do is to report the fact. The public needs to realize more fully than it now does the awful effects of strong drink on vagabonds. A realization of this fact is likely to be productive of some remedy for the evils it represents. If the tramps of America could be freed from the bondage into which whisky has brought them, there would not be very many vagrants in the country. That the American tramp is the result of the fluctuations of the labor-market, as some claim, I do not believe. The American tramp does not want work, as a rule; but I know that he does want to be free from liquor. And if this can be accomplished, I feel safe in saying that he will go to work. Under the influence of drink he becomes a sort of voluntary idler; but if he were temperate, he could be made a valuable citizen.

The principal causes or sources of vagabondage, as I understand them, may be briefly recapitulated:

I. The love of liquor.

II. *Wanderlust.*

III. The county jail, owing to the promiscuous herding of boys and homeless wanderers with criminals.

IV. The tough and rough element in villages and towns.

V. The comparatively innocent but misguided pupils of the reform school.

Though not, properly speaking, a cause of vagabondage, the non-enforcement of law is its nursing mother, and misguided and misapplied charity its base of operations. The tramp evil is not so much a disease as a symptom of public ill-health. As such, and all the more because it is such, it deserves to be more thoroughly investigated, more reasonably apprehended, and more boldly treated.

Josiah Flynt.

A RECESSIONAL.

NOW along the solemn heights
Fade the autumn's altar lights;
Down the great earth's glimmering chancel
Glide the days and nights.

Little kindred of the grass,
Like a shadow in a glass
Falls the dark and falls the stillness,—
We must rise and pass.

We must rise and follow, wending
Where the nights and days have ending—
Pass in order pale and slow
Unto sleep extending.

Little brothers of the clod,
Soul of fire and seed of sod,
We must fare into the silence
At the knees of God.

Little comrades of the sky,
Wing to wing we wander by,
Going, going, going, going,
Softer than a sigh.

Hark! the moving shapes confer—
Globe of dew and gossamer,
Fading and ephemeral spirits
In the dusk astir.

Moth and blossom, blade and bee,
Worlds must go as well as we,
In the long procession joining—
Mount and star and sea.

Toward the shadowy brink we climb,
Where the round year rolls sublime—
Rolls, and drops, and falls forever
In the vast of Time:

Like a plummet plunging deep
Past the utmost reach of sleep,
Till remembrance hath no longer
Care to laugh or weep.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE MARRIAGE RATE OF COLLEGE WOMEN.

NOW that the question of the effect of college life on the health of women seems finally and statistically settled, we are met by a new one, concerning its effect on their chances of marriage. It appears that but a small proportion of college women have married. The higher education may not be undermining our health as a nation, after all; but what if it prove to be undermining our domestic life?

It is not so easy a doubt to meet statistically as its predecessor. But there are some interesting figures to be made out that bear on it. It is possible to analyze pretty closely the degrees in which the marriage rate of college women, under different conditions, does really fall below that of the country at large.

The register of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, representing fifteen leading colleges, East and West, co-educational and separate, affords the fairest possible source for such statistics. Of the 1805 women enrolled in this register for the current year, only 28.2 per cent. are married. The marriage rate for the country at large, for women over twenty years old, is nearly 80 per cent. But to say that college women marry little more than one third as often as other women would be a most careless conclusion. The comparison is misleading in several respects.

I. The rate is lowered by the high proportion of recent graduates in the alumnæ body. Of the 1805 names, 887, over 49 per cent., are those of graduates in the latest eight classes,—women still in their twenties,—and a scant dozen in all have reached the age of fifty. (This assumes twenty-two as the age of graduation; and that the usual age is rather below than above this, all my data indicate.) No such proportion of young women to the middle-aged and elderly holds, of course, in the community at large. Under twenty-five years old, college women rarely marry: of 277 graduates of the latest three classes, but ten are married. If these youngest classes are left out of account, so that we consider only women who have passed 25, we find 32.7 per cent. married; after the age of 30 is passed, 43.7; after 35, the rate becomes 49.7; while of those who have passed 40 years, 54.5 per cent. are married. The census tables do not fix exactly the general marriage rate for women of this age, but it is not far from 90 per cent. The ultimate probability of a college woman's marriage, therefore, seems to be below 55 per cent., against 90 per cent. for other women — not quite two thirds as great.

The college woman marries later. The most rapid increase in the rate, in the figures just given for college women, is between the ages of 25 and 30, showing marriage most frequent at this period; while for women in general it is most frequent between 20 and 25. The census shows 9.7 per cent. of all girls between 15 and 20 married,— an age at which virtually no college women ever marry.

II. The rate is lowered by the high proportion of women educated in colleges for women only. Of the 1805 women, 1134, nearly 63 per cent., are graduates of women's colleges; and only 25.7 per cent. of these are married, against 32.6 per cent. of the graduates of co-educational colleges. The following table shows that the difference remains fairly constant as the marriage rate increases with age:

	Marriage Rate.	
	Co-edu.	*Wom. Coll.*
	Per cent.	*Per cent.*
For women over 25.....	38.1	29.6
" " " 30.....	49.7	40.1
" " " 35.....	53.6	46.6
" " " 40.....	56.9	51.8

There is no discrepancy in age between the two groups that materially affects the comparison. But it is affected by the fact that all the women's colleges are in the same section of the country, and marriage conditions differ East and West: therefore I have compared the rates for the graduates of the two types of institutions in the North Atlantic section alone,—leaving out, for greater fairness, the earlier Vassar classes, which run a decade farther back than any others in this section, and also the classes of Bryn Mawr, since this college is a decade younger than the rest. This gives a comparison between two groups of women as nearly alike in age, environment, and every condition except the one we seek to measure, as it is possible to get.[1] As it includes no women over 40,

[1] A writer in the "Nation," commenting on some similar figures published by me several years ago, points out that the graduates of the women's colleges are in fact somewhat younger than those of the co-educational colleges for the same period of years, because the classes have increased more rapidly in numbers in the women's colleges. I have taken pains to make the somewhat tedious calculation necessary, and find that the co-educational graduates do in fact average .7 of a year older, and that an allowance for this would make the co-educational marriage rate exceed that for the separate system by 5 per cent., instead of 6.9, as above.

the actual rates are of course low: viz., 29 per cent. for the graduates of co-educational colleges, 22.9 per cent. for the graduates of women's colleges.

The marriages between fellow-students under the co-educational system are perhaps enough to account for this difference. But it has been my impression in observing college women that four years of early womanhood spent in seclusion from free acquaintance with men, and in a pretty elaborate and pleasant social life constructed out of purely feminine materials, left a woman less disposed and less fitted afterward for informal friendships and coöperations with men; and it may be that these informal relations prove oftener the path to marriage for thoughtful women than more conventional social intercourse.

III. The rate is lowered by the high proportion of women from the North Atlantic States. Of the 1805 women, nearly 54 per cent. live in that section now; and over 77 per cent. are graduates of its colleges. Of these graduates, but 26.6 per cent. are married, against 37.1 per cent. of the graduates of Middle Western colleges. Only 22 graduates of the University of California (the only Pacific institution included) are married, but the figure is valueless, owing to a sharp rise in numbers lately, such that nearly 40 per cent. of the alumnæ are in the three latest classes. The following table shows the difference constant, — except for the high rate for California graduates over thirty-five years old, probably a mere accident, as the number of names on which it is based is but twenty-seven.

	Marriage Rate.		
	North Atlant. Per cent.	*Middle West. Per cent.*	*Calif. Per cent.*
For women over 25	30.6	41.5	36
" " " 30	42.2	50.9	45.5
" " " 35	46.4	54.5	78.6
" " " 40	50.3	57.1	

The rate for the North Atlantic section is lowered by the fact that all the women's colleges are in that part of the country; the influence of section is shown more exactly by the comparison of the rate for graduates of the North Atlantic co-educational colleges with that of the graduates of Middle Western colleges for the same period of years, — 29 per cent. and 33.6 per cent., respectively.

If we compare according to the present residence of graduates, we find the sectional differences in marriage rate the same, though we deal here with groups quite differently distributed, for many women who live in the West attend Eastern colleges, and the graduates of all the colleges scatter far and wide as teachers.

	Marriage Rate. Per cent.
Residents of North Atlantic States	23.7
" " Middle West	35.7
" " South	28.4
" " Pacific Coast	29.4
" " Foreign Countries	53

Apart from the inconsiderable group who live abroad, it is evident that college women marry most in the Middle West, and least in the North Atlantic States (as a matter of fact, it is least of all in New England, though I have not here segregated the figures). Yet the census shows that — contrary to popular impression — the general marriage rate is highest in the North Atlantic States; next in the "North Central" division, which corresponds closely with my "Middle West"; next in the "Far West" (but in California alone, highest of all); and lowest in the South. Here is no correspondence with the sectional variation that seems so constant in the marriage rates of college women; this, it would seem, then, is not due to the general marriage conditions of each community, but to special conditions affecting its relation to college women; possibly it measures the degree of favor in which learned women are held. I have never observed that this favor was highest on the whole in the classes where learning and high refinement are most to be looked for, but rather among the "plain people," whose stronghold, we are accustomed to think, is in the Middle West.

Even there, the probability of a college woman's marriage by the time she "comes to forty year" does not reach two thirds of the average for women of her age. It is possible it does not fall so far below that of her own class as below that of the community at large. I once made a comparison between the alumnæ of the University of California and those of a large seminary close by, which had kept a careful alumnæ record, and found that for the period covered — thirteen years — the college women married in about the same proportion as the seminary women, and at about the same length of time after graduation. So far as the census throws any light on the subject, however, it indicates no lower marriage rate in the class from which college women are drawn than in other classes — for native white women, born of native parents, have a marriage rate a trifle above the average.

If it be asked why college women marry less than others, it may very safely be answered, to begin with, that it is *not* because they crave a more exciting and public life; for the majority of them are school-teachers. In the register of the Association, address after address is at some school; nearly 63 per cent. of the California branch are teachers. The

Association includes but thirty-four physicians, and a half-dozen lawyers, preachers, and journalists. A few members are librarians, or employees of some scientific staff; a very few are in independent business. The women that write striking books, that lead in public movements, that address great audiences, that explore and venture, are rarely among them. The conspicuous exceptions — notably Lucy Stone and Frances Willard — were among the earliest graduates; the present type of college woman is conservative, retiring, and more apt to disappoint expectation by differing too little than too much from other respectable, conventional folk—exactly as college men do.

It is probable that in the very general employment of college women as teachers in girls' schools lies one effective cause of celibacy. There is no station in life (save that of a nun) so inimical to marriage as that of resident teacher in a girls' school. The graduates of women's colleges usually prefer teaching in private girls' schools, while co-educational graduates seek the public high schools; and this may have something to do with the difference in their marriage rates. It is probable, too, that the private girls' school is a more frequent institution in the Atlantic States than in the West.

No one who has any extended acquaintance with college women doubts that the quiet and even pursuits of college, during years that might else have gone to social gaieties, increase rather than lessen the disposition to congenial home life; that the danger to unselfish affection from a student's ambition is slight compared to the danger from the ambition of social display; that in women as in men the emotional nature grows with intellectual growth, while becoming at the same time more even and controlled. That they are highly maternal as a class, a more conspicuous success as mothers than in any other calling they have tried, is now evident; it is doubtless here, and not in the learned professions, in letters, or in public life, that the main effect of the higher education of women is to be looked for.

But the bent toward congenial marriage may lessen the actual probability of marriage. It is not the ardent woman, but the cold woman, for whom one marriage will do as well as another. And the college woman is not only more exacting in her standards of marriage, but under less pressure to accept what falls below her standard than the average woman, because she can better support and occupy herself alone. As a matter of fact, unhappy marriages are virtually unknown among college women.

I have no doubt that the remaining cause of the low marriage rate is that many men dislike intellectual women,— whether because such women are really disagreeable or because men's taste is at fault, I shall not try to determine. And even among those who like them as friends, many feel as the young man did who made this confession:

"I never expected to marry the sort of girl I did. You know I always believed in intellectual equality and all that, and had good friendships with the college girls. But you see, you girls had n't any illusions about us. After you had seen us hanging at the board on problems you could work, and had taken the same degrees yourselves, you could n't imagine us wonders just because we had gone through college; and when I met a dear little girl that thought I knew everything — why, it just keeled me right over; it was a feeling I had no idea of."

And the college woman answered:

"I will betray something to you. Lots of us are just as unreformed as you: we want just as much to look up to our husbands as you want to be looked up to. Only, of course, the more we know, the harder it is to find somebody to meet the want. Probably the equal marriage is really the ideal one, and everybody will come to prefer it some day. But personally, *I* like men to be superior to me: only I 'll tell you what I don't like in them: the wish to keep ahead of us by holding us back, like spoiled children that want to be *given* the game, and then admired for their skill. If men would encourage us to do our very best, and then do still better themselves, it ought to be good for civilization."

I am not here discussing the significance, but only the facts, of celibacy among college women: it does not seem to me, however, as important a social phenomenon as some have considered. It may be a temporary one, a small sign among others of a movement toward higher standards of marriage and parenthood. If not, it is not a matter for regret that the unmarried women of the country should be largely of a class that can be more contented and useful in single life than others might. And in any case, we need not doubt that all good knowledge is safe in the long run for all men and women.

Milicent Washburn Shinn.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Money and Debts.

THE advocates of free silver coinage, aided by the owners of silver mines, have been circulating in the West and South during the past few months pamphlets and other popular literature, given up mainly to two subjects. The first of these relates to the fall in the price of commodities which has taken place the world over during the past few years, and is an effort to convince the farmers of the country that while the price of what they produce has fallen one half, the price of their debts remains unchanged. The second relates to the demonetization of silver by Congress in 1873, and is always referred to as "the Crime of 1873."

The usual form in which the silver advocates — on the stump and in their various publications — put the price argument is something like this: "Everything that the farmer produces has gone down in price nearly, or quite, one half, while his debt remains unchanged. He has to produce twice as many bushels of wheat or corn to pay his debt, or the interest on it, as he had to produce when the debt was incurred. This is due to the scarcity of money, brought about by the demonetization of silver. If we had free coinage of silver, the price of his crops and the price of his debt would be on the same level."

The author of the principal pamphlet put the point very clearly in an open letter to President Cleveland, in April last, saying:

> A debt for $1000 that 1000 bushels of wheat would have paid ten years ago now requires the farmer to give up 2000 bushels of wheat, in exchange for these dollars, with which to pay the same debt. The debts now in existence are principally old debts, or renewed or refunded debts, or new debts contracted to pay old debts, or debts which the people have been forced to contract by reason of the continued decline in prices. The owners of products must now give up twice as much property to pay their taxes as in 1873.

Let us first consider the truth of the quoted statements, second their moral quality, and third the practicability of acting in accordance with them.

(1.) Is it true that wheat is worth only half as much as it was ten years ago, and that it takes twice as many bushels to pay a debt now as it did then? It will be noticed from the quoted passage that its author is somewhat careless about dates and time, speaking in the first sentence of the present time as compared with ten years ago, and in the last sentence making the comparison with 1873. In both cases, however, he makes the decrease in value of products the same — one half. Mr. J. K. Upton, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has published figures which prove beyond question that the quoted statements are not true. These showed that ten years ago wheat was only 20 cents a bushel higher than in April, 1895, being quoted at 77 cents in 1885 and at 57 cents ten years later — a decrease of 26 per cent. instead of 50. In 1884 the wheat crop was 337,000,000 bushels, and in 1894 460,000,000 bushels — an increase of over 36 per cent. The corn crop in 1884 was 1,796,000,000 bushels and in 1894 1,213,000,000 bushels — a decrease of 583,000,000 bushels. This crop, which is about one half greater in value than that of wheat, was quoted in January, 1885, at 35 cents a bushel, and ten years later at 45 cents a bushel — an advance of 28 per cent. Wheat had fallen in price because of a greatly increased crop, and corn had advanced in price because of a greatly decreased crop. The monetary standard clearly had nothing to do with the change in price of either product. Why should the farmer reckon his debt in wheat rather than in corn? If he paid it in the proceeds of both, would the average cost to him in the two products be greater than it was ten years earlier?

(2.) Now as to the moral aspect of the position. It is plain on the face of the statement that what is contemplated by its author is a depreciated dollar, one worth only 50 cents in gold. If this be not the dollar contemplated, how is the debtor to be able to reduce the price of his debt to the alleged price of his wheat? He would gain nothing by genuine bimetallism, that is, through the adoption of a monetary standard which kept gold and silver at a parity. What silver advocates say the farmer ought to have is a dollar worth only half as much as the one he has now. Granting for the sake of the argument that his products have been reduced one half in price, what moral right has he to have his debt reduced one half? Did he stipulate when he contracted his debt that his payment of it in full should depend upon the prosperity of his business, upon the profits of his farm? Did he agree that if his crops brought the same price ten years hence he would pay interest and principal in full in as good money as that which he borrowed, but that if crops were poor and prices went down one half he would only pay one half of principal and interest? If he had tried to negotiate a loan on that basis, could he have succeeded? Not having made any conditions of that kind, how can he honestly get out of any portion of his debt?

Let him change sides for a moment with the person or persons who lent him the money? The probabilities are that he got it from a savings bank, or an insurance company, or a loan association. Statistics show that the depositors in savings banks are mainly persons of small means — hard-working men and women, widows and orphans. It is their money which is loaned, not that of bloated capitalists. The stockholders in banks, insurance, and loan companies are largely men and women of small means, who have put all they have in the world into the stock of those corporations in order that it may earn a living for them and provide something to leave to their children. What is to be said of the justice of cutting down their property one half because the farmer who borrowed their money, and whose promise to pay

it in full they accepted, has not been so prosperous as he thought he would be? Would there be any other name for the act than repudiation, or breach of faith?

(3.) As for the practicability of conducting business affairs on such a basis, does any one need to be reasoned with about that? Could a farmer, or any other debtor, who should once refuse to pay half, or any other portion, of his debt because his crops sold for lower prices than they brought when he contracted his debt, ever borrow a dollar again? What would become of all our banks, our insurance companies, our loan associations, all institutions, in fact, for the investment of money? What would become of the credit system in business? What, in short, would become of the entire machinery of modern civilization? It would all be swept away at a blow, and we should be set back to the old system of barter. It seems incredible that, at this stage of the world, anybody should be ignorant of the fact that this experiment of repudiation has never been made, by either an individual or a nation, without most disastrous consequences. The articles in our Cheap-Money series [1] have shown how repeatedly during the past four hundred years this experiment has been made in different lands, always with the same results. Sad as is the dishonest aspect of it the feature of the proposition which is most surprising is its folly. We are confident that the common sense, as well as the common honesty, of the American people will reject it overwhelmingly if they shall be given an opportunity to vote squarely upon it.

Professor Sloane's "Napoleon."

THIS department is not the place, nor is it yet time, for either praise or criticism of Professor Sloane's "Napoleon." But at the close of a "magazine year" of this work, and at the point when the narrative is about to enter upon the noonday career of that wonderful figure, we may be permitted to call the attention of our readers to certain points of interest in the character and method of the work.

The "life" has not been put forth as a new series of memoirs, or as a collection of well-known anecdotes (valuable as both of these may be in their place), but as a serious and scholarly historical study. The various ways of writing history were the subject of a suggestive essay by Professor Woodrow Wilson in the September number. Certain letters which we have received remind us that something might also be said "On the Reading of History." There is a type of mental flabbiness which would not be satisfied with anything short of a gossip's view of Napoleon, and to which the serious interest with which the world is now subjecting the ingredients of his reputation to a sort of quantitative analysis is nothing more than a mere "fad." The hunger for fiction — an appetite that seems to grow by what it feeds on — is in danger of becoming a sort of literary bulimia, and threatens to exaggerate that aversion to continuity of serious intellectual exercise which Dr. Nordau regards as a sign of deterioration. The value and uses of fiction, either from a literary or a sociological point of view, have not been lost sight of in the conduct of this magazine; yet not only in the "Napoleon," but also in previous extensive works in the same field, we have trusted to the serious-mindedness of the American people, remembering that one of the chief functions of history, as defined by Froude, is "to sound across the centuries the eternal note of right and wrong." This is not to claim any impeccable character for Professor Sloane's conclusions as to the motives of his personages. No one knows so well as a writer of history the manifold and persistent obstacles to entire accuracy in recreating that aspect of the past. We are only noting that history is a potent factor in keeping alive the sense of justice which is the very pulse of any people.

It is, however, much to say of this work of Professor Sloane's that, whatever the maturer sifting of critics may hereafter do, we have not yet become cognizant, from the mass of comment received, of any serious error of fact in his narrative. Of course, objections have been made to his conclusions, which is not strange when it is remembered that hardly two historians have heretofore agreed upon even the salient points of Napoleon's character, or upon the trustworthiness of the body of evidence, much less upon the subtle deductions that constitute the pith of history. Some of these objections have come from readers who are saturated with the sentimental views of a less scientific time, and who reveal the heated temper of extreme partizanship. A veritable *chronique scandaleuse* would not satisfy these readers of any lack of perfection in their heroes or heroines. But in the few cases of criticism of which we know, Professor Sloane has stood his ground successfully, and has never been shown ignorant of any accessible record. Whatever may be thought of his opinions, his method and temper at least have been scholarly. His study of the times has covered his mature life and has been the occupation of a worker of exceptional capacity for acquisition. His previously published historical work gave him no inconsiderable reputation for accuracy and trustworthiness. In the course of his special study of Napoleon, which has covered the last eight years, he has, familiarized himself with original sources of information — some unpublished, such as the French archives, the Ashburnham papers in the Medici library at Florence, and the diplomatic reports for 1814–15 in the English Record Office, not to mention the now voluminous publications from the Prussian, Russian, and Austrian archives, together with the contemporary French memoirs now for the most part printed. From this class of materials he has written his own conclusions, checking them by collateral evidence and modifying them on fuller knowledge. He has studied Napoleon not only in his own despatches and other autograph records, and in unprinted portions of the French archives, but in many contemporary records of other nations of Europe, as well as in all available memoirs, monographs, review articles, etc. While the scheme of the work has not admitted of a detailed presentation of military events, such as would be expected in a technical history, the author has nevertheless reviewed most of the great commander's campaigns and battles on the ground. He has, moreover, studied the times and the peoples, and endeavored to consider Napoleon not merely as a man, a ruler, or a conqueror, but as a force in history.

A personage of such unique and phenomenal characteristics as Napoleon must ever remain, after all is said, something of an enigma, and the most successful biographer is likely to be the one whose conception of his character fits the largest number of undisputed facts.

[1] See "Cheap-Money Experiments," Century Company.

How nearly Professor Sloane approximates to this definition it must be left till the close of the work to determine. Meanwhile this much may be said, that he gives us a good working theory of his subject — a definite and comprehensible Napoleon, compact though he be of many diverse qualities. The object has evidently been to show the man and his times acting and reacting upon each other in an interplay which shall reveal the leading motives of the chief actor.

The Proper Use of College Degrees.

AT various times during the past few years there have been occasional protests against the formal manner in which the colleges confer honorary degrees, and alumni associations have gone so far in some instances as to demand the abolition of the practice. These symptoms of dissatisfaction have appeared naturally just after the commencement season when contemplation of the mysterious and bewildering manner in which the degrees have been distributed excites both curiosity and irritation. The deserving and the undeserving are so commingled in the list that, as one looks it over, he is moved to say of the conferring powers, as the negro said of the ways of Divine Providence, that they are "wise but unscrupulous." No system appears to be followed, and there are no signs of a standard of merit. One man receives a degree who has really earned it by distinguished attainments or services in art, literature, science, law, medicine, morals, or religion; another, because he has founded a scholarship in the college, or presented a building; another, because his friends have clamored for him to have it; another, because he has been preaching or writing or working for many years, and all other men of his age in similar walks in life have received it; another, because he has been the victim of unjust persecution, or has had hard luck, and needs to be encouraged, and another (an all too representative case), because he is thinking of leaving something to the college, and the honor will add a spur to his generous impulses.

What is the result? The degree is made so common that the really deserving man hesitates to accept it, and it is worth nothing to the undeserving man who wears it. Harvard, and we believe several other colleges, had the custom, for many years, of conferring the degree of LL. D. upon any man who was elected governor in the State in which the college was situated. This custom was abandoned in 1883, when General Butler became governor of Massachusetts; but some other colleges may possibly be continuing it. The absurdity, however, of acting on the supposition that a majority vote in a political election makes a man fit for the highest honors which a college has to bestow, honors which in their titles avow recognition of attainments in purely intellectual pursuits, is proving too great for the perpetuation of this custom.

And this brings us to the point which we wish to urge. The degrees were devised for the purpose of recognizing eminent attainments or services in intellectual pursuits. When a man had pursued a certain course of study in law, or divinity, or other branch of learning, and had passed examinations which demonstrated his attainments, he received the degree as a certificate of his knowledge. A man who could write LL. D. after his name was recognized as one who had proved his proficiency in that field of study. The letters D. D. after a clergyman's name meant that he possessed theological learning, and was either eminent for pulpit eloquence, or conspicuous for good works. A degree of M. A. meant that the recipient had pursued a specified course of study, or had performed intellectual work which showed him worthy of the distinction. Why not return to this early practice? Why not return to the old simplicity and truthfulness which ought to form the basis of every institution of learning? Above all, why not remove from college honors the atmosphere of sham and humbug which is so fatal to everything it touches, and which, by appealing to the sense of the ludicrous which is so keen in Americans, deprives those honors of the last vestige of value by making them ridiculous? "I see," said a college graduate, to a group of fellow-graduates during the recent commencement season, "that the university has conferred an A. M. upon Brown and another one on Smith." "Yes," said one of the group, "but Brown got his cheaper, for he only gave some books, while Smith gave a dormitory."

It is a fact that a mercenary motive is the first one given in all cases in which the obvious merit of the recipient of the degree does not itself supply the explanation for its bestowal. All this could be remedied by having the degrees conferred on merit alone, as the recognition of distinguished achievements in intellectual pursuits. This would be a worthy use of the powers which the colleges possess as the nurseries and fountain-heads of the intellectual life of the people. In a country like ours, where the conspicuousness of the newly rich acquires a misleading importance, it is particularly desirable that institutions of learning should form a breakwater against merely material forces. The conferring of degrees is one of the object lessons by which the youth of a country may be taught that the acquisition of riches, however it may figure in the newspapers, is not the chief end or honor of mankind. It is the duty of the colleges to stimulate and encourage intellectual growth in all possible ways, to hold up learning as a beautiful thing, and to hold out honors and rewards to those who, turning aside from other things, devote their lives to it. If they fail in this duty, who is there left to perform it? If they bestow their honors, not in recognition of intellectual achievement, but in return for material benefits, and in recognition of material success, to whom can the author, the poet, the painter, the scholar, the scientist, or other intellectual worker, look for encouragement and sustaining strength?

The Death of Glave.

ON the first day of May this magazine published the first fruit of Mr. E. J. Glave's remarkable journey from the east coast of Africa, across the interior, to the mouth of the Congo, on the west coast. It consisted of photographs of the tree, with the record carved on its trunk, at the foot of which was buried the heart of Dr. Livingstone; and of a brief account, from Glave's letters, of his good fortune in coming upon this famous missionary's shrine in Central Africa, when those who had made a special effort to find that landmark of Christianity had failed. The photographs and the letter had been despatched to us early in the autumn of 1894 by

way of the caravan trail to the east coast, while Glave with his little band of carriers had pushed on northwestward for the headwaters of the Congo. Barring several weeks of fever in the region of Lake Tanganyika, all went well with him; and we know now that on the day his discovery of the Livingstone tree was published to the world, he was in Matadi, near the mouth of the Congo, waiting for the departure of the steamer which within a fortnight was to sail for Belgium. During two years of toilsome exploration he had traversed the whole breadth of the Dark Continent; with only a dozen black followers he had passed from tribe to tribe without firing a shot in defense, or even threatening a native. He had accomplished a feat of physical strength and moral courage which, five years earlier, might perhaps have been well-nigh impossible, and which now was grandly significant of the rift civilization has made in the last two years in the Ethiopian darkness. His task was behind him; the fruits of his philanthropic mission were stored in well-filled journals and camera films; his foot almost rested on the threshold of home; the curtain was ready to rise on a stage he had trod before as an always unassuming hero of a drama of daring and fortitude; the curtain rose; but, alas! the scene was set for the familiar African tragedy. On the afternoon of Sunday, May 12, though devotedly nursed by new found friends, he succumbed to a sudden attack of fever; and on the following morning his body was laid in the soil of Africa, whose enslaved humanity it had been his highest ambition to succor, even at the risk of his life.

An account of Glave's short but useful career is to be found in the present number of this magazine. It is fitting here to say that the idea of the journey which ended so successfully as regarded the physical obstacles, and so untimely with respect to the uncompleted mission, was formed by Glave when he was a young and trusted officer under Stanley. The sufferings inflicted upon the natives by the Arab slave-raiders aroused his sympathies, and suggested the project of studying the traffic from the inside, in the guise of a peaceable traveler interested only in the adventures of the chase. During his six years' sojourn in America, which included two expeditions to Alaska, this African project was always uppermost in his mind. He early endeavored to interest THE CENTURY in his plans, but, in common with his other friends, we regarded the hazard for him as unequal to the probable benefit for the world. So, while all listened attentively — for he was eloquent on the subject — no one urged him forward. Finally he carefully matured a plan of action, and presented it in the form of a request for a rather moderate financial backing, supplemented by an expressed determination to carry it out, if he must, without other aid than his own meager resources. No man was ever more able, with artless modesty and reticent purpose, to awaken greater confidence in himself. And, after all, if any white man could carry out the adventurous program, who could undertake it with fewer risks than Glave, who for years had defied the fevers of the Congo in more than one encounter, who had a natural aptitude for the dialects and customs of the natives, and who had shown the same magnetic influence among the barbarous people of the equator, as he had shown among those of his own race who had come within the sphere of his stimulating personality?

So, with a sense of the possible good to be derived from his self-appointed mission, yet partly out of sympathy with him, THE CENTURY provided Glave with such aid as he deemed adequate to the undertaking. In June, 1893, he set forth with buoyant spirits, accompanied by the warmest wishes for his success and safety that ever worked invisibly for the support of a human being; and not a friend but felt that, no matter what the difficulty, the discouragement, the peril, Glave would find within himself resources to surmount and withstand them. His journey to the outlet on the western coast confirmed this confidence, and justified both his judgment and the encouragement which was reluctantly bestowed upon his plans. But, alas! the dread fate which was repelled at the entrance to the wilderness lurked again at the emerging gate.

Whatever may be lacking in his hurried notes of travel to give point and roundness to his mission, they will doubtless suffice to chronicle a journey that will be significant as a harbinger of peace to the distracted tribes of benighted Africa. They will also help to reveal to the world the character of a man who was cast in a mold of gentleness and heroism, of generosity and justice, of unselfishness and righteousness. Glave was the type of unalloyed manhood and steadfast friendship of which his race has given many examples.

Mr. Cole's Achievement in Wood-Engraving.

THE engraving of Vermeer by Mr. Cole, which is printed as the frontispiece of the present number, marks the conclusion of the second series of old masters reproduced by this engraver, the "Italian Old Masters" having been completed in THE CENTURY for October, 1892, and the "Dutch and Flemish" series having been begun in the number for December, 1893.

This latter series, which comprises thirty-one blocks representing twenty-one painters, marks an achievement on Mr. Cole's part of similar value to its predecessor, both from the point of view of popular interest and that of permanent artistic importance. It illustrates the versatility of the cunning and sympathetic hand that can render not only the ideality and spiritual grace of the Italian schools, but also the truthful and tender simplicity of the Lowlands painters, which frames the brilliant richness of Rembrandt, Hals, and Rubens, as a sober setting frames a gleaming jewel. Every stroke of Mr. Cole's graver has been directed by enthusiastic devotion, and his success is a justification of the confidence with which the managers of this magazine proposed to him the first of these enterprises. In lieu of the varied interest of miscellaneous blocks which might have been expected from him from month to month, it occurred to us to substitute a consecutive work of more permanent worth — the reproduction of the masterpieces of painting by the hand of the master-graver of our time. Long after this magazine, now completing its twenty-fifth year, shall have reached its centenary, the proofs of these blocks will remain to represent in part the art of the nineteenth as well as of the earlier centuries. It is something upon which, without too much complacency, we may congratulate alike the engraver and the public.

The frequency with which these blocks have followed one another has perhaps dulled the edge of the reader's expectancy, and their very familiarity may

have led him to forget not only that such an enterprise is not likely to be done so well again, but that it is not likely to be done by any one else at all. Certainly the limitations of the so-called "cheap" magazines are such that one would not expect them to undertake such a series, while the mechanical "processes" which, appropriately applied, have admirable uses, are inadequate to the best results in this field. There is a distinct difference between picture-making and art, and we are mistaken if the rage for cheap work shall ever eradicate the love of good wood-engraving in the large contingent of American readers who have participated in the rise and progress of the native school. We are glad, therefore, to be able to announce that, after an interval, during which Mr. Cole will reproduce for THE CENTURY some of the best contemporary art, he will take up a third consecutive series almost equal in interest to the two now happily completed.

OPEN LETTERS.

Appreciation of Keats by his Friends.

THE letters which follow, and which come from the archives of John Keats's American relatives, have one characteristic in common, in giving testimony to the strong personal hold which Keats took upon those who knew him most intimately. We are informed, and believe, that they have not before been published, and present them here in supplement to the two papers on the poet in the present number. The originals are now in the possession of Mr. William H. Arnold of New York, to whom we are indebted for the opportunity of printing them.—EDITOR.

I.

MY DEAR KEATS: I was most delighted at seeing you yesterday, for I hardly knew how I was to meet with you, situated as you are and confined as I am. I wish I could have stayed longer with you. As to the poem, I am of all things anxious that you should publish it, for its completeness will be a full answer to all the ignorant malevolence of cold, lying Scotchmen and stupid Englishmen. The overweening struggle to oppress you only shows the world that so much of endeavour cannot be directed to nothing. Men do not set their muscles and strain their sinews to break a straw. I am confident, Keats, that the "Pot of Basil" hath that simplicity and quiet pathos which are of sure sovereignty over all hearts. I must say that it would delight me to have you prove yourself to the world what we know you to be — to have you annul the "Quarterly Review" by the best of all answers. When I see you I will give you the Poem, and pray look it over with that eye to the *littlenesses* which the world are so fond of excepting to (though I confess, with that word altered which I mentioned, I see nothing that can be cavilled at). And let us have the Tale put forth, now that an interest is aroused. One or two of your sonnets you might print, I am sure. And I know that I may suggest to you which, because you can decide as you like after-[ward. Nobody] will remember that we were [to write] together. I give over all intention, and you ought to be alone. I can never write anything now — my mind is taken the other way. But I shall set my heart on having you high, as you ought to be. Do *you* get Fame, and I shall have it in being your affectionate and steady friend. There is no one I am more interested in, and there is no one that I have more pleasure in communicating my own happiness to. You will gratify me much by letting me have, whenever you have leisure, copies of what you write; for *more than myself* have a sincere interest in you. When shall I see you, and when shall I go with you to Severn's?

Your ever affectionate

Wed^{n}. morn. J. H. REYNOLDS.

[Postmarked Oct. 14; the year and the few missing words were evidently torn off in unsealing.]

II.

BRIDGEWATER, September 25th.

[Postmarked 1818.]

MY DEAR KEATS:

Here I am, as Shakespeare says, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," solitary in the midst of society, with no human being to exchange a notion with except my sister, and she begins to be so occupied with her little brats that if I attempt to quote Shakespeare to her I am ordered into silence for fear I should wake the children. I came here for repose of mind. As I am now getting better, I am again on the rack to be again in the midst of all the objects of my ambition. I am getting about again, my hero; and I hope to God I shall yet finish my picture to the satisfaction of all of you. I am longing to be among you, and hear your account of your last tour. If it has done as much good to the *inside* as the outside of your head you will feel the effects of it as long as you live. I shall leave this place to-morrow or Monday, and hope to be in town by Wednesday at furthest. I hope your brother Tom does not suffer much — poor fellow! — I shall never forget his look when I saw him last. I can never say as much when I dictate a letter as when I write it myself; and this, I hope, will be a sufficient excuse for not writing a longer one to you. At any rate, this is better treatment than you gave me when you went on your tour.

Believe me, my dear Keats, most affectionately and sincerely, Yours ever,

B. R. HAYDON.

[Signature in autograph.]

P. S. [in Haydon's handwriting].—To give you an idea of the elegant taste of this place, the other day in company, when I illustrated something by a quotation, one of the company said with great simplicity, "Lord, Mr. Haydon, you are full of *scraps!*" Adieu! my eyes will not permit me.

III.

ROME, September 1, 1863.

MY DEAR MADAM:

This is a line to assure you that I am the "one devoted friend until death" of your illustrious relative

"John Keats," and that it has gratified me highly to be addressed by you in consequence of your reading my essay "On the Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame." As I had the happiness to meet his sister here (Madam d'Llanos) — after forty-five years! — I trust it may be also my happiness to meet some others of his family in Rome, where I am likely to remain all my life, and where I first came in his dear company in November, 1820, and on his account. Altho' on my part so mad a thing as it seemed at the time, and was pronounced so by most of my friends, yet it was the best, and perhaps the only, step to insure my artistic career, which no doubt was watched and blessed by this dear spirit, for I remained twenty years without returning to England, and during that time the patrons I most valued came to me as the "friends of Keats." These have remained faithful to me and to mine, no doubt inspired by the revered name of the poet. The success of my family (three sons and three daughters) has turned on this. The chief of these patrons I may mention is the present Chancellor of the Exchequer (William Gladstone).

At this moment I only know of two personal friends of the poet besides myself to be now living — Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, who is at Genoa (Villa Novello, Strada alla Cava, Genoa), and Mr. John Taylor (the publisher) in London.

It may be also that friends of yours [may] chance to be visiting Rome, and in that case I beg you to give them a note to me.

This quiet note I fear may find you in the midst of war's misery, if it ever finds you at all, and I hope it may be the means of procuring me another dear letter from you or yours to

Yours most truly,

JOSEPH SEVERN.

For Mrs. Speed.
[Louisville, Ky.]

Nordau's "Degeneration": An Exchange of Compliments.

THE letters which follow are printed at the request of Professor Lombroso, and by permission of Dr. Nordau, and refer to the article by the former in the present number.—EDITOR.

I.

[TURIN, June 7, 1895.]

DEAR NORDAU: I have been earnestly pressed by the American reviews to publish an article on your great work "Degeneration." Bound to you by gratitude and by immense admiration, I at once accepted; but in the course of composition I could not help perceiving that we differ much on several points, above all as to what genius is: which, as I think, is often insane, without by insanity losing its value. I do not wish, however, to disturb those very sweet and delicate relations which exist between us, but which cannot make me forget the love of truth. The article is almost finished, but speak the word, and it shall be burned.

Your most devoted CESARE LOMBROSO.

To DR. MAX NORDAU.

II.

PARIS, June 9, 1895.

DEAR AND ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER: Your letter of the 7th inst. has touched me profoundly. I thank you with all my heart. Not send your article! Burn it! You must not think of such a thing! It would be a crime to deprive the world of one of your studies, even though I should suffer from it.

Assuredly I am disquieted when you inform me of a divergence of opinion between you and me; for in that case I should suspect myself of being mistaken, and I would so much rather (laugh at my naïveté) be sure of being right. But as the truth is my supreme aim, I would a thousand times prefer to be set right by you than to continue in an error.

I know very well that all the idiots of the two hemispheres will plume themselves, after your article appears; while taking care not to specify the point which divides us, they will audaciously generalize, and cry: "Behold the disciple disowned by him whom he has proclaimed his master! Demolished is the foundation on which rested the whole edifice! Now nothing is left of it but a heap of shapeless rubbish." But what of that? Fair-minded men will nevertheless know how to take an equitable view of the bearing of your criticism and of your reservations.

Now I am bound to believe that even in that which seems to divide us we are not so much at variance as would appear. I do not at all deny the influence of the insane pseudo-geniuses. I see too well, alas! how great this influence is; but I doubt if it is salutary and evolutive. I believe that Wagner in creating impressionist works, and also on account of them, has interrupted and falsified the natural evolution of the opera, perhaps of music in general, and that this art will not resume its normal development until the Wagnerian episode [*l'épisode Wagnerien*] shall have been eliminated. Also I do not believe for an instant that the morbid humanitarian emotionality of Tolstoi has produced any useful result whatever. This emotionality inspires in Tolstoi ideas and projects that are contrary to progress, besides mysticism and hatred of science. I have never denied his talent as a novelist; but even that talent is made up of morbid hyperesthesia and emotional gigantism.

Once more, thanks; and believe me, dear and illustrious master, your entirely devoted

M. NORDAU.

An American School in Rome.

ON October 15 an American School will be instituted in Rome in charming quarters on the Pincian Hill. This latest enterprise of America in the Old World will encourage the study by Americans of the archæology, art, literature, and history of Italy. The plan was originated by archæologists and Latinists at a meeting in Philadelphia held during the past winter, and at this meeting, under the auspices of the Archæological Institute of America, a committee of three was appointed to ascertain whether it was feasible to establish a school at Rome. This committee, consisting of Professors W. G. Hale of the University of Chicago, Minton Warren of Johns Hopkins University, and the writer, representing Princeton, decided, in order to secure a wide interest and support, to invite other men to join the committee, until nearly fifty colleges and universities, and more than that number of cities, in every part of the United States were represented, while a strong section of the committee was established in

Rome itself. On account of the enthusiasm with which the project was welcomed, the committee determined to open the School, if possible, this autumn. There was so short a time for organization that no attempt was made to obtain a permanent endowment, but only a fund sufficient to carry on the school for at least three years. The work of raising the endowment will be undertaken during these years, and if the responses are as generous as they have been to the appeal for the temporary fund, there is good hope that the School will become a permanent institution. Chicago and Baltimore have been most generous, and Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, and Washington have given freely.

When the Council of the Archæological Institute held its annual meeting in May its support of the proposed plan was secured, and, with prospects thus strengthened, the General Managing Committee of the School was called together on May 18. It gave the School a permanent organization, and decided, for the sake of uniformity with the Athens School, that its name should be the "American School of Classical Studies in Rome," while at the same time it decided to include post-classical studies of the Early-Christian, Medieval, and Early-Renaissance periods.

One of the incentives to an immediate organization was the unique opportunity of securing a residence which seemed made for the purpose. Every visitor to Rome in the old days before the Eternal City was ruined by reconstruction will remember one of the most beautiful of its numerous villas, the Ludovisi Villa on the Pincian Hill. The *Piano Regolatore*, or official plan, which aims at obliterating the hills and filling in the dells, and which has made Rome as commonplace as it lies in the power of man to do, laid its hands upon this as upon the other villas that formed the city's fascinating belt of green, leveled it, and converted it into streets. After this the main structure, called from Guercino's famous fresco, the "Casino dell'Aurora," was left solitary. This noble Renaissance building stands, surrounded by grand old trees, in extensive grounds which are buttressed by fortress-like retaining walls, their level being nearly twenty feet above that of the neighboring streets. From these grounds one overlooks the Eternal City and the surrounding Campagna, and in the midst of its groves can feel as far from the city as if one were in the Alban Hills. This building is to be shared not only with the American School of Architecture, established a year ago, but with Schools of Sculpture and Painting which are now in process of organization. The four Schools will probably together form one Academy and will have much in common in their aims and work.

Many archæological and historical schools have already been founded in Rome, from government grants, by Germany, France, Austria, and Italy, and it seems an even more natural center than Athens for a similar American enterprise. The Athens school, now in its thirteenth year, was a direct creation of the Archæological Institute, and was entirely supported by annual contributions from a certain number of colleges. A different plan is being followed for the Roman school, and almost the entire fund has been contributed by private individuals in their own name. In this way there has been no interference with the sources of supply of the School at Athens. These Schools have so much in common that they cannot fail to strengthen each other and awaken more enthusiasm by their united efforts. It is expected not only that students will go abroad to spend a year at each school, but that many will go from one to the other during a single year's residence, especially those who wish to complete their survey of the classical field.

The School is governed by a general committee of about eighty, with an executive committee of nine members. The chairman is Professor Hale, the secretary is the writer, and the treasurer is Mr. C. C. Cuyler, 44 Pine street, New York. The Director for the coming year will be Professor Hale, and the Associate-director will be the writer. Although the School is open in Rome only from October 15 to June 1, its members are expected to continue their work until August on a plan approved by the directors. The purposes of the School are thus defined in its regulations: "The object of the School is to promote the study of such subjects as (1) Latin literature, as bearing upon customs and institutions; (2) inscriptions in Latin and the dialects; (3) Latin palæography; (4) the topography and antiquities of Rome itself; and (5) the archæology of ancient Italy (Italic, Etruscan, Roman), and of the Early-Christian, Medieval, and Renaissance periods." How far this broad field will actually be covered each year will depend upon circumstances. Although the school is primarily for the study of monuments, it will also encourage original research in cognate fields, and it cannot fail to react most beneficially upon Latin studies in America, giving them new life, and possibly leading to the establishment of independent chairs for the teaching of archæology at our universities.

There will be regular courses of lectures, but most of the work will consist of informal talks at museums, visits to the monuments, and excursions to ancient sites in Etruria and the Roman province, and even as far as Sicily. A large part of the duties of the directors will consist in informal advice and personal assistance to each student in his independent work. We are already certain of a considerable number of advanced students. Three School-fellowships have been awarded, and at least six holders of fellowships at the universities of Chicago, Harvard, and Princeton will go out as members of the School. This number will be increased by several graduate students, who will be in Rome for the entire year, and by others who will stay for only a part of the season.

Such study as the School in Rome will promote is extremely broad in its scope. Italy is not only the center for the study of Etruscan and Roman antiquities and history; it is superior even to Greece in the material it affords for the study of Greek architecture, and is hardly inferior to it for giving the student an adequate idea of the development of Greek sculpture. Where else than in Rome can we realize so vividly the Early-Christian period in all its phases? Where outside of Italy can we find so full a series of monuments of Byzantine art? For the Middle Ages, France alone surpasses Italy in architecture and sculpture, and of course for painting, and for all the phases of the early Renaissance, which our School includes in its work, Italy is incomparable.

More remains to be accomplished in the exploration of ancient Italian sites than is usually realized, and we hope to share in the work of discovering new monu-

ments. Even more remains to be done in classifying and making known already existing monuments. Looking to the effect upon our own country, we must feel that American workers need to be brought into vivifying contact with the realities of the past in order to avoid the dangers of pedantry and book-learning; and if there be one thing more than another that as a people we need, it is a general appreciation of art. Undoubtedly, the Roman school, if it be assisted in its development by our public-spirited men and women, will be an active agent in bringing about a change for the better.

PRINCETON COLLEGE. *A. L. Frothingham, Jr.*

A New Suffrage Qualification.

THE last definition of the franchise, made by the people of Utah in their new State constitution, records a phase of the evolution of American democracy which promises to conserve the State, by giving the right to vote and to hold office to all citizens of the United States of twenty-one years of age and upward who have resided in the State one year, in the county four months, and in the precinct sixty days preceding any election. This grant of universal suffrage is limited, however, by a condition which is substantially a re-enactment of an electoral qualification generally applied during the colonial period and during the last quarter of the eighteenth century in all the States except Pennsylvania, but gradually abandoned, until it disappeared, about 1835. Speaking of the Commonwealths as a whole, until this time the voter was required to be a freeholder. The democratic renaissance which burst upon the country with the coming into power of Andrew Jackson and his supporters was chiefly characterized by the speedy abolition of long prevailing electoral qualifications: a long term of residence and a property qualification; the religious qualifications having been practically abandoned a generation earlier.

The limitation on universal suffrage proposed in Utah restricts the right to vote any "debt in excess of the taxes for the current year" in any county, city, town, or village of the State, by requiring that such increase in indebtedness must first have been submitted as a proposition to such qualified electors as have paid a property tax, for one year preceding, in the subdivision of the State in which the debt is proposed; and a majority of these taxpaying electors must have given their votes in its favor.

This limitation, therefore, is in the nature of an electoral referendum, and is the first instance of its application and formal inclusion in an American State constitution.

The chief complaint made against universal suffrage is by the owners of real-estate. Citizens who support government, chiefly local government, are out-voted by the landless and the non-taxpayers. Partly on account of this constitutional assignment of a man's land into the political care of the multitude of voters who own no real estate, wealth in this country has been deflected from one of its normal courses,— investment in real estate,— and has multiplied multifariously as personal property: and chiefly in order to escape the mulct which an irresponsible part of the electorate, often comprising the majority of voters, may at will put upon it. An irresponsible electorate has increased local indebtedness in this country so seriously as to empty the population of the smaller towns into the great cities: the rate of taxation in boroughs, towns, and small cities being often higher than that in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburg, St. Louis, New Orleans, or San Francisco. Local indebtedness, except in rare instances, does not provide as many conveniences for citizens of these smaller corporations as are to be enjoyed in the large cities. Nor is such discrimination against freeholders limited to the citizens of incorporated communities of small size; it is rapidly becoming characteristic of the rural communities. The rates of taxation there are as often increased by the vote of non-freeholders, especially in later years, as in the villages. It is now a luxury in this country to own a farm. The better roads, demanded by rural economy, must be made chiefly at the expense of the owners of farms, and the recent reformation of highways demanded by that various power "the traveling public" means virtually that these better highways are to be voted by non-taxpayers in various districts.

The limitation on universal franchise proposed in Utah is the wisest yet made in this country. Democracy in America is negatively altruistic in the matter of contracting public debts. More than one hundred and fifty State constitutions have been made in this country, and in their franchise provisions they have steadily had in view the rights, the pleasures, the conveniences of non-freeholders. There has been an increasingly liberal interpretation of one of Franklin's dicta, "The whole of one man is as dear to him as the whole of another"; and of Jefferson's, "All men are created equal." The equality practically won, however, makes the taxpayer and the freeholder pay the bills, while the number of non-taxpayers and non-freeholders has increased in larger ratio than that of the owners of land. Even the mild effort in some States to collect a little financial support from non-taxpayers and non-freeholders by levying a poll-tax upon them has proved highly unpopular, and has been abandoned save in four Commonwealths.

The Utah limitation on the franchise conforms with all the equities of civil administration. Its practical operation will be observed closely, and if it saves the new State from being wrecked by local indebtedness, it will undoubtedly become a precedent for the new State constitutions of the twentieth century.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. *Francis N. Thorpe.*

Old Dutch Masters.

JAN VERMEER OF DELFT (1632–75).

THE little that we know respecting this extraordinary artist, long since neglected by historians, but now restored to the honor he deserves, we owe to the researches of a French critic, M. Thoré, who, under the assumed title of W. Bürger, wrote an interesting work on the museums of Holland. Vermeer was born at Delft in 1632, and is believed to have been a pupil of Karel Fabritius (one of the numerous progeny of Rembrandt). Fabritius dying early, Vermeer, it is said, proceeded to Amsterdam to visit the studio of Rembrandt, where he rapidly completed his education as an artist. He had been elected a master-painter in his

native city before his reputed sojourn at Amsterdam, and in 1671 his name again appears among the members of the Painters' Guild for that year. His death took place about 1675.

Of the few works known to exist by Vermeer — scarcely a score in all — only one example bears a date, and this is a life-size work, the only large canvas he ever attempted. It is dated 1656, two years after he first entered the studio of Rembrandt. This is to be seen in the gallery at Dresden. It is a canvas of four half-length figures, representing a scene at a tavern, and is interesting chiefly as testifying to the ease and thoroughness with which the young student learned the lessons of his master's atelier.

But it is in Vermeer's small works that he appears as an independent master, and we become acquainted with an artist whose genius is akin to that of De Hooch and Metsu — a master of robust and refined intellect. I shall never forget the "Milkmaid" of the Six collection at Amsterdam, which is extraordinary in its naturalness, truth, breadth, and reality, without excess, and is notable for its brilliancy of tone, harmony, and solidity of touch.

One of the latest acquisitions of the National Gallery of London is a very fine Vermeer, which is the subject of the frontispiece of this number of THE CENTURY, namely, the "Portrait of a Lady standing at a Spinet." It is a small work, measuring about 11 by 15 inches, and cost the gallery £1700. It possesses a very charming and realistic effect of light coming in through the window. The varied adjustment of the spaces in the arrangement of the whole is a study in itself; and the use of so many angles — right, obtuse, and acute — serves to enhance the graceful lines of the figure.

In coloring it is softer and more refined than many of Vermeer's works that I have seen. The wall, suffused by the warm radiance from without, is a neutral gray of great delicacy of tone, and the gold frame of the little picture sparkles upon this background with piquant realism. The black frame surrounding the picture of the Cupid is nearly the strongest note of color in the whole. I have heard an artist of distinction as a colorist remark that only a consummate master would dare to balance the masses as Vermeer has done. The spinet is brown, and the dress of the lady is a warm, pearly gray, the part about her shoulders and breast being of a rich blue, while the seat of the chair is of the same shade. The Cupid is holding in his uplifted hand a clock, the pendulum being just visible as it swings from behind his arm. There doubtless is some relation here between Love and the lady in the sentiment pervading the whole.

T. Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

ON THE WHOLE HE PREFERS THE BUCKING HORSE.
(WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. REMINGTON.)

"Dixie" and its Author.

IT is a fact not widely known that the author of "Dixie" is now living in his home in Mount Vernon, Ohio. His name is Daniel D. Emmett. If he shall survive another anniversary of his birth he will round out eighty years, having been born in Mount Vernon, October 29, 1815.

Daniel Emmett's grandfather was an Irishman. He came to this country before the Revolutionary War, in which he served a regiment as surgeon and chaplain at the same time. His son, Abraham Emmett, father of Daniel, was born in Virginia, and before the war of 1812 moved to Ohio. He served in that war of 1812 under General Hull, and later as a spy upon the Indians in the northern part of Ohio. Daniel is the first of a family of four.

Mr. Emmett recently invited me to bring my violin to his home, promising to go over his old songs and tell me something of his early life. He recited numerous little anecdotes of the two Shermans (the general and the senator), who used to go to school at Gambier, near Mount Vernon. They had an uncle at the latter place whom they often visited, and here Daniel met them. He remembers particularly that in playing "shinny" the Sherman boys were never allowed to be on the same side, for they were leaders and must lead opposing forces. Mr. Emmett says it was a fashion in those days among the young people to try their skill at making verses, and sing them to some popular tune. "Jim Crow" was a favorite, and the boys and girls found great delight in fitting words to that tune. In this way he formed a taste for verse-making and singing, which later led him to negro minstrelsy.

In 1828 he learned to play on the fiddle by ear. A short time after, he went to Cincinnati, where he engaged to play second violin with Stickney's Circus. Stickney's orchestra consisted of two violins, a bugle, and a bass drum, and in those days was counted first-class. The following spring he engaged with Miller's Caravan at Cincinnati, which had a good Eastern band. With this company he learned to play by note on the fiddle, piccolo, and fife. He was known at one time throughout the United States for his proficiency as fifer and drummer. His work with the caravan was to sing songs, chiefly darky songs, accompanied by "hoe-downs" and "walk rounds." Mr. Emmett made his own verses and sang them to some popular tune. He traveled all over the parts of the United States then visited by minstrel troops with Dan Rice, Spaulding, Seth Howes, Dr. Leonard, Welsh and Mann, Joe Sweeney, and other noted minstrels. Everywhere he went Emmett was a favorite. His understanding and rendering of the negro dialect were perfect.

As the venerable old man recounted to me his palmy days of minstrelsy, his eyes fairly twinkled with delight. His voice is thoroughly trained to the sweet tone of the melodious negro's voice, and a few old negro expressions and songs from him showed that he had not lost his old-time understanding of them. Since his time minstrelsy has undergone a change. The minstrels of that day did nothing but what the negro could and did do. The old-time darkies were not the acrobats and circus-clowns that minstrels make themselves to-day, and the old-time interpretation of dialect and mannerisms was more true to life than now.

"Dixie-land," which is really the proper name of the song, was written in 1859, while the author was a member of the well-known Bryant's Minstrels, 472 Broadway, New York. His engagement with them provided that he should hold himself in readiness to compose a new "walk-round" whenever called upon to do so, and should sing the same at the close of their performance.

One Saturday night, as Mr. Emmett was proceeding homeward, he was overtaken by Jerrie Bryant, and asked to make a "hooray," and bring it to the rehearsal on Monday morning. The great objects of the "hooray" chorus were sound and noise. Mr. Emmett replied that it was a short time in which to make a good one, but he would do his best to please Mr. Bryant. He composed the walk-around the next day, and brought it to the rehearsal Monday morning, music and words completed. The tune and words of "Dixie," as now sung, are exactly as Mr. Emmett wrote them. Various aspirants for the authorship of the song in their attempts to lay claim to it have been cut short by the timely interference of friends of the composer.

The original copy of "Dixie," here shown in facsimile, is very well preserved. The complete song is as follows:

DIXIE.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
'Cimmon seed and sandy bottom,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
In Dixie land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

CHORUS.— Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray!
In Dixie's land we 'll take our stand,
To lib and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

Old missus marry Will de weaber,
William was a gay deceaber;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
When he put his arm around 'er,
He look as fierce as a forty-pounder.
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

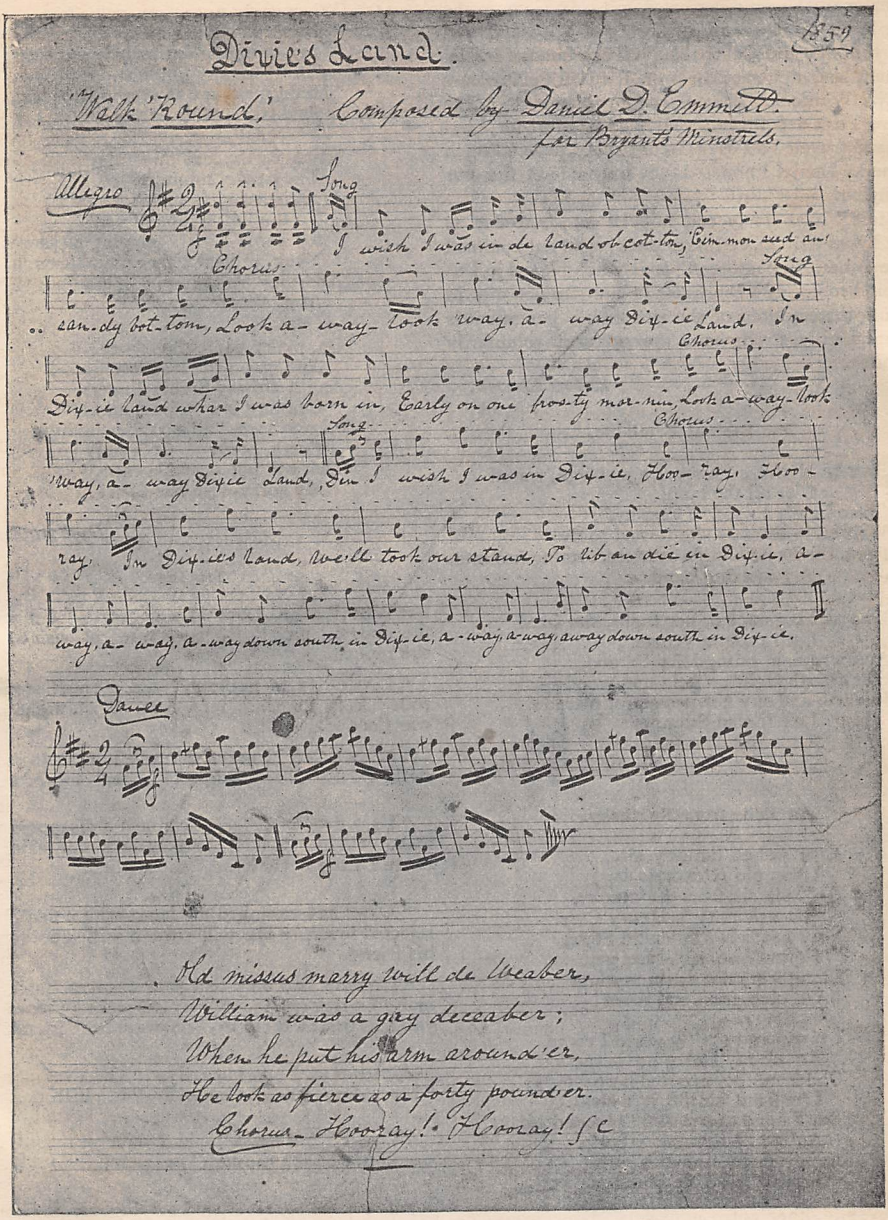
His face was as sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Old missus acted de foolest part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

Now here 's health to de next old missus,
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

Dar 's buckwheat-cakes an' Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I 'm bound to trabble,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

From the time it was first sung at Bryant's Hall in New York it was a success, and it became a favorite all over the United States as fast as minstrel troops could bring it before the people.

It is interesting to know how "Dixie" became the Southern national air or war-song. Early in the war



FACSIMILE OF AN AUTOGRAPH COPY OF "DIXIE."

a spectacular performance was being given in New Orleans. Every part had been filled, and all that was lacking was a march and war-song for the grand chorus. A great many marches and songs were tried, but none could be decided upon until "Dixie" was suggested and tried; and all were so enthusiastic over it that it was at once adopted and given in the performance. It was taken up immediately by the populace, and was sung in the streets, and in homes and concert-halls, daily. It was taken to the battle-fields, and there became the great song of the South; and made many battles harder for the Northerner, many easier for the Southerner. Though it has thus particularly endeared itself to the South, the reunion of American hearts has made it a national song. Mr. Lincoln even regarded it as national property by capture.

I asked Mr. Emmett what suggested the words and tune of "Dixie." He told me that when the cold wintry days of the North set in, all minstrels had a great desire to go south, that is to "Dixie's land." On a cold day a common saying was, "Oh, I wish I was in Dixie's land!" and this was the key to the song. The tune was composed in much the same way: one bar of music set the key for the whole.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Emmett was the

originator of the first perfected minstrel troop in the United States. It was in the spring of 1843, and was called the "Virginia Minstrels." It consisted of Daniel Emmett, leader; Frank Brower, Richard Pelham, and "Billy" Whitlock. They played for six or eight weeks in New York and Boston. They then sailed for England, and traveled all over Great Britain, disbanding in Scotland. Daniel Emmett is the only one of the four now living.

"Dixie" is as lively and popular an air to-day as when it was written, and its reputation is not confined to the American continent. It is much played in Europe, and ranks with the finest of the simpler airs in touching the emotions of the people. Whenever it is played by a big, strong band, the auditors involuntarily keep time.

Robert Sheerin.

The Eternal Feminine.

SWEET Mistress Summer's message, traced
O'er all the land,
Came finally to sad "Good-by,"
Written in tears as she turned to fly
From the Frost King's couriers, coming in haste,
A roistering band.

But, pausing once in her flight, she faced
Each rude newcomer;
And wrote, in calm, defiant mood,
Her afterthought on field and wood—
In earth and sky her postscript placed:
Lo! Indian Summer!

Minnie Leona Upton.

An Exile from Kentucky.

EIGHTY last January, sir,
Upon ole Hickory's day;
An' hail, sir, from Kaintucky,
Same caounty 's Henry Clay.
Yes, Texas is a splendid State,
I grant you, sir—but yet,
I long jest once again my foot
On blue-grass sod to set!

I prospered gre'tly sence I come,
An' all my stakes are here;
Children, too, married hereabouts;
I 'm fixed for life, it 's clear.
But I hone to see some blooded stock,
An' a reel Kaintucky belle,
An' drink one satisfyin' swig
From a good ole limestone well.

A hoss without a pedigree
Is only half a hoss,
An' Bourbon don't taste quite the same
When the ole State-line you cross;
I 've got no quarrel with my luck,
Smooth paths my feet have trod—
But oh, to get my feet squar-set
Once more on blue-grass sod!

Alice Williams Brotherton.

To a Blue-Stocking.

SWEET, my sweet, when summer boughs
Nod to the wooing breeze,
When coyly to the sun-god's kiss
Blink pale anemones,
When crooning cushats pipe at e'en
Love's happy litanies—
Should maid and man gay Eros ban,
And talk—of Socrates?

List! By the lazy streamlet
The pawky mimulus
Is whispering (sweet, I know it)
To the buttercups of us.
They know Love's tripping measures,
They 've heard his gamut through,
And they 're asking, "What doth 'Spencer'
At a *solitude à deux?*"

Oh, pinky-white the clover!
And green the meadow grass!
And a drowsy urchin lingers,
Conning low "Amo, amas!"
"Love, love," all earth is singing,—
Earth, heaven—it 's only you
That will not say "Da capo,"
My sorry-wise bas-bleu!

M. Duff Alexander.

Tracings.

"WHY," asked Love of a coquette, "did you shut the door on me?" "That you might wish to enter," she replied.

* * *

"I AMOUNT to nothing," said a small stone, as it rolled from its place in a dam. That night a town was flooded.

* * *

VENUS asked Minerva to teach her wisdom. "You could not then be Goddess of Love," said Minerva.

* * *

"I AM tired of Life," exclaimed a disappointed woman. "Why?" asked her more fortunate sister. "Because I have never lived," she replied.

* * *

"LOVE has wounded my heart with a dart," said a rejected lover. "He will cure it with another," said his friend.

* * *

"I WISH I had only had your chances," said a poor man to a rich friend. "Why! I picked them up after you had passed them by," answered the friend.

* * *

A CHILD said to a butterfly: "You live but a day." "But a day," said the butterfly, "is a lifetime."

* * *

"YOU do not exist," said Doubt to a soul. "You would not be if I did not," answered the soul.

* * *

"YOU come too late," said a dying man to Glory. "I usually wait till after the funeral," answered Glory.

* * *

"I HAVE read the Book of Life," said a conceited youth to his grandfather. "No; the contents are not on the cover," said the old man.

* * *

LOVE asked a woman how he could gain entrance into her heart. She told him to enter from the inside.

* * *

"I HAVE never known Happiness," complained a discontented old man to his companion. "No," answered the companion, "you have never recognized me."

E. Scott O'Connor.

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